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History and Genealogy of
THE PEARSALL FAMILY
in England and America



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CLARENCE E. PEARSALL

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the List of Illustrations will be
found in connection with
the Index at the end
of this Volume*

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

JOHN PEARSALL

of Herrick, Hempstead, Long Island, New York

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 33, Section 1, resided at Herrick, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.; married Martha ——. Children:—

1. John Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 2.
2. Daniel Pearsall, died unmarried.
3. James Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 1.
4. Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 36, Section 1.

It is an interesting revelation, made by the science of genealogy, that each family of known position in the world and which has had a long line of known male ancestry has certain marked characteristics peculiar to itself and which distinguish it from all others. The student of this present genealogy, who has carefully and thoughtfully followed the successive generations as set out herein, must have come to the conclusion that as to the Pearsall family there were certain lines peculiar to the family which marked its separation into groups and controlled its geographical distribution. Of course every individual when the time comes for him to leave his father's home, follows the course upon which he has set his mind, but when we group all these separate resolutions and compare these groups for several generations, we find that the strongest motive which has heretofore controlled us as a family in each new generation, has been towards the wilderness, that is to say to the new and undeveloped land. Hence as a family we are largely pioneers, yet not pioneers in the sense of being mere homeseekers, intending to be made rich by settling in a new country and growing up with it. To us the attraction seems to lie in the problems of the unknown and the conquest of that which has baffled other men. The next strongest motive that controls us is the ways of the sea, the strong allurements of the lands washed by the ebbing and flowing tides; hence we find a large portion of the family on Long Island, and while they did not remove therefrom, yet they moved over to the south side and followed the sea, either as navigators, or engaged in handling the products of the sea. One has only to go to the Rockaways to hear stories of the skill and bravery of the Pearsalls of every generation in the handling of boats. The next strongest force that attracts our young men has been trade. This seems to have an uncertain hold upon us as the movement to the great metropolis has produced but few families permanently located there. Taking the negative side of our character our family record discloses that we are only slightly inclined to fasten ourselves permanently to any home site or to any locality. A careful student of the information which makes up this genealogy has said that every third generation of a Pearsall family is marked by a change of

habitation and it seems as if the records generally would bear out this observation. Yet withal there are quite a number of large family groups that have become permanently associated with some locality, notably Rockville Center and Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, on Long Island, Bainbridge in New York, and Brookville and Shinglehouse in Pennsylvania.

SECTION 2.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 1. He resided at Hempstead, and at Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married Mary Seaman, daughter of the fourth John Seaman. Children:—

1. Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 3.
2. Bates Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 11.
3. Samuel Pearsall.
4. Robert Pearsall.

SECTION 3.

DANIEL PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, see Chapter 34, Section 2; resided at Hempstead and Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y. He married Annie ——. Children:—

1. Mary Pearsall.
2. Elizabeth Pearsall, married ——— Abrams.
3. Phebe Pearsall, married ——— Doughty.
4. Sarah Pearsall, married August 12, 1809, Timothy Doxsey.
5. William Pearsall, born 1780; Chapter 34, Section 4.
6. Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 5.
7. Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 6.
8. Daniel Pearsall, born February 4, 1799; Chapter 34, Section 7.
9. Smith Pearsall.
10. James Pearsall, died December 26, 1875; Chapter 34, Section 8.
11. David Pearsall, died January 5, 1864; Chapter 34, Section 9.
12. Tobias Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 10.

SECTION 4.

WILLIAM PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 3; born 1780, at Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; died July 9, 1846; resided at New York City and Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.; married Elizabeth Tucker, who was born at Dix Hill, L. I.; died March 2, 1866, aged 80 years, 1 mo. 10 days, and is buried at the Old Sand Hole M. P. Cemetery. Children:—

1. Letitia Pearsall, married J. W. Howard.
2. Matilda Pearsall, married George Montgomery.
3. Mary Pearsall, resided in New York City; married E. G. Ferris.
4. Lucinda Pearsall, married; April 18, 1840, Robert P. Perrine, born February 13, 1816, died April 14, 1876. Children:—*1 Grenville Perrine, born February 9, 1841. *2. Bertha Perrine. *3. Ashton Perrine, born August 9, 1855.
5. Howard Pearsall, born at Rockaway, 1808; died May 21, 1887, aged 78 years, 11 months, 13 days; buried in the Presbyterian Churchyard, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Jamaica and Flushing, L. I., N. Y.; married 1832, in

Brooklyn, Cornelia V. Tyson, who was born 1817; died April 11, 1899. Children:—

1. Pierre William Pearsall, born 1834; died July 21, 1871; buried in Presbyterian Cemetery, Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.; married August 12, 1860, Ellen (or Nellie) Pierce of Dutchess Co., N. Y., who was born July 3, 1845; died August 6, 1908. Children:—*1. May L. Pearsall, born July 24, 1862. *2. Elizabeth T. Pearsall, born August 14, 1864; died 1905. *3. Howard Pearsall, born July 5, 1866; married August 12, 1888, Margaret Brown, who was born November 3, 1868. Children:—1. Howard J. Pearsall, born July 8, 1890. 2. Leon Pearsall, born January 3, 1891. 3. Agnes R. Pearsall, born September 3, 1892; died October 10, 1892. 4. Cornelia V. Pearsall, born January 31, 1893; died September 1, 1894. 5. Cornelia M. Pearsall, born September 11, 1895. 6. Mildred A. A. Pearsall, born November 3, 1902. *4. Cornelia V. Pearsall, born December 27, 1868; died July 14, 1890. *5. Pierre W. Pearsall, born September 3, 1870; died September 21, 1903.
2. Augusta C. Pearsall, born November 10, 1836; April 9, 1847 married — Lowree.

It is curious how the Sand Hole ceased to be a local place name on Long Island and came to designate in the popular mind simply a church. The Sand Hole was located at the head of navigation on the Rockaway River. There were three landings on this river—the one nearest the upland, that at the Sand Hole, they called Near Rockaway. The one farther down they called Rockaway, while the landing at the mouth was called Far Rockaway, and the beach opposite was called Far Rockaway Beach. All the time, however, the name for the location where the church was subsequently built was maintained as the Sand Hole. It is interesting even today on asking the elderly folks where they were baptized, to hear them say with the deepest affection and with evident pathos, at the old Sand Hole. Never at the church, always at the place. There was no church there, so far as we know, until 1790. To this point they built the first road from Hempstead village. Here the earliest mills were located on the south side. Here the roads centered and crossed. First the paths, then the road to the church and mill.

No one locality on Long Island has experienced as many changes in name as this, yet withal the name Sand Hole has persisted in use by those who have lived there, and around no other object have such loving remembrances been clustered as the old Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Church. In its yard are the remains of generations of the old inhabitants, among whom are the descendants of Daniel and George Pearsall, sons of Henry, and all their relatives by marriage for many generations. In fact in all America no other spot so nearly comes to be the shrine of the Pearsall family. The history of the church began with the occupation of Long Island by the British troops during the Revolutionary War. Many of these soldiers were earnest God-fearing Christians and several of them were lay preachers in the English Methodist Episcopal Church. So strong was the spirit of God in these men that while earning the enmity of the Americans they yet found a common ground on which they could together worship the Almighty.

SECTION 5.

URIAH PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 3; resided in New York City; married Phebe ——. Children:—

1. Samuel Covell Pearsall, born January 28, 1821.
2. Uriah Samuel Pearsall, died December 17, 1869.
3. Lewis Jacob Pearsall, born October 7, 1825.
4. William Pearsall.
5. Catherine Pearsall, married July 5, 1835, Albert Stringham.
6. Angeline Pearsall, resided at Melbourne, Australia; married —— Hunter.

SECTION 6.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 3; born 1794; died July 16, 1856, aged 62 years; buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.; married Ann ——, who was born 1795, died June 17, 1862, aged 67 years. Children:—

1. Walter Pearsall, married Mary Jane ——.
2. William Pearsall, married Hannah ——. Children:—*1. William S. Pearsall, married Ganice S. ——. Child:—1. Mary Matilda Pearsall. *2. Irvine S. Pearsall, married Mary E. ——. *3. Phebe C. Pearsall. *4. Virginia W. Pearsall, married Maurice L. Royce. *5. Oscar C. Pearsall, unmarried.
3. Ann Pearsall, born 1824.
4. Thomas Pearsall, resided at Williamsburgh, L. I., N. Y.; married Mary Ann ——. Children:—*1. Albert Pearsall, married Maria Chadwick. Children:—1. Frank Pearsall. 2. Albert Pearsall, married first, Mary Quinn. He married, second ——. Children of first marriage:—1. Chester A. Arthur Pearsall, born November 28, 1882; married November 1, 1920, Julia Veronica Connor. 2. Harry Thomas Pearsall. Children of second marriage:—3. Bertha Pearsall. 4. Florence Pearsall. 5. Alice Pearsall. *2. Sherman Pearsall, married Ellen Alice Baldwin.

SECTION 7.

DANIEL PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 3; born February 4, 1799; died November 19, 1872; buried with his wife in Churchyard of St. John's M. E. Church, Fosters Meadows, L. I., N. Y.; married October 25, 1823, Margaret Deal, who was born November 12, 1804; died June 15, 1875. Children:—

1. John Henry Pearsall, born March 7, 1825; died 1896; resided at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.; married first, Margaret Patterson. He married second, Sarah ——. Children of first marriage:—*1. Daniel Pearsall, married Corlean A. ——. *2. Eliza Pearsall, married —— Hall. *3. Iva Pearsall, married ——Abrams. *4. George Pearsall. *5. Rebecca C. Pearsall, married ——Griffin. *6. John A. Pearsall; married Mary ——. Children:—1. Alice Pearsall. 2. Carrie Pearsall. 3. Margaret Pearsall. 4. Minnie Pearsall. 5. Charles A. Pearsall. *7. James F. Pearsall, died May 5, 1909; unmarried.

2. Catherine Elizabeth Pearsall, born March 15, 1827; unmarried.
 3. David Pearsall, born November 28, 1828.
 4. Job (Joseph) Wright Pearsall, born April 27, 1831; married Mary ——. Children:—*1. George Pearsall, born November 14, 1855. *2. Lavinia Pearsall, born August 31, 1857. *3. Charles Pearsall, born September 4, 1861. 1861.
 5. William Pearsall, born January 6, 1833.
 6. Daniel Wellington Pearsall, born October 1, 1834; died May 20, 1891; married Sarah Cartwell. Children:—*1. Charlotta Estelle Pearsall, married — Griffin. *2. William Howard Pearsall, married first, July 3, 1846, Marietta H. Conklin. She died April 5, 1853. He married second, August 18, 1869, Sarah H. Soper. *3. Charles Henry Pearsall. *4. Jennie E. Pearsall, married — Cornell. *5. Lillie Thompson Pearsall. *6. James G. Pearsall.
 7. Alfred Howard Pearsall, born February 11, 1837; died unmarried.
 8. Ellen Pearsall, born September 15, 1839; married John Griffin.
 9. Hamilton B. Pearsall, born February 8, 1844; see Z, this Section.
 10. Frank Pearsall,—“Our little Frankie” appears on his parents’ tombstone at Fosters Meadows.
- Z. HAMILTON B. PEARSALL, born February 8, 1844; resided at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.; married August 31, 1864, Josephine Tilton, who was born April 26, 1845. Children:—
1. Clara Jane Pearsall, born May 14, 1865; died May 29, 1865.
 2. Henrietta Pearsall, born September 4, 1866; married December 26, 1887, Frederick Elmer Pearsall. Child:—*1. Florence Elmer Pearsall, born October 22, 1889.
 3. Harry E. Pearsall, born May 14, 1870; married Mame Neil. Children:—*1. Clyde H. Pearsall, born June 5, 1896. *2. Olive Harriet Pearsall, born January 2, 1899.
 4. William Pearsall, born August 31, 1872; married Frances Riley. Children:—*1. Daniel Frederick Pearsall, born July 29, 1896. *2. Dorothy Pearsall, born August 25, 1897. *3. Martha H. Pearsall, born July 21, 1899. *4. Viola Pearsall, born July 8, 1901. *5. John Pearsall, born July 7, 1902. *6. Herbert Pearsall, born June 18, 1904. *7. Cornelia Pearsall, born December 18, 1905. *8. Franklin Pearsall, born January 21, 1910.
 5. Frank W. Pearsall, born May 2, 1876; married Jessie Thompson.
 6. Edward B. Pearsall, born February 21, 1879; married Nellie Thompson. Children:—*1. Harold Pearsall. *2. Elmer Pearsall who died young. *3. Herbert Pearsall who died young. *4. Russell Pearsall. *5. Kenneth Pearsall. *6. Howard Pearsall.
 7. Hamilton B. Pearsall, born June 12, 1880.
 8. Josephine Pearsall, born June 24, 1883; resided at Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.; married February 21, 1912, William B. Gibbs, who was born December 25, 1886. No children.
 9. Ada B. Pearsall, born December 24, 1889; died January 22, 1890.

SECTION 8.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 3, died December 26, 1875, aged 74 years, and is buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery in the lot of his son-in-law Frederick Lancashire. He resided in New York City; married Elizabeth ——. She died May 20, 1889, aged 85 years, 10 months and is buried beside her husband. Children:—

1. Daniel Gilmore Pearsall, born October 22, 1826; died September 28, 1889; married first, September 30, 1847, Sarah A. Layton. No children. He married second, April 25, 1855, Eliza M. McCoy. She was born October 31, 1834; died August 14, 1885. Children of second marriage:—*1 Amelia Jane Pearsall, born June 20, 1857; married Edward Brooks. Child:—Helen Storms Brooks; married Richard T. Bayley. Children:—1. Forrest Bayley, 2. Kennet Bayley. *2. William H. Pearsall, born July 25, 1859; died October 22, 1879; unmarried.
2. Francis Pearsall.
3. Susie Pearsall; married Benjamin Blakeley.
4. Sarah Elizabeth Pearsall; married Frederick Lancashire.
5. Annie Pearsall, married John Blakeley.
6. John Pearsall, residing at Red Bank, New Jersey.
7. William Pearsall, resided at Queque, L. I., N. Y.
8. Letitia Pearsall, died unmarried.

SECTION 9.

DAVID PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 3; died January 5, 1864; resided in New York City; married December 30, 1835, Emeline Gould. She was born November 15, 1815; died October 12, 1860. Children:—

1. Cordelia Pearsall, born January 5, 1838.
2. Emeline A. Pearsall, born February 6, 1842; married May 21, 1862, Fletcher H. Marsh.
3. David L. Pearsall, born June 11, 1844; died May 7, 1855.
4. Mary G. Pearsall, born March 25, 1846; died December 13, 1851.
5. Charles J. Pearsall, born February 1, 1849; married Mary B. —.
6. Ida T. Pearsall, born April 3, 1856.

SECTION 10.

TOBIAS PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 3; died in Richmond, Virginia; married first, December 5, 1832, Mary Ann Roger at Greene Street M. E. Church, New York City. He married second, Jane M. —. Child:—1. John T. Pearsall.

SECTION 11.

BATES PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 2; married June 15, 1791, Elizabeth DeMott, at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y. Abraham and Michael DeMott signed the Articles of Association, January 19, 1776, for Queens County, agreeing to support the American cause. Children:—

1. Bates Pearsall, died May 14, 1870; Chapter 34, Section 12.
2. Benjamin Pearsall, born May 10, 1800; died December 8, 1898; married January 29, 1820, Sarah Ann Shaw. She died April 3, 1890. No children. [Chapter 34, Section 13.]
3. George Washington Pearsall; died December 23, 1889; married Elizabeth ——. No children. [Chapter 34, Section 14.]
4. Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 15.
5. Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 18.

SECTION 12.

BATES PEARSALL, son of Bates Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 11; died May 14, 1870, aged 71 years, 3 months, 7 days; married July 14, 1831, Margaret Ackerly. Child:—

1. Amelia Ann Pearsall, married — Johnson. Child:—*1. Sarah Ann Johnson, married Samuel Francis; resided at Norwood, N. Y. Child:—1. William Bates Francis.

SECTION 15.

NATHANIEL PEARSALL, son of Bates Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 11; resided at Near Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married April 20, 1825, Hannah Carman at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y. Children:—

1. Lockwood Pearsall, born June 17, 1832; Chapter 34, Section 16.
 2. Thomas Pearsall, born October 20, 1834; Chapter 34, Section 17.
 3. Bates Pearsall, born July 17, 1847; died May 2, 1868.
 4. Mary Ann Pearsall; married Benjamin Rider. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Rider; married — Skidmore. *2. Walter Rider. *3. Emma Rider. *4. Amanda Rider; married — Pearsall. Children:—1. Elizabeth May Pearsall. 2. Louis Pearsall. *5. Susan Rider; married — Stryker. Children:—1. Frederick R. Stryker. 2. Joseph H. Stryker.
 5. Catharine Pearsall; married Tredwell Combs.
 6. William Pearsall. See Z, this Section.
 7. Phebe Pearsall; resided at Baldwin, N. Y.; married September 16, 1847, first, Isaac Clarke and second — Watts.
 8. Eliza Pearsall; resided at Valley Stream, Long Island, N. Y.; married October 28, 1866, William H. Lamberson. Children:—*1. William H. Lamberson. *2. Martha Jane Lamberson; married — Archer. *3. Washington Lamberson. *4. John Lamberson. *5. Sarah Lamberson; married — Southard.
- Z. WILLIAM PEARSALL, resided at East Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married July 9, 1865, Mary A. Farrington at Hempstead M. E. Church. She was born August 2, 1849. They were admitted to St. Mark's M. E. Church at Rockville Centre, July 1876. Children:—
1. Joseph C. Pearsall, born November 18, 1869; married December 12, 1896, Eleanor Sprague. She was born July 20, 1876. Children:—*1. William Erastus Pearsall, born July 1, 1898. *2. Alice Pauline Pearsall, born June 10, 1910. *3. Marion Etta Pearsall, born July 24, 1912.

2. Adelaide Pearsall, born October 24, 1873; married Leonard Holmes, Jr. Children:—*1. Mabel Elizabeth Holmes, born March 1, 1892. *2. Dayton Holmes, born February 18, 1895.
3. Agnes Pearsall, born April 27, 1866; died July 18, 1866.
4. Charles W. Pearsall, born September 28, 1867; died at 4 years of age.
5. Samuel Pearsall, born March 18, 1872; married Annie Dennis. No children.
6. James Wright Pearsall, baptised November 1, 1877.
7. Mary Pearsall, born July 3, 1883; married first, July 3, 1903, George Meyers. She married second, October 10, 1910, Herbert E. King, who was born July 24, 1884.

SECTION 16

LOCKWOOD PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 15; born June 17, 1832; died June 17, 1906; married February 26, 1854, Mary Alma De Mott at the Old Sand Hole M. P. Church, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, N. Y. Children:—

1. Hannah Ann Pearsall, married Henry Lutz.
2. Lockwood Pearsall, born 1858; married first, Laura Combs. He married second, December 13, 1882, Mamie Richie. Children:—*1. Frederick Pearsall, baptised Feb. 10, 1884. *2. Libby Pearsall. *3. George Pearsall. *4. Ida Pearsall. *5. Hattie Pearsall.
3. Elnora Pearsall; married August 15, 1877, Alanson Ellison. He was then aged 25, and she was of East Rockaway, and aged 18. Children:—*1. Alanson Ellison. *2. Julius Ellison. *3. Mary Ellison. *4. Cora Ellison. *5. Amelia Ellison. *6. Glena Ellison. *7. Nina Ellison. *8. Madeline Ellison.
4. Jennie Pearsall, born December 1, 1861; married April 12, 1885, Henry Powell. He died June 1, 1895. Children:—*1. Henry Powell, born August 4, 1888. *2. Harriet Alma Powell, born March 6, 1886. *3. Edna Powell, born August 29, 1890. *4. William B. Powell, born May 19, 1894. *5. Lillian Powell, born February 12, 1896.

SECTION 17.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 15; born October 20, 1834; died November 19, 1896; buried with his wife in the Old Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y. He married August 5, 1857, Hannah Jane Mott of Valley Stream, at Sand Hole M. P. Church. She was born September 16, 1839; died March 14, 1876. Children:—

1. Henrietta Pearsall, married ——— Smith.
2. Clarence Pearsall, born June 18, 1873; died August 12, 1912.
3. Carman Pearsall.
4. Frank Pearsall, born 1869; married July 3, 1894, Ethel Smith. She was born 1875.
5. Adella Pearsall, married ——— Warner.
6. Mary Pearsall, married ——— Anderson.

SECTION 18.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Bates Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 11; died April 19, 1862, aged 71 years, 4 months, 19 days; buried in the Old Sand Hole M. P. Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y.; married Elizabeth Valentine. Children:—

1. Benjamin Pearsall, born December 1, 1825; died September 8, 1907; married Charlotte M. Titus, who was born April 20, 1823; died September 3, 1876. Child:—*1. Benjamin Pearsall, married Minnie Jarvis, who was born October 4, 1868. Children:—1. Robert B. Pearsall, born December 25, 1886. 2. Elsie W. Pearsall, born January 2, 1888.
2. Elbert Pearsall, married Margaret ——. Children:—*1. John A. Pearsall; married Lillie ——. *2. Charles Pearsall, married September 26, 1890, Carrie C. Merritt. Children:—1. Florence Pearsall, born December 24, 1891. 2. Lilly May Pearsall, born June 23, 1895. 3. Caroline Pearsall, born April 9, 1900; died August 9, 1900. *3. Margaret Ann Pearsall, married — Stuyvesant.
3. George Valentine Pearsall, married Caroline ——. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Pearsall, married — Young. *2. George Pearsall. *3. James H. Pearsall, born January 15, 1846; died March 18, 1889; married Abbie A. — who was born October 16, 1855; died April 19, 1916. Children:—1. Emma Armenia Pearsall. 2. William V. Pearsall. 3. Edna L. Pearsall. *4. Charlotte Pearsall, married William H. Seaman.
4. Mary Pearsall, married — Snedaker.
5. Elizabeth Pearsall, born October 15, 1819; died January 4, 1870; married Thomas G. Johnson, who was born May 22, 1807; died August 19, 1890. Children:—*1. William Edward Johnson, born March 5, 1835; married Mary Elizabeth Hults. *2. George V. Johnson, born March 25, 1836; died November 16, 1889; married Abbie Jane Finn. *3. Thomas Prescott Johnson, born November 16, 1837; died January 11, 1838. *4. Percival Francis Johnson, born October 4, 1839; died January 11, 1839. *5. Sarah Louise Johnson, born November 23, 1840; died July 1868; married John Valentine. *6. Marian Elizabeth Johnson, born March 22, 1845; married William Smith. *7. Benjamin Thomas Johnson, born March 22, 1845; married Sarah ——. *8. Emma Delia Johnson, born January 12, 1847; married John Seaman. *9. Harriet Lavinia Johnson, born January 15, 1849; died December 10, 1849. *10. Harriet Lavinia Johnson, born August 30, 1850; died February 12, 1900; married William Compton. *11. Oliver Washington Johnson, born April 7, 1854; died November 18, 1855. *12. Oliver Sidney Johnson, born January 1, 1856; married Dora Wright, who was born July 14, 1859. *13. Charles Minnah Johnson, born November 18, 1857. *14. Elmer Ellsworth Johnson, born March 19, 1863.
6. Sarah Louise Pearsall, married — Valentine.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

JAMES PEARSALL

of Oyster Bay, the Baiting Place, and Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 1; born February 14, 1729; his will was proved January 24, 1812; resided at Oyster Bay, at the Baiting Place, and Huntington, L. I., N. Y.; married April 11, 1751, Mary Seaman, daughter of John Seaman and his wife Mary Stephens. She was born November 23, 1732. Children:—

1. Daniel Pearsall, born July 27, 1752; Chapter 35, Section 2.
2. Mary Pearsall, baptised July 25, 1757; Chapter 44, Section 15.
3. Sarah Pearsall, baptised April 6, 1755.
4. Abigail Pearsall, baptised November 17, 1765.
5. John Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 18.

SECTION 2.

DANIEL PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 1; born July 27, 1752; resided at the Baiting Place, Huntington, L. I., N. Y.; married Elizabeth — who was born May 1, 1763. Children:—

1. David Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 3.
2. John Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 6.
3. Jesse Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 9.
4. Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 14.
5. Oliver Pearsall, born November 20, 1789; Chapter 35, Section 16.
6. Henry Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 17.
7. Harriet Pearsall, died August 1, 1870, aged 72 years; married Harry W. Reid.
8. Phebe Pearsall, born 1802; died December 27, 1862; aged 60 years, 3 months.

SECTION 3.

DAVID PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 2, was a member of Pine Edge Class, Old Sand Hole M. P. Church in 1827. He married Abigail — who was baptised at Plain Edge, January 27, 1829. Children:—

1. James Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 4.
2. Henry Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 5.
3. Howard Pearsall.

SECTION 4.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of David Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 3; buried December 26, 1875, aged 74 years, in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.; resided in Woodbridge, N. J., Huntington, L. I., N. Y., and New York

City; married October 31, 1849, Elizabeth Thompson of Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y., who was buried May 20, 1889, aged 85 years and 10 months. Children:—

1. Frank Pearsall, married March 3, 1850, Ella DeMike. Children:—*1. Robert Pearsall, died in infancy. *2. William Pearsall, born August 3, 1875; married November 15, 1898, Edith M. Robins. *3. Clara Louise Pearsall, born January 27, 1877; married June 11, 1900, Mervin Rayner who was born August 23, 1879. *4. Alva James Pearsall, born August 6, 1879. *5. Harry Pearsall, born August 29, 1881. *6. Walter Rayner Pearsall. *7. Ralph Edward Pearsall, born February 1886. *8. Mabel Emeline Pearsall, born August 6, 1888; baptised March 2, 1902.
2. James David Pearsall, married 1883, Adeline Austin.
3. Harold Pearsall.

SECTION 5.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of David Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 3, married Deborah ——. Child:—

1. Mahlon Ketcham Pearsall, born May 10, 1850; died May 30, 1909; married ——. Children:—*1. Mahlon Pearsall, born June 27, 1870; died November 2, 1901. *2. Harry Pearsall, born August 3, 1872; married Rosa ——. Child:—1. George Henry Pearsall, born January 18, 1912. 3. Herbert Pearsall, born March, 1875.

SECTION 6.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 2; resided at Huntington, Long Island, New York; married Anne Saxton. Children:—

1. Edmund Pearsall, died December 20, 1848; Chapter 35, Section 7.
2. Alanson Pearsall, born 1823; married ——. Child:—*1. Alanson Pearsall, born 1863; married January 15, 1893, Evelyn Carman.
3. Samuel Pearsall, born 1829; died 1863; see Chapter 35, Section 8.
4. Nelson Pearsall, born August 25, 1828; died November 26, 1916; resided at Amityville, L. I., N. Y.; married April 27, 1851, Sarah Elizabeth Gamber-ton who was born November 24, 1830; died November 28, 1896. Children:—*1. Edgar Nelson Pearsall, born October 28, 1853; died September 4, 1869. *2. Anna Violette Pearsall, born October 15, 1859; married September 7, 1881, George A. Hooper.
5. Elbert Pearsall, born December 15, 1813; married Margaret Englund. Children:—*1. Samantha Pearsall, died March 14, 1846. *2. Mary Elizabeth Pearsall, died January 25, 1842. *3. Cornelius Y. Pearsall, died November 22, 1844. *4. Elizabeth Pearsall. *5. Alfred Van Voorhees Pearsall, born November 27, 1833; died May 30, 1886; married Hannah F. ——. Children:—1. Alfred Pearsall, born April 4, 1861; died January 24, 1862. 2. Ida M. Pearsall, born January 24, 1863; married Edward J. Sullivan. *6. Marian Pearsall. *7. Eleanor Pearsall. *8. Margaret Pearsall. *9. William Edward Pearsall. *10. Gerald Pearsall.
6. Henry Pearsall, died April 19, 1887; married ——. Children:—*1. Herbert Pearsall, born 1871. *2. Charles Henry Pearsall.

7. John Pearsall; married January 25, 1866, Mrs. Harriet Carman. Children:—
*1. Ida Pearsall. *2. Alice Pearsall.
8. Elizabeth Pearsall; married Jerry Ketcham.
9. Mary A. Pearsall, died January 20, 1873, aged 38 years. Unmarried.
10. Phebe Pearsall, born April 14, 1841; married first, May 27, 1863, Edward H. Watkeys who died June 6, 1864. She married second, January 4, 1869, John P. Haff.

SECTION 7.

EDMUND (OR EDWIN) PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 6; died December 20, 1848, aged 27 years, 1 month, 28 days; buried in Pearsalls Cemetery, Amityville, L. I., N. Y.; married September 30, 1841, Ann Elizabeth Carman. Children:—*1. Amelia Pearsall, born April 28, 1844; married January 1, 1860, Gilbert P. Williams, who was born September 30, 1838. *2. Edmund Wallace Pearsall, born December 31, 1848; married Emma A. Simonson.

SECTION 8.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 6; born 1829; died 1863; resided in Amityville and Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y., married 1848, Phebe Van Voorhees, daughter of Robert Van Voorhees and his wife Maria Morrell of Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y. She was born December 2, 1821; died 1866. Children:—*1. Robert Pearsall, born February 28, 1850; married April 21, 1874, Mary E. Baldwin. Children:—1. George B. Pearsall, born 1875; died 1877. 2. Grace M. Pearsall, born 1879. 3. Mary Elizabeth Pearsall. *2. Samuel Pearsall, born September 12, 1860; married April 21, 1890, Lillian Editha Morton. Children:—1. George Morton Pearsall, born June 19, 1891. 2. Lillian Frances Pearsall, born August 29, 1896; died March 13, 1900. 3. Samuel Pearsall, born July 1, 1899; died July 1, 1910.

SECTION 9.

JESSE PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 2; died July 4, 1846; resided at Queens County, New York; married Phebe Smith. Children:—
1. Silvanus Pearsall, died January 23, 1900; Chapter 35, Section 10.
2. Ditmas Pearsall, born December 21, 1822; Chapter 35, Section 11.
3. Nelson Pearsall, born February 4, 1831; Chapter 34, Section 12.
4. Mary Jane Pearsall, born May 29, 1835.
5. Carman Pearsall, born June 10, 1835; Chapter 35, Section 13.
6. Sarah Ann Pearsall, married Neptune Jackson.
7. Eliza Phebe Pearsall, born 1824; married October 9, 1849, Edward Foster.

SECTION 10.

SILVANIUS PEARSALL, son of Jesse Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 9, died January 23, 1900; resided at South Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., married October 4, 1846, Catharine Eldert at the Old Sand Hole M. P. Church. Child:—
*1. Catharine Jane Pearsall, born March 17, 1849; married Andrew Raynor.

SECTION 11.

DITMAS PEARSALL, son of Jesse Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 9; born December 21, 1822; died March 2, 1903; resided at Freeport, L. I., N. Y.; November 25, 1848, married Jane Eldert who was born December 15, 1829; died April 15, 1907. Children:—

1. Benjamin Pearsall, born September 5, 1849; died young.
2. Francis Pearsall, born September 5, 1849; married October 15, 1871, Zellah Golder. Children:—*1. Alice Pearsall, born November 3, 1872; married Stephen H. Whaley. *2. Nellie Pearsall, born December 13, 1882; died June 11, 1904.
3. Catharine Pearsall, born November 27, 1851; married James Golden.
4. Phebe Jane Pearsall, born October 16, 1853; married James Smith.
5. Wesley Pearsall, born March 23, 1856; married Lydia G. Hibberd, who was born July 4, 1859; died September 16, 1911. Children:—*1. Edith Jane Pearsall, born December 23, 1878; died April 3, 1882. *2. Smith Fremont Pearsall, born October 5, 1880. *3. Mabel Pearsall, baptised January 7, 1884; died January 7, 1884. *4. Howard Ellsworth Pearsall, born June 29, 1890.
6. Adeline F. Pearsall, born October 19, 1858; married Timothy Sheehan.
7. Susan Pearsall, born September 10, 1860; married December 29, 1878, Henry E. Rider.
8. Emma Pearsall, born August 22, 1865.

SECTION 12.

NELSON PEARSALL, son of Jesse Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 9; born February 4, 1831; died October 22, 1908; resided in Freeport, L. I., N. Y.; married January 31, 1857, Mary Eldert. She was born July 30, 1837. Children:—

1. Ella Pearsall, born May 22, 1859; baptised February 28, 1875.
2. Wilson Pearsall, born September 16, 1860; married November 12, 1884, Emeline Smith, who was born June 20, 1866. Children:—*1. John William Pearsall, born December 1, 1885. *2. Daniel Smith Pearsall, born October 3, 1887. *3. Ethel Pearsall, born July 17, 1889; married Wallace M. Payne. *4. Mary Louise Pearsall, born February 2, 1891; died February 22, 1891. *5. Olive Amanda Pearsall, born September 13, 1902.
3. Mahlon Pearsall, born August 15, 1864. Married Laura ——. Children:—*1. Nelson Pearsall. *2. Audrey D. Pearsall. *3. Elsner Pearsall. *4. Clinton Pearsall.
4. Katherine Pearsall, born December 22, 1871.
5. Nettie Pearsall, born October 23, 1873.

SECTION 13.

CARMAN PEARSALL, son of Jesse Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 9; born June 10, 1835; resided at Freeport, L. I., N. Y., married Sarah Elizabeth Raynor, who was born November 17, 1838. Children:—

1. Jessie Pearsall, born May 6, 1871; married Wilson T. Davison.
2. Mabel Pearsall, born August 12, 1873.

3. Albert Wallace Pearsall, born October 13, 1882; married June 24, 1904, Bertha Whealey. She was born July 11, 1882.

SECTION 14.

DANIEL PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 2; died July 17, 1870, aged 76 years; married Jane —, who was born 1803; died June 11, 1894. Children:—

1. James R. Pearsall, died August 2, 1866, aged 21 years.
2. Elizabeth Pearsall, died December 23, 1852; married John Allen.
3. Charlotte Pearsall, died November 6, 1868; married George T. Sammis.
4. Smith Pearsall, died February 20, 1899, Chapter 35, Section 15.
5. William Pearsall, died October 1, 1906; married Rebecca Chichester.

SECTION 15.

SMITH PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 14, died February 20, 1899, aged 78 years, 4 months. Died in "peaceful victory," is the record of Simpson M. E. Church. He and his wife are buried in the Amityville Cemetery, L. I., N. Y. He resided in Amityville, L. I., N. Y.; married Margaret Carman who died March 14, 1908, aged 86 years, 5 months. Children:—

1. Silas C. Pearsall, born January 16, 1843; died January 6, 1911; married Emma Mann. Children:—*1. Albert James Pearsall, born February 3, 1867; died January 15, 1915; married December 29, 1886, Emma Louise Ketcham, who was born October 7, 1867. Child:—1. Charles Harold Pearsall, born July 22, 1894. *2. Wallace Smith Pearsall, born October 25, 1869; married Nellie Hageman. Child:—1. Addie Pearsall, married Robert —. *3. Luella Pearsall, born January 16, 1871; died December 16, 1894. *4. Irving C. Pearsall, born April 15, 1873; married Emma Matilda Bovers who was born 1873. *5. Emma F. Pearsall, born December 25, 1877; died March 29, 1907.
2. Mahlon F. Pearsall, born 1847; died November 30, 1885; married Cornelia — who was born 1854; died 1911. Children:—*1. Nellie E. Pearsall. *2. Sarah Francis Pearsall, born December 14, 1885; married September 16, 1908, Henry J. Meyer.

SECTION 16.

OLIVER PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 2; born November 20, 1789; died July 11, 1872; resided at Single Pine, near Farmingdale, L. I., N. Y., married first, June 15, 1813, Margaret Losee of Farmingdale, at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y. He married second, Sophia —. Children:—

1. William Pearsall, born June 23, 1818; died December 28, 1897; married Phebe Ketcham, born July 21, 1821; died August 15, 1903. Children:—*1. Ruth Pearsall, born November 30, 1838; died August 18, 1843. *2. Philip Pearsall, born March 24, 1841; died March 16, 1919; married October 25, 1865, Susan Emma Weeks. Children:—1. Frederick Bennet Pearsall, born December 1869; died August 7, 1870. 2. Nettie E. Pearsall. *3. Alfred W.

- Pearsall, born May 7, 1845. *4. Sarah Elizabeth Pearsall, born August 18, 1847. *5. Henrietta Pearsall, born June 29, 1852; married April 14, 1879, John H. Stansbury. Children:—1. Alice Stansbury, born January 25, 1880; married Edward Brown. Children:—James Brown and Milton Brown. 2. May Stansbury, born April 11, 1883; died January 18, 1892. 3. Lindsay Pearsall Stansbury, born December 25, 1892. 4. John G. Stansbury, born August 11, 1897; died May 28, 1915. *6. Alice Rosetta Pearsall, born January 20, 1860.
2. Jonas Pearsall, born May 29, 1814; died September 13, 1878; married July 13, 1833, Mary Ketcham. She was born July 22, 1815; died December 29, 1907. Children:—*1. Oliver K. Pearsall, born October 2, 1835; died August 27, 1875; married Eleanor Hartt. Children:—1. Wilbur E. Pearsall. 2. Martha M. Pearsall, baptised December 3, 1880; married June 18, 1882, Henry F. Smith. 3. Nellie E. Pearsall, baptised December 3, 1880. *2. Mary Elizabeth Pearsall, born October 2, 1837; died February 16, 1878; married December 31, 1858, Coles Hendrickson. Children:—1. Annie M. Hendrickson. 2. Mary Hendrickson. 3. George Hendrickson. *3. Margaret Pearsall, born January 29, 1840; died March 19, 1902; married January 27, 1864, J. Lewis Mullings. *4. Phebe Pearsall, born June 19, 1842; married Solomon Ketcham. *5. Ellen Pearsall, born July 20, 1845; died August 25, 1884; married Samuel West. Child:—1. Oliver West. *6. Sarah Cecelia Pearsall, born August 15, 1847. *7. Charles Edgar Pearsall, born December 17, 1852; died February 22, 1913; married Mary Ann West.
3. Stephen Pearsall, born May 11, 1816. See Z, this Section.
4. Daniel Pearsall, born 1822; died August 7, 1907; married Phebe Ann Bedell who died February 23, 1889. Children:—*1. Phebe Jane Pearsall; married George Raymond. *2. Sarah Emma Pearsall; died September 23, 1874. *3. Almira Pearsall. *4. Hiram Bedell Pearsall; married Jennie ——. Children:—1. Mina Pearsall. 2. Irma Pearsall. *5. Abraham Pearsall.
- Z. STEPHEN PEARSALL, born May 11, 1816; died September 10, 1904; married Adeline Speedling who was born August 12, 1823; died March 29, 1903. Children:—
1. Margaret Ann Pearsall, born August 22, 1841; died October 14, 1912; married Samuel Wortman. Children:—*1. Addie Wortman, married L. M. Goodrich. *2. Ettie Wortman, married Joseph L. Vay. *3. Lavinie Wortman, married James L. Savage. *4. Lillian Wortman, married Harry Tandy.
 2. Ruth Jane Pearsall, born September 13, 1843; died January 29, 1877; married September 13, 1865, James Benjamin Smith.
 3. Richard William Pearsall, born March 16, 1846; died September 29, 1852.
 4. John Anthony Pearsall, born September 2, 1848; died September 2, 1849.
 5. Valentine Pearsall, born October 22, 1850.
 6. Phebe Etta Pearsall, born May 16, 1852; died March 5, 1863.
 7. John William Pearsall, born October 14, 1854; married first, November 6, 1878, Garette Alma Bergen, who was born July 19, 1854; died January 18, 1893. He married second, January 20, 1894, Alice Savage who was born

February 7, 1854. Children of first marriage:—*1. Stephen Losee Pearsall, born September 26, 1880. *2. Catherine Bergen Pearsall, born April 12, 1883; died December 12, 1897. *3. Garrett B. Pearsall, born April 28, 1888. *4. Sarah Louise Pearsall, born June 24, 1891.

8. Sarah Louise Pearsall, born January 12, 1855; died July 16, 1880; married Isaac Underhill Hyatt.
9. Phebe Elizabeth Pearsall, born March 6, 1862.
10. Benjamin Harper Pearsall, born January 25, 1864; died September 30, 1866.

SECTION 17.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of Daniel Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 2; married at South Hempstead Presbyterian Church, July 20, 1831, Mary Carman, daughter of Joseph Carman and his wife Miriam Weeks; and granddaughter of Joseph Carman and his wife Ruth Mott. They were married at the Presbyterian Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y. Children:—

1. Ezra Pearsall, born March 13, 1832. See Z, this Section.
2. Israel Pearsall.
3. Charlotte Pearsall; married George T. Sammis. Child:—*1. Fisher T. Sammis, died June 14, 1870, aged 2 years.
4. Phebe Pearsall, married first, 1876, Jerome Post. She married second, John Swezey. Children of first marriage:—*1. Foster Post, born 1872. *2. Sherman Post.

Z. EZRA PEARSALL, born March 13, 1832; resided at Farmingdale, N. Y., married first, June 7, 1851, Jannette Powell who was born March 11, 1826; died March 14, 1885. He married second, 1886, Amelia Waterbury, who died February 24, 1887. He married third, Martha Randall, who died November 9, 1904, aged 67 years. He married fourth, Louise Hart who died May 23, 1913. Children of first marriage:—

1. Floyd J. Pearsall, born July 2, 1852; married June 29, 1876, Hannah Ann Wanzer. Children:—*1. Minnie Wanzer Pearsall, born October 22, 1871; married Sherman Post. *2. Franklin R. Pearsall, born January 10, 1878. *3. Alfrette Pearsall, born January 28, 1883. *4. Janette Pearsall, born September 28, 1885. *5. Carrie Pearsall, born June 24, 1888. *6. William C. Pearsall, born April 27, 1892.
2. Charles Augustus Pearsall, born November 9, 1855; died July 23, 1905; married July 28, 1875, Adelia Wanzer. She was born April 1, 1853. Child:—*1. Augustus A. Pearsall, born November 25, 1885; baptised January 10, 1892.
- 3. Alfretta Pearsall, born March 9, 1859; died May 5, 1860.
4. Adah Vermylia Pearsall, born April 11, 1861.
5. Sherman Wallace Pearsall, born June 6, 1868; died March 6, 1890.
6. Sheridan Wallace Pearsall, born June 6, 1868; died March 29, 1891.

SECTION 18.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 35, Section 1; resided at Single Pine, L. I., N. Y.; married Rachel Hendrickson, born June 20, 1776; died

August 15, 1846; buried at Single Pine Cemetery. Her tombstone is the only monument in the family burying ground. Children:—

1. Mary Pearsall.
2. Sally Pearsall, married — Bedell.
3. Phebe Pearsall, married Jarvis Wanser.
4. Hannah Pearsall, married September 19, 1835, Aaron Jarvis.
5. Eliza Ann Pearsall, married George Covert.
6. John Pearsall; died 1874, aged 57 years; married Mary —. Children:—
 - *1. Mary Frances Pearsall, married Issac C. Westlake. Children:—1. Adelaide Westlake. 2. Mary Westlake. 3. Isaac Westlake. 4. Frank Westlake. *2. Ann Eliza Pearsall, married John P. Stoutenburgh. *3. Adeline Augusta Pearsall. *4. George Troth Pearsall. *5. John Nelson Pearsall, born October 25, 1832; married 1857, Jenny W. Farquehar. Child:—1. Annie Elizabeth Pearsall, born May 25, 1858. *6. Charles Edward Pearsall, born April 26, 1834; married Caroline M. —. Children:—1. Louise M. Pearsall. 2. Charles C. Pearsall. 3. Annie L. Pearsall. *7. Marvin Richardson Pearsall.
7. Joshua Pearsall; married Sarah Elizabeth Johnson, who died August 9, 1910. Children:—*1. Mary Elizabeth Pearsall, born May 1, 1839; died February 21, 1902; married — Totten. *2. Rachel Pearsall, born January 4, 1832, in New York City. *3. William Henry Pearsall, born August 16, 1830; married Helen L. Potter. *4. Phebe L. Pearsall, born March 18, 1833, resided at Albany, N. Y. *5. George W. Pearsall, born September 16, 1834; died August 17, 1913; married May 3, 1856, Mary E. Rhinehart. Children:—1. Mary Louisa Pearsall, born March 5, 1859. 2. Jennie Viola Pearsall born March 6, 1865; married May 9, 1885, William Erwood. 3. Frank H. Pearsall. 4. Sarah Lavinia Pearsall. 5. Elizabeth Pearsall. *6. Hannah E. Pearsall, born August 25, 1843. *7. Sarah Lavinia Pearsall, born August 18, 1846; married Joseph Ketcham.
8. Nelson Pearsall.
9. Silas Pearsall; married Louise — who subsequently married David Tilton. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Pearsall; drowned 1852. *2. Louise Pearsall. *3. Silas E. Pearsall, married Emma —. Children:—1. Edward L. Pearsall. 2. J. W. Pearsall. *4. Rachael Pearsall, married John Tilton.
10. Treadwell Pearsall; born April 14, 1816; died January 3, 1881; married April 19, 1846, Sarah Ann Fowler. She was born October 18, 1823; died October 14, 1903. Children:—*1. Emma Frances Pearsall, born June 28, 1848; married December 16, 1868, Charles Turner Carlton. Children:—1. Helen Thayer Carlton, born March 4, 1870; married October 29, 1891, William Wilson Campbell. 2. Alice Emma Carlton, born February 13, 1873; died November 26, 1875. *2. Theodore Pearsall, born July 6, 1850; married Margaret A. Neldon, who was born July 12, 1858. *3. Carrie E. Pearsall, born May 15, 1855; unmarried. *4. Louis M. Pearsall, born November 14, 1863; married Mary Phillips.
11. Walter Pearsall; married Malvina Lilly.
12. Margaret Pearsall, born July 5, 1803; married Treadwell Davis.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

SAMUEL PEARSALL

of Hempstead, New York, and Greens Farms, Connecticut.

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 34, Section 1; resided at Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., and Greens Farms, Fairfield Co., Connecticut; married first, July 9, 1754, Keziah Satterly of Huntington, at the First Presbyterian Church, of Huntington, Long Island, N. Y., by the Rev. Ebenezer Prime. She died June 19, 1783, in the 57th year of her age, and is buried in the Hurlbutt Cemetery Plot, Greens Farms Burying Ground, West Port, Connecticut. He married second, Eunice Hoyt, daughter of Nathan Hoyt and Elizabeth Lockwood his wife, of Norwalk, Conn. She was born July 18, 1742. Children of first marriage:—

1. John Satterly Pearsall, born 1757; Chapter 36, Section 2.
2. Anna Pearsall, born 1762.
3. Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 36, Section 4.
4. Abigail Pearsall, married June 22, 1777, Zebulon Williams of Long Island, at Greens Farms Congregational Church.

SECTION 1.

Jno. S. Jones, in his *Reminiscences of Westport*, says that notwithstanding the fact that Westport is in New England, slaves were kept and sold here. Perhaps not as openly as in the South, but repeated instances were known of their being sold at private sale or traded off as cattle are in these days, and slavery existed here as long as the slave holders could make the business pay, after which they disposed of their stock and became rank abolitionists and were ready to assist in the underground railroad business with the slave property of the South. Samuel Pearsall was an owner of slaves. The Family Book of Fairfield discloses the names and ages of his bond-folks. The record reads:— Samuel Pearsall's negroes, Lucy born January 8, 1807. Rose born February 7, 1809.

The operations of the English Army during the year 1777, which resulted in the destruction of Danbury, Connecticut, began by the landing of a large force of the British at Compo, on the shores of the Long Island Sound, in Fairfield County, Connecticut. The local militia made an effort to repel this force but were disastrously defeated, many were killed, and still more taken prisoner, among the rest Samuel Pearsall. His experiences are so clearly set out in the public records that the reader's attention is invited to the following transcripts thereof.

To the Honorable Governor and Assembly of the State of Connecticut to be holden at New Haven on the 2d Thursday of Instant October. The Memorial of Samuel Pearsall of Fairfield in the County of Fairfield humbly sheweth:—

That on or about the 9th Day of September 1777 your Memoria with others having Notice that a party of the enemy had landed at Compoa so called your Mem with others without waiting for leaders forthwith took their arms with a view to defend the place and drive off the enemy, but unfortunately for your Memor and one David Lyon they both fell into the Hands of the Enemy were made Prisoners; taken on Board the Ship Swan, carried to New York thrown into a Dungeon and there Confined four weeks from thence were removed to the Procoit and there held until the 9th Day of Febry. 1778, and from thence to the Sugar House and your Memor was held a Prisoner untill the 21st Day of July last past when he was Redeamed and has finally got Home. your Memor during the Time of his captivity was treated with great cruelty and inhumanity and endured great Hardship so that he had reason to apprehend the most fatal consequences but Providentially was preserved tu humbly pray your Honours will consider his unhappy case and in your wonted Goodness make him some allowance for the loss of his time of his gun, Bayonet and other warlike impliments and for the Extraordinary Expense he was at during his Captivity on account of all which your Memorialists herewith lays before your Honours and he ar in Duty bound shall ever pray &c. dated in Fairfield the 7th Day of Octo A. D. 1778.—Saml Pearsal. [Conn. State Library. Connecticut Archives. Revolutionary War XII XIII:399.]

Upon the Memorial of Samuel Pearsall of Fairfield showing to this Assembly that in September 1777, he was captured by ye enemy near Compo and held in captivity until ye 21th day of July 1778, during which time he suffered great hardships as well as Loss of time and was also put to very great expense &c. praying for Relief as per Mem. on file. Resolved by this assembly that ye sum of thirty-five pounds eight shillings be and it is hereby granted to ye Mem. in ye premises and ye comtee of pay table are directed to draw on the treasurer for ye same accordingly. Passed in the Lower House. Test. Benj. Payne, Clerk. January 1779, Concurred in the Upper House. Test. George Wyllys, Secty. [Colonial Mss. at State Library, Hartford, Conn.]

Fairfield October 23rd A. D. 1778.

My account while a prisoner In New York which was Ten Months and Twelve Days pay in @ 40s per mth£20: 18: 0

Money I Received of my Wife and friends while a Prisoner and

Expended in New York.....	9: 10: 0
	<hr/> 30. 8: 0

To my Gun and Bayenut that was Taken

When I was Taken a Prisoner @ 64s.....	3: 4: 0
--	---------

Samuel Pearsall	33: 12: 0
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Brot up.....	1: 16: 0
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Granted.	£35: 8: 0
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Fairfield October 23rd A. D. 1778.

The Account that I was at of Expençe of Percuring Flags to Git my Husband out of New York While a Prisoner in New York and Money Sent Him.

1. Paid to Daniel Gray for Giting a flag & Going to New York.	£ 4: 10: 3
2. Paid Capt Eliphalet Thorp for Going to New York with a Flag.	2: 15: 0
3. Paid Joseph Bennit for Going to the Fishkill To General Mac Dugall to Git a flag.	3: 7: 9
4. Paid to Mr. Deliverance Bennit for Going to His Honour the Governor at Hartford to percure a flag.	4: 15: 0
To Cash Sent Down to my Husband Not Rec. by Him.	1: 16: 0
Kezia Pearsall.	<u>£17: 4: 0</u>

From which it appears that the faithful Keziah spent time and money to procure flags of truce permitting visits to Samuel Pearsall by his friends and urging his exchange. No doubt Samuel's days in jail were unpleasant, nevertheless he received four visits from friends under flags of truce during the ten months of his incarceration. The reader is referred to Chapter 37, Section 3, where the story of Danbury will be found, told in more detail and recounting the experiences of Nathaniel Pearsall, his sons George, Henry and Joseph, and their four families in making their escape after the destruction of that town.

Samuel Pearsall was an important man in the business of Fairfield County. He owned the principal landing place for boats, kept the store, maintained a regular line of boats carrying freight and passengers to and from New York City and ran a large hotel for the accommodation of the traveling public. The close of the Revolutionary War brought the usual high taxes necessary to pay the cost of the war and to maintain the new government. As usual the hotel proprietor was a shining mark for the legislature and his taxes were increased, as he thought, out of all proportion to the business he was doing and the profits he was making, forgetting that these increased taxes would be passed along to the traveler who would find it in his bill along with other increases, all of which would be explained as due to the late war. The tavern keepers of Connecticut, nevertheless petitioned the legislature to modify the system of taxation of their farndalties. Samuel Pearsall signed this paper.

SECTION 2.

JOHN SATTERLY PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 36, Section 1, was born 1757; died August 31, 1808, aged 51 years; baptised at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., May 6, 1764; resided at Greens Farms, and Westport, Conn.; married Mary Hurlbutt. Children:—

1. John Pearsall, baptised October 6, 1781; Chapter 36 Section 3.
2. Nancy Pearsall, baptised August 14, 1785.

John S. Pearsall was a large operator and his death was most unfortunate to his family as he had gone heavily in debt in order to handle the grain from his locality. Shortly before his death, the market went against him which resulted in wiping out his entire estate. John S. Pearsall handled the most of the grain raised in the rich valleys of Fairfield County. It was a hazardous business owing to the irregularity of European shipping and the competition of Pennsylvania and Vir-

ginia growers. The market conditions would seem to be fair for a profit. Grain would be loaded on a vessel and shipped to New York City only to meet several unexpected cargoes from the south. The merchants would take advantage of these conditions and down would go the price. The following deed on the Fairfield Records in Book 33, page 500, tells the story of what happened in such a falling market to John S. Pearsall, who was then sick and on his death bed. Deed dated April 14, 1810, wherein Samuel Pearsall, administrator of John S. Pearsall, decd., quitclaims to John and Willit Seaman, all right, title, interest of said estate to all the real estate which formerly belonged and was owned by the said John S. Pearsall, situated at Saugatuck in said town of Fairfield, and by and in his lifetime given as security to Willet Seaman for moneys advanced.

SECTION 3.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of John Satterly Pearsall, Chapter 36, Section 2; baptised October, 1781; married Dosia F. Nash, daughter of Elisha Nash. Children:—

1. Andrew Pearsall, married June 2, 1849, Louisa Maria Hoyt.
2. William H. Pearsall, married Sarah E. —.
3. Mary Vanderhoover Pearsall, born November 17-18, 1817; died July 18, 1892; married May, 1837, James Edwin St. John.
4. Nancy (Anna) Pearsall, died August 14, 1865, aged 80 years; married October 8, 1808, James Lockwood, who was born November 22, 1784; died September 30, 1864.

SECTION 4.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 36, Section 1; baptised at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., April 30, 1765; resided at Westport, and Norwalk, Connecticut; married first, October 19, 1788, Rachael Wakeman. He married second, Esther Cable of Oxford, November 12, 1808. Children of first marriage:—

1. Polly Pearsall, baptised August 2, 1789; married February 13, 1807, John W. Hanford. Children:—*1. Frederick A. Hanford, born December 24, 1807. *2. Sally W. Hanford, born December 14, 1809. *3. Samuel S. Hanford, born August 18, 1812. *4. Mary C. Hanford, born December 14, 1814; married — Wells. *5. Philander Hanford, born January 1, 1818. *6. Lansing B. Hanford, born March 31, 1820; married 1880, Jane Eliza Wiley of Flatbush, Ulster Co., N. Y. She was born July 22, 1835. Child:—1. Adele Hanford, resided at Silver Creek, Chautauqua Co., N. Y. *7. Keziah C. Hanford, born May 4, 1822, married — Bartholomew. *8. Hester A. Hanford, born August 26, 1824. *9. Jane M. Hanford, born December 7, 1826.
2. Platt Pearsall, baptised February 27, 1791; died September 16, 1880.
3. Keziah Pearsall, baptised July 14, 1793.
4. Anna Pearsall, baptised August 21, 1795; died unmarried.
5. Betsy Pearsall, baptised July 27, 1800.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

GEORGE PEARSALL

of Herrick, Hempstead, Long Island, New York

This is the line of Clarence E. Pearsall

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

GEORGE PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 30, Section 1, is buried in the graveyard on the farm where he lived, and all his people for several generations lie there beside him. Gravestones there are none, the few grave-stones there were having some years ago been removed to the yard of the Searingtown M. E. Church. The farm recently became the grounds of a mansion on the edge of the hills overlooking the plains, the owner whereof has planted the old graveyard with a clump of evergreens so that the dead may not be disturbed.

George Pearsall resided at Herrick, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., near what is now Searingtown. He married Elizabeth Williams, daughter of Robert Williams. The records of Hempstead disclose that she received part of the lands belonging to the property right of her father, Robert Williams, who was one of the original fifty proprietors of the patented town of Hempstead. He was probably brother to Moyles Williams, whose widow became the wife of Henry Pearsall and mother of George Pearsall, so the latter and his wife were related by marriage. In the old mouse-eaten book containing the record of the distribution of the land, the names come after each other in the following order: Robert Williams, Henry Pearsall, Moyles Williams. The children of Moyles Williams were known on the records as "the family of Pearsalls at Herricks." Children:—

1. George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 2.
2. Henry Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 1.
3. Elizabeth Pearsall.
4. Sarah Pearsall.

George Pearsall, for some reason or other, followed the old English system of not recording deeds or registering wills. This course was followed by his descendants, particularly those of the oldest male line for four generations, while on Long Island, in Dutchess Co. and Saratoga County, N. Y., and in Jefferson Co., Penn., covering a period of over a century of time. Imbued evidently with the thought that the land represented true standing in the community, and that it should be conserved and passed from one generation to another, they considered their well-known possession as sufficient and superior to the recording laws. This was not a bad idea when one's title began with one of the proprietors or original

settlers, but it was different where the title of the property in possession was recorded in the name of another.

It would seem that only the hard and bitter experience of losing their landed property could bring them to a realization of the hazardousness of this course of conduct. To one of his descendants it meant not only loss of fortune, but brought about the occasion of leaving friends and kindred and going with his family into the wilderness of Pennsylvania, where he could begin his life's work anew. To the genealogist this presents a unique problem.

The Town Records of Hempstead disclose: Record Book 8, page 234, Nathaniel Pearsall, 18th September, 1692, in a deed to his brother Thomas Pearsall conveying to the latter his share of their father's estate, recites as follows:—and a part of ye right of old Rainers which is given to mysd brother and my brother George equal alike which they have taken up land for on ye east side of ye Harbour Path.

Record Book 1, page 383, at a town meeting held at Hempstead June 6th, 1682, it was owned and concluded by a major vote of the town that they name and give the Rev. Jeremy Hubard, seventy pounds a year in current pay as it passes amongst us for his yearly maintenance and that he shall have his firewood brought to him free of cost. George Pearsall consented to this except the fire wood which he did not assent to.

George Pearceall signed the address of Queens County freeholders to Governor Lord Cornbury in 1702, congratulating him on his arrival and saying that for near four years we have labored under the utmost calamities, our liberties unprized and properties invaded. [Calendar of State Papers, America & West Indies, Vol. 1702, page 627.]

There is no incident in the history of the town of Hempstead that is of greater importance to those whose ancestors resided in that town than the controversy as to the ownership of Cow Neck. The student of genealogy who goes delving into the records of the town is surprised to find that certain families have only rarely intermarried, although for centuries they were near neighbors. If he goes deeply enough he will find that the enmities and strong feelings aroused when Governor Andrus was governor, continued for a long time to control the love affairs of the descendants of the several parties to the Cow Neck controversy. Yet apparently, when it was all over, they all made up for good, but it was only on the surface. The children and grandchildren of the old Dutch-English traders were as slow as their fathers to forgive a wrong. In the line of Nathaniel Pearsall, for example, it was in the fourth generation when Thomas Pearsall married Phebe Cornell. As to the other sons of Henry Pearsall, namely: Daniel, George and Thomas, it was much later before their male descendants intermarried with the daughters of the Cornell family.

The advent of the English government brought nothing but trouble to the Dutch-English towns of Long Island. Whereas they had before been secure in their lands and possessions, after the English owned the colony, each succeeding governor demanded that the town buy a new patent confirming the rights they already had bought and paid for. In 1671, a new scheme of annoyance was devised by the English authorities; namely, to encourage the Indians to make

claim to all lands not actually farmed, for if the Indian title had not been purchased, then the townsmen's claims were of no legal value and the governor might repatent these lands to individuals, although they were within the bounds of the patent he had issued confirming the town's rights thereto. If the town had conveyed these lands to individuals then it could not object, and the individuals deserved to lose because they had risked their money on a manifestly bad title.

In 1671, during the administration of Governor Lovelace, the Indians were at a council encouraged to lay claim to Cow Neck in Hempstead. George Hewlett promptly appeared before the Governor and made declaration that Cow Neck had been fenced and enjoyed by those of Hempstead for the previous twenty-four years, and that the Indians had never heretofore claimed the same, which statement was true as by the very first entry in the existing Records of Hempstead, dated May 2, 1654, it was ordered that all ye inhabitants that hath any rights in ye Neck shall sufficiently make up either his or their proportion of fence at or before May 15, 1654; while on the same page it appears that before that time, and for long afterward, the neck of land in the north part of the town, between Hempstead Harbor on the east and Cow Bay, now Manhasset Bay, on the west had been fenced and used as a common pasture for the cattle of the town, and was hence called Cowneck. It was enclosed by a fence about three miles long from the Head of the Harbor, now Roslyn, to the head of Cow Bay, now Manhasset. From this fence to the Sound the neck was about five miles in length from north to south, and from two to three miles in width between Hempstead Harbor and Cow Bay, making about eight thousand acres. In this same year, 1657, public notice was given that all who wished their calves kept by the keeper should give in their number to Adam Mott before the 24th of April. The fence consisted of 526 panels, or gates and was maintained by 60 contributors, whose right of pasturage was proportioned to the gates or bars of fence which each maintained.

There were others of the town's inhabitants beside Adam Mott living upon Cow Neck and some from elsewhere, among the rest Thomas Pearsall, son of Thomas Pearsall of Hellgate Neck, as we have seen in Chapter 29, Section 3. And in 1666, an effort was made to grant Henry Pearsall and others a lease of Cow Neck for five years, but this was annulled and an order made that no one should have any part of the common pasture without the consent of the town. [Hempstead Town Records, Book 1, page 228-229.]

In 1672, Governor Lovelace gave some sort of a grant of Cow Neck, or to part thereof to Richard Cornell who evidently tried to take possession of the same, as January 21, 1672, he styles himself as of Cow Bay, New York. The effort passed unnoticed so far as the Hempstead town records are concerned, as the Dutch in 1673 conquered New York and Richard Cornell found it very convenient to return to Flushing. It is probable that the Hempstead folks were entirely ignorant of Richard Cornell's claim to the ownership of Cow Neck.

In the latter part of 1674, the English again acquired New York and Governor Andrus became the ruler. It was not long before the Cornell grant received his active acquiescence and assistance as this means of raising easy money could not

be overlooked by him. Nothing however happened until 1676, when John Cornell, brother of Richard, having been driven out of Rhode Island by the Indians, came to Flushing, from which place, with his wife and four small children, he removed to the west side of Cow Neck, where he began to build a house. This immediately provoked a protest from Hempstead.

John Cornell was not to be deterred by mere formal protests. He needed a house for his family and therefore he calmly proceeded with the work of erecting his buildings. This aroused some of the owners of Cow Neck, but not all, as quite a few, including George Pearsall, looked upon the advent of John Cornell as doing no particular damage to the Neck. In fact had he asked the town for the land there is no doubt that it would have been granted, as there is no instance recorded in the town records where such a request was refused. [Documents relating to Col. Hist. of State of New York, vol. 14, page 725-726.]

The persistence of John Cornell aroused the objectors until they were fighting mad, so they called a general meeting, 14th day of October, in the year 1676, in Hempstead, which was attended by the major part of those who had right on the Cow Neck where it was fully agreed on and concluded by them who had right on the said Neck that they should all of them go down to the Cow Neck and pull down the building that Cornell had set up there. [Hempstead Town Rec. Book 1, page 305.]

In view of what immediately happened, it looks as if this was what the Governor expected and what he really desired, as thereby he could get a criminal court proceeding before himself as judge, and render a verdict which would seem to confirm his unwarranted claim to Cow Neck. For as it turned out the officers of the law were actually present waiting for the Hempsteads to appear, and of course they were all promptly arrested. The townsmen were rather too strong for the officers of the court and before they could quiet the disturbance and the anger of the townsmen cooled, the house of John Cornell was destroyed.

The scene now changes to a special Court of Assizes held in New York, the 26th day of October in the 28th year of his Majesty's Reign anno Domini 1676. Present, the Governor and Council, the Justice of the Peace of the several Ridings of Yourkshire upon Long Island (of whom Richard Cornell was one), and also the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of New York. Richard Cornell sat as judge although he was interested and had also been present when the attack took place and endeavored to prevent the destruction of the house. [Docu. Relating to Col. Hist. of State of N.Y., vol. 14, page 726-727. See Genealogy of Adam and Ann Mott.]

A presentment was brought into the Court by Mr. Samuel Leete, on the behalfe of our sovereign Lord the King against Nathaniel Pearsall, Thomas Rushmore, Adam Mott, Senr., Abraham Smith and Joseph Langdon of the town of Hempstead in the North Riding of Yorkshire upon Long Island. To the which they pleaded not guilty. Whereupon proofs being produced and examined in Court together with the original writing of Combination under the hands of 37 of them. The whole being given in charge to ye Jury, who were sent out thereupon. They brought them in guilty. It is perhaps as well that the record does not disclose the names of the jurors. [Docu. Relating to Col. Hist. of State of N. Y., vol. 14, page 726-727.]

The whole proceeding is an exhibition of about as raw an administration of justice as was ever perpetrated. Neither John Cornell nor his brother Richard was even in the position of one who has a deed for a property, as it was not until September 29, 1677, that Governor Andrus gave John Cornell a patent for this land. It is true that the Governor's Council, October 3, 1676, upon the petition of John Cornell had voted him one hundred acres of land on Cow Neck, but this was only done to support the manifestly wrongful acts of the governor and Justice Richard Cornell, who were acting through John Cornell, who was then already in wrongful possession of the land. The small parcel given to John Cornell was intended only as a wedge to secure an acquiescence in the Governor's claim of ownership of this Neck, and the act of the Governor in arresting and punishing by fine the citizens of Hempstead for defending their own property from an intruder made it evident to all the townsmen what was the real purpose of the Governor and his associates. It was entirely too open a scheme, as even the Indians knew that the whole thing was a fraud and they became alarmed at the delay in making payment to them, so they demanded that inasmuch as the Governor may go away, or he may die and another come that knows nothing of this, he give them some writing in order to make it known. [N. Y. Colonial Records, Vol. 14, page 733.]

As a result the town was united in opposition even to the small claim of John Cornell, while Governor Andrus and his associates just as persistently pursued a course of action looking to the perfection of their unwarranted claim of ownership. The governor after a time decided in favor of the Indian demand for payment by compromising with them, the Indians to get the eastern half of the Neck, provided the line is run when Justice Cornell is present, and thereupon he granted Major Thomas Willet, whom Richard Cornell in his will calls his dear friend, and Thomas Hicks, whom Richard Cornell in his will also calls his dear friend, the liberty to purchase land from the Indians on Cow Neck, Long Island. At the same time Andrus granted a number of parcels of land on the west half of Cow Neck to friends of the Cornells. This left the real owners with a fight upon their hands, which dragged along for years. In the meanwhile the adverse possession of those holding the Andrus patents was rapidly becoming perfect under the provision of the Statute of Limitations. It was therefore evident that something drastic must be done to break this continuity of acquiescence in the adverse possession and to reassert the rights of the real owners to the land. A party, of whom George Pearsall was one, was thereupon made up who went upon the land and proceeded to cut down trees, with the result that they were all arrested as appears by the record of the proceedings before the Justice.

Here, again in this controversy, the record discloses one of the unlawful claimants sitting as a judge and giving judgment sustaining his own dishonest title. It will be noticed that at no time was an action brought to try the title, it was always a criminal proceeding of such a class as was not subject to appeal and review by the higher authorities. The intruding party had, however, accomplished its object. It was now important to get the matter before the new Governor, so Timothy Halstead presented a petition for the remission of the fine. This aroused anew the attention of the new governor to this disturbing condition

of affairs which had served to make his relations with the town of Hempstead very unpleasant. It was not the first time that he had his attention called to the subject as, in 1692, William Peate had presented a petition to Governor Fletcher asking for relief against the trespass of Col. Willitt upon the petitioner's premises at Cow Neck. The intruders were, however, even at this day, too powerful to be dispossessed and consequently the matter dragged along until a third governor came, when on April 5, 1699, the matter by a petition was brought to the attention of the House of Representatives, who referred the matter to his Excellency Richard Earl of Bellemont, Capt. General and Commander in Chief of the province of New York, etc.

The Earl of Bellemont was not inclined to deal leniently with wrong doers, so there was a speedy settlement of the controversy, as is shown by the following deed. These may certify whom it may concern that whereas there hath been great difference and disentions between Coll. Thomas Willitt of Flushing in Queens Co., on Nawsaw Island in the province of New York and several of the freeholders and inhabitants of Hempstead concerning their rights and claims of land on Cow Neck within the bounds of Hempstead in the County aforesaid, the same being considered by the aforesaid freeholders and inhabitants of Hempstead, they have seen cause to depute and appoint Capt. John Sands and Jonathan Smith, Sr., both of Hempstead to make progress in the deference of their rights against said Coll. Willitt their deputation bearing date the sixteenth day of October one thousand six hundred and ninety-five we the said Sands and Smith considering the affair we have desired the assistance of Nathaniel Pearsall for the managing of that concern, now know ye that pursuant to the trust reposed in us we have agreed with sd. Coll. Willitt as followeth that is he the aforesaid Coll. Thos. Willitt doth for himself his heirs and successors release and relinquish all his pretended right title and interest to all and every part and parcel of land on the aforesaid Cow Neck unto the persons above said to them their heirs and assigns and successors to have and to hold for ever he excepting only one parcel of land lying on or near the North west part of said Cow Neck which parcel of land was laid out by James Hubbard in quantity two hundred acres or thereabout and a patten for it by Governor Dongan in the year sixteen hundred and eighty five granted to Thomas Willitt also the aforesaid Coll. Tho. Willitt doth for himself his heirs and successors as aforesaid release relinquish and reserve to the persons as aforesaid out of that pattin or parcel of land laid out by James Hubbard so much in quantity as shall appear to belong to four gate rights and a half when the aforesaid Neck shall come to be laid out beginning at Bluff Point and so running southwardly as the water goeth to a water fence that William Peate erected and eastwardly up to ye crick so as it may include all the inclosed and improved land that William Peate hath cultivated and if the said four gates and a half doth not include the land aforesaid yet notwithstanding the tract of land is hereby released as aforesd and what the aforesd tract of land shall appear to be more than the equal proportion for four gates and a half is to be added to the eastern side of Coll. Willitts patten or tract of land, we also Capt. John Sands, Jonathan Smith and Nathaniel Pearsall, above mentioned do for and in behalf of ourselves our heirs and successors and the inhabitants and freeholders of Hempstead above

recited release and relinquish all our pretence or title whatsoever unto every part and parcel of land above mentioned that was laid out by James Hubbard excepting what is above excepted and released and to ratify and confirm the above written and every part herein contained we have hereunto set our hands and fixed our seals this first day of April 1701. Memorandum it is agreed before signing hereof that if any part of the abovesd Neck shall be left for Commons then Coll. Willitt, his heirs and successors shall have equal privileges on it for grazing with the rest of the neighborhood. Tho. Willitt, John Sands, Jonathan Smith, Nathaniel Pearsall. Signed and sealed in the presents of us. John Tredwell, Tho. Hicks. [New York State Library Mss., Albany, N. Y.]

SECTION 2.

GEORGE PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 1; resided at Herricks, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; married ——. Children:—

1. Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 3.
2. Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 1.
3. John Pearsall, married Hannah Sands. [Glen Cove Records.]
4. A daughter, N. N.; married Jacob Fowler. Child:—*1. Pexcell Fowler, born 1737. He married August 26, 1763, Susanna Day of Harlem. Children:—
 1. Ann Fowler and 2. Susan Fowler, twins born July, 1764.
 3. Thomas Day Fowler.
 4. Isaac Fowler, born August 4, 1768.
 5. Pexcel Fowler, born January 3, 1772.
 6. John Fowler, born October 31, 1775.
 7. Abram Fowler, born December, 1778.
 8. George Fowler.

The Town Records of Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., disclose:—

The lands of their father having come to the sons of George Pearsall, Senior, by descent, under the operation of the inheritance laws, we find the following deed relating to the same:—Book 3, page 341, George Pearsall and his brother Henry Pearsall sign deed to Capt. Jacob Hicks of Rockaway, for the Beach at Rockaway, bounded by Whelses line, by the sea, Brockelface Gutt and the Great Creek; deed dated June 7, 1725.

Book 5, page 422, Henry Pearsall, by deed dated 1st day of March 1722-23, of Oyster Bay, Queens County, Colony of New York, conveyed to Thomas Lee of Hempstead a piece of land lying on the Hill northward of Herricks; bounded by James Denton, Joseph Smith, George Pearsall, Isaac Smith. This deed was not recorded until 1774.

But little can be related concerning George Jr. as he survived his father but a few short years. He lived on Watermelon Hill, so called from its appearance in form to that fruit, and the pond alongside which tradition says received the sweetened water from the melon when cracked. However let fanciful tradition stand for what it is worth, when George, Jr., decided to erect a home on the summit of Watermelon Hill, the site was well chosen and shows that George had a sense for the artistic beauties of nature as from here he could overlook the pond and surrounding country, and on across the plains to the wooded ridges to the north where stood the noble hardwood trees of the virgin forest, on the edge of which one could see the home of Daniel Pearsall, which was on the side of the hill, overlooking the Hempstead Plains. Unfortunately the old home of George

Pearsall, Jr., was destroyed two years before the writer's visit to the scene, in 1916, and only a few of the smaller trees around the house remained standing, badly scorched and killed by the fire. The accompanying picture is from an old photograph which was badly faded. Unfortunately, the artist in attempting to restore the photograph so that a reproduction might be had, almost defeated the purpose, as the uneven lines of the artist's brush give the house an appearance of having had the ague, and left the windows, doors and sides of the house bulging as if ready to split open. Like the home of Henry Pearsall of Hempstead, some changes have been made which give it a modern appearance, Queen Anne style, but by a close scrutiny of the picture one can detect the old style of architecture revealed back of the main part of the house. I am indebted to Mrs. Ella Oakford of Hempstead, Long Island, for the copy of the picture. [Deleted.]

It was in this home that Samuel and Nathaniel Pearsall, sons of George, Jr., were born, and later it was the home of Nathaniel, where his sons and daughters were born, and who later removed with him to Dutchess County, New York. Of the old orchard there stands but one apple tree, 30 inches or more in diameter, planted by George, Jr. or Nathaniel, which one I am unable to say.

The name of Herricks came from William Herrick, a Dutch-English trader from Virginia, who was one of the party included within the grant to Richard Brudnell. His widow married Thomas Wandell, whose name appears so frequently to the deeds of Thomas and George Pearsall as to lend weight to the thought that either Wandell or his wife was related to the Pearsalls. By some it is thought that she was a daughter of Thomas Pearsall of Virginia and sister to Thomas, George, Henry, and Nicholas Pearsall of Long Island. [Riker's Newtown, pages 28, 43, 335.]

William Herrick had been among the early settlers, in 1640, who founded the town of Hempstead, and Thomas Wandell, in the name of his wife, succeeded to his original holdings in that town. The records speak of Herrick path as early as 1659, and Herricks is named as a place as early as 1662. Henry Pearsall appears to have purchased part of the original Herricks holdings, and the records speak of his stepchildren the Williamses as the family of Pearsall at Herrick. In 1663, he also obtained a grant of land on ye northwest of Herricks upon ye hill commonly called Water Million Hill, and 1664 grants were made John Williams and Joseph Williams on the north side of this Water Million Hill. No one seeing this peculiar mound of land with its natural lake alongside could mistake the place, as it very exactly matches the description.

SECTION 3.

NATHANIEL PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 2; resided at Searingtown and Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y. and Clinton Township, Dutchess County, N. Y.; married December 17, 1735, Sarah Todd at St. George's Church, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y. Children:—

1. George Pearsall, born December 31, 1739; see Chapter 37, Section 4.
2. Henry Pearsall, born 1741; see Chapter 38, Section 1.
3. Hannah Pearsall, born 8th month, 19, 1743. See X this Section.
4. Sarah Pearsall. See Y this Section.

5. Joseph Pearsall, see Chapter 39, Section 1.

6. Mary Pearsall. See Z this Section.

Nathaniel Pearsall was named executor of Edward Sands of Hempstead, will dated 23rd, 11th mo., 1745.

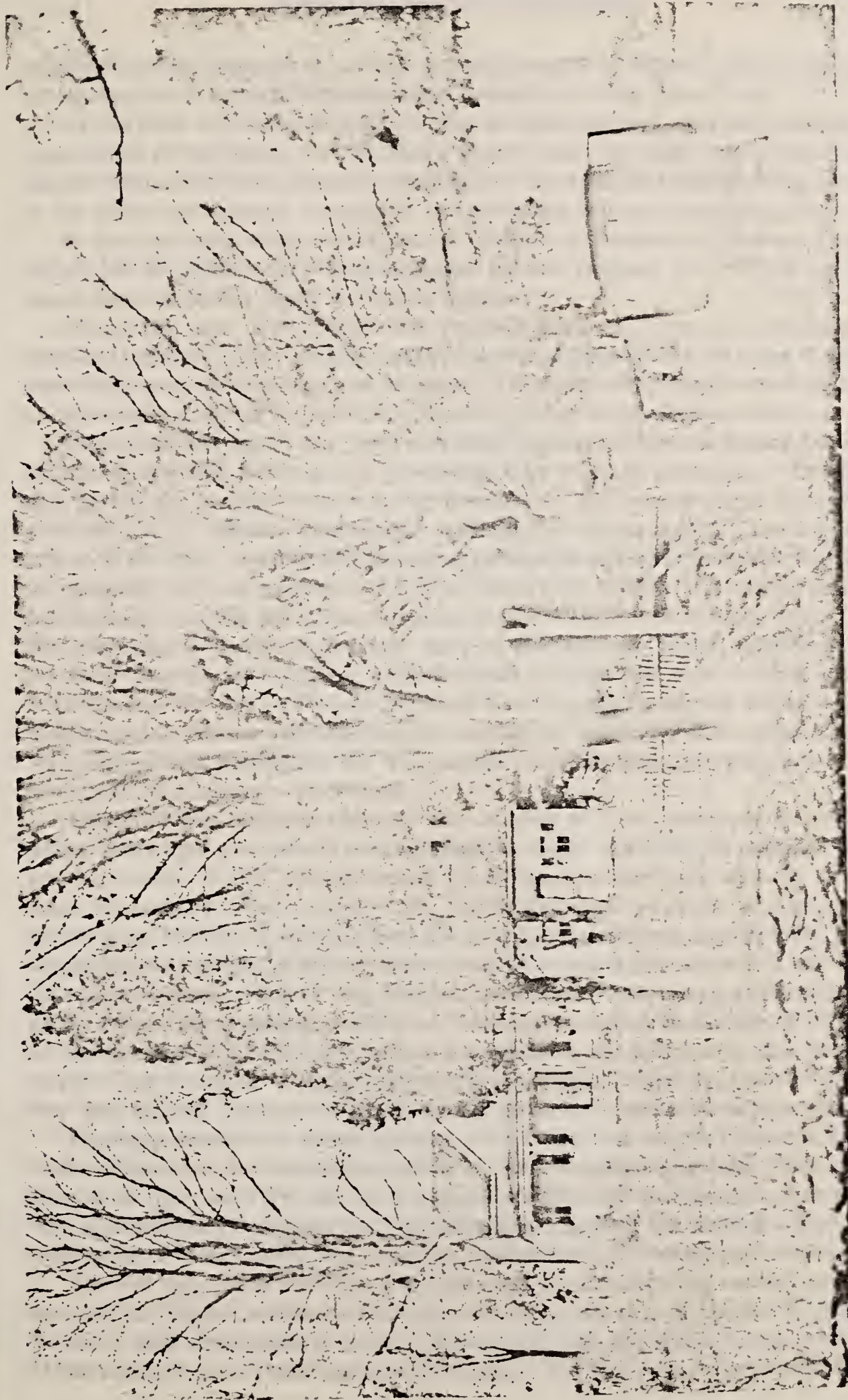
He was Overseer of Highways in Hempstead, 1755. [Hempstead Town Records, Vol. 4, page 218.]

George Pearsall, Jr., being deceased, we find his son Nathaniel cocupying the home place on Long Island and signing the following protest against closing a road. September ye 26, 1730. We the under named subscribers of the Township of Hempstead Do here by Protest against the stoping or hanging of gates upon the highway leading from taners pond to the great Plains between the Land of Robert Mitchell and Cornelius Polhemus as witnes our hands. Cornelius Wiltse, Marten Weltsee, Derick Demott, James Smith, Nathaniel Pearsall, John Smith, Henry Pearsall, Ephrem Cheasman, Adrien Onderdonck, Martine Wiltse, John Cornell, Daniel Pearsall, Joseph Denton, Phillip Smith. [Hempstead Town Records, Book 3, page 105.]

This Nathaniel Pearsall is also named in the Power of Attorney, made by James Hugins of Hempstead in Queens County on ye I Land of Nassaw The province of New York, to his trusty and Loving Friends Samuel Balden, August Oldfield, Jacob Fowler, William Vallantine, and Nathaniel Pearsall of Hempstead af'd. [Hempstead Town Records, Book 3, pages 181-183.]

James Hugins married the daughter of Henry Pearsall, brother of George Pearsall, Jr., the father of Nathaniel. Nathaniel Pearsall and James Hugins were therefore first cousins by marriage. Martha Hugin, the sister of James Hugin, was married to August Oldfield and when he died she married, in 1742, Captain John Titus. Jacob Fowler was married to the sister of Nathaniel Pearsall so that they were brothers in law. Samuel Baldin was also related in some way to the Pearsalls as likewise was William Valentine.

In the year 1757, Nathaniel Pearsall removed to Dutchess County, N. Y., where he acquired lands from the Patroon or owner of the land under the system of leasing for three generations. That is to say the land upon payment of the rental was to belong to the lessee, his son and his grandson by the rule of primogenitorship, and after this to revert to the lessor or his heirs. Upon the death of the lessee his heir might pay a fine and have a new lease made to him for three generations. It was a very unsatisfactory system of land holding, so much so that the relations between the proprietor and his tenants were never cordial and pleasant. On the contrary there was one unending stream of complaints and objections to the hardships of a tenure which took from a man the benefit of the work in clearing and fencing a farm, when probably the three deaths would happen so close together as not only to give the landlord the whole benefit of the lessee's labor, but to turn the lessee's young family adrift with nothing to show for their father's and grandfather's labor. As a consequence of this discontent there resulted the Anti-Rent War of 1766 which is now almost a forgotten event in Dutchess County history. But at that time it greatly excited the people of Dutchess and Columbia Counties. Bodies of armed men assembled, British troopers marched from Poughkeepsie to Quaker Hill, to seize a leader of the



HOME OF NATHANIEL PEARSALL

rebellion; and at the time of his trial at Poughkeepsie in August, 1766, a company of regulars with three field-pieces were brought up from New York.

At the close of the Revolutionary War all these tenures were made fee simple possessions of the lessees. Nathaniel Pearsall, however, died before the close of the Revolutionary War, hence the leasehold of the farm at Pleasant Valley vested in his oldest son George Pearsall to the exclusion of the other heirs.

It was not long after the arrival of Nathaniel Pearsall in Dutchess County before his daughter Mary was abducted by the Indians, but of this we shall speak more in detail under Z of this Section.

About the year 1774, Nathaniel Pearsall removed, although retaining his farm in Dutchess County, to the town of Danbury, Connecticut, in order to engage more largely in the manufacture of arms. The story of his residence there forms an important incident in our family history, which we shall now relate.

There was more than ten years of wordy argument between England and the colonies before the flame of war was started, in 1775, at Lexington. During all this period the citizens were arming themselves, the conservatives for possible eventualities of defence against the radicals; the latter against the hoped-for war with the king. At first this movement was slow and was confined to localities, for up to the last, a majority of the inhabitants were loyal to the mother country; particularly was this the case in the city of New York, and on Long Island. On the other hand the back country, east of the Hudson River, beginning with Dutchess County, was seething with disloyalty, while just over the line in Connecticut was the old bufferland between New England and the Dutch of New Netherlands. Always independent, it was ripe for anything that would continue its independence, and above all, Yankee-like, it was at this time willing to supply arms and munitions to both sides.

This land was situated between the colonies of New York and Connecticut where there was a no-man's land claimed by both, but held by neither. Right on the border of this oblong stretch of debateable territory was the thriving town of Danbury. Here gathered the best skilled artisans of the country, among whom were Nathaniel Pearsall and his sons George, Henry and Joseph. When Lexington was fought, Danbury was already famous for its arms and munitions. The colonies once united for war, Danbury became intensely loyal to the American cause and as the strategic position of Danbury appealed to George Washington as Commander-in-Chief, every effort was made to concentrate at this point the largest Quartermaster Depot north of Pennsylvania. Even against the present-day war figures, Danbury's stores would command favorable comparison.

Danbury seemed so secure against attack and was so conveniently located with reference to the American armies in New England and New York that in the fall of the year 1776, the town was selected by the continental officers to be also a commissary headquarters, and accordingly, during the ensuing winter, large quantities of flour, pork, and other provisions were collected and stored there.

For two long years the War of Independence had been going on and strange to say, not an English soldier had invaded Connecticut, so that Danbury continued to thrive and to increase greatly. One cannot find any good reason why Lord Howe should have so long neglected this place, but finally it became evident that

if the colonies were to be split in two by the conquest of New York, then Danbury must be destroyed. Therefore, on Friday, April 25, 1777, twenty-six of the English ships appeared off Norwalk Island, standing in for Cedar Point, where they anchored at 4 o'clock, P. M., and soon began landing their troops. By 10 o'clock, they had landed two brigades consisting of upwards of two thousand men, who marched immediately for Danbury. The English took many prisoners and devastated the country as they proceeded. Among the rest they captured Samuel Pearsall at Compo or Greens Farms. They arrived at Danbury next day at 2 o'clock, P. M. The handful of Connecticut troops there were obliged to evacuate the town. The enemy, on their arrival, began burning and destroying the Quartermaster and Commissary stores, and the warehouses. That it was a very rainy day was all that saved the town from total destruction. Nevertheless, the British succeeded not only in destroying the American army warehouses, but also twenty dwelling houses, all the business houses and every barn, not only in, but near the town. They destroyed the public stores of every kind. Those that were inflammable they consigned to the fire, the others were so mutilated in various ways as to be valueless to the Continental Army. The English took every team they could get hold of, and loaded the wagons with such stores as were valuable and not too bulky. [The War of the American Revolution, by Royal R. Hinman, Hartford, Conn. 1842, pg. 112-17.]

The town was defenceless against the attack. So far as the military authorities were concerned, it should not have been a surprise as on April 12, 1777, the Governor and Council sent a letter to Gen. Silliman, instructing him to keep the utmost vigilance over the enemy, who were supposed to be collecting in New York in order to go up the North River to destroy the magazines at Danbury and other places in that quarter, and to raise his brigade for defence if he thought proper; to give the earliest intelligence to the Governor and Council of every alarming appearance of danger in his department. But exceeding peace had made the militia careless of warning, hence the completeness of the English destruction and the lack of any defence. [Ibid, page 433.]

By Sunday night the whole Whig population of the village, including Nathaniel Pearsall and his party, made their escape to the adjoining towns. Early Sunday morning, the 27th, every dwelling house in the town was set on fire, excepting the houses of Tories and one or two others; and the enemy marched out of the town, while the houses were yet in flames.

Nothing was left of Danbury, for what the enemy left the Tories destroyed. Connecticut had been too peaceful. It had not come about there as elsewhere that the citizens had taken sides in the war. In fact there were many who, while enrolled as Militia, were nevertheless loyalists. These were suddenly beset with a desire to destroy. To recount the acts of these vile wretches would not make good reading. They specially directed their efforts against those who were the strangers who had made Danbury a great quartermaster and commissary depot; so marked was their behavior that in a proclamation Governor Trumbull protested that none afford a more melancholy prospect and discover a greater obduracy and insensibility than when the enemy enter our borders and are spreading terror and devastation in their way among numerous helpless and defenceless

families, whom the enemy through either remains of pity, or in their precipitate marches have left not altogether stript and plundered; that our own people of the militia, and others raised among us of the continental army should be so abandoned to all the feelings of humanity as to rob and plunder the remains of what the enemy have left to the poor and distressed inhabitants; and some have been even so daring as after the enemy are gone off, to set fire to houses and buildings, under the pretence of their belonging to some inimical inhabitants of this State. These representations have been made to the General Assembly of this State, by the most pathetic memorial of numbers, who have been in this way the unhappy sufferers in the last excursion of the enemy to Danbury. [The War of the American Revolution, by Royal R. Hinman, Hartford, Conn. 1842.]

This is the story of Danbury as it appeals to the general reader. To the writer it brings recollections of the numerous times Grandfather John Pearsall, on his farm in Pennsylvania, told the story as he heard it from his father, Peter Pearsall, recounting the particulars of the dreadful march of Nathaniel Pearsall with his children and grandchildren, through the rain, unprotected against the storm and wallowing on foot through the mud, the babies making the only load the men could carry, so that all they had was the clothes on their backs. This band of patriots fleeing for their lives, walked many a weary mile that day before they had reached a point of safety and much farther before they had reached a friendly shelter. As a member of that party, Nathaniel Pearsall, Jr., brother of Peter, son of George and grandson of Nathaniel, contracted that day the disease from which he died just before he reached manhood. Of all the stories of my childhood, none is so vividly remembered as the story of this flight of my ancestors from the British at Danbury.

X. HANNAH PEARSALL, born 8th month, 19th, 1743; married 1764, Stephen Holmes, who was born 6th month, 23, 1745. They attended the Nine Partners Meeting as did the Griffins. The Holmeses were Dutchess County people. They may have been married in the Meeting at Washington Hollow. Children:—
 *1. Sarah Holmes, born 6th mo. 3, 1765; died 3rd mo., 1827; married 12th mo. 1782, Isaac Griffin who was born 3rd mo. 20, 1763; died 9th mo. 20, 1843. Children:—1. Stephen Griffin, born 10 mo. 27, 1784; died 3 mo. 1787. 2. William Griffin, born 4 mo. 15, 1787; died 9 mo. 1828. 3. Micah Griffin, born 3 mo. 4, 1789; died 6 mo. 1793. 4. Phebe Griffin, born 6 mo. 26, 1792; married Daniel Sands. No children. 5. Hannah Griffin, born 6 mo. 24, 1794; died 1889; married 12 mo. 24, 1812, James Sands. 6. Elizabeth Griffin, born 7 mo. 27, 1797; married Daniel Smith. 7. Ann Griffin, born 12 mo. 21, 1799; married Thomas Sands.
 *2. John Holmes, born 7 mo. 24, 1767. *3. Rachel Holmes, born 11 mo. 30, 1769.
 *4. Phebe Holmes, born 4 mo. 8, 1772. *5. Ann Holmes, born 6 mo. 6, 1774.
 *6. Elizabeth Holmes, born 12 mo. 15, 1776. *7. Hannah Holmes, born 5 mo. 16, 1779. *8. James Holmes, born 2 mo. 20, 1782. *9. Susannah Holmes, born 7 mo. 24, 1785. [Copied from the Isaac Griffin Bible by Anna T. Pearsall. Date of Bible 1823.]

Y. SARAH PEARSALL, resided at Searingtown, Long Island, N. Y., and Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; married 1765, Samuel Searing. The index of marriage bonds in the office of the Secretary of State, Albany, N. Y., shows: 1765, March

10. License to marry issued to Sarah Pearsall and Samuel Searing and recorded in Volume IX, page 64. Children:—*1. Richard Searing. *2. Nathaniel Searing. *3. Gilbert Searing. *4. Samuel Searing. *5. Margaret Searing, who married John Taylor. *6. Sarah Searing, who married Ziba Taylor.

Z. MARY PEARSALL, married an Indian chief. Child:—a son.

Nathaniel Pearsall came to Dutchess County at a time when England was at war with the French, and the whole country along the eastern bank of the Hudson and up along the Lake George trail to Canada was badly infested with warlike Indians. In 1756, the French and Indian War had been going on only one year, but this was in fact, so far as the Indians were concerned, not a new war, but merely a new name for Indian warfare that had lasted since 1742. It is true the seven years war between the white men had closed, but even as to these, after the destruction of Fort Massachusetts, the French commander divided his army between the two sides of the Kaskekouke (Hoosac) and ordered them to do what he had not permitted to be done before he reached Fort Massachusetts. Every house was set on fire, a number of domestic animals of all sorts were killed, French and Indians vied with each other in pillage, and he made them enter the valleys of all the little streams that flowed in to the Kaskekouke and laid waste everything there. They retraced their steps northward through the forest where there was an old Indian trail. Recrossing the Batten Kill or the River of Saratoga where the Frenchman gave leave to the Indians at their request to continue their fighting and ravaging in small parties towards Albany, Schenectady, Deerfield, Saratoga, or wherever they pleased. He even gave them a few officers and a cadet to lead them. These small ventures were more or less successful and not only produced in due time a good return of scalps, but they kept the country thoroughly and continually alarmed by the Indian depredations. For two years after the incursion of the French, the New England borders were scourged with Indian warfare, bloody, monotonous and futile. [Francis Parkman, *Hist. of a Half Century of Conflict*, vol. 2, pages 253-254.]

The peace between the white men at any time during this period was of but short duration. A final struggle between France and England for glory and supremacy was inevitable. In this conflict beginning in 1755, and known as the French and Indian War, the military forces of Dutchess County were again called into requisition, and continued in the service until the final overthrow of the power of the French in Canada in 1760. The Fort of Oswego surrendered to a French force under Montcalm, August 14, 1756, and in September 6 of the same year, Governor Hardy directed the colonels of the militia of Dutchess County to repair immediately with their regiments to Albany and thence to cooperate with Lord Loudon at Lake George. [History of Dutchess County, by Hasbrouck, pages 90-91.]

During this period of strife the Indians, in their own behalf, did not hesitate to boldly carry on raids, and they carried their warfare down into the most thickly settled parts of the country east of the Hudson River.

Such were the conditions of Indian warfare in the country when Nathaniel Pearsall settled near the present site of the village of Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, N. Y. One day, shortly after he was comfortably settled in his new

home, his daughter Mary, not yet in her teens, was sent on an errand to a neighbor's. Happy and light-hearted, she little dreamed of what lay in store for her on that eventful day; of the years that would elapse ere she saw her parents again. Shortly after she entered the woodland, in sight of her father's home, she was suddenly confronted by an Indian. Too badly frightened to scream or give the alarm, she was seized and hastily carried through the woods and down the steep declivities into the densely forested hollows to the east. When she realized that she was being carried into captivity she began to cry and only the threatening attitude of the tomahawk in the hand of her captor caused her to smother her sobs, but the tears silently flowed down her cheeks. A short halt was made in the dark wooded hollows and the Indian emitted a wolflike howl. In response came two single howls from different quarters. Later, these Indians joined Mary's captor and all set out through the densely wooded hills where foot prints would not betray them and all settlements were avoided as they wended their way northward. The first night out, Mary was lodged in a hut of the Wappinger Indians, and bound with thongs that she might not escape. As they continued their journey, many nights were spent by the camp fire in the forest before they reached their destination, that remote part of the wilderness near the Lake George trail and eastward of Lake Champlain.

To follow Mary through the six years of her life spent in an Indian camp would be an interesting story but space forbids. Suffice it to say that she grew to womanhood, married her captor, an Indian chief, and in due course of time gave birth to a son. Although Mary had become imbued with the ways of the Indians, nevertheless, she was discontented and longed to escape and return to her parents, but this opportunity did not arrive until her brave failed to return from one of his raiding expeditions upon the whites. In due course of time she obtained the consent of her Indian relatives to return to her father's home. The Indians accompanied her to the nearest settlement and from here she eventually found her way back to Dutchess County.

She was joyfully received by her father and mother and the other members of the family and every effort was made to win her back to the ways of civilized life, but she would sit with her child among the family and Indianlike would never enter into the conversation and would speak only when addressed. This grieved her father, who said he sometimes thought it might have been as well if Mary had remained with the Indians. It soon became evident that she had become an Indian in everything but blood. To her the ways of the forest were the roads to enjoyment. She had become well skilled in all the arts of the squaw and to her had been communicated some of their wonderful knowledge of the wild herbs and plants.

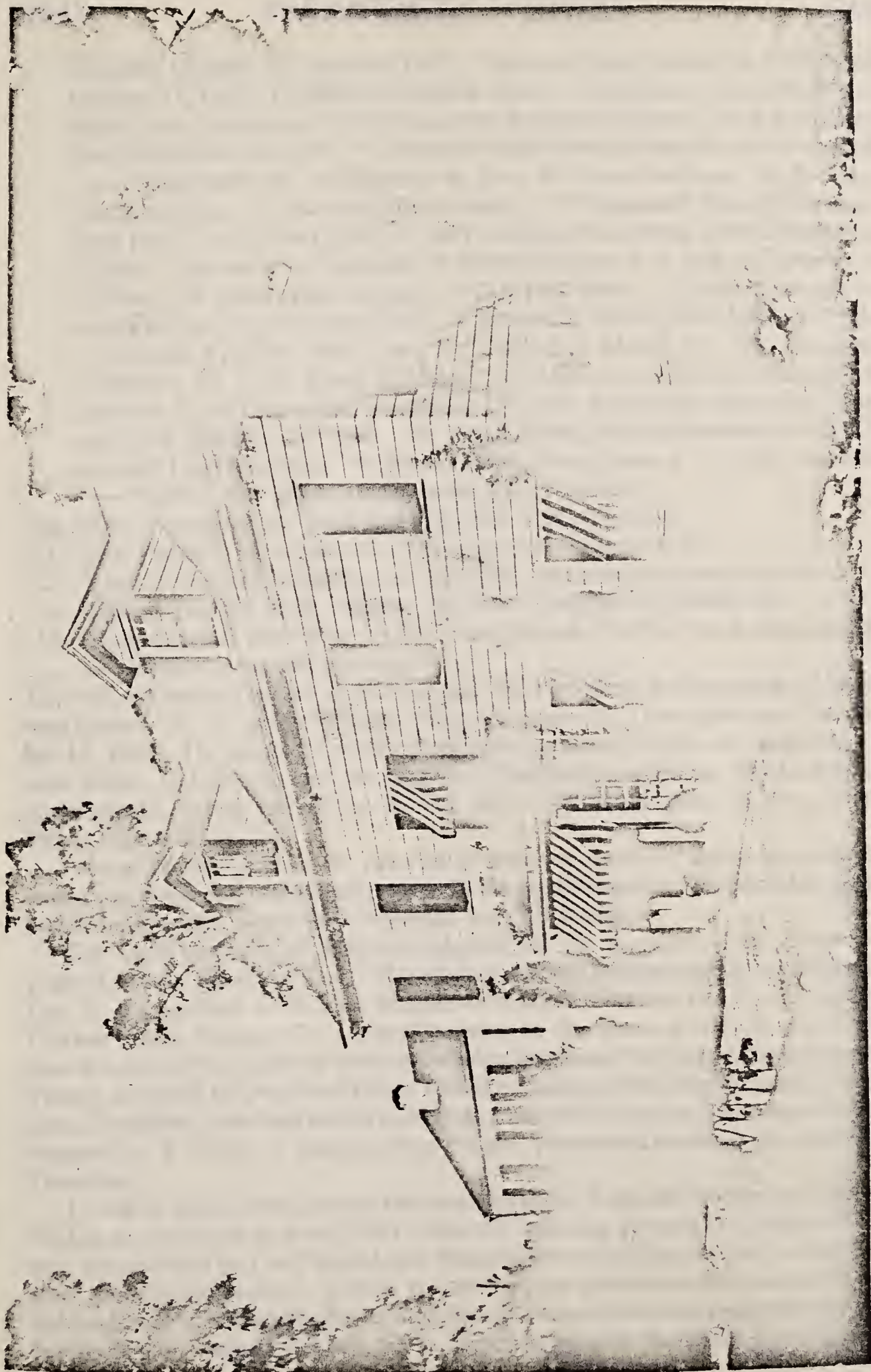
One day her father had a pain in his stomach. He said, Mary, what medicine do the Indians take for it? She replied, pepper tea. Her father repeated it, pepper tea! pepper tea! She spoke up, I might have known you would make fun of it. He said, Oh no, I was only sounding it, and you will have to prepare it for me, which she did (a red pepper with hot water poured over it). Anna Titus Pearsall says:—My grandfather William Pearsall used to tell us about Mary's capture, and say, I have seen my grandfather have the pepper tea pre-

pared and he would sip it from a cup. Only ten years ago my Aunt Sarah would prepare it for herself. Gilbert Titus Pearsall, the father of Anna, would take it even though himself a physician. Mary lived but a few years after returning to her parents. She was changed and broken in spirit, and died of a broken heart. When the boy had grown to young manhood, he returned to the Indians as a doctor.

SECTION 4.

GEORGE PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 3; born December 31, 1739, at Herricks, now known as Seasingtown, Long Island, N. Y.; died December 3, 1825; buried on the old Pearsall farm in Saratoga County, N. Y.; resided at Clinton Corners and Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., and Greenfield, Saratoga Co., N. Y. He married first, October, 1766, Magdalene Shear, daughter of Peter Shear of Beekman, Dutchess County, N. Y. She was born December 18, 1749; died December 15, 1807; buried in Pleasant Valley Friends Cemetery, Dutchess Co., N. Y. Her father came from the Palatinate to Dutchess County about 1744, and together with others started the Lutheran Church close to the present hamlet of Poughquag, Dutchess Co., N. Y. George Pearsall married second, between 11 mo. 11, 1814 and 12 mo. 12, 1814, Deborah Killey, or as the family have it Deborah Case, the supposition is that she was a widow. The Killeys were connected with Conway, Massachusetts. George Pearsall and Deborah his wife announced their intention of marriage through Milton Preparatory Friends Meeting, 8th month, 20, 1814, and 11th month, 11, 1814; the committee reported the marriage accomplished 12th month, 12, 1814, including a certificate of removal to Galway Meeting, 10th month 19, 1814. This being the monthly meeting with which the Milton Meeting in Saratoga County was connected. Children of first marriage:—

1. Nathaniel Pearsall, born August 25, 1767; died aged 20 years.
2. Peter Pearsall, born January 7, 1769; Chapter 37, Section 5.
3. Sarah Pearsall, born October 30, 1770; supposed to have died young.
4. Joseph Pearsall, born January 19, 1772; Chapter 37, Section 14.
5. Margaret Pearsall, born October 6, 1773; baptised August 1, 1774, at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Wurtemberg, Dutchess Co., N. Y.; died November 4, 1846; buried at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; married March 18, 1804, John Tompkins, who was born October 22, 1771; died February 20, 1846, and is buried with his wife. Child:—*1. Thomas Hayward Tompkins, born May 3, 1806; died January 3, 1876; buried with his wife at Saratoga Springs. He married 1829, Susan B. Pearsall, daughter of John Pearsall and his wife Sarah Adee. Chapter 37, Section 22-W. No children.
6. Henry Pearsall, born May 6, 1775; Chapter 37, Section 16.
7. George Pearsall, born October 10, 1776; Chapter 37, Section 20.
8. Elizabeth Pearsall, born March 15, 1778; died April 6, 1860.
9. Hannah Pearsall, born March 17, 1780; married 1799, Bartholomew Allen. Children:—*1. John Allen, born April 15, 1800. *2. Maria Allen, born August 8, 1801; married — Rowe. *3. George Allen, born November 6, 1804; died before 1876; married Paulina Pearsall, daughter of Joseph



· HOME OF GEORGE PEARSALL

Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 14-X. She was born January 3, 1809; died October 31, 1874. Children:—1. Sarah Allen. 2. Caroline Allen. *4. Phebe Allen, born November 28, 1806; married Frederick Filkins. *5. Isaac Allen, born September 10, 1807. *6. Caroline Allen, born March 22, 1809; married — Stoughtenburg. Children:—1. John V. Stoughtenburg. 2. Jackson Stoughtenburg. 3. James Stoughtenburg. *7. Hayward Tompkins Allen, born June 3, 1811; died June 17, 1877; married November 3, 1832, Freelove Wilber. She was born December 2, 1812; died March 7, 1896. Children:—1. Nancy M. Allen, born August 5, 1833; died 1859. 2. Hannah M. Allen, born February 5, 1836; died 1836. 3. Harriet E. Allen, born April 28, 1838. 4. Francis A. Allen, born June 17, 1849; died March 21, 1904; married December 22, 1868, Agnes E. Allen. Children:—1. Fred R. Allen, born January 9, 1872; married November 25, 1895, Minnie E. McArthur, who was born October 11, 1869. *8. Peters Allen, born September 30, 1813; married Jane Mainard. *9. Esther Allen, born January 31, 1817; married — Wade. *10. Alfred Allen, born April 11, 1819.

10. Mary Pearsall, born April 1, 1782. See Y this Section.
 11. John Pearsall, born June 14, 1784; Chapter 37, Section 22.
 12. Margner Pearsall, born October 19, 1786; supposed to have died young.
 13. William Pearsall, born October 12, 1788; Chapter 37, Section 23.
 14. Phebe Pearsall, born May 13, 1791; died March 7, 1871. See Z this Section.
- No children to second marriage.

The will of George Pearsall appears among the records of the Surrogate of Saratoga County, N. Y., and is recorded in Book 6, page 428. It was probated December 15, 1825. He names his wife and children as above stated and appoints his sons Henry and George and his daughter Elizabeth, executors. Dated 21st of ninth month, called September, A. D., 1822. Witnesses Adin T. Coy; Elihu Wing; Prince Wing, 2nd.

George Pearsall adhered to the rule of conduct set down by his ancestors to keep their deeds and other instruments off the public records. He probably never had a deed for the leasehold he inherited from his father.

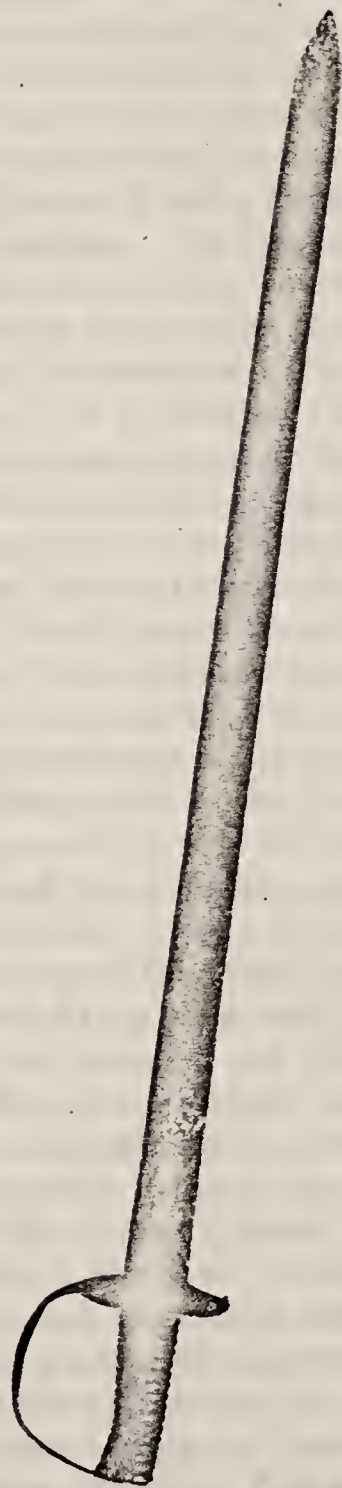
The Land Records of Dutchess County, N. Y., disclose:—Deed Book 24, page 61, a deed dated April 16, 1814, wherein George Pearsall of Clinton, Dutchess Co., N. Y., conveys to William Birdsall of Fishkill, Dutchess Co., N. Y., land in Clinton Town, Dutchess Co., on the line between the towns of Clinton and Beekman on the Highway and on the line between lots 8 and 9 of Lower Nine Partners Patent, bounded by Jonathan Dean, Timothy Gedley, Owen Ward, Daniel Ward, John Tompkins; also land on the road from Pleasant Valley, on Wappinger Creek, bounded by P. Smith, S. Landis, Peter Sleight, Jonathan Lockwood, and Andrew Downing.

It was in many ways a most fortunate incident in the life of George Pearsall that at an early age he was placed under the teaching of John D. Wright who is still remembered on Long Island as a remarkably well-skilled worker in iron and steel. The combination of a good teacher and an apt scholar fully accounts for the beginning of the wonderful skill of George Pearsall which is remembered even to this day in Dutchess County, N. Y., to which place in Beekman Township, he

removed with his parents as early as 1764. It was in the Clove Valley at Poughquag that George began his eventful career in Dutchess County. Already the controversies with Great Britain had started which were to finally culminate in the American Revolution, and the birth of the independent government of the United States. It was quite a change for the young man to come from the intensely loyal Long Island to the at first indifferent Dutch settlement in the valley. But the grinding exactions of the over-lords, who held all the lands and only rented them under the most exacting and unfair leases, soon raised a feeling in the community that a change in government might result in wiping out this very unfair system of acquiring and yet not acquiring one's own land. It was hard labor to clear the heavy timber and make a farm, and after one had done this work, to have it revert to the landlord was too much to be patiently borne. It was therefore not long before George Pearsall was an ardent advocate of the radical side of the controversy with the home land. By 1770, it was evident that some sort of armed resistance would certainly come about. Already the far-seeing men had begun to prepare for this conflict. Near Clove Valley, just over the colony line, was the thriving little town of Danbury, so situated that it was impossible, so it was supposed, to be reached by the English, who it was believed would rely almost entirely upon their ships to subdue the American colonies.

This place gradually grew to be a depot for making all sorts of heavy things in wood or iron. It is impossible to say how early George Pearsall became part of this organization. It is certain that much of the supplies used by the Continental forces at Lexington on April 19, 1775, originally came from Danbury and George Pearsall was in Danbury at that time. In regarding the old records one is struck with the designation armorer after the names of men who only a few years before would have been designated as blacksmith. These were the workers who had come up to the test and upon whom the Continentals depended for their arms, ammunition, wagons, caissons and supplies. Among these skilled workers George Pearsall was not only eminent but he was in charge of some parts of the work. So well was his skill known that men in the field demanded arms bearing his special stamp. On the opposite plate is a representation of a cavalry sword made by him at this time which ultimately found its way to Canada where it was exhibited in several annual State public exhibitions. The sword has been in the possession of the family all these years, and is now one of the cherished heir-looms of the writer.

As the war of the Revolution progressed, Danbury became each month a larger and better organized quartermaster headquarters, so much so that it attracted the attention of Sir William Howe, the English Commander, who determined to destroy it. An expedition was sent out very much like that which at Lexington and Concord had ushered in the war and it met with a similar reception. A force of 2000 men led by the royal Governor Tryon, of North Carolina fame, landed at Fairfield and marched to Danbury, where, April 26, 1777, they destroyed the stores and burned a large part of the town. The militia turned out as on the day of Lexington, led by General Wister, who was slain in the skirmish. It is true that the British were ultimately defeated but not before they had driven out practically all the inhabitants of the town. George Pearsall,



GEORGE PEARSALL'S REVOLUTIONARY SWORD

with his father and brothers, was compelled to flee with his and their families. They were happy to escape with their lives, counting their worldly loss as but a sacrifice made for their country's sake. There was for George Pearsall no place of refuge short of Clinton Corners, Dutchess County, near which place his father-in-law, Peter Shear, had acquired a farm, so they travelled past their own home in Pleasant Valley until they came to the Quaker settlement at Clinton Corners. Here George Pearsall immediately opened up a shop and began the manufacture of arms and munitions, wagons, caissons and quartermaster's supplies in which he was remarkably successful during the remaining period of the war. While here he was enrolled in Colonel Frear's Regiment of Dutchess County Militia, with which he saw active service. At the close of the war he was paid for his military service by land bounties, which he sold. Shortly after George Pearsall moved to Clinton Corners he came under the influence of the Religious Society of Friends. Forty years of his manhood were spent within the quiet influence of the Friends' Meeting, most of it being at Clinton Corners. The Friends had long since desired a regular meeting place, but, owing to their inability to get the necessary hardware, the enterprise had lagged. The advent of George Pearsall into the community changed all this and the society forthwith proceeded to erect a place of worship. [New York in the Revolution, page 244.]

With the close of the Revolutionary War, George Pearsall returned to his old home at Pleasant Valley. New problems now presented themselves to the free citizens of the infant republic, not the least of which was to conquer the great forests that occupied the greater part of the states, particularly central New York, where large grants had been made to the honorably discharged soldiers. The cities on the coast began to take on new life and there was an increased demand for lumber. George Pearsall was a leader in designing, constructing and erecting mills for manufacturing lumber. It was not long before nearly all his sons were in Saratoga County on the edge of the timber belt, and actively engaged in lumbering. His wife having died, he, in 1813, sold his farm and in company with his daughter Elizabeth and his youngest son William moved to Saratoga County that he might be near his other children, particularly his sons Peter, Henry, Joseph, and George. Here he peacefully closed his long, eventful and eminently useful life. It is an interesting event in the closing years of George Pearsall's life, that just before he left Clinton Corners, he applied for full membership in the Friends' Meeting, which, however, he did not complete until after he had gone to Saratoga County, and coincident with his second marriage.

In Clinton he had lived in a Quaker community. He seems to have come under the influence of Friends a few years before the death of his first wife, as first month 18, 1804, he requested membership in Oswego Monthly Meeting of Friends, through Branch Preparatory Meeting. A committee was appointed. They were continued after a favorable report, 3rd month, 14, 1804. The records of Pleasant Valley Preparatory Meeting show that he was received 4th month 18, 1804, but there must have been some trouble with the records as the committee reported again 10th month, 19, 1814. Very probably the matter of the formalities incident to admitting him to final membership had been overlooked until he desired a certificate of clearance in order that he might marry a second time. The minutes

of Oswego Monthly Meeting under the date of 5th month 18, 1814, show that this meeting requested a removal certificate for George Pearsall through Pleasant Valley Preparatory Meeting. The minutes of Oswego Monthly Meeting record that George Pearsall removed, clear, to Galway, October 19, 1814.

In his early manhood also George Pearsall had been brought under the influence of the Friends' Meeting, when he was learning his trade with John D. Wright on Long Island. Upon coming to Dutchess County he was married in the Lutheran Church and from then until 1777 he was associated more or less with those who were affiliated with Lutheran, Baptist and like denominations. When, in 1777, he came to Clinton Corners he settled in a strictly Quaker community and for the rest of his days, or for forty-eight years, George Pearsall was associated with the Friends Meeting at this place. According to family tradition his first wife, Magdalene Shear, also yielded to the quiet yet strong influence of this religious sect. However that may be, in 1804, George Pearsall, three years before his wife's death, applied for membership in the meeting. This society left an indelible impression upon the children of George Pearsall, so much so that Peter Pearsall, the oldest son, although he became a Methodist, yet his neighbors persisted in calling him a Quaker-Methodist because they all the time saw in him the same quiet manners, the same high character, and the peculiar emphasis on the truth, that are so well inculcated by the Society of Friends.

Sometime before May 30, in the year 1746, there arrived in New York a small party of settlers who came from near Heidelberg in Germany. Among the rest was Peter Shear, the father of Magdalene Shear, the wife of George Pearsall. They were men of means, so they selected for themselves the very choicest improved lands in Dutchess County, N. Y., near the town of Poughquag. Here they acquired from their owners fine farms and settled down to become citizens of the colony. They were no doubt influenced in their choice by the fact that here was an older settlement of Palatinates who were attempting to found a Lutheran Church. While the newcomers appear to have been followers of Huss rather than Luther, the attraction of common language was too strong and so these newcomers joined with the Lutherans to finish the building of the church. This church was a mission of the Lutheran Church in New York City and was served by its pastor, Michael Christian Knoll. [Documentary History of New York, vol. 3, pages 592-595, and vol. 8, page 800.]

It was quite an old congregation, as the records of the New York Lutherans show, from 1732 to 1742, the Lutheran Church in the Bachway region held services in the houses of Peter Lassing and Nicholas Emig. In 1742 they removed to a point nearer Poughquag and they had actually started to build a church before Peter Shear and his associates arrived. It seems evident, however, that the congregation was not able to complete its building venture, so the coming of these wealthy Palatinates was at first warmly welcomed. With the newcomers was John Lodwick Hoofgood who was a merchant and a missionary. As the latter, he was entitled to expound the Gospel, and later, that is February 24, 1748, he was commissioned by Gov. Clinton to act as a Minister of the Gospel. The records do not clearly disclose his religious affiliations in Europe but in the light of his American experiences it is probable that he was a follower of Huss

and not of Luther, and that he taught the Heidelberg Catechism, all of which no doubt was very offensive to the Lutherans, particularly as this emphasized in the same congregation the marked differences of the two sects concerning communion. Unfortunately, and as was to be expected, the two parties did not long agree, for no sooner was the church completed than the bitterest sort of a church quarrel broke out between the rival religionists. The Lutherans disliked to lose so promising a mission, while the supporters of Hoofgood were equally determined not to yield the well-known points of doctrinal differences between the German Reformed and Lutheran Churches. The newcomers seem to have had the upper hand, so the Lutherans appealed to the Governor and to the ecclesiastical authorities in Germany, spreading upon the record, as is usual in such cases, the most scandalous charges. It is unfortunate that they did not agree to get along together as many like communities did in Pennsylvania by alternating Sundays, which no doubt would have fitted in with the duties of the New York preacher who could only have served the congregation occasionally. But no; the fight once started went on with unabated fury.

A petition to the Governor, June 5, 1749, by the Lutherans, gives the names of the principal members of that part of the congregation, while on the other hand, the deed to the property of September 10, 1749, gave the names of the principals of the other side. It is recorded the 10th of September, 1749, in Deed Book 2 of Dutchess County, page 233, wherein Col. Henry Beekman of Rhinebeck conveys to Nicholas Walter, Nicoll Koens, Jury Theons, Peter Shear, Solomon Flagler, Jacob Preasnors, all of Beekman Precinct, in Dutchess County, aforesaid, all that certain lot or piece of ground situate, lying and being in a certain lot called Number Eight in Beekman Precinct in Dutchess County, beginning at or near a Chestnut tree marked sometime past and is on the division line of lots Number 8 and Number 9, then west 6 chains, 75 links to a heap of stones, thence south 3 chains to a heap of stones, thence east 6 chains, 75 links to a heap of stones, thence north 3 chains to the place of beginning containing about 2 acres and 8 perches, together with the church, churchyard, and fences; witnesses: James Duncan and Johannes Whitman. In trust, nevertheless to and for the uses intents and purposes for the use of all and every other the freeholders and inhabitants of and in Beekman Precinct, being of the Lutheran Religion to exercise their worship in said church according to the rule and discipline of said Lutheran Church, and also in trust to and for the use of a cemetery or burial ground for the burial of Christian corpses and also in case it shall happen that a charter of incorporation shall be at any time hereafter obtained for the erecting the members of the said congregation into a body Politic, then in trust and to the intent that they and their heirs and assigns shall make and execute such deeds and conveyances of the premises and trust aforesaid to the members of such corporation, their heirs and successors forever.

As has already been stated, the church was a going institution when these Palatinates arrived; this accounts for the rather unusual description of a church already built, situated in a fenced churchyard. There seems to have been some sort of settlement and the Lutherans maintained their part of the congregation until 1799, when notice of it disappears from the records of the New York Min-

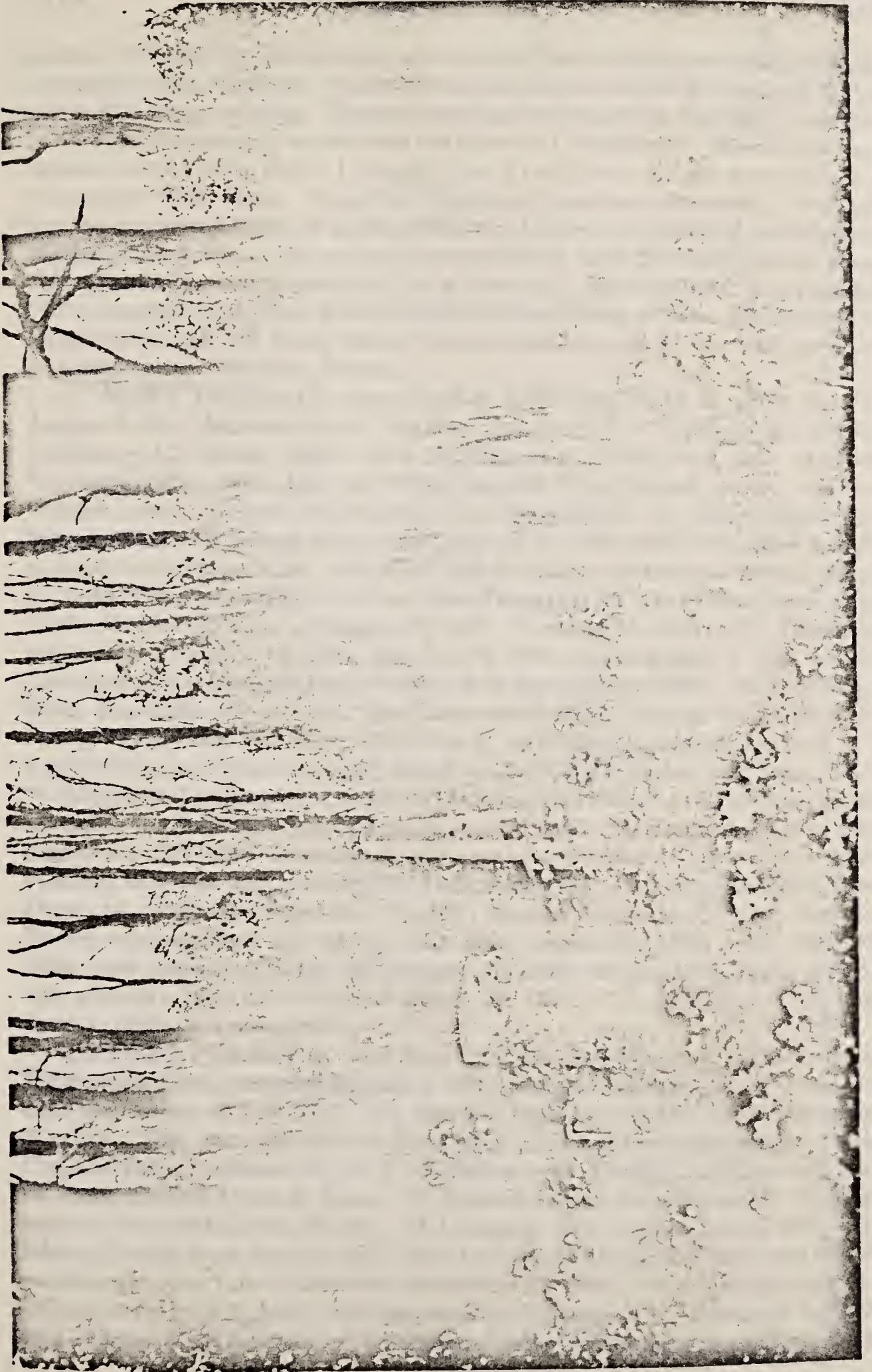
isterium. The others maintained the church until about 1809, after which it ceased to be used for religious purposes. There were several efforts made to maintain the burial ground, up to about 1840, after which all efforts ceased and gradually it became the mysteriously lost Palatinate church. By a strange coincidence two farm houses were built adjoining the churchyard in such a way that the churchyard formed the connecting link between the two garden enclosures. Later the county authorities moved to the south the road that formed the northern boundary of the churchyard and the gardens, so that the old church plot was quite a way removed from the road, the intervening space being planted to an orchard. Thus they had unwittingly removed the churchyard entirely from public gaze, and by the time a new generation came into being, with all its changes in ownership in the locality, the old churchyard was entirely forgotten. It also happened that at the last the old church had become an undenominational one, so that even the Palatinate name was forgotten.

When I learned that the exact location of this little Palatinate Reformed-Lutheran Church of which Peter Shear, a wealthy, prosperous resident of Beekman Township, was a deacon and pillar, had been discovered, I hastened to Poughquag, and soon after found myself being rapidly carried down an avenue beneath a canopy of sugar maple trees arrayed in their autumnal robes of red, purple and yellow foliage, far out into the picturesque and undulating Clove Valley. The brilliant coloring of the trees and shrubs that shone forth in beauteous splendor, comprised an autumn scene that can never be surpassed. For an hour or more I was fairly intoxicated with my surroundings and the dreamy quietness of that Sabbath Day. When our journey ended abruptly two miles north of the sleepy little village of Poughquag, we alighted from the auto and walked through an old orchard where the trees were hoary with age, to a walled-in spot hemmed in on all sides by huge locust and sugar maples. Here, hidden from the vulgar gaze of the passing public, and all overgrown with brush and briers, was the foundation of the little old church and its accompanying burying ground, with an occasional headstone that marked the last resting place of those who had probably been prominently connected with the little church, long since forgotten.

It was in this church that Magdalene Shear was baptised, and it was here that she married George Pearsall, and where she may be buried, although the family tradition has it that her body reposes in the Friends Burying Ground at Pleasant Valley. It is certain that the last church record we have concerning Magdalene Shear is the baptism of her son Henry Pearsall, October 3, 1775, at St. Paul's Church of Wurtemberg, Dutchess County, New York, so that so far as the records disclose she remained faithful to the church of her childhood.

As I wandered about the place that enabled me to depict the scene of more than a century and a half before, I formed a mental picture of the many happy hours spent by the young lovers as they loitered about the church, their minds filled with love's young dream of their future happiness, when their hearts should beat as one.

The road over which George and Magdalene had travelled to and from Church is now used as a lane and would attract little attention if one was not familiar with its history. As I stooped to brush the moss from a fallen headstone in my



SITE OF PALATINATE CHURCH

endeavor to read the name of the one resting in that long-forgotten burial ground, overgrown with vines and weeds, the gentle breeze wafted a shower of purple and golden leaves to earth. The soft rustling of the leaves in their descent seemed to whisper like so many voices from the grave,—I thank you. Several times as I walked from stone to stone, I thought that I had found the last resting place of the revered Peter Shear. Again and again my hopes were shattered. At length a stone was raised from its fallen position and after the moss and accumulation of dirt of more than a century was brushed away from the badly eroded stone, I deciphered the two letters "EA" of a surname. The last letter was probably "R". Satisfied that I had finally located the last place of Peter Shear, I photographed the little old burial ground and reluctantly quitted the scene to which I seemed to be irresistibly bound.

Y. MARY PEARSALL, born April 1, 1782; died April 27, 1856; married August 8, 1802, Jedediah Allen. He was born June 28, 1779; died June 2, 1855. Children:—*1. George Allen, born September 11, 1803; died July 23, 1804. *2. Sarah Allen, born July 23, 1804; married first, Samuel Lunn. Child:—Charles Lunn. She married second, — Woodward. *3. Wilson Allen, born May 4, 1806. *4. Sidney Allen, born January 31, 1808; died November 3, 1880; married first, Apame Cash, who died May 9, 1848. He married second, March 24, 1849, Almira Granger, who was born December 22, 1813; died January 14, 1850. He married third, February 20, 1851, Carmelia M. Hood. *5. Charles C. Allen, born February 13, 1810; died June 8, 1897; married April 2, 1848, Harriet Carpenter. She was born July 10, 1817; died September 1, 1883. *6. John Wood Allen, born February 19, 1811; died October 30, 1867; married March 23, 1837, Rachel Waters who was born November 7, 1816; died September 25, 1859. *7. Eunice Allen, born April 16, 1813; died August 19, 1832; buried near Sodus, N. Y. *8. Margaret T. Allen, born June 30, 1815; married first, — O'Brien; married second, — Steinhart; married third, — Cook. *9. David G. Allen, born August 19, 1817; died December 2, 1849; married February 9, 1844, Jane Elmore Paddock who was born January 22, 1822; died 1905. *10. Matilda Allen, born March 19, 1819; died September 9, 1901; married November 7, 1841, Ambrose Brown, who was born March 15, 1820; died October 27, 1880. *11. Mary M. Allen, born January 4, 1823; died January 12, 1905; married 1846, James Calkins who was born May 22, 1823; died March 29, 1901. *12. Julia Ann Allen, born April 5, 1825; died unmarried.

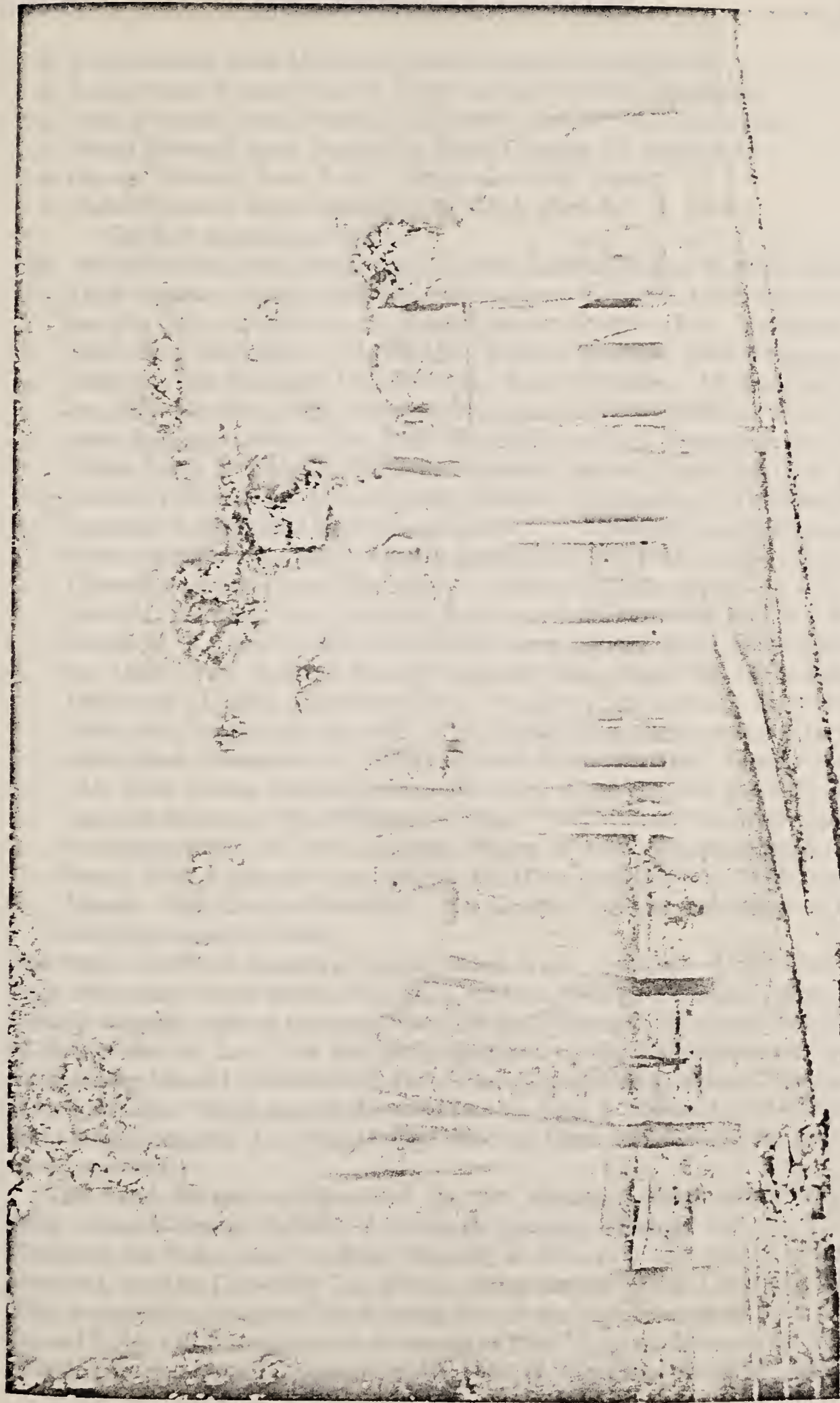
Z. PHEBE PEARSALL, born May 13, 1791; died March 7, 1871; buried at Walkertown, Ind.; married August 3, 1811, Stephen LeRoy, son of John and Elizabeth LeRoy of Fishkill, N. Y., who was born May 8, 1786; died September 27, 1854. They were married by Rev. John Clark at the Presbyterian Church, Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y. Children:—*1. Emily E. LeRoy, born May 16, 1812; married Albert A. Pratt. *2. Edward LeRoy, born December 19, 1813; married about 1845, Ortha Baker. *3. George E. LeRoy, born July 8, 1818. *4. John S. LeRoy, born June 20, 1821; died July 24, 1904; married Ruth Ann Giberson who was born July 2, 1830; died September 22, 1905. *5. Augustus Haywood LeRoy, born July 5, 1824; married Hannah Giberson. *6. Benjamin LeRoy, born August 1, 1826; married Charlotte Adel. *7. Caroline A. LeRoy, born

April 14, 1828; married — Keesler. *8. Gertrude LeRoy, born August 10, 1820; married Calhill Goodrich. *9. Barney LeRoy, born April 14, 1832; died single. *10. Mary Augusta LeRoy, born August 5, 1834; married Harrison Granger.

SECTION 5.

PETER PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 4; born in Pleasant Valley, Dutchess County, N. Y., January 7, 1769; died February 26, 1838; buried at Mt. Zion Cemetery, near Caledonia, Penn.; resided in Dutchess and Saratoga Counties, N. Y., and Clearfield County, Penn. He married first, October 4, 1791, Mary Phebe Burtis, whose tombstone on the Pearsall farm reads: Born December 12, 1765; died July 16, 1818. He married second, December 21, 1822, Hannah Clement, widow of Jacob Clement, who had one daughter, Elizabeth Clement. Hannah Clement was born February 12, 1780; died 1863; buried beside her husband. Children of first marriage:—

1. Harriet Pearsall, born March 19, 1794; died November 1, 1843; married April 19, 1817, John Brill, son of David I. and Hannah Brill. He was born October 2, 1793; died December 23, 1858. Children:—*1. James Brill, born August, 1820; died April 1827. *2. William Brill, born April 1, 1823; died August 18, 1887; married September 17, 1846, Mary Olney. *3. John Brill, born May 15, 1827, at Wilton, N. Y.; died October 17, 1897; married February 14, 1860, Frances King. *4. Hannah Mary Brill, born 1824; died 1865; married 1842, Nelson C. Collamer. He was born April 30, 1821. *5. Harriet Brill, born circa 1832; died circa 1901; married 1854, George Olney.
2. Mary Pearsall, born May 6, 1796; died January 24, 1846; married July 3, 1819, Peter Sleight. He was born May 1, 1790; died November 5, 1859. Children:—*1. John B. Sleight, born March 31, 1821; died October 29, 1879; married Emily Robinson, who was born October 13, 1840; died January 29, 1908. *2. Phebe Sleight, born September 29, 1822; died February 24, 1823. *3. Rachel Sleight, born October 4, 1825 (living); married January 10, 1866, Edwin Sedgwick. *4. Lewis Sleight, born October 4, 1825; died January 5, 1853; married October 28, 1852, Catherine Statts. *5. George Alfred Sleight, born June 6, 1828; died January 18, 1873; married Delia A. Robinson. She died August 4, 1866. *6. Harriet Amelia Sleight, born October 25, 1833; died February 5, 1901; married George S. Jewell, who died August 24, 1908. *7. Abram Tompkins Sleight, born April 29, 1840; married Elizabeth Snyder; she died March 27, 1906.
3. Delilah Pearsall, born February 23, 1798; died August 23, 1858; married first, William Ostrand. She married second, George Huller. Child of first marriage:—*1. Mary Williams Ostrand, born April 7, 1825; died January 4, 1855. She married Chauncey Clinton, as his first wife. Children of second marriage:—*2. David Huller, married Christine Holbaugh. *3. Phebe Almara Huller, married William Campbell. *4. George A. Huller married Maria Leggett. *5. Elum Huller, married Adeline Ovell. *6. Harriet Ann Huller, married Chauncey Clinton as his second wife. *7. Hortense Huller, married Bargezett Leggett. *8. Emeline Huller, married Sylvester Graham.



HOME OF PETER PEARSALL, SARATOGA COUNTY, NEW YORK

4. John Pearsall, born March 21, 1801; Chapter 37, Section 6.
5. Sarah Pearsall, born July 10, 1792; died circa 1862; unmarried.
6. Arad Pearsall, born February 22, 1807; Chapter 37, Section 12.
7. Alfred Pearsall, born October 8, 1810; Chapter 37, Section 13.
8. George Pearsall, born July 1, 1804; died very young.
9. Phebe Pearsall, born November 25, 1814; died July 6, 1818.

Child of second marriage:—

10. Phebe Pearsall, born November 25, 1824; died September 26, 1881; married 1843, Shedrack Russell Gardner, who was born August 4, 1819; died November 27, 1901. Children:—*1. Peter Leander Gardner, born November 25, 1844; died unmarried. *2. Hannah Ermina Gardner, born February 13, 1846; married February 12, 1864, John Baker Williams. *3. Elvirye Gardner, born March 9, 1848; died aged 8 years. *4. Harriet Elizabeth Gardner, born February 1849; died May 21, 1875; married December 24, 1869, Elijah Linzy Brookins. *5. James Hartley Gardner, born April 28, 1850; married February 14, 1874, Hannah Robsin. *6. Martha C. Gardner, born February 5, 1852; died September 10, 1863. *7. Shedrack Bradford Gardner, born September 4, 1854; married September 25, 1885, Mary Alice McClintock, who was born February 17, 1859; died September 4, 1913. *8. John M. Gardner, born July 26, 1855; married December 24, 1893, Almy Bruster. *9. Joseph Benjamin Gardner, born July 26, 1855; died September 11, 1863. *10. Erastus Russell Gardner, born April 28, 1857; married December 24, 1893, Josephine Uhel. *11. Mary M. Gardner, born May 4, 1859; died September 20, 1863. *12. Phebe Eliza Gardner, born July 17, 1860; died November 24, 1898; married April 27, 1881, George Kunes. *13. Effie Linzea Gardner, born February 4, 1862; died June 17, 1889; married January, 1884, William N. Hess. *14. Samuel Emanuel Gardner, born September 24, 1867; married August 4, 1898, Maud Wheeler. *15. Susan Eliza Gardner, born August 10, 1869; died July 29, 1902; married March, 1886, Charles Brookins. *16. Grantie Gardner, born May 1, 1865; died September 1, 1866.

The land records of Saratoga County, New York, disclose:—Deed Book M., page 305, deed dated March 10, 1824, wherein George Pearsall, Junior, and Priscilla his wife, convey to Amos Reed, land in Wilton, being part of Lot No. 4, of Subdivision of Lot 7, in the 18th allotment of the Kyadderosserra Patent. Bounded by James L. Brinkerhoff, Peter Pearsall and George Pearsall Junior and John I. Muller. Being part of the farm sold by John I. Muller to Peter Pearsall and George Pearsall, Jr. (The original deed to Peter and George Pearsall was never recorded.)

The Land Records of Clearfield Co., Pa. disclose:—Deed dated April 10, 1822, wherein Beroth Bullard of Saratoga Springs, Saratoga Co., N. Y., and Charlotte his wife convey to Peter Pearsall of Wilton, in the county and state aforesaid, land in Clearfield Co., Penn., being part of Great Lot 4906, also of 5033, bounded by Jonathan Finch, being part of the lot conveyed by John Miller, Jr. and Robert Bird, assignees of the estate of John Vaughn, conveyed by William Cox and Rachel his wife, September 16, 1814, to Alexander Boyd of New York

and by him conveyed to Beroth Bullard. Witnessed by Aaron Blake, and Christopher B. Brown. G. M. Davison, comm. of Acmt of Deeds. This was part of the land returned to the Board of Commissioners of Clearfield County in the name of Wilhelm Willink and others who were known as the Holland Land Company.

The record shows that this deed was not recorded, however, until September 4, 1840, which was nearly 2 years after the death of Peter Pearsall. We have noticed later in this history the fact that Peter Pearsall lost his property in Saratoga Co., N. Y., because he adhered to the customs of his English ancestors in not recording his deeds. It seems strange therefore that he would persist in this practise after he had been taught such a bitter lesson. It is quite evident that the ancestors of Peter Pearsall all adhered to this same practise. When we went down on Long Island to examine the records, the officers of the Probate and Recording offices immediately informed us of the strange practise that had prevailed in this branch of the Pearsall family from the earliest colonial times of omitting to record their deeds, and sometimes their wills. English genealogists would understand this, as in their country nearly all the earlier charts or deeds are found in private chartularies, but in this country the regulations are so strict concerning the title to property, that there must be a record of a conveyance, that the practise of Peter and his ancestors in this particular furnishes a remarkable instance of adherence to old English customs. His son, John Pearsall, did identically the same thing with reference to the deed to the Dickson farm in Jefferson Co., Pa.

Peter Pearsall was about eight years old when the Revolutionary War started. His father and grandfather had already removed with their families to Danbury, Connecticut, where they were engaged in manufacturing arms and munitions for the Continental army. The destruction of that place by the English caused the hurried flight of the inhabitants, which, in the case of George Pearsall and his family, did not stop until they reached the peaceful Quaker settlement at Clinton Corners, Dutchess County, New York. Here grandfather Peter Shear had a farm on Wappinger Creek, a small stream that flowed through the farm, which stream to Peter Pearsall seemed a mighty river, and the early settlers' tales of adventures with the Indians, deeply interesting. An occasional visit was made to an old Indian, the last of his tribe, who made canoes and lived by trapping and hunting at Canoe Hill, near Washington Hollow. Peter Pearsall often accompanied his father who was a member of the State Militia which were called out for service whenever the enemy were operating in the immediate locality of their home. They were drilled on the Hibernian plains east of the farm. These trips and the daily contact with officers and men of the American Army whom he met in his father's works all had a strong influence upon his young mind and he was seized with a desire to become a soldier. When a mere lad of twelve or thirteen years, encouraged by his intensely loyal Lutheran mother, he joined Colonel Malcolm's forces, a part of the fourth New York Regiment, and remained with them until the close of the war.

As the records of Colonel Malcolm's Regiment were practically destroyed by the burning of the State Capitol at Albany, but little is known of the move-

ments of this regiment, or of Peter Pearsall's life as a soldier, save that handed down through the family. Suffice it to say that he remained with the regiment until the close of the war and did his duty as well as could be expected of a lad of these tender years. So far as can be gleaned from the admittedly imperfect records of New York concerning her Revolutionary soldiers, Peter Pearsall was the only member of the family in New York to join the regularly enlisted Continental troops subject to the direct control of Congress, and under the command of General George Washington as commander-in-chief. His father was an armorer for the Continental Army and as we have already said a member of the Dutchess County militia under Colonel Frear.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, Peter Pearsall was taken into his father's establishment where he was taught the trades of mill-wright and worker in iron. Here, before the advent of machinery he learned to forge the necessary iron used in the construction of saw mills, grist mills and factories. It was in the improvement of the saw mill that Peter Pearsall took the keenest interest. It was this which later led to his engaging in lumbering. The mills of this time, with a cutting capacity from five hundred to one thousand feet of lumber per day, were inadequate to meet the growing needs of the country. Since the close of the Revolutionary War, New York City alone consumed no small amount of sawed lumber, and that which could not be supplied from the country adjacent had to be floated down the Hudson River, mostly in boats or barges, from the forests higher up the river. It was in this trade that Peter Pearsall and his father were engaged, floating lumber down the Hudson to New York City, where it was consigned to Thomas Pearsall, William Bayard and others. Later the sons of Samuel Pearsall in 1790, were sent from Dutchess County to Chenango County by Thomas Pearsall of New York City to develop that part of the State and create a demand for the land owned there by him and others. When the sons of Samuel Pearsall left Dutchess County, where they had been intimately associated with George Pearsall and his son Peter, the latter was sent out to Chenango County by his father to erect saw mills for the sons of Samuel Pearsall and others. As there were but a few settlers in this part of the wilderness it devolved on them to find a market elsewhere for their lumber. This was accomplished by the assistance of Peter Pearsall who, instead of floating this lumber down the shallow stream on scows or boats as had been his custom on the Hudson, formed the manufactured lumber into rafts and floated it down the Susquehanna River to the Chesapeake Bay where a ready market was found for it in all the cities of the Atlantic sea-board. Quite a quantity found its way into foreign trade. After three years spent in improving and erecting saw mills on the waters of the North Branch of the Susquehanna, Peter Pearsall returned to Dutchess County, and before the close of 1793 moved with his little family to Saratoga County, New York, locating north of the present town of Saratoga Springs, where he purchased a large tract of timberland, erected a saw mill and engaged in lumbering. A small stream which furnished ample water during the spring and fall, flowed through the land. Here Peter Pearsall, taking advantage of the bold and prominent banks of the stream, built a dam to impound the water and erected a water-power, sash-saw mill. It was so called on account of the sash

frame in which a saw was perpendicularly placed. This sash was moved up and down by a set of gears, or wooden wheels, whose cogs were of white oak from the neighboring forest, bound together and held in place by iron bands. The mill was propelled by an overshot water wheel. In the summer an occasional thunder storm, accompanied by a deluge of water, often supplied the dam, which accounted for the mills being called sun shower or thunder gust mills. Compared with modern construction and design these mills were crude, yet they were so far in advance of the general mechanics of the day that they were considered wonders.

In this mill, as in the mills he built on the Susquehanna, Peter introduced an additional saw to the sash, thus cutting two boards at the same time, the slabbing having been first done by a sash containing a single saw, after which the log was rolled on to another carriage with its face down before passing through the saws. Subsequently, as his business increased, Peter Pearsall built a second mill of this type and located it on this same stream. Later, when his brother George Pearsall left Dutchess County and moved to Saratoga County, he joined his brother Peter in the purchase of a tract of white pine timber bought from John I. Muller and adjoining the former holdings of Peter Pearsall. Here Peter erected an improved type of saw mill by adding more saws, making a sort of gang mill. The saws were placed so that in half of the saws the cutting edge faced in one direction and the rest in the opposite. Two logs were thus worked up at the same time. One while the carriage moved forward and the other on the return. Thus saving any loss of time, as was the case in gigging back the carriage in the other type of mills. Thereby Peter not only increased the capacity of his saw mill but improved the quality produced by making more even grades of uniform thickness. The logs were hauled to the mill by oxen and such a gang mill was capable of cutting from nine to ten thousand feet of lumber per day. The lumber that was not absorbed by the local demand was hauled to the Hudson River where it was transported to Albany and New York City, where this product was handled for him by Thomas Cornell Pearsall, son of Thomas Pearsall. There are visible to this day the three sites along the stream where Peter Pearsall had these mills.

During these years of his early prosperity he purchased another large tract of land north of the present town of Saratoga Springs, but misfortune overtook him on account of his having failed to record his deed, a trait of character and a course of conduct peculiar to the Pearsalls. The old saying that trouble never travels single-handed was indeed true in the experiences of Peter Pearsall, for he lost this splendid farm timber and saw mills as well, through an unscrupulous land agent who bought and paid for it in paper money which was found to be absolutely worthless upon the arrival of Peter Pearsall in New York City. In those days the banks of issue were located in New York City and their money circulated in the interior of the state upon the reputation for soundness that had grown out of previous transactions in the same locality. It frequently happened that money that was good one day was worthless the next. The unscrupulous, on getting information that notes held by them had become worthless, tried to pass the same away before the fact of their worthlessness became generally

known in the community. Peter Pearsall became the victim of such an effort to pass worthless money. Hence with money that had no purchasing power, and having lost his other lands by failure to record the deed, Peter Pearsall found himself financially embarrassed, when he called on Thomas Cornell Pearsall in New York City in the spring of 1817, thinking to have his paper money exchanged for coin, and was told that it was absolutely worthless. Little did he dream that his misfortune was to prove a blessing in disguise, for Thomas Cornell Pearsall was one of the American correspondents of Wilhelm and John Willink of the Holland Land Company, as was Le Roy, Bayard & Company of New York City of which firm Duncan Pearsall Campbell, nephew of Thomas Cornell Pearsall, was a member, as well as son-in-law of William Bayard also of said firm. In order that Peter Pearsall might know the almost direct interest the firm of Le Roy, Bayard and Company and Thomas Cornell Pearsall had in the sales of the lands of the Holland Land Company, he was told the history of the association of the Willinks, Bayards and Pearsalls and the relations of the present business firms therewith. The story is told in Chapter 30, Sections 5 and 6.

To sum up the story told at this time to Peter Pearsall it was made to appear that the whole Holland Land Company venture had proven to be a financial failure, and these New York merchants were anxiously looking for one who could carry through some plan whereby the lands belonging to their Holland friends and correspondents would be made marketable. It had been proven by experience, in Chenango and adjoining counties in Southern New York, that lumber made from the trees growing on the lands adjacent to the waters of the Susquehanna could be profitably marketed in Baltimore, to which point they could be rafted on the Susquehanna River to the Chesapeake bay and thence to Baltimore, and the other cities of the Atlantic sea-board. George Pearsall and sons had designed, constructed and erected most if not all of the mills operating on the waters of the North Branch of the Susquehanna in Chenango and adjoining counties in New York. In this work Peter Pearsall had gained a well-deserved reputation as being pre-eminently the one who was able to master the problems incident to this lumbering district. It was at once evident to Thomas Cornell Pearsall and Le Roy, Bayard and Company that if Peter Pearsall could be induced to do a similar work on the waters of the West Branch of the Susquehanna then the lands of the Holland Land Company would be speedily opened up for settlement. They also knew that the Holland Land Company was expecting them to secure the services of someone in whom the company could have confidence to take charge of the disposal of the company's lands in Pennsylvania, that had now for more than thirty years been slow to sell, so much so that the company appeared to be unable to move or dispose of them. [History of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, by McKnight, pages 86-87, 459.] In Peter Pearsall they found the very man for whom they had been looking, an experienced lumberman, a man of trades and one who could not only dispose of the land, but could erect mills and turn the wheels of industry in the primeval forests of Pennsylvania, thus creating a demand and better prices for these lands in the heart of this wilderness. At first Peter Pearsall hesitated to leave his old location in Saratoga County where fortune had smiled kindly upon him and

where he had his father and brothers, all men of means, to help him, but after due consideration, he accepted the trust that Thomas Cornell Pearsall and Le Roy, Bayard and Company reposed in him, they agreeing to find the necessary funds to finance the venture.

In the spring of 1817, Peter Pearsall set out for Pennsylvania to examine the lands of the Holland Land Company. Upon his arrival at the West Branch of the Susquehanna River he beheld for the first time the cold and uninviting, long, rolling Allegheny Mountains, robed in a mantle of blue haze, silhouetted against the horizon. The vast forest of pine and hemlock that comprised the greater part of the wilderness occupied nearly the whole of central and northern Pennsylvania. The white pine covered the Allegheny Mountains and extended from Maryland on the south to the Great Lakes on the north and the Allegheny River on the west. To the south and west oak, hickory, and chestnut mingled with the pine, to the north the white pine reigned supreme, with here and there an occasional shy moosewood and ninebark bordering the streams, and to the extreme north hemlock, wild cherry, birch and sugar maple sometimes predominated. In northern Pennsylvania and southern New York, along the head water of the Allegheny River, the pine gave way to hardwood. In the deep hollows of this great forest, beneath a shady canopy of lofty pine and hemlock, grew a tangle of tripshin, while on the mountain slopes and along the borders of the streams were to be found here and there almost impenetrable thickets of laurel.

As the wilderness was practically unsurveyed, except as to the boundaries of the large holdings of the Holland Land Company and others, it stood Peter Pearsall well in hand to travel far and wide to the most remote parts of this vast forest that he might possess the knowledge as to where the best stand of timber was to be found. Here he cruised many weeks and located large tracts of white pine advantageously situated for manufacturing and marketing.

Peter Pearsall, perceiving the vast wealth locked up in this forest of superior white pine that only awaited the lumberman's axe, was not slow in formulating his plans; mills had to be erected and the wheels of industry started. In the event of the settling up of the country it was the lumberman and not the farmer who must be appealed to as pioneers to pave the way for the settler, by falling the forest trees and converting them into lumber at a profit. This of itself would hasten the sale of wilderness lands, for the homeseeker would see at once that the forest with its giant trees meant ultimate wealth and immediate employment for him. Peter Pearsall returned to Dutchess and Saratoga Counties, New York, where he found but little difficulty in interesting the right people in the purchase of these wilderness lands. In New York City and on Long Island he was equally successful. In the late summer of 1818 Peter Pearsall returned to the wilderness of Pennsylvania, which marked the beginning of a new era, in the erection of saw mills and lumbering on the west branch of the Susquehanna River. As a consequence we find that the lands of the Holland Land Company were now eagerly sought for by those who wanted to carry on active operations in lumbering. The writer is unable to definitely determine exactly when the relationship between Le Roy, Bayard and Company and Peter Pearsall terminated, but we find letters touching on the subject as late as 1827. There was unfortunately

but little of his correspondence and business records that escaped the fire that destroyed his home near Caledonia, Elk County, Pennsylvania, in 1854.

By consulting the map of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, published by A. Pomeroy of Philadelphia in 1866, a curious fact is discovered—that wherever the pine and hemlock timber existed one finds the names of the early settlers are nearly all of New York people; while in those sections once covered with hardwood, which means the better farm lands, appear the names of German emigrants from the Palatinate section of Pennsylvania; which shows clearly and conclusively in what part of this county Peter Pearsall operated. An examination of the ancestry of the families who located near neighbors to Peter Pearsall, and who were living there when the writer was a boy, discloses that they had come from Saratoga County, New York, and along the east shore of the Hudson River as far south as the southern boundary of Dutchess County.

Peter Pearsall, through sales of Holland Land Company and other lands, became highly prosperous and in the meantime had purchased large holdings of white pine timber, including two great lots from Beroth Bullard of Saratoga Springs, which he had originally obtained by purchase from the Holland Land Company.

In the spring of 1824, Peter Pearsall, with his wife and his three youngest children, left Saratoga and settled at Sinnamahoning, Lycoming, now Cameron County, Pennsylvania. Here we find him following his old vocation of lumbering, as he could not remain content to be a mere onlooker and adviser even though the occupation of local and special agent for the Holland Land Company was highly profitable. It was through him that so many emigrants from eastern New York settled in what is now Clinton, Clearfield, Jefferson, Elk and Cameron Counties, Pennsylvania. He remained at Sinnamahoning for several years before he removed to Bennetts Branch, an affluent of the Susquehanna River, where he engaged in lumbering on the lands purchased from Beroth Bullard and incidentally he cleared up his farm. Peter Pearsall and his son Alfred were the first to lumber on the lands bordering these remote waters. Pearsall Springs on Wilson Creek near Penfield was the scene of their earliest operation in this locality.

Peter Pearsall was a man of strong religious views. When his father settled at Clinton Corners in Dutchess County, New York, after the flight from the British at Danbury, Connecticut, Peter Pearsall came under the influence of the Friends Meeting. It has always been a question with the family as to whether Peter Pearsall did not follow the lead of his father and become connected with the Society by joining Galway Meeting. He carried with him into the wilderness the desire to be associated with others in the worship of God and in the furtherance of the principles of the Protestant religion. It required a man of unusual force of character and of the highest probity, as well as one of exemplary conduct, to assume leadership in religious matters in the new settlements of Pennsylvania. Peter Pearsall found that the religious sentiment of the community was inclined to manifest itself along lines that were in harmony with the teachings and practice of the Methodist Church, which at this time was strong in its missionary work among the settlements on the outskirts of civilization. Peter Pearsall went along with the sentiment of his neighbors in this particular, but somehow or other

never ceased to impress them with the thought that he was nevertheless a Quaker, hence he was known and is remembered to this day, in this locality, as a Quaker-Methodist.

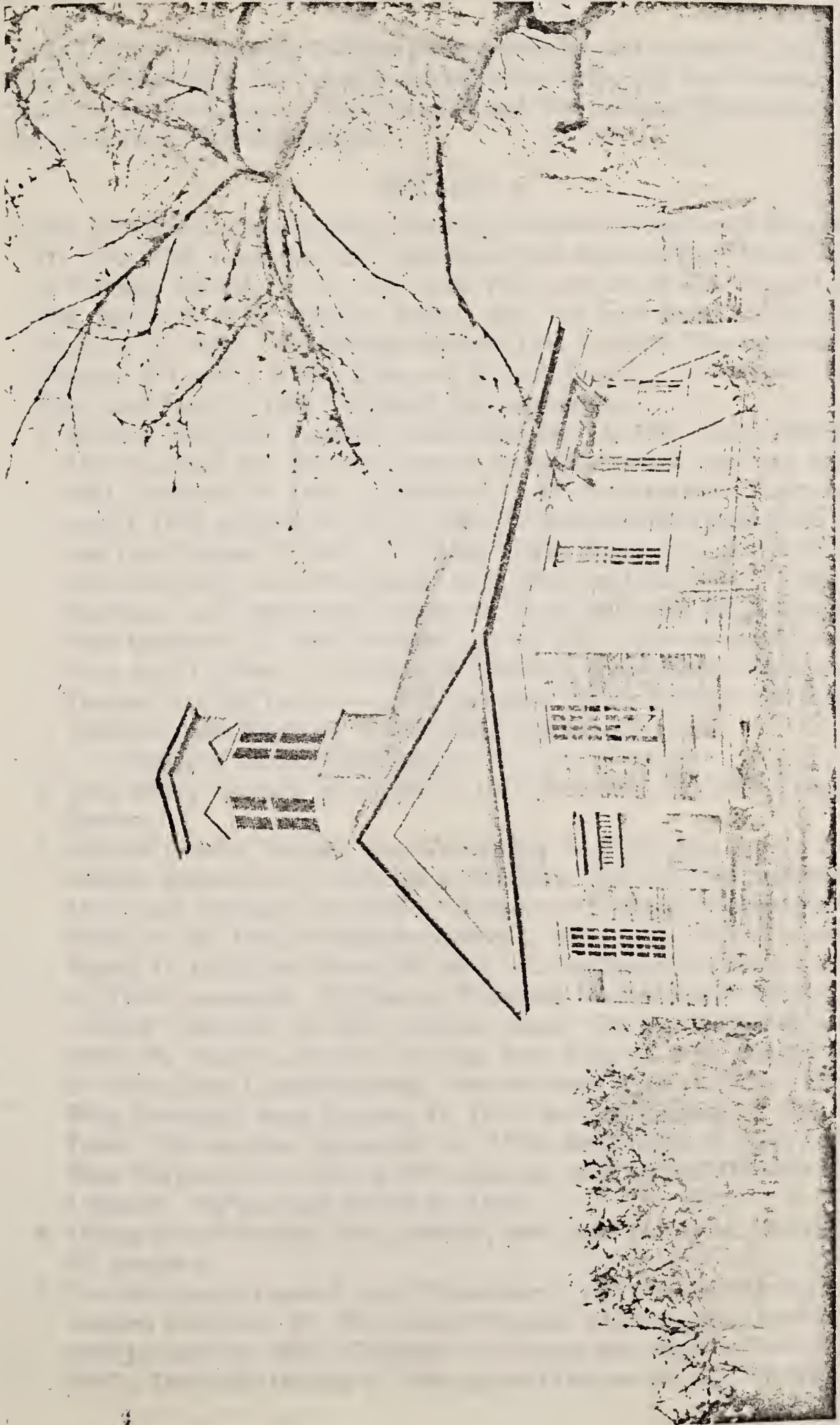
In 1832, Peter Pearsall set aside a part of his farm as the site for a church and burial ground, the church to be open to all denominations of the Protestant faith. Prior to this there had been church services held regularly at his house and these continued until his death. He labored earnestly for the erection of the church building and looked forward with great pleasure to the completion of the same but death claimed him before his fondest hopes had been fulfilled. His body was the first to be interred in Mt. Zion, the plot he had set aside, and his last resting place is marked by a plain old-fashioned marble slab.

The Burtis ancestry. In 1642, Peter Caesar Alberto married Judith, daughter of John Manje. Her father appears to have died very shortly thereafter as March 31, 1644, the receipt of her husband is recorded, giving an acquittance for her share of her father's estate. Peter also held land at the Graft on Manhattan Island, which on February 4, 1646, he sold to Abraham Rycken who obtained a patent for the same. [Documents of New York, vol. 14, page 370.]

Peter Caesar Alburtus lived on the Heeven Graecht, now Broad Street, New York City. After his death his plantation on Hellgate Neck was, in 1686, sold to Jan Damen. Peter had issue that reached maturity; John born 1643, Arthur, born 1647, Mary born 1649, who married John P. Banta, William born 1652, and Francine born 1654, who married John Allen. The three sons removed to Hellgate Neck but subsequently they all became interested in lands within the bounds of Hempstead. Later Arthur located in Hempstead where he acquired an interest in the patent right. Both John and Arthur are ancestors of the present-day Alburtus family. William remained at Hellgate Neck and changed the spelling of his name to Burtus, and he is the ancestor of the Burtus family.

Hezekiah Pearsall in his will dated 1782, disposes of all that land and buildings that I purchased of James Burtus lying between Edward Cornwell and Thomas Hendrickson on the road that leads from Edward Cornwell to Fosters Meadow. James Burtus, Junior and his wife are buried in Van Nostrand Cemetery near Elnust, Long Island, N. Y., their gravestone reads:—James Burtis died December 26, 1793, aged 85 years; Mariam Burtis, wife of James, died December 18, 1789, aged 74 years.

They had children:—*1. James Burtis, also buried in the same cemetery; he died September 18, 1796, aged 62 years. *2. Stephen Burtis, who removed to Beekman Township where he was engaged in business with George Pearsall. His will is recorded in the Calendar of Wills at Albany, Book B. 154, Will 199, an abstract whereof reads:—Stephen Burtis of Beekman Precinct, Dutchess Co., names his wife Amy and son Isaac, executors, wife and her brother Robert Brush and Cousin David Burtus. Witnesses: John Burtis, Andrew Skidmore and Samuel Crandel; will dated November 10, 1786, probated December 20, 1786. *3. John Burtis who removed to Dutchess County, New York, where he married Harriet, and they were the parents of Mary Phebe Burtis who married Peter Pearsall.



MOUNT ZION CHURCH

In Dutchess County the Burtises were millwrights and workers in iron. They were associated with the Pearsalls, particularly during the Revolutionary War. Thus the acquaintance of Peter Pearsall and Mary Phebe Burtis began while they were going to school together.

SECTION 6.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Peter Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 5; born March 21, 1801; died December 24, 1886; buried at Richardsville, Penn.; resided at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and Little Toby and Brookville, Penn.; married first, March 8, 1826, Hannah Morey, who was born April 24, 1802; died February 28, 1827. He married second, June 9, 1829, Deborah Ann Brill, daughter of David I. Brill and his wife Hannah Cornell. She was born June 8, 1808; died July 31, 1884. Child of first marriage:—

1. Hannah Margaret Pearsall, born December 14, 1826; died February 9, 1857; married July 24, 1846, James D. Atchison who was born May 31, 1821; died May 23, 1898. Children:—*1. Mary A. Atchison, born September 13, 1847; married August 13, 1865, William Henry Harrison Gray, who was born August 8, 1841. *2. James Curtis Atchison, born November 5, 1850; married June, 1879, Melissa King, who was born 1860. *3. Matthew Atchison, born 1848; died August 12, 1850. *4. John Wallace Atchison, born December 13, 1852; married July 15, 1887, Amanda Harris, who was born April 15, 1863. *5. William E. Atchison, born March 4, 1855; married October 9, 1900, Lula —, who was born March 2, 1882. *6. Margaret Atchison, born February 9, 1857; died February 23, 1857.

Children of second marriage:—

2. John Henry Pearsall, born April 4, 1831; died May 18, 1897; Chapter 37, Section 7.
3. Adeline Amelia Pearsall, born November 3, 1832; died June 14, 1893; married December 27, 1853, Ira J. Northrup, who was born September 30, 1833; died February 18, 1885. Children:—*1. Anna Amanda Northrup, born June 24, 1855; married September 6, 1874, Alfred Hill. He was born March 15, 1850; died March 19, 1918. *2. Ira James Northrup, born May 15, 1858; unmarried. *3. Stewart Ellsworth Northrup, born May 9, 1861; married December 26, 1886, Clarissa King. She was born February 28, 1868. *4. Henry Lawrence Northrup, born April 18, 1864; married August 10, 1890, Celia Caroline Hawks. She was born April 16, 1870. *5. Addie May Northrup, born January 24, 1873; married October 5, 1907, Frank Love. He was born September 14, 1874; died March 6, 1918. *6. Ada Belle Northrup, born May 4, 1874; married June 23, 1887, William Everett Coonrad. He was born March 15, 1872.
4. George Alfred Pearsall, born April 23, 1835; died March 28, 1908; Chapter 37, Section 8.
5. Caroline Adelia Pearsall, born November 5, 1837; died October 14, 1916; married December 27, 1855, Aaron Webster, who was born June 6, 1833; died January 21, 1913. Children:—*1. Lydia Ann Webster, born November 24, 1856; died October 4, 1878; married October 24, 1873, Henry Dover-

spike. *2. Mary Florence Webster, born July 10, 1858; married June 21, 1883, Joseph Ross, who died February 21, 1918. *3. Matilda Sophia Webster, born April 4, 1860; married December 31, 1881, Samuel Lyle. *4. Rose Ella Webster, born January 5, 1862; married September 22, 1881, Freeman H. Schoffner. *5. George Aaron Webster, born August 1, 1864; married May 20, 1886, Myrtle Pettabone. *6. John Newton Webster, born February 11, 1869; died May 5, 1891; unmarried. *7. James Oscar Webster, born December 23, 1870; died August 18, 1913; unmarried. *8. Edwin Sylvester Webster, born September 11, 1876; married March 21, 1907, Laura Laughner.

6. Mary Pearsall, born May 24, 1840; died April 2, 1841; buried near Brockwayville, Pa.
7. David Sylvester Pearsall, born April 4, 1842; died April 2, 1891; unmarried.
8. James Burtis Pearsall, born September 26, 1845; Chapter 37, Section 10.
9. Winfield Cornell Pearsall, born December 13, 1847; died December 5, 1903; Chapter 37, Section 11.
10. Florence Ermina Pearsall, born November 11, 1850; married first, July 4, 1869, William Eaton Jacox, at John Ostrander's home. He was born July 24, 1837; died September 9, 1869. She married second, May 8, 1877, James Brisbin. He was born August 2, 1827; died October 8, 1905. Children of first marriage:—*1. William Wilbur Jacox, born May 31, 1868; married February 22, 1888, Minnie Corbin, who was born April 6, 1868. *2. Rettie Ermina Jacox, born September 10, 1869; unmarried. Children of second marriage:—*3. Clara Almira Viola Brisbin, born May 14, 1884; married July 3, 1907, Bracken Wayland, who was born August 16, 1881. *4. Almira Minnie Brisbin, born October 18, 1887; married May 15, 1916, John Henry Diem.

The Land Records of Clearfield Co., Pennsylvania disclose:—Deed dated April 18, 1828, wherein John S. Brockway conveys to John Pearsall of Wilton, Saratoga Co., N. Y., land, being Lot 4906 in Fox Township, Clearfield Co., Pennsylvania. Witnesses: Leonard Moore and Richard Gelate.

This deed recites:—Whereas a certain tract of unseated land surveyed and returned to the Board of Commissioners of the County of Clearfield in the name of Wilhelm Willink and others and No. 4906, and containing nine hundred and ninety acres, and situated in Fox Township in the said county and Whereas the above described tract of land was sold at public vendue in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty on the fourth day of July by Samuel Fulton, treasurer of said county, for taxes, which were unpaid and had remained unpaid for more than one year, together with costs, unto John S. Brockway, which sale was by virtue of the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The tendency of the taxing officers to place an undue burden upon non-residents was the means whereby the Holland Land Company was deprived of large blocks of their lands. The Company would be charged with all the taxes of a certain great section of land of which but a small block remained unsold. It was consequently often better to part with this small part rather than to pay the public charges assessed against it for taxes.

John Pearsall was born in Wilton Township, Saratoga County, New York, about two miles north of Saratoga Springs. When he reached his manhood he decided it was not good for man to live alone so on the eighth day of March, 1826, he married Hannah Morey, a bright, vivacious and energetic young woman of twenty-four summers. The following December a daughter, Hannah Margaret, was born which made their happiness complete, but, unfortunately for John, in the spring of 1827, his wife died leaving a motherless babe but a few months old. After the death of Hannah, John placed his babe in the care of his sister, Mary Sleight, and in response to his father's request, in company with others from this section of New York, journeyed to the wilderness of Pennsylvania. Upon his arrival at West Branch, favorably impressed with the opportunities afforded in this locality, he decided to settle there and before his return to Saratoga County purchased, on April 28, 1828, nine hundred and ninety acres of white pine timber on Bennett's Branch of the Susquehanna River. The reasons for his return to Saratoga County included not only the settlement of his affairs and the getting of his baby daughter, whom he was not willing to leave to the care of strangers in making the long journey to his new home, but John had been looking around for a helpmate and had found one in Deborah Ann Brill whom he had known from childhood, the proud Deborah of his youthful days. On the ninth of June, 1829, they were united as one, but not without opposition.

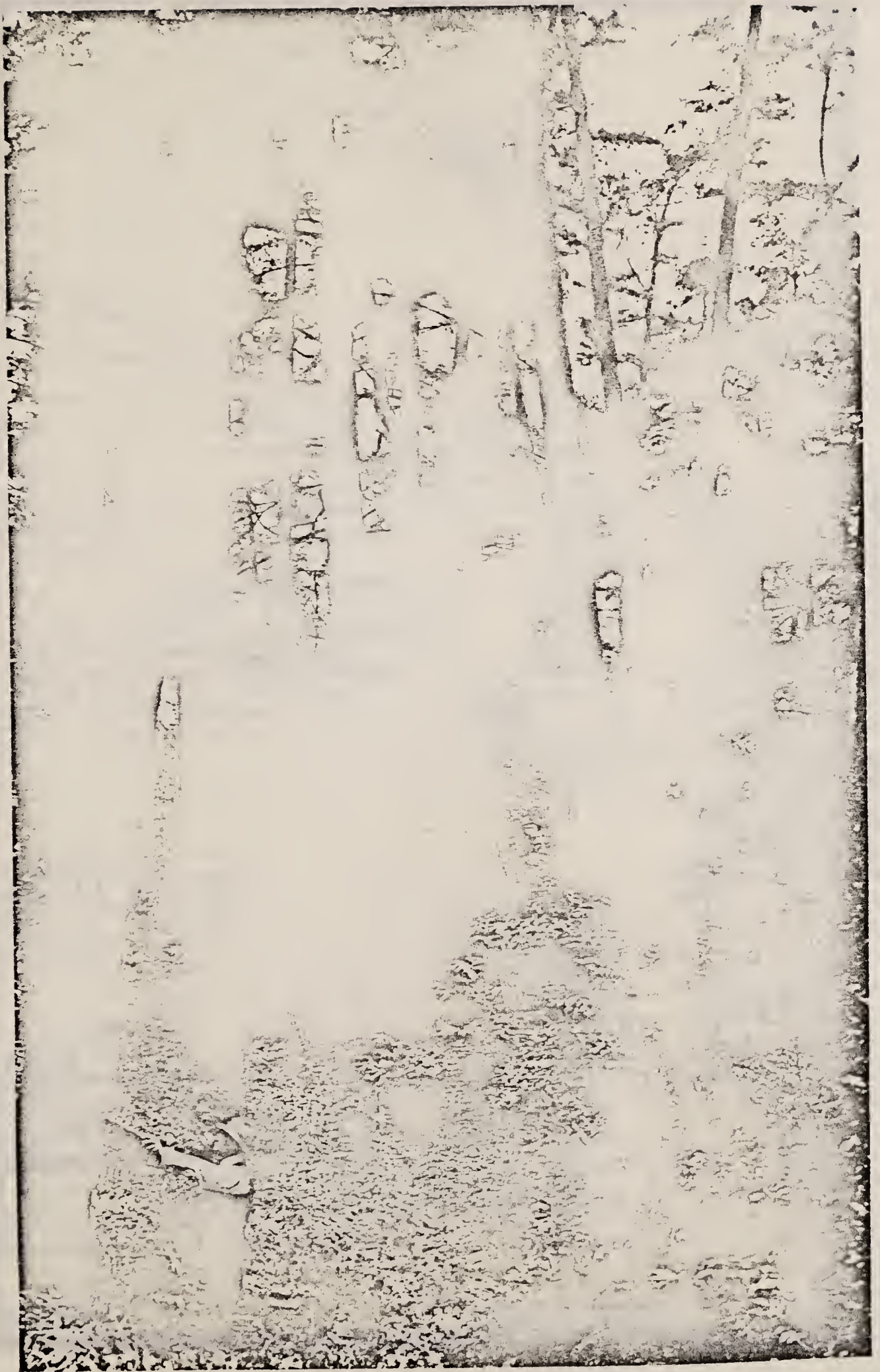
Long before this the Brills had looked forward to a brilliant match between Deborah and the highly prosperous young Hayward Tompkins, whose mother by a strange coincidence was a Pearsall, but this alliance was not to be accomplished. The proud young miss had vowed never, never to marry except to a temperate, industrious young man. After she had centered her affections on young Tompkins as the one who possessed these requirements, imagine her surprise and disappointment when one day she discovered her gay young cavalier reeling about like a ship at sea. He certainly was under the influence of that alcoholic beverage called whiskey. Deborah, victim of a joke perpetrated by Tomkins' jealous rivals, true to her convictions, vowed never to see him again. Had she known the true cause of the young man's intoxication this little drama might have had a far different ending. She never knew of the plot until after she had firmly fixed her affections upon John Pearsall, for after all it was probably only love's young and immature dream, as sometime afterwards, when John Pearsall came into her life, she sincerely accepted him for better or worse until death parted them.

The Brills having failed in their attempts at a reconciliation between their daughter and young Tompkins were equally as determined not to sanction her union with John Pearsall. Not that John would not be acceptable, but they could not bear to see their daughter married to a man who would carry her off to the wilderness of Pennsylvania; besides they still had hopes of a reconciliation between Deborah and young Tompkins. Deborah would, of course, have preferred to have the parental blessing, but as that was impossible, she determined to take matters into her own hands and forever settle the question and seek reconciliation afterwards. Accordingly she and John stole away and were

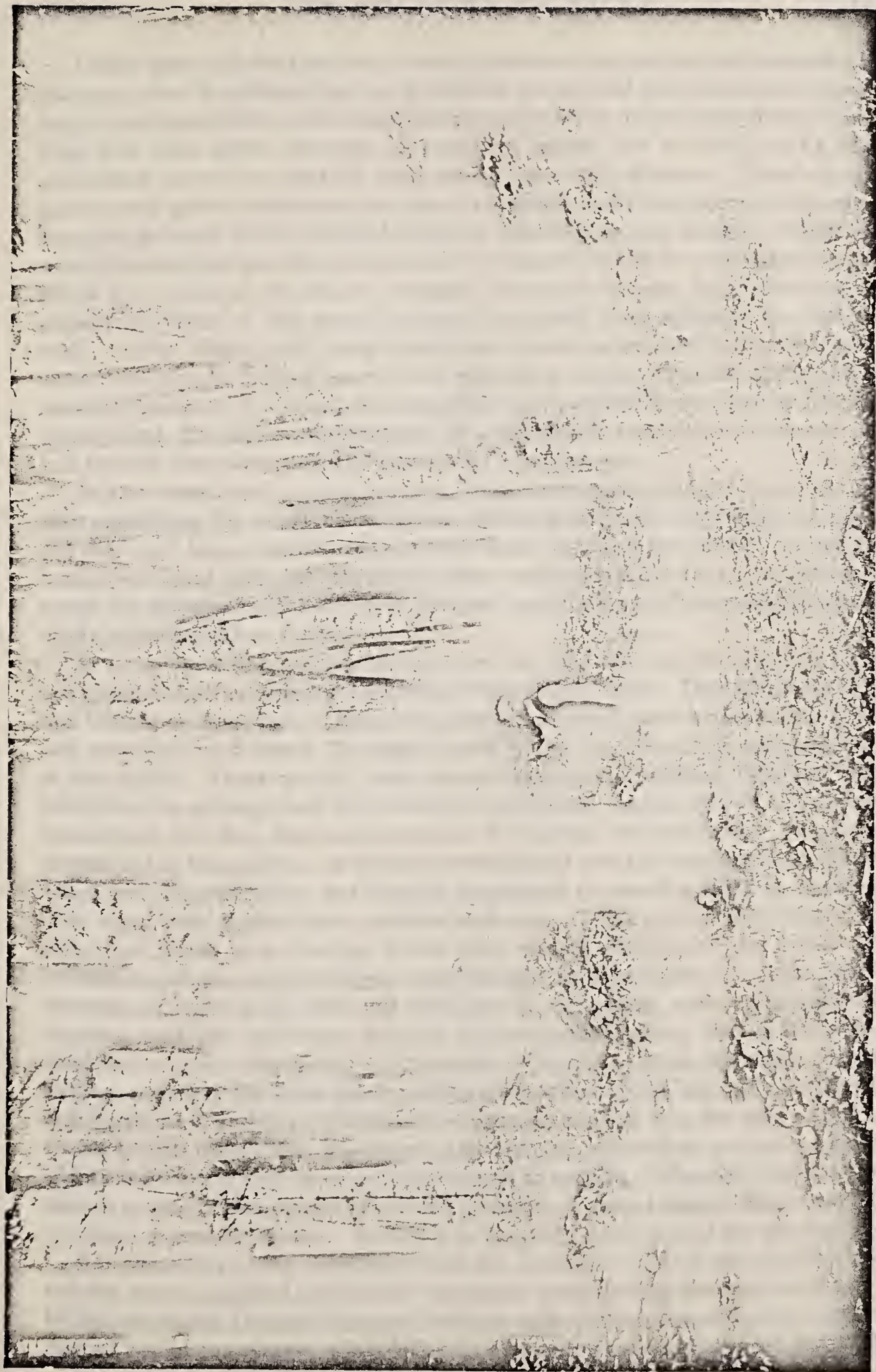
married at the home of her uncle, John Brill, in Dutchess County, where they made their home while making preparations for the long journey to Pennsylvania. At length all their arrangements having been completed, they bid a last farewell to Deborah's Uncle John who in their hour of need had so kindly befriended them, and began their journey to Saratoga County where John had left the baby Hannah Margaret, in care of his sister Mary Sleight. Deborah, hopeful of a reconciliation, on her arrival found the doors of her father's house closed to her. Smarting with the failure of a reconciliation Deborah and John repaired to her brother John Jay Brill who kindly offered them shelter. When it became evident that the young couple were really about to depart for Pennsylvania, the Brills were aroused to the highest pitch of Dutch clannishness and homelove. But John and Deborah persisted in completing their preparations for their departure so her family determined to appeal to her pride and, through her brother, offered to buy the Peter Pearsall farm, the home of John's boyhood, and to present the same to the young couple if they would only give up the contemplated emigration to Pennsylvania. John thanked them for their generosity and stated that he could hew out of the timber in Pennsylvania much more money than he could ever harvest from the old farm as fine as it was.

Deborah had from day to day put off bidding her father and sisters good bye but at last the time came when she could no longer delay the ordeal. That day was an eventful one, one that she remembered to her dying day. When she called at her father's house she was denied her hope chest and her father in an angry voice said I would rather see a daughter of mine with a mill stone tied about her neck and thrown into yonder mill pond than married and taken to the backwoods of Pennsylvania to live. Little did the Brills think that these were to be the last words with proud Deborah, but such was the case, as the daughter never forgave those words. The Brills, no doubt, felt that Deborah's departure should be made behind a span of sleek horses, well-groomed and fed, but John, cognizant of what was best suited for lumbering in the wilderness, preferred a yoke of oxen. Fearful lest the neighbors might think John could afford nothing better than an ox team with which to make the journey, Deborah's brother John had the young couple up and well on their way long before dawn.

Deborah started on her long journey with a heavy heart, for she had hoped for a reconciliation, but fate decreed otherwise. When far out on the country road, as night approached, Deborah, with a feeling of regret for the past, glanced back and caught a last view of the low range of hills that had been familiar and dear to her from childhood. Her only solace was little Hannah Margaret, John's babe, to whom she clung as if her own. The fatigue of the journey was somewhat relieved by short visits with Samuel, Henry, Mott and Thomas Pearsall of Chenango County and with Platt Pearsall in Steuben County. The hot sultry days of September had passed before they reached Painted Post and left the settled part of New York State behind. They continued their irksome journey over Captain Williamson's road through the wilderness where the weary oxen trudged day after day, and week after week, over the rough, rocky and uneven roads that were here and there shut away from the sun's rays by the towering, lofty pine and hemlock trees of this continuous and almost impenetrable forest.



THE PINE FOREST OF PENNSYLVANIA



A BIT OF THE OLD WILDERNESS ROAD

In the deep hollows the dark, gloomy shadows hung on even at noontide, and the oxen often floundered and sank to their knees, and the wheels mired to the hub, in mud holes filled with stagnant water that never dried between the showers. Here and there short stretches of corduroy caused one to think, as he jolted along from log to log, that he must surely meet with disaster. Clouds of mosquitoes and gnats tormented the weary travellers until they were glad to escape from the solitude of the hemlock-forested lowlands to the uplands, where they were jolted and jerked about over a road composed of one long continuous bump, where the wheels of the wagon dropped from rock to rock, and rolled over the serpentlike roots of the stately pines, that stood like sentinels guarding the way. Again, there were steep declivities, down some heavily wooded slope, where the wheels, having worn away the tarry grease, creaked and screeched discouragement to the weary worn traveller; then suddenly an opening appeared, where some fearless, hardy yeoman of indomitable courage, sturdy as an oak, had tackled the wilderness and attempted a settlement.

As they continued on the journey, they were again plunged into the forest with conditions far worse than before; thickets of laurel and tripshin bordered the road and huge, fortlike rocks jutted forth through the tangle. Over these roads, John and Deborah travelled many weeks in their old ox wagon; roads where the gloom of night was ever present, and the howl of the wolf and the cry of the panther seldom stilled.

At times their patience was sorely tried, as they followed the winding stream and crossed and re-crossed the sometimes dangerous fords. This perilous journey was fraught with anxiety. Evil-doers who frequented these lonely parts, robbed and sometimes murdered the lonely traveller on his pilgrimage to other parts of the world. There was at least one occasion that justified Deborah in her belief that an attempt had been made to rob them. It had rained continuously throughout the day, the roads were in a frightful condition and to continue seemed out of the question as the oxen were fagged and the streams badly swollen. Filled with apprehension, lest they be compelled to spend a night in the forest, they urged their dumb brutes forward and soon, to their great joy and surprise, came to a house in a clearing where they sought shelter for the night. The innkeeper, not an overly obliging man, refused to take them in. John had no intention of leaving his wife and child out in the storm, so he persisted in his demands and the innkeeper, equally as obstinate, insisted that there was no objection to John continuing his journey. Cognizant that the river was past fording and that his oxen were unable to proceed, John lost all patience and demanded why, and the stubborn little German replied that his wife was ill and unable to wait upon them, whereupon Deborah volunteered to go into the kitchen and do the work if they were only permitted to remain. Whether it was the persuasive powers of the gentler sex, or the prospect of a good supper that caused him to relent, was never known. Suffice it to say they were housed for the night.

For three days they remained with the innkeeper before the storm abated and the water subsided sufficiently to permit their fording the stream in safety. In the meantime Deborah became intimate with the innkeeper's good wife, who warned her of the danger of stopping at the next place and advised her to put

as many miles between that place and herself as was possible before nightfall. Deborah thought she detected more than the usual amount of anxiety in the good woman's voice, so spoke to John about the warning but he only laughed at her fear.

The morning of the fourth day, the innkeeper, seemingly nervous and anxious for the departure of his guests, had them up bright and early and on their way by daylight. The roads, hemmed in by lofty forest trees, where the sun's rays scarcely ever shone, were made next to impassable by the recent downpour. They were the worst thus far encountered and were either rocky and rough or in a miry condition. During the course of the day's travel, several streams had to be forded, and the weather was anything but pleasant. It was excessively hot and sultry, and during the afternoon a storm came up, which not only added to their discomfort, but threatened destruction to the forest through which they journeyed. Never in their lives had they witnessed such thunder and lightning; the peals of thunder, as they reverberated through the forest, were deafening and their very existence seemed threatened with every flash of lightning. The wind in its wild and riotous fury, intent upon felling the trees, caused them to twist and sway to their utmost. The falling timber could be heard on all sides and at times, on account of the swishing and whirling sheet of rain, it was impossible to see more than a few rods ahead. At length the storm subsided, the sky cleared and the sun came out, hotter than ever. As they journeyed on, their progress was slow and more difficult than heretofore. The fallen limbs and trees caused John a great deal of trouble and anxiety. Sometimes, when possible, he inveigled the oxen to jump over the fallen trees. At other times he was compelled to stop and chop out a roadway before they could proceed. In the latter part of the afternoon, as they reached a particularly lonely part of the wilderness, one of the oxen began to lag and for a time it looked as if camp would have to be made for the night, but fortunately John succeeded, after a short rest, in getting the oxen as far as the House of Mystery, where the poor brute fell ill. To proceed was out of the question, so John and Deborah found themselves in a very perplexing situation, and were forced to seek shelter at the place they had been warned to avoid.

Ushered into a dilapidated outside room, by a rough-looking individual, a man whose general appearance would cause one to be suspicious of him, they were told that this was to be their quarters for the night. They carried in the chests of their most valuable belongings and put them in their room, that they might not disappear during the night. In the adjoining room, where preparations for supper were going on, Deborah heard a woman inquire of Hannah Margaret, who was playing there, what was in the chests. Deborah, having been warned of these people, had prompted the child to say that they contained only her toys and some clothing. Deborah's suspicions were further aroused when she discovered that the locks had been removed from the doors, so they decided to keep watch during the night and thus be on their guard if molested. John, unaware of his exhausted condition, decided to watch while Deborah slept. The hazardous happenings and heartbreaking work of the day had been so great that he fell asleep. Deborah, on the contrary, in a highly nervous state, was wakeful and as she knew that

her husband was completely worn out with the hardships of the day, allowed him to rest. Just how long she had been lying there she knew not, as the night seemed an eternity; but it must have been past midnight when there was a faint sound of approaching footsteps, followed by a gentle knock on their outside door. Instantly she was up and called out to know what was wanted. As no response came to her inquiry, she called out a second time and as before there was no answer, but as she quietly listened, she heard a noise as of retreating footsteps. As there seemed to be nothing to fear from the intruder, she lay down again, but not to sleep. John, worn out with fatigue, slept through it all and Deborah decided not to disturb him. As the long weary hours dragged along, she felt a sense of drowsiness stealing o'er her and longed for the morning, when her weary vigil would end. Suddenly, for the second time, there came that same low rap and again she asked what was wanted. As before there was no response and the night prowler stole stealthily away. Deborah, now filled with terror, and with nerves strained to the highest tension, aroused her husband and told him of what had happened and had him place their boxes against the door.

Once more all was quiet, but Deborah insisted that John take his turn at watching. Later on she discovered that he had again fallen asleep and gently nudged him as another low knock was heard upon the door. As the door was being slowly forced open, John called out, What do you mean by disturbing us at this hour of the night? This was followed by a shuffling of footsteps as of someone making a hasty retreat. Shortly after the footsteps died away for the third time, the early morning light came to their relief.

Not until after they ascertained that the ox was sufficiently recovered to permit the continuance of their journey and they were well on their way, did they congratulate themselves that nothing more serious than a sleepless night had befallen them. Scarcely had these words been uttered when they came upon a deserted house in front of which four villainous-looking characters were lying, before a smouldering fire, apparently asleep. The rumbling noise disturbed their slumber and one of the villains jumped up, started towards the wagon and commanded John to stop. The other three instantly sprang to their feet and quickly ran into the old house. Deborah's heart sank as she thought of the retreating footsteps of but a few hours before, and felt that these men meant to do them harm, so she urged John to drive faster. When she saw the three villains emerge from the abandoned cabin to join their comrade she reached for the gun, wheeled about on the seat and faced them, and when the next command was made to halt, leveled the gun on them and said, I am prepared for you. When the ruffians saw the gun leveled at their heads, they stopped, stepped aside and uttered a volley of oaths. Whatever their intentions may have been, they evidently thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and stood still and watched Deborah and John drive on without further molestation.

Fearing that the villains might cut off their progress by means of some short cut, they urged the oxen to quicken their pace and not until several miles had been traversed were they allowed to slacken their speed. Later on they met several freight wagons returning to the settlement and with these between the bandits and themselves, they were relieved of further anxiety.

Strange as it may seem after a lapse of almost a century from the time that John and Deborah travelled over the wilderness road so full of peril and danger. I happened upon an article written by Gen. McClure, late of Elgin, Ill., which appears in the History of Steuben County, by Guy H. McMaster. The writer travelled over a part of the same wilderness road and at about the same time as my grandparents, but in the opposite direction. From his story I extract the following striking similar experience.

The road was called Captain Williamson's New Road upon which we soon arrived at the bank of the Lycoming Creek. That stream was high and outrageously rapid. We concluded that it was best to wait until it became fordable. We stopped at the house of one Thompson, remained there several days, overhauled our clothing and provisions, and made another fresh start, and entered the wilderness on Capt. Williamson's new road. There were no houses between Lycoming and Painted Post, a distance of 95 miles, except one in the wilderness, kept by a semi-barbarian, or in other words a half-civilized Frenchman, named Anthony Sun. He did not bear a very good character, but we were obliged to put up with him for the night, or encamp in the woods.

The next night we slept on a bed of hemlock boughs on the bank of the Tioga River.

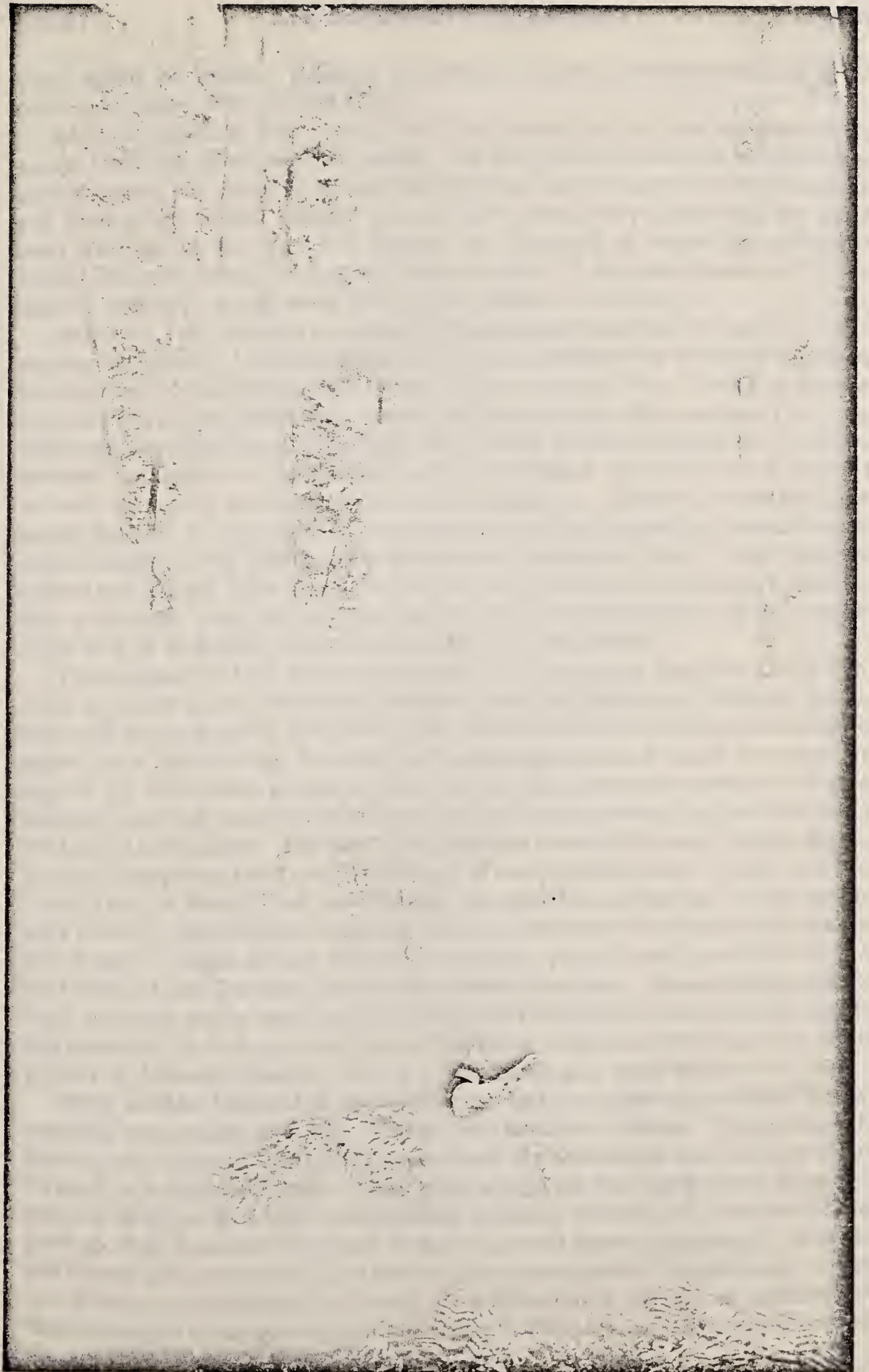
As for the wolves, how they howled and howled and howled! It was enough to take the hair off a man's head. Words are too feeble to do justice to the howling of one wolf in the day time, much less to the howling of ten wolves at night, in the depth of a hemlock forest, in the solitudes of Pennsylvania.

The next day about 12 o'clock we arrived at Fuller's where we ordered dinner of the very best they could afford which consisted of fried venison and hominy. In the morning we started for Bath, a distance of 18 miles. When we reached the mouth of Mud Creek, we found a house of entertainment had been erected there and was kept by one Thomas Corbet who came from Pennsylvania with the Williamson company. We arrived at Bath and put up at the only house of entertainment in the village, if it could be called a house. Its construction was of pitch pine logs, in two apartments one story high, kept by a very kind and obliging English family of the name of Metcalfe. This house was the only one in the town excepting a similar one erected for the temporary abode of Capt. Williamson which answered the purpose of parlor, dining-room and land office.

At length they reached Lycoming Creek, having experienced many difficulties. They followed down this rapid stream, made several dangerous crossings and in the course of their travel forded it seven times. From Lycoming Creek they journeyed on without further incident to the Sinnamahoning, where they arrived in October, having been six weeks on the journey. Here Peter Pearsall was engaged in lumbering. John joined his father in the lumber industry during the winter. They floated their logs down the Sinnamahoning and Susquehanna Rivers to the present site of Williamsport, where they were marketed.

John decided to part company with his father and to try his fortune in a more remote part of the wilderness on what was known as Little Toby Creek. As there was no opposition on the part of Deborah, preparations were made for their departure. In the spring of 1830, John and his family bid adieu to Peter Pearsall and started for their new home. Once more they found themselves in the old ox wagon, lumbering along over the rough and almost impassable roads. Whether they took the old State Road that traversed that part of the wilderness from Milesburgh across Boon's Mountain, or went by some less circuitous route, it matters not. Suffice it to say, that they were confronted with enough obstacles to have tried the patience of Job, for in those days the wilderness roads were mere trails through the forest, from which an occasional tree had been cut or a log removed with little pretense at grading.

John arrived on Little Toby Creek in time to assist Alonzo and James Brockway in floating the first raft of sawed lumber down that stream. In the summer, in company with Stephen Tibbetts, he hewed out square timber and made it into rafts that were successfully floated down stream when the fall freshets came. Thus, lumbering on that narrow, swift, treacherous stream was almost revolutionized. The Brockways joined forces with John in this new enterprise and were associated with him until some years later, when John purchased from John S. Brockway a part of the Henry Pfeffer tract and began lumbering by himself which he continued until the spring of 1841. Since his arrival in the wilderness their little family had been increased by five—John, Adeline, George, Caroline and Mary—and the first years of their life on Little Toby were comparatively happy until the death of little Mary, which made life in the wilderness almost unbearable. They buried her on the hillside, but in after years no trace of her



WHITE PINE TIMBER ON THE NORTH FORK CREEK

grave could be found. [History of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, by J. W. McKnight, pages 399 and 468-470.]

After the death of little Mary, Deborah longed for the time when she could escape from the solitude of the forests. As her children were now old enough to attend school, her thoughts turned towards Ohio but at the present she dared not tell John of her desire. Finally the day came when she poured forth the innermost longings of her soul and begged her husband to leave the wilderness. When Deborah made her wishes known to him, John acquiesced and it was decided that they would move to Ohio and engage in farming.

As before, John decided to make the journey alone and see the country before moving his family. Upon his departure he was cautioned by Deborah who knew his weakness for lumbering, not to stop before reaching Ohio. Imagine her surprise one day, three weeks later, when the door opened and in walked John, who explained that instead of continuing on to Ohio he had changed his mind and invested in timber on the North Fork of Red Bank Creek, Warrant No. 391, formerly owned by the Timothy Pickering Company. Deborah, crestfallen, saw herself doomed to a life spent in the wilderness and upbraided her husband for his shortcomings, in not fulfilling his promise to continue to Ohio. Now John had started out in good faith, but upon his arrival at the Red Lion Inn at Brookville, then a thriving little village, had learned of this valuable tract of pine on the north fork of Red Bank Creek and decided to go no farther.

The summer of 1841 was drawing near its close when they left Little Toby never to return again. After their farewells with the Brockways, Deborah made a final visit to the grave of little Mary and then started out once more in the old ox wagon, on a journey that Deborah had previously expected would terminate her days in the wilderness; a journey that she had long looked forward to with great pleasure; one that would carry her and her family into the much talked of country, the land of her dreams. But now that John had invested in more timber, she was bitterly disappointed and gave up all hope of ever reaching Ohio. Their road from Little Toby to North Fork was through an unbroken wilderness. After several days journey, they reached their new home on the waters of the North Fork, the site of an old Indian village, formerly occupied by the Cornplanter Indians, and the home of Chief Tamisqua, who often visited the place. Deborah dipped water from the same spring used by the Indians and oftentimes on her trips to and fro was rewarded by finding a stray arrow head or a stone ax or scalping knife. [The History of Jefferson County, Pa., by J. W. McKnight, page 406.]

Other settlers followed in the wilderness and for their convenience Warsaw township was created and John Pearsall was made its Auditor. This part of the country now began to take on the appearance of a settlement and Deborah looked forward to a brighter future. Since their arrival on the North Fork, three sons and one daughter had been born, making a family of ten in all. As the children grew up, their home was the scene of many gay and festive gatherings. Strangers and friends alike considered it an honor to be a guest at the Pearsall home. Never was a weary traveller loath to travel a few miles out of his way in order to stop there overnight to partake of their hospitality. [The History of Jefferson County, Pa., by J. W. McKnight, page 493.]

One day in after years, Deborah was treated to a surprise by the unexpected arrival of her sister Nancy whom she had not seen since her departure from New York. No doubt the family, who had heard only indirectly from Deborah, sent Nancy to learn the true state of Deborah's circumstances, but whatever her mission, she obtained but little satisfaction from Deborah, beyond the fact that the home she now occupied was the best she had known since her coming to the wilderness. Aside from this, she gained but little information, as Deborah evaded her inquiries whenever possible. At the termination of Nancy's visit, she urged her sister to accompany her on a visit to their old home, but Deborah declined her sister's request, half regretful of Nancy's visit with her. The lapse of time had failed to blot from her memory the injustice and the harsh words of her father's farewell. With thoughts of these, she returned to her sister the presents sent her from home and positively refused to share in her father's estate.

John realized the fulfillment of his expectations on leaving New York—that of hewing a fortune out of the wilderness of Pennsylvania—but it came late in life.

BRILLS. The genealogy of the Brill family in New York is Touchyn Brill who on July 6, 1643, applied for a patent for a piece of land on the Island of Manhattan. On October 19, 1645, he obtained a patent for this same land then described as being located on the north bank of the Fresh Water, Manhattan Island. He seems to have applied for additional acreage as the minutes of the Council of the Colony, October 7, 1652, show an order issued to Toussiant Brill to have certain land if not already given to another. [Calendar of Dutch MSS., pages 129, 357 and 370.]

The Dutch colony of New Amsterdam followed the custom of Holland called Burgher rights, which procured for the citizen freedom of trade, exemption from toll and from being sued by a fellow Burger, except in his Burgh. He also thereby acquired the privilege of being received into the guild whose trade he followed. These were the privileges of the so-called small Burghers, who made up the city store-keepers and artisans as well as the salaried servants of the New Amsterdam Company. The records of New Amsterdam disclose that on April 14, 1657, Tosyn Brill was made a small Burgher. On September 21, 1663 he was appointed one of the public porters for the city of New Amsterdam in which honorable office he continued until the day of his death. He signed, on September 5, 1664, the remonstrance of the People of New Netherlands to the Dutch Governor and Council on account of their inaction against the English Fleet then in the Hudson River at Nyack. Along with the other inhabitants he signed the oath of allegiance to the English King when the fleet conquered the city. He resided on Beaver Street as is shown by the following deed made by Thomas Wandall:—Before us the undersigned scheepen etc. Mr Thomas Wandall of Mispats Kill declared that by virtue of a deed of March 28, 1658 he cedes, conveys and grants to Jacob Teunisson, Burgher etc. a house and lot on the northwest side of the Beaver Graft (Beaver Street) bounded north by the house and lot of said Jacob Teunisson; west by the tanyard of Coenraat ten Eyck; east by the lot of Toussen Bryel; South by said street. Tysoun Bryel was an extensive landholder in the city as is

evidenced by the deeds he made for lots and houses. In a law suit in which he was a witness in 1659 he testified that he had resided twenty four years in the city of Amsterdam before he came to the New Netherlands. On August 15, 1671 a petition was presented by Arent Leundersten for appointment or admittance to the company of porters in the place and stead of Tysoun Bryll deceased. [New York Colonial Mss., volumes 3, 5 and 6.] His great-grandson David Brill was among the very earliest settlers in what is now Beekman Township, Dutchess County, New York. The earliest families that settled in this locality were these: Brill, Carman, Norton, Baker, Pleas, Uhles, from Germany, Dennis, Haxtun, Sweet and Gardner. [Hasbrouck, History of Dutchess County, N. Y., page 263.]

David Brill's name first appears upon the tax list of January 16, 1723-4, which list discloses that at that time he was a large landholder, so that David must have arrived early in 1723, which brings him among the very earliest settlers in Clove Valley. It seems safe to assume that David Brill was at this time not over twenty-five years of age. His oldest son Johannes Brill appears upon the tax list of 1755. In 1760 and 1761, the name of this son not only appears, but the list discloses the assessment of David Brill and son Jacob made as one assessment. In the list of February 1762, the assessment list discloses assessments for Johannes Brill, Jacob Brill, and their mother Widow Brill. David Brill and his sons were large landholders, but they owned their lands under the peculiar system of leasehold for three generations, and the payment of a fine or fee to renew the same, which system came to a close at the end of the Revolutionary War.

Johannes Brill had three sons, John, Solomon and David I. Solomon served in the war for National Independence and died unmarried. David I. Brill and his brother John Brill, Jr., each married a Hannah Cornell; John Brill, Jr. marrying Hannah, daughter of Thomas Cornell, Jr., while David I. Brill married the daughter of Henry Cornell.

David I. Brill died July 25, 1887, aged 69 years 10 months and 24 days. He married Hannah Cornell. Children:—James Brill, born 1787; died January 8, 1833; John Brill, who married Harriet Pearsall, daughter of Peter Pearsall; Solomon Brill; David Brill who married Hannah Permelia Pearsall, daughter of Joseph Pearsall, brother of Peter Pearsall; Catherine Brill; Mary Brill, married — Carr; Hannah Brill, married — Dunbar; Deborah Ann Brill who married John Pearsall, son of Peter Pearsall; Nancy Brill, married Cable Joyce; and Cornelius Brill.

David I. Brill removed from Dutchess County, New York, about the year 1800 and settled in the town of Halfmoon, then in Albany County, later Saratoga County, New York. Harriet Brill, Deborah Ann Brill and David Brill were born in Saratoga County where they met their life companions. Originally the Pearsalls and Brills were in Beekman Township, Dutchess County, New York, from which place they removed to Saratoga County where the families occupied adjacent farms and the young people talked over the fence to each other and went to school together. David Brill signed the articles of association, July 1775, in Beekman Township, agreeing to support the American cause. [For further Brill data see ante this same section and Chapter 37, section 14. History of Saratoga County, New York, by Sylvester, page 470.]

SECTION 7.

JOHN HENRY PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 6; born April 4, 1831; died May 18, 1897; buried at Richardsville, Jefferson Co., Penn.; resided near Pekin, Jefferson County, Pa.; married August 16, 1854, Dinah Moore, daughter of John Moore and his wife Jane Reilly; she was born March 14, 1837; died October 22, 1913; buried at Claquato, Washington. Children:—

1. John Albert Pearsall, born December 16, 1855; married September 11, 1882, Minnie Baker. She was born September 10, 1863. Children:—*1. Edward B. Pearsall, born August 14, 1883; married August 23, 1903, Mrs. Ruth Hall, neé Harlan. She was born January 13, 1879; died August 27, 1916. Children:—1. Edna Ruth Pearsall, born July 24, 1904. 2. Dean Harlan Pearsall, born August 23, 1907. 3. Mina Pearsall, born November 11, 1911. *2. Roscoe Harrison Pearsall, born June 9, 1889; single. *3. Maurice Pearsall, born August 7, 1894; died September 24, 1894. *4. Irene May Pearsall, born December 13, 1895. *5. Bernice Pearsall, born January 12, 1903. *6. Donald Albert Pearsall, born March 6, 1908.
2. Hannah Margaret Pearsall, born January 18, 1857; married July 3, 1879, Thomas Jefferson Russell. He was born April 30, 1854; died October 1, 1914. Children:—*1. Anna Russell, born August 30, 1882; married September 1, 1904, Warren Nelson Collins. He was born January 10, 1880. *2. Thomas Harold Russell, born January 21, 1898; married June 22, 1916, Ruth Castle. She was born March 21, 1899.
3. James Henry Pearsall, born August 19, 1858; died January 15, 1913; married September 20, 1881, Emma Russell. She was born September 11, 1861; died December 24, 1901. Children:—*1. Olive Almara Pearsall, born June 23, 1882; resided at Chehalis, Wash.; married July 25, 1901, Arthur Carlyle Canterbury, son of John Canterbury and his wife Matilda Welsh. He was born January 20, 1871. Children:—1. Gladys Marie Canterbury, born April 30, 1902. 2. Elsie Vivian Canterbury, born December 16, 1903. 3. Olive Matilda Canterbury, born April 23, 1905. 4. Daisy Evelyn Canterbury, born June 27, 1906. 5. Arthur Carlyle Canterbury, born October 31, 1908. 6. Francis Wendell Canterbury, born February 23, 1911. 7. Minnie Myrtle Canterbury, born October 20, 1913. 8. Dolly Hope Canterbury, born June 11, 1917. *2. Elsie Pearsall, born September 9, 1883; married October 14, 1906, C. B. Rapier. He was born November 3, 1882. Children:—1. Elsie Viola Rapier, born May 2, 1908. 2. Louise Cecil Rapier, born December 2, 1911. *3. Minnie Bernice Pearsall, born April 7, 1886; married May 15, 1907, Augustus Lafayette Thacker. He was born October 17, 1883. Child:—1. Loren David Thacker, born August 16, 1908. *4. Forest Pearsall, born April 16, 1887; died October 26, 1910. *5. Ada Pearsall, born November 4, 1888; died March 4, 1889. *6. Myrtle Pearsall, born May 22, 1890; married November 10, 1910, Andrew T. Christinsen. He was born June 8, 1884. Child:—1. Wesley LeRoy Christinsen, born May 23, 1913, at Chehalis, Wash.



FATHER
GEORGE ALFRED PEARSALL

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4. Roscoe Harrison Pearsall, born August 23, 1862; died May 9, 1914; married November 12, 1884, Alice C. Love. She was born February 15, 1867. Children:—*1. Lytton Guy Pearsall, born May 27, 1886; married May 5, 1911, Sara Alice Rhines, born April 16, 1886. Children:—1. Corinne Eloise Pearsall, born May 15, 1914. 2. Lytton Guy Pearsall, born August 25, 1918. *2. Carl C. Pearsall, born July 20, 1891; married July 3, 1918, Iona Silvarn. Child:—1. Lucille Pearsall, born June 30, 1919. *3. Hazel Irene Pearsall, born June 3, 1900; married December 1, 1919, George Morrison.
5. Cloie May Pearsall, born April 16, 1867; married September 29, 1885, Samuel Carrier. Children:—*1. Dora May Carrier, born September 27, 1886. *2. Elizabeth Dina Carrier, born August 5, 1888; married October 25, 1910, Austin H. Campbell. He was born July 7, 1889. *3. William Lee Carrier, born August 21, 1898; died September 9, 1908.
6. Rosella Pearsall, born July 8, 1869; died July 8, 1869.
7. Ella Pearsall, born July 8, 1869; died July 8, 1869.
8. Lytton L. Pearsall, born January 29, 1872; died June 2, 1876.

After his marriage John Henry Pearsall began lumbering for himself, which occupation he followed throughout his life on the waters of the North Fork. Later he purchased part of his father's farm, a necessary adjunct in those days in connection with lumbering. While on the farm, he met with quite a serious misfortune which almost cost him his life. One night, some culprits attempted to steal his bees, hives and all. The robbers, evidently attacked by the bees, left the hives on the ground and made their escape. John Henry found the hives scattered about the next morning and attempted to put them back in place, but the bees, angered by their rough treatment of the previous night, attacked him. The entire swarm settled all over him and stung him to the utmost. He called for help and fought to protect himself as best he could. His wife and children ran to his assistance and helped him into the house where he lay for days in a critical condition. After his recovery, needless to say, he disposed of the bees.

SECTION 8

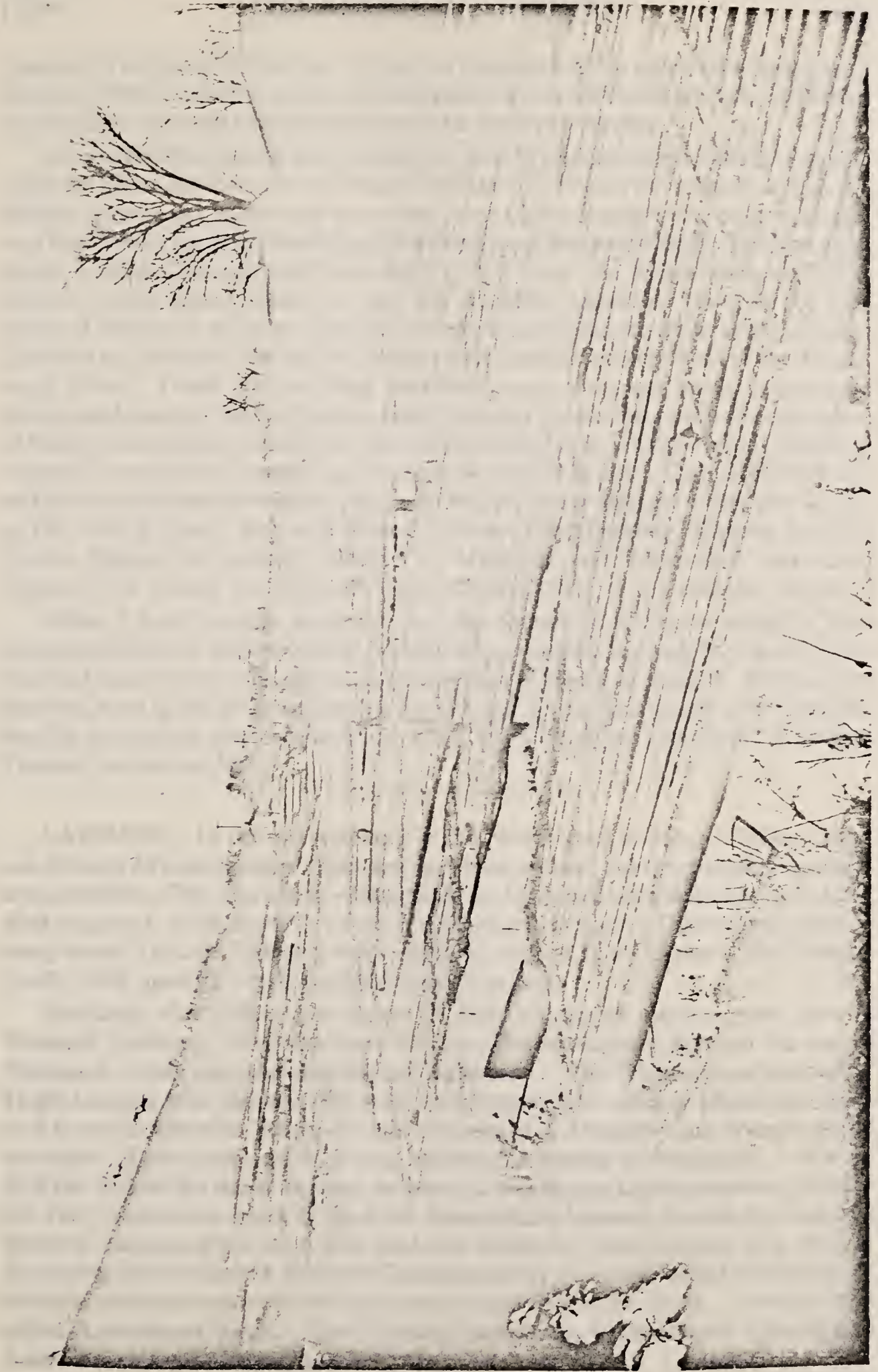
GEORGE ALFRED PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 6; born April 23, 1835; died March 28, 1908; buried with his wife at Brookville, Pa.; resided at Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.; married July 3, 1856, Eliza Catherine Larimer, daughter of Benjamin K. Larimer and his wife Julia Ann Totten. She was born October 4, 1835; died August 21, 1912. Children:

1. Clara Ann Pearsall, born April 4, 1859; resided at Brookville, Pa. and Portland, Oregon; married June 17, 1885, Elijah Clarke Hall. E. Clarke Hall was born June 12, 1844; died February 1, 1924. Children:—*1. Helen Hall, born December 8, 1886; died August 12, 1887. *2. Henry Myres Hall, born October 20, 1890; died April 5, 1891.
2. Elmer Ellsworth Pearsall, born August 4, 1861. See Y, this Section.
3. Clarence Eugene Pearsall, born January 29, 1863; Chapter 37, Section 9.
4. Rose Ella Pearsall, born April 22, 1866. See Z, this Section.
5. Emma May Pearsall, born March 4, 1870; died April 19, 1925; unmarried.
6. Harry Pearsall, born March 12, 1874; died September 3, 1920; unmarried.

George Alfred Pearsall began his life as a lumberman on the North Fork, when the timber of Jefferson County, with its dense forests of lofty pine and hemlock, which covered every hill and dale and cast their gloomy shadows throughout the day, had scarcely been cut into. Here he received his first lesson at lumbering while assisting his father. At this time lumbering in Jefferson County was yet in its infancy and chiefly confined to sawed lumber, from the few small waterpower saw-mills then in existence, and the finished product was, before the advent of railroads, placed into rafts and marketed in Pittsburg by floating it down the streams. John Pearsall, with his father, on Little Toby, introduced the system of hewing out square timber, forming it into rafts and floating it to Pittsburg where it was converted into lumber. Later when George Alfred Pearsall was operating for himself on North Fork he continued the plan of marketing square timber. Soon after, the taking out of square timber became the principal method of lumbering, as no saw-mill was required and by rafting the square timber to market the danger of loss and damage was far less. This continued until the invention of the steam saw-mill, and the building of the railroad which gave them a new outlet for their product. With the coming of the steam saw-mill the logs were floated down the streams to the mills where they were converted into lumber. This industry and the marketing of square timber made Brookville a busy lumber center. In 1866, not less than 112 saw-mills, large and small, were in operation within the county. Millions of feet of sawed lumber were yearly sent out of the county, to say nothing of the squared timber that every lumberman sent yearly to the market.

By 1880, lumbering, both in sawed lumber and squared timber, had reached its height in Jefferson County. At this time no fewer than 50 mills were in operation in the county, 17 of which were within a radius of 3 miles of Brookville. More than 200,000,000 feet of sawed lumber were yearly sent out of the county beside double that amount of squared timber. In this industry George Alfred Pearsall ranked along with the largest producers.

In early days there was no market for the yellow pine and hemlock. For square timber they used only the choicest of the white pine tree, which was scored and hewed so as to form four surfaces, the topmost one so smooth and neatly done as almost to deceive the unaccustomed eye that it had not been sawed and smoothed by plane. These sticks of so-called square timber were usually cut from forty to sixty feet in length, and fastened together with small ironwood, white oak, or hickory trees, of about six inches in diameter, and keyed together with bows made from white oak, which were fastened with pins made from ash. The sticks forming each platform were of the same length, so when they were fastened together the raft would not be stiff or unyielding and rigid. From 14 to 16 sticks constituted the platform and three to four platforms to the raft. These platforms were fastened together with short sticks of square timber that formed joints that prevented the rafts from being stiff and unwieldy, so that they would respond more readily to the will of the steering oar as they were being run down the stream. Usually the timber had a dimension of 18 to 36 inches and a raft contained from 4,000 to 20,000 feet of cubic timber or from 30,000 to 140,000 feet board measure, and many of the more prosperous lumbermen sent from sixty to one hundred of



FORMING TIMBER INTO RAFTS

these rafts annually to market. From the beginning of his career as a lumberman George Alfred Pearsall was heavily interested in this trade and as early as 1861 he was sending over one hundred of these rafts yearly to market.

Long before lumbering had reached its zenith George Alfred Pearsall foresaw what the oldest inhabitants of his boyhood days could never have dreamed, that the forests of the great wilderness were slowly but surely disappearing before the axe, and that before another decade had passed the wilderness would be disrobed of its forest, and lumbering would be a thing of the past. As he was impressed that history would repeat itself, he cast his thoughts westward towards the pine forest of Michigan, with its numerous waterways and the advantages of the Great Lakes as an outlet for the lumber to that vast treeless country west of the Mississippi River. These prairies must be settled, and the great herds of countless buffalo and bands of roving Indians must give way before the march of civilization. If these plains were to become the abode of civilized man it would require building material, particularly lumber, for the construction of homes. George Alfred Pearsall did not hesitate to trust his judgment in the future outcome of the pine forests of the Lake Region. He, with Robert Darrow, Paul Dowling, Richard Arthurs, Calvin Rogers and others, repaired to Michigan and Wisconsin, where they explored the forests and acquired large holdings there of the choicest timber.

When it later became apparent that the forests of Michigan would in time become exhausted, George Alfred Pearsall began looking towards the forests of the Pacific Coast where he acquired large holdings of standing timber. Although he devoted most of his life to lumbering he retained his position as one of Brookville's leading merchants until his declining years when his eldest son, Elmer Ellsworth Pearsall, succeeded him.

LARIMER. In the old cemetery in the churchyard at Mount Tabor, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, there are two tombstones, the inscriptions on which are as follows: The first reads,—Benjamin K. Larimer, born November 29, 1803; died August 1, 1878, aged 74 years, 8 months and 2 days. The second, which is the grave of Julia A. Totten, reads,—Julia A., wife of B. K. Larimer, died December 3, 1884, aged 78 years, 8 months and 5 days.

Benjamin K. Larimer, the father of Eliza Catherine Larimer, was born in Donegal Township, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Thomas Larimer and his wife Rachel Stephens. This Thomas was the son of Hugh Larimer who before 1790, with his brothers and cousins, came from York and Franklin counties, Pennsylvania, and settled in Allegheny and Westmoreland counties. Their ancestors had long before this settled in Maryland, where we find the first of the name to come to America was Roger Larremore who, on May 14, 1661, received a grant of land for transporting himself, Rachel his wife and Edward Larremore his son. The land was located in Cecil County on a neck of land lying on the Eastern Shore of Chesapeake Bay on a river called Elk River, on the southward side of said river on a creek called Oxallstills Creek. The tract was called Larremores Neck. Cecil County, Maryland, borders upon Chester and Lancaster counties, Pennsylvania.

The tradition of the family, as told me in my childhood, was that the Larimers came to America from the north of Ireland, and this agrees with their affiliation with the United or Scotch Presbyterian Church. But they were not Irish, neither were they Scotch, as they had only recently come from their native land of France, where, being Protestants, they would be called Huguenots by the English historians.

The varying fortunes of the Protestants of France in their battles with the Catholics caused a series of emigrations to England, Ireland and Scotland. It was at the very earliest of these times that the Larimers passed over into Scotland where they had long had relatives and business associates, as we find Durand Lorimer of Caen, France, witnessing a charter in favor of the Abbot and Convent of St. Etienne, which was executed circa 1080.

John Lorimer, in 1494, possessed a tenement of land in the Curfew Road, Perth.

Alexander Lorimer, in 1494, possessed a tenement in Perth, near Carmelite Monastery. Katherine Lorimer was a nun at Elcho in 1539. A new emigration to Scotland began as early as 1540. The newcomers brought with them their system of Christian religion, to which they were most firmly wedded, so that even Scotland became untenable. As a consequence, some voluntarily, others involuntarily, emigrated to the north of Ireland. About this time America began its insistent call for those who desired religious freedom, but even in America there were but few places where these French-Scotch Protestants would be entirely welcome; so, as was to be expected, they early emigrated to and formed a separate settlement in that no-man's land, the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and from here, after again changing their location to and staying a generation in Cecil County, Maryland, the ancestors of Benjamin K. Larimer moved westward over the boundary line into what is now Franklin County, but then called York County, in the Province of Pennsylvania.

Y. ELMER ELLSWORTH PEARSALL, born August 4, 1861; died March 8 1922, at Brawley, California. He resided at Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.; married June 26, 1890, Adda Edelblute, daughter of Nathan Green Edelblute and his wife Rosetta Frank. She was born February 15, 1867. Children:—

1. Elydia Catherine Pearsall, born August 12, 1894; married July 17, 1928, Harry Truman Coleman.
2. David Edelblute Pearsall, born February 2, 1899; served in Co. 12, University of Pennsylvania Reserve, Philadelphia, Pa. during the War with Germany. Married at Des Moines, Iowa, August 20, 1928, Flora May MacSweyn who was born June 30, 1901, daughter of Donald MacSweyn and his wife, Martha Ann Hatch. They reside at La Grange, Illinois.

Z. ROSE ELLA PEARSALL, born April 22, 1866; resided at Brookville, Jefferson Co., Pa.; married March 5, 1890, Frank L. Verstine, son of Bernard and Harriet Verstine. He was born January 29, 1859; died June 16, 1927. Child:—

1. Frank Pearsall Verstine, born February 6, 1898; married September 10, 1919, Lillian Naomi Luke, daughter of Charles H. Luke and his wife Emma Luella Hall. Children:—*1. Lillian Patricia Verstine, born January 23, 1921. *2. Frank Pearsall Verstine, Jr.; born September 17, 1924.

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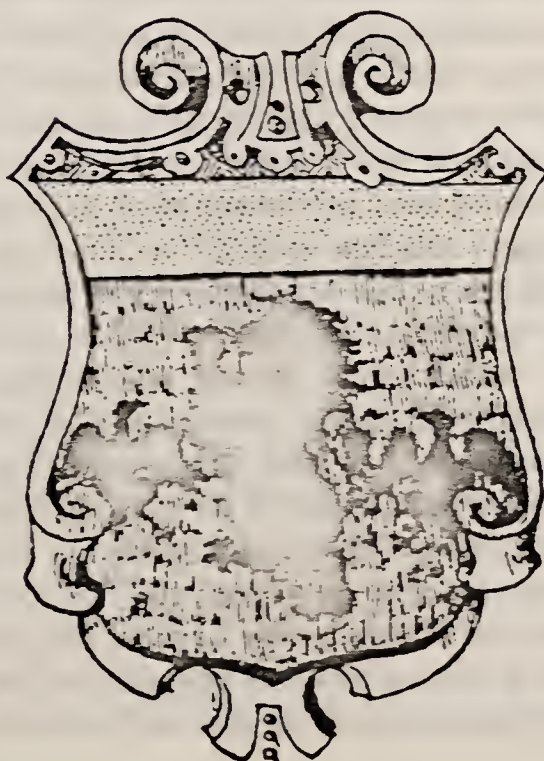
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MOTHER
ELIZA CATHERINE LARIMER PEARSALL



THE LARIMER

COAT OF ARMS

SECTION 9.

CLARENCE EUGENE PEARSALL, son of George Alfred Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 8; born January 29, 1863; resided in Eureka, Humboldt Co., California; died October 3, 1928, in San Francisco, California; married first, September 9, 1886, Gertrude Edna Andrews, daughter of Alonzo Andrews and his wife Caroline E. Long of Brookville, Pa. Gertrude E. Andrews was born April 22, 1869, and died April 12, 1891; buried at Brookville, Pa. He married second, January 16, 1898, Hettie May Wilson, daughter of David Wilson and his wife Hettie Alzada Johnson. She was born April 24, 1874. No children. Child of first marriage:—

1. Henry Cornell Pearsall, born March 4, 1891; died March 23, 1891.

To

CLARENCE EUGENE PEARSALL

is universally accorded the
highest Bernician Tribute:

*"Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd
by his worth, for then
It bath no end."*

—Macbeth, Act v. sc. 8.

At one time Clarence E. Pearsall was strongly inclined to leave out of this book his own story as it appears in Chapter Fifty-five, and merely publish the family history. This would have been a misfortune as the book would have been very sadly incomplete without this relation of the experiences of a pioneer in this western country, not because of anything personal to Mr. Pearsall, but because in his wonderful relation he has recounted and summed up the family characteristics in a manner that would not have otherwise been possible. As a fact one may go from any chapter in the book to his story and not experience any break in family history. He was a finished story teller, trained in the greatest of schools, namely the many years he lived with the Indians and listened to their tales told with the same skill that entered into the old Norse sagas. The writer has been over very nearly every foot of the ground, except Central America, covered in this recital and, strange as it may seem, he was there at about the times mentioned by Clarence E. Pearsall, so that he is acquainted with the geographical setting, and while he has heard the story told several times, and has read it many more times, in the preparation of this family history, nevertheless, he does not recall any recital by which he has been so well entertained or which so vividly portrays the life of the westerner; nor does he know of anything which so truly pictures the family characteristics of the Pearsalls as they have always existed.—H. L. N.

ANDREWS. The Andrews family were very largely represented in Saratoga County, New York, at the time Peter Pearsall began to encourage emigration from thence to the wilderness of Pennsylvania. It is now generally conceded that these were all originally from Connecticut, having come along with the Congregational Church to Stillwater. They all descended from John Andrews, one of the early settlers and, in 1672, one of the 84 proprietors of Tunxis, later called Farmington, in Connecticut.

Alonzo Andrews, father of Gertrude Edna Andrews, was the son of William who had two sons, Alonzo and Curtis. Alonzo was born November 5, 1832, at Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y.; died September 18, 1911. His wife, Caroline E. Long, was born April 20, 1835, in Warsaw Township, Jefferson Co., Pa.; died there April 13, 1908.

WILSON. James Wilson, born in England, 1793; married Sarah Gordon of Scottish descent, who was born 1790. He resided in Ireland at the time of his emigration to America. It was in 1823 that he decided to sail for America and settle in the United States, and purchase lands that he might have an estate of his own, but fate decreed otherwise. On nearing the American coast, the vessel was wrecked on Sable Island, Nova Scotia. He and his family barely escaped with their lives, and in the disaster he lost his chests of worldly goods and gold and silver he had brought along with which to purchase lands. Fortunately he and his family were housed in the mansion of the governor for six weeks. The name of the vessel in which he sailed has been lost to the family, but as two vessels, the Hope and the Marshal Wellington, were wrecked on Sable Island that same year, it may be presumed that they took passage on either one or the other of these two ill-fated ships.

James Wilson, a stranger in a strange land, did not find America the land of easy fortune he had anticipated and it was some time before he settled near St. Stephens, New Brunswick, where he acquired a good estate, and brought up his family and lived for the remainder of his life, dying on December 22, 1877, aged 84 years; while his wife preceded him on June 15, 1864, aged 74 years. They are both buried at St. Thomas Church, St. James Parish, Charlotte County, New Brunswick. The children of James and Sarah Wilson were:—*1. Agnes Elizabeth Wilson, born August 12, 1812; died August 24, 1892; married William Connick. *2. Margaret Wilson, married Joseph Stewart. *3. Ann Wilson, married — Price. Children:—3 children who died in infancy and Sarah Price who married — McCann. *4. James D. Wilson, born 1821; died November 17, 1877; buried at Myrtle Grove Cemetery, Eureka, California; married Ellen Redmond. He came to Eureka, circa 1865. Child:—1. David Wilson, born July 16, 1846; married May 1, 1873, at Gilroy, California, Hettie Alzada Johnson, daughter of Joseph Shirley Johnson and his wife Rebecca Allen. Hettie Alzada Johnson was born August 31, 1854. Joseph Shirley Johnson was born in Missouri and Rebecca Allen was born in Kentucky. Child:—1. Hettie May Wilson, who married Clarence Eugene Pearsall. *5. Catharine M. Wilson, born November 11, 1822; died December 24, 1905; married Leonard Connick who was born May 2, 1813; died January 14, 1884; buried at Myrtle Grove Cemetery, Eureka, Cal. *6. Martha A. Wilson, born January 16, 1825; died February 15, 1906; buried at Myrtle Grove

Cemetery, Eureka, Cal.; married — McCann, brother of the other McCann.
*7. Isabella Wilson, born October 16, 1827; died December 26, 1907; married Stephen Hill who was born August 1, 1832; died December 26, 1906; both buried in Myrtle Grove Cemetery, Eureka, Cal.

Mrs. Hettie May Pearsall was often the companion of Mr. Pearsall in many pleasant journeys in quest of information. In this way they visited nearly a hundred cemeteries on Long Island, where they copied inscriptions from tombstones. Many, in fact most, of these cemeteries were on farms that were now rapidly being absorbed into large parks surrounding the mansions of the newly rich who were acquiring the lands of the old Long Island homesteads. Then there were the almost forgotten graveyards of churches which long ago ceased to exist. In these the vines and thorns, weeds and moss, all were striving to cover up the forgotten and neglected places of the dead. Then there were the stately lawnlike cemeteries now used as places of burial. It would surprise the uninformed to know how exceedingly interesting such a genealogical journey can be. They certainly found it far from dull. Every few moments something would be discovered that would revive our recollection of the early history of our country. Occasionally they found a record valuable to the Pearsall genealogy, and thus from place to place they wandered in search of the past and forgotten. In these journeys Mrs. Pearsall was as enthusiastic as Mr. Pearsall. On one occasion she found an Indian arrow head, which delighted her so much that she wrote the following little poem to commemorate the occasion. The place being William Cullen Bryant's grave, Roslyn Cemetery, Long Island, New York.

When late in October, the leaves were red,
I wandered alone, through the aisles of the dead,
And stooped to read the legends old,
Carved on tombstones, dark with mold.
Where the shade of a pine fell soft and deep,
The poet Bryant lay asleep;

And golden leaves, like a fire of flame,
Drifted across the poet's name.
And in the path by the poet's bed,
I found a white flint arrow head!

I have it still—a souvenir
Ancient and fitting and strangely dear.
Of merging dust it speaks to me,
Like a Thanatopsis prophecy.

Now when I read with tightened breath,
The youthful poet's vision of death,
I see again the sacred mound,
With brilliant dead leaves on the ground.
Where poet and warriors and autumn gold
Mingle and dream in the quiet mold.—H. May Pearsall.

SECTION 10.

JAMES BURTIS PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 6, born September 26, 1845; died April 27, 1920; buried at Grove City, Pa; resided in Mercer County, Pennsylvania; married June 20, 1871, Almira Mary Anderson, daughter of William Anderson and his wife Mary A. Morehead. She

was born September 4, 1852; died February 11, 1913; buried in Grove City, Pa. Children:—

1. Hattie Pearsall, born June 4, 1872; died September 4, 1879; buried at Richardsville, Pa.
2. William Burtis Pearsall, born January 23, 1874; married July 6, 1907, Elizabeth Mobley, daughter of Watson Carson Mobley and his wife Elizabeth Julia Parker. She was born July 7, 1877. Children:—*1. Mary Elizabeth Pearsall, born May 22, 1908. *2. Catherine L. Pearsall, born September 30, 1911.
3. Mary Almira Pearsall, born July 10, 1875; died March 25, 1895.
4. Lynn Guy Pearsall, born March 19, 1877; died September 1, 1879.
5. Deborah Olive Pearsall, born December 9, 1878; unmarried; resided at Salada, Col., and Seattle, Wash.
6. Jennie Ermina Pearsall, born March 8, 1880; died August 26, 1906; buried at Grove City, Pa.; resided at Brookville and Grove City, Pa.; married June 17, 1903, Arthur Shoffstall. No children.
7. Ida May Pearsall, born May 30, 1881; married October 6, 1909, Mark Wallace Graham, son of Alexander E. Graham and his wife Charlotte C. Heald. Children:—*1. Charlotte Graham, born April 5, 1912. *2. James Alexander Graham, born January 11, 1914. *3. Mark Wallace Graham, born June 12, 1917.
8. Franklin Brill Pearsall, born April 21, 1888; married October 20, 1909, Lula Lockwood, daughter of Stephen Lockwood and his wife Frances E. Park. She was born December 29, 1889. Child:—*1. Kenneth Lockwood Pearsall, born July 30, 1910 in Beaver, Pa.
9. Wayne Pearsall, born January 23, 1887; died February 1, 1892.

James Burtis Pearsall, like his brothers, developed early in life, a fondness for lumbering. When a young man, he, with his family, left the waters of the North Fork for those of Big Toby, now known as the Clarion River, and settled in the little village of Clarrington, Forest County, Pennsylvania, where he engaged in lumbering and the construction of flat bottom boats which were floated down the Clarion River to the Allegheny, and thence to Pittsburg, where they were converted into barges for carrying coal down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. He also engaged in the mercantile business and encouraged others to settle in the town and engage in business pursuits by assisting them in erecting houses, shops and places of business. When they hesitated, setting forth the hopelessness in face of his strong competition, he eliminated their fear by assuring them of their success by furnishing most of the capital for the enterprise, and thus set up opposition to himself, in all outward appearance. In other lines of business of which the town was in need, he saw that they were supplied at once and when the lumbermen learned that they could purchase their goods as advantageously in Clarrington as elsewhere, Brookville soon lost the greater part of the lumbermen's trade that it had enjoyed for so many years.

Here in Clarrington he soon became the leading spirit of the town, and caused that sleepy retrograding little lumber center to become a thriving temperance community of some importance. James B. Pearsall, a thorough advocate of

temperance, although somewhat in advance of his day, believing that the country would be far more prosperous without the use of alcoholic beverages, erected a hotel and caused it to be conducted on a strictly temperance principle, and ere long the sleepy little town of Clarrington became a sober, industrious and thriving temperance village, such as heretofore had been unknown in the most prosperous days of John Barleycorn. The sixteen years of his management of the town affairs left it highly prosperous, much to his satisfaction. He later moved to Grove City, Pa., where he rose to prominence in banking circles. Ever faithful in espousing the cause of temperance, he died shortly before the principle he fought for culminated in national prohibition.

SECTION 11.

WINFIELD CORNELL PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 6; born December 13, 1847; died December 5, 1903; buried in Bethel Churchyard, 3 miles north of Brookville, Pa.; resided at Brookville, Pa.; married November 4, 1874, Narcissa Florence Kale, daughter of Perry J. and Ellen Kale. She was born July 9, 1856. Children:—

1. George Harley Pearsall, born January 15, 1878; married September 30, 1903, Carrie Spare, daughter of Daniel and Mary Spare. She was born April 14, 1886. Children:—*1. Gerald Alson Pearsall, born September 19, 1908; died February 20, 1910. *2. Ethel Geraldine Pearsall, born October 24, 1911. *3. George Clarence Pearsall, born December 14, 1913. *4. Mary Burtis Pearsall, born March 21, 1916. *5. Marie Florence Pearsall, born March 21, 1916. *6. Erma Elizabeth Pearsall, born July 13, 1921.

George Harley Pearsall is the eighth generation in descent in an almost unbroken line of Georges, i. e., each generation carrying the name of George, dating back 260 years, to George the son of Henry Pearsall of Hempstead, Long Island, New York. He resides at the old family homestead in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, the former home of John and Deborah Ann Pearsall. The family have faithfully clung to the old historical place, made prominent by its early connection with the history of Jefferson County. Here between the Indians and Michael Long and John Dixon, the first settlers in this locality, was enacted the history of those who played their part in the pre-settlement days of Jefferson County. George Harley Pearsall, like grandmother Deborah Ann Pearsall, dips the water from the same spring, beneath the shade of the same old spreading sugar maple; eats plums from the wild plum trees which were nourished and protected by the Indians, and swings the kettle on the same old crane, made by great-grandfather Peter Pearsall, that John and Deborah brought from Little Toby and made fast to a sturdy white oak tree. Each year the association with the old place becomes dearer and dearer.

2. Myra E. Pearsall, born February 17, 1882; died March 19, 1904; resided in Jefferson Co., Pa.; married September 11, 1900, Arthur L. Kale, son of Washington and Elizabeth Kale.
3. Vinnie E. Pearsall, born February 25, 1891; died December 29, 1918; married May 7, 1913, Ralph Jack.

4. Effie L. Pearsall, born June 15, 1895; married June 29, 1915, Walter Riggs, son of Gettice and Minnie Riggs. He was born June 28, 1894.

Winfield Cornell Pearsall, being of a religious turn of mind, studied for the ministry. In 1872, he was sent to West Virginia where he occupied the pulpit and gained considerable distinction both as a minister of the gospel and as an evangelist, and in 1875, upon his return to Pennsylvania, he was ordained an elder of the M. E. Church by the Pittsburg Annual Conference.

About 1884 at the request of his parents he returned to Warsaw Township, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, for the purpose of taking care of them during the last years of their lives. After the death of his parents, he came into possession of their home farm. He continued to preach and his last public address, a few days prior to his death, was to the Bethel Sunday School, on Temperance, Prov. 20-1. Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

SECTION 12.

ARAD PEARSALL, son of Peter Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 5; born February 22, 1807; died March 21, 1867; buried with his wife at Brookville, Penn.; resided at Brookville, Penn.; married April 7, 1824, Elizabeth Clement, daughter of Jacob and Hannah Clement. She was born December 27, 1804, in New York; died June 28, 1873. Children:—

1. Maria Pearsall, born December 29, 1825.
2. Harriet Pearsall, born February 8, 1828; married Henry R. Fullerton. Children:—*1. Rose Fullerton, died in infancy. *2. Lillie Fullerton, married G. W. Butt. *3. Dean W. Fullerton, married Elizabeth Eggort. 4. Elliott Fullerton, married Olive Dally.
3. Hannah Pearsall, born March 7, 1830; died March 16, 1876; married first, June 28, 1849, David S. Hoffman, who died 1858; married second, September 6, 1859, John Miller. Children of first marriage:—*1. Arad Hoffman, born April 5, 1850; died March 6, 1857. *2. Carlton C. Hoffman, born March 11, 1852; died March 21, 1854. *3. Anna M. Hoffman, born March 16, 1854; died February 14, 1857. *4. Mary Emma Hoffman, born October 26, 1855; married January 2, 1872, William Rodgers, son of Mark Rodgers. Children:—1. Edith Rodgers. 2. Maud Rodgers. *5. Harriet Rose Hoffman, born July 8, 1858; unmarried. Children of second marriage:—*6. Curtin Hill Miller, born September 5, 1860; married July, 1903, Kizah Parker. *7. David Shannon Miller, born March 17, 1862; died October 20, 1872. *8. Albert Barr Miller, born February 18, 1864; died August 21, 1907. *9. Thomas Myler Miller, born May 19, 1868; died March 17, 1869. *10. Wesley Wade Miller, born May 27, 1866; married April 15, 1884, Katherine Roduki Ervin, born May 25, 1866; resided at Pittsburg, Pa. Child:—1. Ethel Lucille Miller, born November 22, 1885. *11. Lillian May Miller, born August 15, 1870; unmarried. *12. Villa Maud Miller, born August 15, 1870; died October 10, 1874.
4. Martha Pearsall, born March 12, 1832; died December 1, 1833.
5. Peter Pearsall, born October 26, 1834; died February 14, 1901; unmarried.

6. Myron M. Pearsall, born April 1, 1837; died August 3, 1894. See X, this Section.
7. Elizabeth Pearsall, born April 3, 1839; died September 26, 1887; married August 6, 1856, Elijah Hoffman who was born December 28, 1835; died March 18, 1915, in Pittsburg, Pa. Children:—*1. Mary Adella Hoffman, born February 2, 1858; married April 8, 1881, Isaac M. Taylor, son of Caleb Taylor and his wife Anna Fell. He was born February 5, 1844. *2. Arad Hoffman, born March 16, 1860; died September 10, 1861. *3. Evert Hoffman, born 1863; died July 11, 1864. *4. Minna May Hoffman, born May 9, 1866; died June 19, 1877. *5. Harriet B. Hoffman, born October 1, 1868; married August 10, 1891, Jacob J. Brasaemle. *6. Lillie Bess Hoffman, born July 21, 1874; married April 18, 1898, Fred M. Murphy, son of Marshall N. Murphy and his wife Elizabeth Jane McComb. He was born June 15, 1872. *7. Elizabeth Bell Hoffman, born May 2, 1877; died July 15, 1877.
8. John W. Pearsall, born September 7, 1841; died 1891; married Martha E. Doan. No children.
9. Arad Albert Pearsall, born October 26, 1843. See Y, this Section.
10. Infant not named; born July 24, 1845; died July 24, 1845.
11. Harvey H. Pearsall; born September 13, 1846. See Z, this Section.

Arad Pearsall was born in Wilton Township, Saratoga County, New York. As a lad he had accompanied his father, Peter Pearsall, to Pennsylvania where he lumbered on the Sinnamahoning. Some years after he had married, he learned of a new settlement called Brookville, that had been started beyond the waters of the Susquehanna and west of the mountains, on Red Bank Creek, a tributary of the Allegheny. Arad decided to take his family and settle there. After all good-byes had been said, they started for their new home by way of the old State Road, that connected Milesburg and Clearfield. From the latter place they traveled over the old Military Road, which had been built by Colonel Miles, a few years subsequent to the first named road. It was in the summer of 1833 that Arad became identified with the village, then a mere collection of a few houses; he was made the first jailer of this settlement. A strong Abolitionist, he often assisted runaway slaves to make their escape into Canada by what is known as the underground railroad, then having a station in Jefferson Co. Sometimes, when the officers were in close pursuit, the runaways were hidden in the forest back of Brookville and at other times they were taken to a clearing in the forest on North Fork, where cabins, known as the nigger shanties, had been built for their protection against the inclemencies of the weather. [McKnight's History of Jefferson County, Pa., pages 273-282, 406 and 501.]

To William Wright, of Columbia, Pennsylvania, is due the credit of putting into operation the first underground railroad for the freedom of slaves. There was no state organization effected until about 1838, when, in Philadelphia, Robert Purvis was made president and Jacob C. White, secretary. Then the system grew, and before the war of the Rebellion the whole state of Pennsylvania became interlaced with roads. Among the rest there was a route into the wilderness of Jefferson County. It was not as prominent as the routes in the more populated

portions of the state. The history of the pure, lofty, generous men and women in our country who worked this road discloses the greatest deeds of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania. They were Quakers and Methodists, among whom were Elijah Heath and wife, Arad Pearsall and wife, James Steadman and wife. The route through Brookville started from Baltimore, Maryland, and extended, via Bellefonte, Grampian Hills, Punxsutawney, Brookville, Clarrington and Warren, to Lake Erie and Canada. A branch road came from Indiana, Pennsylvania, to Clayville. At Indiana, Pennsylvania, Dr. Mitchell, James Moorhead, James Hamilton, William Banks, and a few others were agents in the cause. Fugitives travelled north usually in twos, but in two or three instances they went over this wilderness route in a small army, as an early paper of Brookville says, editorially—Twenty-five fugitive slaves passed through Brookville Monday morning on their way to Canada. Again:—On Monday morning, October 14, 1850, forty armed fugitive slaves passed through Brookville to Canada.

While Arad Pearsall was jailer in 1834, he and several others became involved in serious trouble relative to the escape of slaves from the Brookville jail, where after capture they were placed for safe keeping.

Arad Pearsall's part in assisting runaway slaves is clearly described in McKnight's History of Jefferson County, Pa. [pages 277-279]. For safety, the negro slaves when made prisoners were usually shackled and handcuffed, and were fed on bread and water. They were lodged in county jails and shackled for safety. Several slaves had been so lodged, while their captors slept on beds as soft as downy pillows. Heath and Steadman furnished augers and files to the thief Amos, who filed the shackles loose from these human beings, and with augers he bored the locks off the doors. Pearsall, Heath and Steadman did the rest. As a consequence the Jeffersonian of September 15, 1834, contained these advertisements:—\$150 reward. Escaped from the Jail of Jefferson County, Penn. last night—a black man, called Charles Brown, a slave to the infant heirs of Richard Baylor, deceased, late of Jefferson County, Virginia; he about 5 feet 7 inches high, and 24 years of age, of a dark complexion—pleasant look, with his upper teeth a little open before. I was removing him to the State of Virginia, by virtue of a certificate from Judges Shippen, Irvin and McKee of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Venango, as my warrant, to return him to the place from which he fled. I will give a reward of \$150.00 to any person who will deliver him to the Jailer of Jefferson County, Virginia, and if that sum should appear to be inadequate to the expense and trouble, it shall be suitably increased. John Yates, Guardian of the said heirs.

September 15, 1834. \$150.00 reward! Escaped from the Jail of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, last night, a black man, named William Parker alias Robinson a slave, belonging to the undersigned; aged 26 years and about 5 feet high; broad shoulders; full round face, rather grave countenance, and thick lips, particularly his upper lip, stammers a little, and rather slow in speech. I was removing him to the State of Virginia, by virtue of a certificate, from Judges Shippen and Irvin, of the Court of Common Pleas, of the Venango County; as my warrant to return him to the place from which he fled. I will give a reward of \$150.00 to any person who will deliver him to the jailer of Jefferson County,

Virginia; and if that sum should appear inadequate to the expense and trouble it shall be suitably increased. Stephen Delgarn. [McKnight's History of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, page 406 and 493.]

September 15, 1834. Some person or persons in Brookville were mean enough to inform, by letter or otherwise, that Judge Heath, Arad Pearsall, and James Steadman had liberated and run off these slaves, whereupon legal steps were taken in the United States Court at Pittsburg, to recover damages for the loss of the property. The minutes of the court disclose:—At No. 4 of October Term, 1835, in the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, suit in trespass brought July 10, 1835, by Thomas G. Baylor and Anna Maria Baylor, minors by John Yates, Esq., their guardian, all citizens of Virginia against Elijah Heath, James M. Steadman and Arad Pearsall. At No. 5, October Term, 1835, suit in trespass by Stephen Delgarn, a citizen of Virginia, against same defendants as in No. 4, brought at same time. Burke and Metcalf, Esqs., were attorneys for the plaintiffs in each case, and Alexander M. Foster for the defendants. Suit No. 4, was tried on May 3, 1836, and on May 6, 1836, verdict rendered for plaintiff for six hundred dollars. Suit No. 5, was tried May 6, and 7, 1836, and verdict rendered May 7, 1836, for eight hundred and forty dollars. November 24, 1836, judgments and costs collected upon execution and paid to plaintiff's attorneys. Loss of money could not stop this enterprise which its founders believed to be based upon the inalienable right of freedom to the human individual, consequently Arad Pearsall continued on in the underground railroad traffic until the close of the Civil War.

In 1842 Arad Pearsall could no longer resist following his old vocation of lumbering so after acquiring a tract of white pine timber, adjacent to that of his brother John on the North Fork, he again became active in lumbering and marketing square timber. In the meantime he erected and operated in Brookville a carriage and furniture factory, the first of its kind in the town. It was the largest manufacturing establishment in this busy and thriving place. Dr. William J. McKnight told the writer that Arad Pearsall was six feet tall and the most perfect specimen of humanity that he ever saw. That he was stately and dignified in his manner, which agrees with the writer's recollections of his own grandfather, John Pearsall, and with the descriptions he has heard of the physical appearance of his great-grandfather, Peter Pearsall. The writer also saw his great-uncle, Alfred Pearsall, when he visited grandfather John Pearsall, his brother, when the writer was a boy. He was likewise a tall and stately man.

X. MYRON M. PEARSALL, born April 1, 1837; died August 3, 1894; resided at Brockwayville, Pa.; married September 17, 1866, Loretta E. Raught, daughter of Henry Raught and his wife Rosanna De Long. Loretta Raught was born March 30, 1847; died September 17, 1889. Children:—

1. Nellie Pearsall, born August 13, 1867; married August 6, 1889, Robert Franklin Smith, who was born February 2, 1867. Children:—*1. Clara Smith, born June 2, 1890; married July 14, 1908, Frank B. Slocum, son of John H. Slocum and his wife Evelina L. Gardner. She was born February 28, 1888. *2. Earl Robert Smith, born August 19, 1892; died August 8, 1903. *3. Bessie L. Smith, born April 1, 1894; married September 9, 1913.

- Robert Ray Rauf, son of Clarence E. Rauf and his wife Luthena J. Lawrence. He was born February 8, 1891. *4. Harry F. Smith, born July 23, 1896; married November 17, 1917, Josephine Julia Lyons, daughter of Daniel J. Lyons and his wife Emma Louise Hurley. She was born June 18, 1893. *5. Harrol Smith, born July 23, 1896; married April 4, 1916, Mae McKee, daughter of Robert Scott McKee and his wife Sara Jane Conkey. She was born June 22, 1895.
2. Elmer Hiram Pearsall, born October 29, 1868; married first, July 8, 1888, Lillie Bell Annin who was born 1870. He married second, February 22, 1898, Lucy Caroline Stoops, who was born August 11, 1875. Child of first marriage:—*1. Ernest Vaine Pearsall, born May 8, 1889. Child of second marriage:—*2. Mildred May Pearsall, born December 3, 1900.
 3. Myron Clinton Pearsall, born October 28, 1870; unmarried.
 4. Van Name W. Pearsall, born February 22, 1872; unmarried.
 5. Henry B. Pearsall, born April 4, 1874; died October 28, 1908; married May 20, 1894, Sophia Jorgenson, daughter of Joseph Jorgenson and his wife Sara. She was born April 14, 1876. No children.
 6. Guy Lester Pearsall, born April 14, 1876; married February 29, 1896, Ada Ellen Smith, daughter of Enoch E. Smith. She was born August 8, 1876. Child:—*1. Guy Edward Pearsall, born December 27, 1896, at Warren, Pa.; died March 24, 1900.
 7. Ettie May Pearsall, born June 9, 1878; married April 17, 1897, Elwin I. Bogardus, who was born April 10, 1876. Children:—*1. Hazel Loretta Bogardus, born December 26, 1898. *2. John Myron Bogardus, born May 28, 1901. *3. Earl Bogardus, born March 1, 1903; died August 14, 1904. *4. Guy Lester Bogardus, born July 26, 1904. *5. Vera May Bogardus, born December 23, 1905. *6. Elwin Bogardus, born February 5, 1908. *7. Elizabeth Blanche Bogardus, born October 2, 1910.
 8. James Earl Pearsall, born March 8, 1880; died March 10, 1890.
 9. Minerva Eliza Pearsall, born January 9, 1882; married January 10, 1900, William J. McKnight, who was born October 10, 1878. Children:—*1. Loretta Marie McKnight, born December 28, 1901. *2. William Clifford McKnight, born March 28, 1903.

Myron Pearsall and Loretta Raught were married at the Hope Factory, so called, near Cooperstown, New York. They moved to Watertown, New York and from there they went to the western part of Pennsylvania where he engaged in lumbering on the Clarion River at a place afterwards known as Raught Mills.

Later he lumbered on Toby Creek at a place called Brockport near Brockawayville. This was at the head of the navigable waters for rafting. The operators who were farther up the stream brought their square timber or lumber to this point where it was made into rafts to be floated to the points where it was sold.

- Y. ARAD ALBERT PEARSALL, born October 26, 1843; died July 5, 1880; killed by an explosion of cannon, celebrating the Fourth of July, at Brookville, Pa.; resided at Brookville, Pa.; married July 9, 1867, Caroline Black, daughter of James P. and Nancy Black. She was born December 22, 1847. Children:—
1. Edward Everett Pearsall, born February 4, 1869; married November 27, 1896, Elizabeth Jane Justus, daughter of Charles Fremont Justus and his wife Mary Jane Quirk. She was born August 7, 1877. Children:—*1. Edward Albert Pearsall, born June 12, 1898. *2. Elizabeth Justine Pearsall, born July 7, 1900.

2. James Potter Pearsall, born May 27, 1871; married April 1, 1905, Daisy Huls, daughter of O. R. Huls. She was born November, 1878. Children:—
*1. James Owen Pearsall, born May 14, 1906. *2. Erma Pearsall, born January 30, 1909. *3. Bessie Pearsall, born August 7, 1915.
3. Elizabeth B. Pearsall, born August 12, 1873; married August 12, 1890, Benjamin Osburn, who was born 1871. Children:—*1. Martha Gertrude Osburn, born September 19, 1895. *2. Benjamin Osburn, born January 9, 1901. *3. Francella Osburn, born April 30, 1903.
4. Harriet Pearsall, born March 1, 1877; died December 11, 1878.
5. Harry A. Pearsall, born March 14, 1880; married July 3, 1900, Anna N. Hayes, daughter of James D. Hayes. She was born February 5, 1878. Children:—*1. Clara Gertrude Pearsall, born February 7, 1903. *2. Harry Albert Pearsall, born April 23, 1907.

July 10, 1864, Arad Albert Pearsall volunteered with Company F, Emergency men, Captains Charles Stewart and Joseph R. Weaver, and was discharged November 10, 1864. This company was part of the forces organized to repel the contemplated raid of Early into Pennsylvania. They served along the border of Maryland. Arad Albert Pearsall was Sergeant of this company. At the close of the war he shouldered the axe instead of the gun and began lumbering both on the North Fork and on Sandy Lick Creeks. Later he engaged in manufacturing furniture in Brookville.

Z. HARVEY H. PEARSALL, born September 13, 1846, at Brookville, Pa.; resided at Bedford, Pa., and Buffalo, N. Y., married January 6, 1881, at Duke Center, Pa., Caroline Loretta Pearson who was born March 20, 1862; died February 28, 1905. Children:—

1. Burdette James Pearsall, born August 22, 1882; died March 10, 1888.
2. Mae U. Pearsall, born October 20, 1886; unmarried.
3. Harrison Blood Pearsall, born January 16, 1889; unmarried.
4. Frances Elizabeth Pearsall, born December 25, 1891; married February 28, 1912, Seymour Smith who died January 15, ——. Child:—*1. Francis H. Smith, born April 8, 1913.
5. Blanche Caroline Pearsall, born December 21, 1893; married July 27, 1915, Harry L. Wood, who was born July ——. Child:—*1. Robert Harvey Wood, born May 16, 1916.

Harvey H. Pearsall was enrolled, in 1864, in Company F, of the First Battalion of Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was in the service ninety days and was honorably discharged at Pittsburg, Pa., November 14, 1864.

SECTION 13.

ALFRED PEARSALL, son of Peter Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 5; born October 8, 1810; died January 25, 1870; buried with his wife at Mt. Zion Cemetery, Caledonia, Pa.; resided at Caledonia, Pa.; married January 27, 1837, Harriet Byron McIntosh who was born June 4, 1812; died January 11, 1892. Children:—

1. Hartley Augustus Pearsall, born January 13, 1838; died May, 1902; married June 1866, Frances Rogers, of Piscataqua, Maine, who was born 1842; died 1884. No children to reach maturity.

2. Caroline Elizabeth Pearsall, born June 13, 1840; died May 18, 1917; married November 10, 1860, Algernon Goff, who was born December 6, 1837, died February 1, 1918. Children:—*1. Floy E. Goff, born July 9, 1862; died May 21, 1917; married June 5, 1879, Herbert Weed. *2. Manly B. Goff, born March 14, 1867; married first September 25, 1895, Lulu Vinnie Terry of New Albany, Bradford Co., Pa. She died September 17, 1898. He married second, October 16, 1900, Olive May Rexford. *3. Alvira Jennie Goff, born November 30, 1870; died July 1903; married Edward Henry. *4. Mary F. Goff, born November 19, 1873; married Robert Dawson Hall. *5. Carrie A. Goff, born June 18, 1881; married U. S. Grant Green.
3. Harriet Ermina Pearsall, born June 25, 1842; died July 13, 1845.
4. James Alfred Pearsall, born July 22, 1844. See Z, this Section.
5. Mary Eliza Pearsall, born August 8, 1846; died June 3, 1918; buried at Lockhaven, Pa.; resided at Ridley Park, Pa.; married April 28, 1869, Orlando H. Emery, who was born June 29, 1842; died February 25, 1882. Children:—*1. Georgiana Emery, born March 2, 1870; married October 21, 1899, Benjamin Franklin Brown. He was born August 29, 1851. *2. Mary Caroline Emery, born May 22, 1871; unmarried; resided at Ridley Park, Pa. *3. Benjamin Franklin Emery, born March 28, 1875; unmarried; resided in Philadelphia, Pa.

Alfred Pearsall assisted his father in his lumbering operations and later went with him to Bennett's Branch of the Susquehenna River, where they continued to lumber. They were the pioneers of that part of the country, and were the first to float logs down Bennett's Branch. Soon after his father's death, in order to carry out the cherished hopes of the former, Alfred determined to complete the church, commenced by Peter, adjacent to the Mt. Zion Burying Ground. Confronted by opposition and obstacles on all sides, he soon realized that if the church were ever completed, the brunt of the burden would fall upon him. Determined to fulfill his father's wishes, he furnished the lumber and greater part of the building materials, and performed much of the labor himself. Thus, with the assistance of a few others, he was enabled to complete the church in 1856. In 1857 it was dedicated as a Baptist Church, but in compliance with the founder's wishes, was open to all of the Protestant faith, when not occupied by the Baptists. The first trustees of this, the first Protestant Church in Elk County, were Messrs. Brockway, Tegget and Cincode, personal friends of Alfred. For half a century this old church has been the scene of many pleasant gatherings and happy weddings, while within its walls have been held the funeral services of many who are buried in the churchyard. In this church Alfred worshipped, took an active part in the religious meetings and oftentimes occupied the pulpit in the absence of the minister.

He died in 1870, and was laid to rest beside his father in Mt. Zion Churchyard, on the hilltop, overlooking Boon's Mountain and about two miles from Caledonia. On January 11, 1892, his wife, Harriet Byron McIntosh-Pearsall, answered the last summons and is buried in the same plot with her husband.

His daughter, Mary P. Emery, wrote as follows:—I am sending you what I remember relative to the old church founded by grandfather Peter Pearsall. The

church was originally started with donations—he gave liberally. When a small child, I accompanied the Committee down to grandfather's old mill in search of stones for the foundation. I have always been proud of my grandfather. Father boarded the carpenters until the building was enclosed. George Alfred Heller was married that winter and I remember his asking father's permission to arrange a room in one corner where he and his wife might live while he did the inside work. It was not plastered until 1856. In the fall of 1859 there was a protracted meeting held there which was very successful in bringing in the delinquents. Father said, as they knelt they were so intent upon Salvation that the peaches rolled out of their pockets, for the church stood in the midst of a peach orchard, and in the springtime, when the trees were in bloom, the place was one of the most beautiful imaginable, while when the fruit was ripe, it seemed as if everyone was free to help himself. It was the year of the great comet and that year there was a prayer meeting that reached from Iowa to the Atlantic. In regard to the peaches, father said it was grandfather's plan to plant a fruit tree in every corner and along the fences of the farm, that every one should be welcome to what fruit they wanted to eat. I went with father when he bought the tin to cover the cupola. I do not remember about the dedication of the church, but I do remember that it brought us company, plenty of it. One time, I think it was at a Methodist Quarterly Meeting, there were thirty guests for dinner. They came from far and near and there were horses to feed also. The ministers thought father's home a good place to stop. One, I remember, brought his wife and two babies and remained for three weeks. Father told him that if he would bring a bag, he would give him some oats. Father said the minister brought one three yards long. They all seemed to think that it was a great joke. I very much doubt that they would have ever finished the church had it not been for father.

It is an interesting detail of the history of the property Peter Pearsall acquired on Bennett's Branch, and to which he removed and began lumbering in 1830, that after the death of Peter Pearsall the lumbering of this splendid body of white pine was continued by his son Alfred Pearsall, who carried on operations here for the rest of his lifetime. In turn he was succeeded by his sons Harley Augustus and James Alfred, who continued to find lumbering profitable until the time of their death, the survivor dying in 1902. The property has since been sold to a coal company and there yet remains over a hundred acres of forest. Thus this property which Peter Pearsall acquired has been lumbered on for nearly a century.

As Elk County was originally constituted, Ridgway, the county seat, was located near the west boundary line and surrounded by lands not calculated to support a large farming population. This caused much discontent as many of the citizens had to travel over sixty miles to pay their taxes, or to attend the sessions of the county court. In 1849 the citizens of Elk County made an effort to have the county seat changed to St. Marys, a town situated in the center of the county as it then existed. In this movement Alfred Pearsall was among those who started the agitation for the removal of the county seat and he consistently and persistently supported the movement until it was finally defeated by the legislature. It is a striking evidence of the public confidence that he enjoyed that he was a member of the first and the last committee appointed by the residents of

the county to secure favorable action from the legislature. Unfortunately the Ridgways, after whom the county seat was named, and who were interested in lands in that locality, were too closely allied with the dominant political machine in Pennsylvania and thus they easily secured the defeat of the overwhelming majority of the citizens of the county. The demands made by the citizens of Elk County were so manifestly fair and just that the subject kept constantly recurring in one way and another for several years. Finally, the political boss of Pennsylvania had the legislature create a county which was named Cameron, and thus placed upon the map of Pennsylvania a perpetual memorial of his rule of the Commonwealth. Part of this new county was taken from Elk County and the boundaries were run in such a way as to bring St. Mary's as near the eastern border as Ridgway was to the western. There being no longer any reason for complaint the subject of changing the location of the county seat ceased to interest the people of Elk County.

Z. JAMES ALFRED PEARSALL, born July 22, 1844; died July 3, 1896; married August 8, 1869, Samantha Alvira Hewitt, who was born April 8, 1849. Children:—

1. Harriet Byron Pearsall, born June 25, 1870; married May 10, 1893, John B. Rodgers who was born February 16, 1861. Children:—*1. Vernon Pearsall Rodgers, born December 11, 1894. *2. John Hewitt Rodgers, born August 18, 1896. *3. Irene Delaplaire Rodgers, born March 22, 1900. *4. Harriet Genevieve Rodgers, born August 25, 1906.
2. Hannah Mabel Pearsall, born March 1, 1873; married September 6, 1899, John H. Person, who was born July 23, 1861. Children:—*1. John Pearsall Person, born February 2, 1903. *2. James Layman Person, born January 5, 1905. *3. William Louis Person, born August 16, 1910.
3. Samantha Alvira Pearsall, born December 9, 1875; married April 25, 1912, Edward C. Walcott who was born June 1, 1862.
4. Elizabeth Mary Pearsall, born August 20, 1885; died March 28, 1886.

During the Morgan raid of 1863, James Alfred Pearsall served in Company G, Captain Nicholas Brockway, 57th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, as a private.

James Alfred Pearsall, associated with his brother Harley Augustus Pearsall, continued to lumber on Bennett's Branch of the Susquehanna River in the vicinity of Penfield, Elk County, long after the death of their father, Alfred Pearsall, and extended their operations in 1870 to the splendid white pine timber on Trout Run. Here the timber stood so thick they were obliged to make three different and distinct choppings, in order to save a large percentage from destruction, by felling it preparatory to sawing it into logs or hewing into square timber. By 1872, half a century after the arrival of Peter Pearsall, who was the first to use the lumbermen's axe in the virgin forest of Bennett's Branch, most of the timber adjacent to the stream had been cut, but much of the vast forest that had comprised the wilderness of Pennsylvania still remained on the more remote and inaccessible mountains.

Thus the lumbermen, in their operations on Boon's Mountain, in order to follow their vocation at a profit, were confronted with a serious problem. This,

James Alfred Pearsall and Harley Augustus Pearsall solved by the construction of long chutes or slides up the mountain slopes. These chutes were constructed by placing two logs on the ground and by pinning smaller ones upon the sides. The chutes were extended from time to time until ultimately they reached from four to six miles back into the mountains. They were built on a grade with sufficient fall, so that when snow came and the logs were once hauled and placed in the upper end, they slid the entire distance to the landing on the river. From here they were rolled down the rollways on to the skids, ready to be rafted or floated down the stream during the spring freshets. Thus the lumbermen were enabled to reach the most remote timber and in the course of time these mountains were denuded of their noble forests of pine. At the present the stumps, hidden by the red-brush and aspires that enshroud the mountains, are the only testimonials of the past.

The arrival of spring brought the flood waters, and the logs were then rolled into the stream and floated to market, or formed into rafts and by the aid of sweeps were floated down to the junction of the stream at Driftwood. Here six or eight rafts were formed into one large raft, two or three abreast, and from three to four in length. On board the greater raft an ark was constructed in which the men ate and slept. A fleet of these rafts would be floated down the Susquehanna to Williamsport, Sunbury or Harrisburg.

SECTION 14.

JOSEPH PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 4; born January 19, 1772; died July 25, 1851; resided at Wilton, Saratoga Co., and Lowell, Oneida Co., N. Y.; married first August 10, 1794, Elizabeth Aikens, who was born March 15, 1776; died January 14, 1831. Joseph Pearsall married second, January 21, 1832, Catherine Sleight, daughter of Johannis Sleight and his wife Amy Deans. She was born July 2, 1783; died February 18, 1858. Children of first marriage:—

1. George Aikens Pearsall, born June 29, 1795. See X, this Section.
2. Thomas Pearsall, born October 9, 1797; died November 2, 1797.
3. Hannah Parmelia Pearsall, born February 5, 1801; died February 17, 1869. Her gravestone says she died November 30, 1866, aged 73 years. She married February 13, 1819, David Brill, son of David I. Brill and his wife Hannah Cornell. He was born January 2, 1796; died April 21, 1880. Children:—*1. Tompkins David Brill, born December 5, 1819; died December 18, 1840; unmarried. *2. Elizabeth Ann Brill, born July 29, 1821; married Ezra Clark, son of David Clark. *3. Melissa Brill, born August 19, 1823; died April 6, 1866; unmarried. *4. John Brill, born September 15, 1825. *5. Permelia Mandona Brill, born February 18, 1828; died October 9, 1896; married Nathaniel D. Bronson who was born September 7, 1806; died December 1, 1871. *6. David Addison Brill, born February 15, 1831; died December 19, 1905; married May 5, 1858, Mary Comstock who was born September 13, 1833. *7. Mary Augusta Brill, born February 1, 1836; died 1913. *8. Augustus J. Brill, born February 1, 1836; died 1913; unmarried.

4. Mary Howley Pearsall, born July 22, 1802; died May 10, 1874; resided in Chautauqua Co., N. Y.; married January 3, 1838, John S. Croshaw.
5. David Addison Pearsall, born September 15, 1805; died March 1, 1806.
6. Augustus Harley Pearsall, born January 28, 1807. Chap. 37, Sec. 15.
7. Paulina Pearsall, born January 3, 1809; died October 31, 1874; married December 31, 1828, George Allen, who was born November 6, 1804. Children:—*1. Sarah Allen; *2. Caroline Allen.
8. Sarah Ann Pearsall, born January 25, 1812; married —Simmons.
9. Wellington Pearsall, born June 8, 1815. See Y, this Section.
10. Clarke Pearsall, born September 29, 1820. See Z, this Section.

To the resident of the settled portion of the United States, churches seem so plentiful that if he has any thought concerning them, it is that there are more than are needed, when judged by the use that is made of them by the general inhabitants of any community. To the man who ventures into the wilderness, they are a greatly desired necessity. The Indian may see God in the clouds and hear him in the wind, but to the white man, especially to his wife, the pleasures of associated worship of God are not to be lightly denied. The first public building in any respectable frontier community is always the church, but long before this the congregation of worshippers have gathered on each Sabbath day in some private house. To have set apart his home so that God might be worshipped, to have contributed largely to the building of a regular church-building, to have been a life-long officer of the church, and then to rest until the judgment day in God's acre, which holds this place of worship, is the proud record of Joseph Pearsall, as a pioneer in the lake region of New York.

X. GEORGE AIKENS PEARSALL, born June 29, 1795; died August 26, 1872; buried at Lowell, Oneida Co., N. Y., beside his wife; married January 22, 1820, Frelove G. Sharpsteen, who was born January 30, 1795; died September 10, 1878. Children:—

1. Albert Pearsall, born September 27, 1820; died May 20, 1875.
2. Almira Pearsall, born September 27, 1820; died June 19, 1900.
3. Morgan Pearsall, born December 3, 1822; died July 21, 1902; married September 1862, Susan Sharpsteen.
4. Susan Pearsall, born March 24, 1825; died June 14, 1909; married June, 1851, Milton Northrup, who died May 9, 1892. Children:—*1. George Pearsall Northrup, born July 1, 1852; died August 29, 1912; married January 31, 1883, Emma Harriet Jones, daughter of Erasmus W. Jones and Maria his wife. No children. *2. William G. Northrup, born June, 1859; died April 17, 1860. *3. Anna Northrup, born June 16, 1856; died April 16, 1858. *4. Nellie Frelove Northrup, born September 5, 1862; died August 5, 1882.
5. Joseph Pearsall, born July 26, 1830; died July 13, 1907.
6. Peter Pearsall, born March 3, 1833; married Elizabeth Yauger.

Y. WELLINGTON PEARSALL, born June 8, 1815; married at Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., Almira Holenback. Children:—

1. George Napoleon Pearsall, born April 1, 1841, died April 7, of same year.
2. Parker D. Pearsall, born 1842; died in infancy.

3. David Addison Pearsall, born December 21, 1845; died September 13, 1912; married September 20, 1880, Alice Matteson who was born March 28, 1849. Child:—*1. Walter Addison Pearsall, born May 12, 1881.
4. Herbert D. Pearsall, born December 31, 1849; married first, June 20, 1880, Elizabeth Cummings, who died May, 1886. He married second, Sarah Richardson who died December 12, 1915. No children to first wife. Child of second marriage:—*1. Earl D. Pearsall, born June, 1893.
5. Mary E. Pearsall, born July 19, 1861; married first, October, 1882, James E. Thrope who was born April 6, 1866; died February 7, 1894. She married second, June 4, 1902, Henry Bentley. No children to second marriage. Child of first marriage:—*1. Berdell Edna Thrope, born August 25, 1883; died November 14, 1888.
6. Fred T. Pearsall, born January 7, 1863; died May 26, 1899; married 1893, Jessie Bronnord.
- Z. CLARKE PEARSALL, born September 29, 1820; died November 19, 1875; resided in Chautauqua County, N. Y., and Bear Lake, Pa.; married first, Mary Gypson, who was born November 5, 1818; died December 11, 1856. He married second, Matilda Hawkins who died November 29, 1875. Children of first marriage:—
 1. Thomas Joseph Pearsall, born April 11, 1848; died December 14, 1916; married November 25, 1871, Eleanor Mary Belote, daughter of William Belote and his wife Lucinda Davis. She was born May 1, 1853; died July 19, 1909. Children:—*1. Fred A. Pearsall, born September 17, 1874; died May 29, 1914; married October 28, 1908, Lillian Freeze. *2. George Aikens Pearsall, born June 9, 1877; married July 15, 1909, Clara Elizabeth Martin. She was born July 2, 1884. Children:—1. William Joseph Pearsall, born March 23, 1912. 2. Grant Martin Pearsall, born December 31, 1915. *3. Mary Lucinda Pearsall, born March 13, 1879; married first, August 2, 1897, Albert Henry Small. He was born October 30, 1869; died April 14, 1910. She married second, January 10, 1917, John Wurstner. He was born August 8, 1868. Children of first marriage:—1. Alberta Louisa Small, born August 16, 1898; married January 29, 1916, William I. Johnson. He was born July 21, 1893. 2. Louis Albert Small, born January 21, 1900. 3. Lynn Charles Small, born July 6, 1901. 4. Alice May Small, born September 11, 1903. 5. William Clarke Small, born August 6, 1906. 6. Gerald Ross Small, died in infancy. 7. Catherine Eleanor Small, died in infancy. 8. Fred Henry Small, born March 24, 1910. *4. William Clarke Pearsall, born February 22, 1882; died February 22, 1882. *5. Dermont Pearsall, born August 6, 1884; single. *6. Eleanor Pearsall, born February 1, 1890; died February 1, 1890.
 2. Reuben Pearsall, born December 21, 1846; died August 31, 1897.

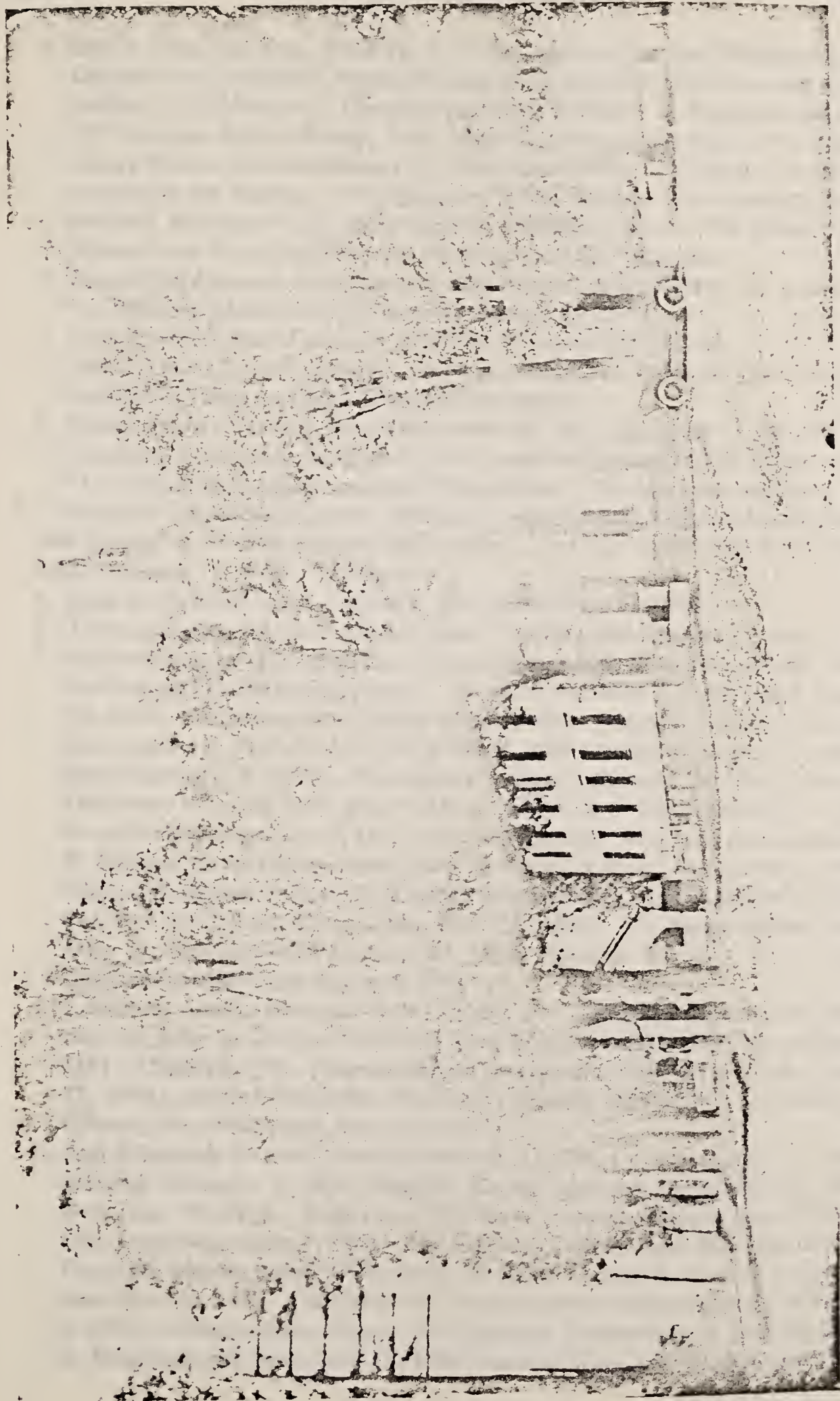
SECTION 15.

AUGUSTUS HARLEY PEARSALL, son of Joseph Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 14; born January 28, 1807; died May 23, 1886; buried at Lowell Cemetery, Oneida Co., N. Y.; resided at Northumberland, Saratoga Co., N. Y.; married

- first, January 15, 1829, Mary Reed, daughter of Jabez Reed and Sally his wife. She was born July 6, 1808; died November 1, 1854. He married second, October 28, 1855, Mary J. Edmund, who died after May 17, 1901. Children:—
1. Olera Angeline Caroline Pearsall, born January 30, 1830; died March 1, 1830.
 2. Augustus J. Pearsall, born February 1, 1833. See Z, this Section.
 3. Sarah Elizabeth Pearsall, born July 11, 1836; died December 22, 1842.
 4. George Henry Pearsall, born June 23, 1839; died February 5, 1904; married Sarah Josephine Payne, who was born December 4, 1837; died June 15, 1885. Child:—*1. Charles Pearsall, born December 5, 1875; married June 2, 1904, Isabelle Howes. Child:—1. Rupert Howes Pearsall, born March 5, 1905.
 5. Carrie M. Pearsall, born August 22, 1848; died November 22, 1853.
 6. John Reed Pearsall, born August 22, 1848; died April 22, 1856.
- Z. AUGUSTUS J. PEARSALL, born February 1, 1833; died May 11, 1885; resided at Glens Falls, New York; married May 12, 1858, Susan Louisa Cocks, who was born August 26, 1834; died July, 1903. Children:—
1. Virginia Louise Pearsall, born June 28, 1863; died December 3, 1906; married John Clendon.
 2. Sarah Elizabeth Pearsall, born October 31, 1866; married October 31, 1889, Frederick C. Viele, son of Eli Viele and his wife Marian Bryant of Glens Falls. He was born October 22, 1869. Children:—*1. Everett Pearsall Viele, born August 7, 1890; died October 23, 1908. *2. Harold Frederick Viele, born February 9, 1896.
 3. Howard Cocks Pearsall, born December 5, 1868; married February 4, 1890, Estelle M. Bonnell, who was born February 1, 1870. Children:—*1. Frances Lucille Pearsall, born August 18, 1891; married November 9, 1911, John S. Mockridge. Child:—1. John Mockridge, born March 2, 1913. *2. James Howard Pearsall, born December 15, 1896.
 4. Lillian Augusta Pearsall, born November 21, 1870; died April 21, 1890.

SECTION 16.

- HENRY PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 4; born May 6, 1775; baptised October 3, 1775, at St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Wurtemberg, Duchess Co., N. Y.; died October 18, 1832; buried in Milton Starr Hoyt Yard, Saratoga County, N. Y.; resided in Cherry Valley, Duchess Co., N. Y.; married first, October 9, 1798, Phebe Pearsall, daughter of Joseph Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 1, who was born May 20, 1780; died September 23, 1820; buried with her husband. He married second, April 1, 1824, Lydia Sterling, widow of Barnabas Soulard. She was born March 3, 1775. Children:—
1. Samuel Pearsall, born November 18, 1799. Chapter 37, Sec. 17.
 2. Magdaline Pearsall, born January 3, 1802; died January 18, 1889; married January 23, 1819, John Newland. Children:—*1. William Henry Newland, born August 18, 1819; died before 1862; married. *2. George E. Newland, born September 23, 1821; died circa 20 years of age; married Sarah Cooper. *3. Lydia Almira Newland, born February 18, 1825; married Alfred Cooper. *4. Phebe Emeline Newland, born June 10, 1831; married —Estmor.
 3. Thomas Pearsall, born February 3, 1803. See Z, this Section.



ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH, WURTEMBURG, DUCHESS CO., N. Y.

4. Maria Pearsall, born January 9, 1805; married Samuel Wilbur Weeks. Children:—*1. Phebe Cornelia Weeks, born June 29, 1824; married Walter Bullard. Children:—1. Charles Augustus Bullard. 2. Charlotte Bullard. *2. Caroline Adelia Weeks, born May 12, 1826; died single. *3. George Henry Weeks, born November 27, 1828; died single. *4. Sarah Ann Weeks, married John Barker. *5. Margaret Eliza Weeks, born April 27, 1841; married December 18, 1859, Dewitt Clinton Porter. *6. Samuel Bice Weeks, born 1844, died May 20, 1912; married Eliza Turner.
5. Anna Eliza Pearsall, born January 15, 1807; married William Carr. Child:—*1. Amanda Marietta Carr, born November 21, 1826.
6. John Pearsall, born February 19, 1809. Chapter 37, Sec. 18.
7. Phebe Pearsall, born January 7, 1811; resided in Oakland Co., Michigan and Victor, Iowa; married Solomon Sherwood.
8. Henry Parent Pearsall, born December 30, 1815. Chapter 37, Sec. 19.
9. Margaret Pearsall, born April 14, 1818; married Robert Miller. Children:—*1. Terziah Ann Miller, married Peter Miller. *2. Margaret Miller.
- Z. THOMAS PEARSALL, born February 3, 1803; died August 12, 1872; married December 8, 1825, Melissa Swartwout. She was born October 15, 1806; died February 11, 1879. Children:—
 1. John H. Pearsall, born August 8, 1836; died April 26, 1837.
 2. Thomas Ernest Pearsall, born August 4, 1838; died August 18, 1843.
 3. Phebe Margaret Pearsall, born October 30, 1826; died January 29, 1861; married David DeGarmo Kelsey. He was born May 30, 1816; died August 14, 1900. Children:—*1. DeJay Kelsey, born January 31, 1854; married first, April 12, 1882, Cora Isabella Soulé, who was born January 27, 1861; died February 4, 1914. He married second, January 9, 1917, Ellen E. Ostrander who was born May 9, 1854. Children of first marriage:—1. Jay Verne Kelsey, born June 2, 1886; married June 14, 1917, Mrs. Eva Lindquist. 2. Mildred Cora Kelsey, born May 19, 1890; married December 27, 1915, Walter M. Horne. Child:—1. Charles Edward Horne, born October 22, 1916. 3. Carol Hammond Kelsey, born May 11, 1899. *2. Naomi Kelsey, born May 25, 1855; married January 29, 1879, Harrison Barber. He was born October 28, 1840; died August 5, 1916.
 4. Catherine Amelia Pearsall, born October 16, 1830; died January 20, 1891; married John J. Gilbert, who was born May 26, 1826; died November 7, 1897. Children:—*1. Frances Gilbert, born September 21, 1852; died April 11, 1902; married December 18, 1878, Emmet Carragan. *2. James B. Gilbert, born 1860; died July 12, 1873.
 5. Ann Elizabeth Pearsall, born December 22, 1833; died January 27, 1895; married February 5, 1851, Zebulon Terrall who was born May 21, 1827; died June 20, 1914. Children:—*1. Mary Frances Terrall, born July 18, 1852; died September 5, 1864. *2. Ellarena Terrall, born March 6, 1854 at Portland, Maine; married December 17, 1871, George N. Sweetser, who was born May 26, 1848. Children:—1. Frank Edwin Sweetser, born November 6, 1876, at Storm Lake, Iowa. 2. Urquhart Sweetser, born June 26, 1877. 3. Mae Sweetser, born July 28, 1878; married May 6, 1903, William Hugh

- Seymour. 4. Edna Sweetser, born June 29, 1880; married May 26, 1910, Harry M. DeSilva. *3. Thomas Franklin Terrall, born March 28, 1855; married September 12, 1877, Emily Jane Sharp, who was born August 13, 1858; resided at Cedar Falls, Iowa. Children:—1. Lillian C. Terrall, born March 25, 1880. 2. Wilbur Garfield Terrall, born September 19, 1881. 3. Lewis Z. Terrall, born October 25, 1883. 4. Jay A. Terrall, born August 27, 1889. 5. Ralph F. Terrall, born December 23, 1892. 6. Mabel E. Terrall, born October 18, 1895. *4. Sylvia Ann Terrall, born October 6, 1857, at Waterloo, Wis.; married January 1, 1880, John Shearn, who died December 29, 1888. Children:—1. John Shearn, born January 6, 1881; died January 27, 1881. 2. Thomas Everett Shearn, born August 14, 1885; married February 1, 1909, Alice Aldrich. Children:—1. Herbert John Shearn, born August 11, 1909. 2. Vera Ann Shearn, born August 25, 1910. 3. Everett Allen Shearn, born August 25, 1912. 4. Lois Lillian Shearn, born December 20, 1913. 5. Marion Louise Shearn, born October 12, 1915. 3. Roy Zebulon Shearn, born June 1, 1887; married September 14, 1914, Verona Laing. Child:—1. Hubert Shearn, born June 27, 1916; died June 27, 1916. *5. George Clarence Terrall, born July 21, 1872, married December 27, 1905, Sylvia M. Jackett, who was born January 6, 1886. They resided at Rhinebeck. Children:—1. Walter George Terrall, born September 7, 1908. 2. Mary Hope Terrall, born December 10, 1910. *6. John Jay Terrall, born May 1, 1874; married September 10, 1912, Phillia Gena Russell; she was born September 23, 1882.
6. Robert Swartwout Pearsall, born July 24, 1842; married December 15, 1869, Melvina M. Thira who was born July 18, 1849; died September 17, 1900. Children:—*1. Jennie Pearsall, born September 2, 1870, died October 14, 1870. *2. Merton T. Pearsall, born August 19, 1871; married October 7, 1897, Mrs. Elliott Cole. Child:—1. Clarie Pearsall, born December 7, 1898. *3. Everett R. Pearsall, born November 14, 1875; married April 2, 1903, Alta M. White, who was born August 25, 1877. Child:—1. Vivian M. Pearsall, born December 1, 1912. *4. Ervine Pearsall, born November 25, 1881; died April 20, 1883. *5. Judson W. Pearsall, born December 29, 1887.
7. Mary Alice Pearsall, born September 4, 1851; married May 23, 1869, Charles H. White, who was born January 17, 1848. Children:—*1. Hattie A. White, born June 3, 1870; married March 8, 1893, Clarence E. Cole; resided at York, Dane Co., Wis. *2. William N. White, born October 14, 1871; married December 1, 1898, Myrtle Montgomery; resided at Waterloo, Wis. *3. Lewis C. White, born April 4, 1873; married May 1, 1895, Susan Petty, resided at York, Dane Co., Wis. *4. Cora M. White, born March 6, 1875; married January 1, 1896, Ralph H. Hart; resided at Hillsboro, Wis. *5. Lillian M. White, born August 20, 1876; married September 11, 1901, Albert Krause, resided at Waterloo, Wis. *6. Leona L. White, born July 20, 1879; married 1910, in Portland, Oregon, Frances A. Myer; resided at Reno, Nevada. *7. Fred C. White, born February 3, 1881; married May 1, 1914, Adelia Yearly; resided at Chicago, Ill. *8. Fletcher White, born January 6, 1883; died August 30, 1890. *9. Edna E. White, born October 23,

1885, unmarried; resided in Chicago, Ill. *10. Earl V. White, born November 1, 1888; unmarried; resided at Spokane, Washington.

SECTION 17.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 16; born November 18, 1799, in Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y.; died November 8, 1886; resided at Wilton, N. Y.; married January 1, 1829, Eliza Caroline Soulard, daughter of Barnabas Soulard and his wife Lydia Sterling. She was born August 24, 1809; died October 25, 1863. Children:—

1. Henry Barnabas Pearsall, born November 2, 1829; died June 25, 1879; married November 12, 1862, at Salem, Mass., Lucy Jane Rich, who was born February 26, 1840. Child:—*1. Samuel Clarence Pearsall, born August 15, 1869; died April 23, 1885; unmarried.
2. Samuel Jay Pearsall, born May 18, 1833; died November 20, 1900; married June 12, 1860, Carrie E. Smith. She was born November 11, 1836; died February 11, 1903. Child:—*1. William S. Pearsall, born March 11, 1861; died February 18, 1815; married May 9, 1894, Florence Shurman, born July 10, 1864. No children.
3. Lydia Ann Celia Pearsall, born September 11, 1835; died March 21, 1911; married December 31, 1877, Albert H. Nash, who was born September 23, 1843; died March 21, 1911. No children.
4. Edward Soulard Pearsall, born November 2, 1837; died March 24, 1906; married June 14, 1871, Ellen (or Nellie) Miller, born March 23, 1842; died February 19, 1916. No children.
5. Phebe Jane Elma Pearsall, born February 23, 1840; died June 21, 1886; married April 1, 1877, John R. Grosbeck. Child:—*1. Caroline Celia Grosbeck, born March, 1878; resided at Parsons, Kansas; married Fred Frank Frew. Children:—1. Essie Agnes Frew, born June 8, 1897. 2. Edward Everett Frew, born March 25, 1900. 3. Raymond Forest Frew, born May 23, 1903. 4. Mabel Pearl Grace Frew, born December 4, 1905. 5. George Francis Frew, born October 19, 1910. 6. Quincy Lloyd Frew. 7. Wesley Howard Frew, born April 8, 1917.
6. George Edgar Pearsall, born July 28, 1847; married September 24, 1876, Melinda Hoffman, born November 24, 1856. Children:—*1. Alvah Jay Pearsall, born March 5, 1879; married first, September 22, 1902, Laura Bell Clapp, born April 28, 1883; died August 24, 1908. He married second, October 25, 1910, Caroline Goff. Child of first marriage:—1. Alvah Eldridge Pearsall, born July 25, 1903. No children to second marriage. *2. Mary Eliza Pearsall, born June 11, 1881; married May 5, 1907, Albert James Hummel. *3. George Edgar Pearsall, born May 26, 1883; died October 24, 1884. *4. Gertrude Ann Pearsall, born September 19, 1887; died June 22, 1888. *5. Frank Sterling Pearsall, born December 25, 1892; died October 19, 1894. *6. Hazel Elizabeth Pearsall, born March 17, 1897; unmarried.
7. John Alvah Pearsall, born August 10, 1851; died April 18, 1904; married June 5, 1878, Emma McChesney, born December 8, 1857. Children:—*1. Infant, born October 2, 1880; died October 2, 1880. *2. Elizabeth Golden Pearsall,

born April 13, 1882; resided at Eagle Mills, N. Y.; married June 5, 1907, Francis Henry Kennedy, who was born November 19, 1878. Children:—
1. Frank Henry Kennedy, born April 5, 1908. 2. Edward Pearsall Kennedy, born March 17, 1910. 3. Eugene Erasmus Kennedy, born September 5, 1912. 4. William Kennedy, born August 29, 1916. *3. Grace Soulard Pearsall, born August 22, 1885; married January 3, 1914, George Edward Neff, who was born April 16, 1878.

8. Emma Caroline Pearsall, born February 1, 1854; died August 25, 1858.

SECTION 18.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 16; born February 19, 1809; died September 4, 1851; buried near Westville, near Dorr, Ind.; resided at Scipio Township, Indiana; married February 1, 1835, at Coldwater, Mich., Sally Washburn, daughter of Simon Washburn and his wife Sally Jefferson. She was born March 7, 1817, at Middleburg, N. Y., died January, 1877, in Iowa. Children:—

1. Theodore H. Pearsall, born March 12, 1839; drowned August 19, 1839.
2. Henry P. Pearsall, born December 10, 1839. See X, this Section.
3. Henrietta C. Pearsall, born August 17, 1841; died October 19, 1850.
4. Agnes Pearsall, born August 25, 1843; died December 19, 1915; married October 5, 1868, James D. Wright. He was born December 1, 1830. Children:—*1. Oren Hamilton Wright, born November 16, 1869; died January 14, 1916. *2. Dennis Eugene Wright, born March 4, 1876. *3. Clarissa Effie Wright, born July 19, 1878.
5. Warren H. Pearsall, born December 17, 1845. See Y, this Section.
6. John H. Pearsall, born December 19, 1847. See Z, this Section.
7. Phebe Elizabeth Pearsall, born August 19, 1850; living; resided at Atchison, Kansas; also Racine, Wisconsin; married October 19, 1870, Edward Detwiler. Children:—*1. John LeRoy Detwiler, born August 29, 1871. *2. Elijah P. Detwiler, born December 11, 1874. *3. Fred L. Detwiler, born February 17, 1877. *4. Lois Louise Detwiler, born August 5, 1878. *5. Warren P. Detwiler, born June 7, 1881. *6. Joie Detwiler, born October 17, 1882.

X. HENRY P. PEARSALL, born December 10, 1839; died November 24, 1904; resided at Brewster, Washington; married first, August 16, 1862, Fanny J. Ledger of Walker, Iowa. She was born December 10, 1884; died December 30, 1888. He married second, December 17, 1892, Mary Elizabeth Smith. Children of first marriage:—

1. Clara Pearsall, born July 2, 1863; married May 4, 1882, Frederick Gallerno. He was born March 30, 1854. Children:—*1. Alice Gertrude Gallerno, born March 30, 1883; married March 28, 1901, Charles Kuhn. *2. Vinnie Mae Gallerno, born February 27, 1885; married James Cecil Hepworth. *3. Bessie Matilda Gallerno, born March 30, 1887; married March, 1903, Edward Smith. *4. Charles Thurman Gallerno, born March 27, 1888. *5. Cora Florence Gallerno, born March 11, 1891; married John Owens. He was born August 29, 1862. *6. Benjamin Walter Gallerno, born September

10, 1893. *7. Jessie Gallerno, born December 18, 1897. *8. Fanny Gallerno, born December 11, 1900. *9. Phyllis Esther Gallerno, born December 2, 1903. *10. Virginia Gallerno, born January 30, 1905.

2. John Pearsall, born April 25, 1865; unmarried.

3. George D. Pearsall, born April 1, 1867; married July 18, 1899, Amanda Engleow. She was born January 13, 1852.

4. Theodore Pearsall, born September 28, 1875.

5. Maud Bell Pearsall, born October 26, 1877; died April 15, 1906; married Albert Hubbard, who died March 5, 1906.

Children of second marriage:—

6. Henry Pearsall, born 1896.

7. Maxwell Claire Pearsall, born circa 1888; son of Mary E. Smith. He is an adopted child.

Henry P. Pearsall went from LaPorte, Indiana, as a Union soldier in April, 1861, enlisting in Co. I, 20th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. His regiment formed a part of the land force under command of General Benjamin F. Butler, which captured Forts Clark and Hatteras, on Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina, August 26, 1861, together with their garrisons and munitions of war. In this engagement Mr. Pearsall was taken prisoner by a small Confederate detachment that escaped and he was confined in the famous Libby Prison at Richmond, at Norfolk, Virginia, and at Columbia, South Carolina. He was a Confederate prisoner for about seven months when he was paroled and sent home about April, 1862.

Y. WARREN H. PEARSALL, born December 17, 1845; died March 21, 1906; resided at Walker, Iowa; married September 9, 1874, Delilah Jordan. She was born December 3, 1851. Children:—

1. Oren H. Pearsall, born May 5, 1875; married February 23, 1903, Ruth A. Hill. She was born September 28, 1875.

2. Grace D. Pearsall, born November 25, 1876; resided at Walker, Iowa; married October 16, 1906, Frank L. Carns. He was born December 3, 1874.

Z. JOHN H. PEARSALL, born December 19, 1847; died October 22, 1912; married December 25, 1867, Susan J. Shaffer. She was born July 18, 1848; died November 15, 1907. Children:—

1. Cora Dell Pearsall, born December 19, 1868; married first, January 25, 1890, W. W. Russell, who died January 25, 1897. She married second, February 15, 1903, Walter T. Clark. Child of first marriage:—*1. Daughter born July 6, 1895; died February 28, 1896. No child to second marriage.

2. Sarah Ellen Pearsall, born October 22, 1870; married January 1, 1890, Walter M. Brown, who died January 28, 1914. *1. Clifford Lewis Brown, born December 16, 1890. *2. Presley Estelle Brown, born December 24, 1898. *3. Mina Grace Brown, born February 26, 1900.

3. Phebe Edith Pearsall, born July 7, 1879; married May 23, 1900, Henry J. Crosmer. *1. Durward J. Crosmer, born May 6, 1903. *2. Corale Nova Crosmer, born July 31, 1906. *3. Robert Lewis Crosmer, born December 6, 1917; died January 8, 1918.

4. Agnes Myrtle Pearsall; married September 5, 1906, Ora D. Church.

5. Lottie Ivy Pearsall, born November 25, 1890; married December 28, 1910.

Frank S. Ronch. Children:—*1. John Presley Ronch, born October 5, 1911.

*2. Frank Duain Ronch, born January 7, 1914.

6. Rosa May Pearsall, born August 12, 1876; died September 4, 1878.

7. Lewis C. Pearsall, born September 29, 1873; died August 1, 1911; married September 27, 1905, Grace M. Fairbanks.

8. John William Pearsall, born August 6, 1884; died November 25, 1885.

9. Presley LeRoy Pearsall, born December 12, 1886; married Lena M. Davis.

SECTION 19.

HENRY PARENT PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 16; born December 30, 1815; died January 8, 1901; buried at Huron, New York; resided at Huron, New York, and married April 28, 1840, Hannah Jane Ter-
bush, who was born August 30, 1824; died October 9, 1889; buried at Huron,
N. Y. Children:—

1. John Oscar Pearsall, born December 16, 1840; died September 25, 1841.

2. William Henry Pearsall, born February 6, 1842; died May 22, 1864; married December 22, 1859, Catharine J. Abbott, who died February 28, 1911.

Children:—*1. Lura Jane Pearsall, born August 18, 1862; married first, November 16, 1878, Charles Jones. She married second, — Strawbridge.

*2. Henrietta Pearsall, born July 9, 1864; married February 6, 1881, Frank Little. He was born August 15, 1857. Children:—1. Fletcher Little, born

September 26, 1885; died October 13, 1917; married 1905, Inez Carpenter. 2.

Charles Little, born November 15, 1889; married November 13, 1911, Jennie

Kramer. 3. Ray Little, born December 12, 1894; died November 19, 1910.

3. Eleanor Pearsall, born November 9, 1843; living; married November 9, 1865, Charles Butler Fitch who was born December 4, 1843; died October 8, 1912.

Children:—*1. Minnie Jane Fitch, born July 7, 1870; married November 3, 1896, John C. Sharp. *2. Fred Pearsall Fitch, born August 8, 1872; married

Nellie Hurd. *3. Frank Henry Fitch, born November 29, 1878; married first, January 8, 1901, Maybelle Miller. He married second, Emma Burkheart.

*4. Arthur E. Fitch, born September 12, 1882; married June, 1908, Lulu Olen.

4. Esther Mary Pearsall, born January 14, 1848; married first, May 28, 1863, James McClure, who was born October 18, 1843. She married second,

October 11, 1912, Lorenzo Alden, who was born July 8, 1832. Children of first marriage:—*1. Phydilla Ann McClure, born June 15, 1864, married

1893, Lewis Ehringer. *2. Elizabeth Arminta McClure, born August 6, 1866; married June 20, 1887, Charles Dalaway. *3. Mary Jane McClure,

born September 15, 1868; married July 28, 1887, Sheridan Weeks. *4. Ida Amanda McClure, born August 26, 1871; married July 15, 1893, Donald

Coughlin, who died March 20, 1913. *5. John Henry McClure, born April 8, 1874; died May 9, 1882. *6. Infant, born December 17, 1876; died

January 18, 1877. *7. Hattie Defroncie McClure, born February 22, 1878; married February 6, 1897, Warren Hulbert. *8. George Henry McClure,

born July 18, 1882; married 1901, Lillie Hoveland. *9. Frank William McClure, born September 24, 1884; unmarried. *10. Walter McClure, born

September 24, 1886; unmarried. No children by the marriage to Lorenzo Alden.

5. George Edgar Pearsall, born May 4, 1850; died April 4, 1893; married March 1, 1869, Clotilda E. Abbott. She was born October 15, 1851. Children:—*1. Willis S. Pearsall, born July 23, 1871; married March, 1899, Florence Warfield. *2. Bertha Belle Pearsall, born June 26, 1878; married January 14, 1900, Charles Edward Sanford, born November 11, 1871. *3. Phebe Amanda Pearsall, born March 27, 1875; died young. *4. Phebe Jane Pearsall, born June 21, 1883; died young. *5. Grover Fields Pearsall, born March, 1885; died young.
6. Amanda Margaret Pearsall, born September 28, 1854; died May 12, 1912; married December 24, 1870, Frank Hogue.
7. John Terbush Pearsall, born August 19, 1856; married January 25, 1883, Adelia Louise Bates, born August 12, 1861. Children:—*1. Leo Bates Pearsall, born September 9, 1885; resided in New York City; married June 10, 1914, Ethel Anna Glass, who was born March 3, 1895. *2. Theda Jane Pearsall, born December 21, 1892; married June 1, 1915, Frank Zebina Lucas, who was born January 29, 1882.
8. Phebe Jane Pearsall, born June 11, 1859; married first, July 4, 1873, Anthony Curtis. He was born July 17, 1847; died September 17, 1879. She married second, July 9, 1883, Abram Griswold. He was born February 15, 1857. Children of first marriage:—*1. Carrie Jane Curtis, born May 17, 1874; married Oren Godfrey. *2. Cora Curtis, born February 2, 1877; married Lawrence Callen. *3. Ada Curtis, born November 6, 1879; died January 2, 1900; unmarried. Children of second marriage:—*4. Clayton Griswold, born 1884; married Gertrude Hale. *5. Edward Griswold, born 1886; married Effie Wing.
9. Edwin Norton Pearsall, born January 22, 1864; died January 16, 1917; married December 16, 1885, Jessie Maud Turner, who was born October 9, 1864. Children:—*1. Glenn Pearsall, born May 14, 1887; died August 21, 1887. *2. Leone Margaret Pearsall, born April 24, 1889; married first, Addis Church. She married second, August 18, 1913, Howard Malcolm Stewart, who was born April 12, 1886. *3. Hazel Maud Pearsall, born July 13, 1893; married October 21, 1914, Leon M. Rothboller, who was born June 23, 1892. *4. Earl Edwin Pearsall, born July 24, 1897; unmarried; resided at Syracuse, N. Y.

SECTION 20.

GEORGE PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 4; born at Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y., October 10, 1776; died February 1, 1843; buried near Williamson, Wayne Co., N. Y.; married first, Hephsebeth Ammerman. George Pearsall married second, Priscilla Denton, daughter of Preston and Esther Denton. She was born 1789; died July 25, 1829. Child of first marriage:—

1. George Pearsall, born February 3, 1804; Chapter 37, Section 21. Children of second marriage:—
2. Nathaniel Pearsall, born August 17, 1812; died July 28, 1834.
3. Torsah (Tirzah) Pearsall, born 1816; died August 14, 1880; unmarried.

4. Anna Louisa Pearsall, born 1818; died August 27, 1899; unmarried.
5. Jacob D. Pearsall, born July 9, 1821; died February 2, 1890; resided at Williamson, New York; married October 1, 1846, at Williamson, Hannah H. Brown of Haddonfield, New Jersey, Rev. Charles G. Richards officiating. She was born March 8, 1823; died January 20, 1904. Children:—*1. George Adelbert Pearsall, born August 11, 1853; died January 8, 1903; married January 1, 1880, Martha Vaughn, who was born December 8, 1853. Children:—1. Howard Vaughn Pearsall, born February 24, 1881; married June 3, 1903, Elizabeth Maude Clicquennoi, who was born September 14, 1882. 2. Samuel Jacob Pearsall, born September 17, 1882; died March 12, 1912, *2. Martha Priscilla Pearsall, born September 3, 1847; married November 15, 1870, Harvey H. Pound, who was born July 28, 1834; died September 15, 1899.

SECTION 21.

- GEORGE PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 20; born February 3, 1804; died February 3, 1882, in Pleasant Valley, N. Y.; resided at Rochdale, Dutchess Co., N. Y.; married first, February 5, 1831, Charity Parmaly, who was born October 8, 1813; died November 1, 1845; buried at Fish Kill in the Episcopalian Churchyard. George Pearsall married second, October 31, 1847, Mrs. Elizabeth Mount, a widow whose maiden name was Colgan. She was born January 25, 1817; died April 24, 1862. Children of first marriage:—
1. William Henry Pearsall, born June 3, 1832. See Z, this Section.
 2. Lewis Pearsall, born October 25, 1834; died July 13, 1863; married December 24, 1856, Harriet Heustis. She was born September 13, 1835. Children:—*1. Mary Louise Pearsall, born February 6, 1858; died February 3, 1909; married John William Schouten. Child:—1. Charles Pearsall Schouten. *2. Aida Pearsall, born June 24, 1862; married November 17, 1898, John Warren Atwood, who was born September 14, 1862; died February 21, 1909.
 3. Susan Augusta Pearsall, born July 3, 1837; died July, 1908; married George Doyle. No children.
 4. Elizabeth Pearsall, born March 3, 1840; died July 18, 1908; married March 23, 1865, Peter Palmer, who was born September 13, 1841. Child:—*1. Nellie Palmer, born July 19, 1872; resided at Hyde Park, Dutchess Co., N. Y.; married January 4, 1893, James Munroe Cronk.
 5. Caroline Pearsall, born November 14, 1842; married Cornelius Weeks. Children:—*1. Augusta Weeks, born August 17, 1862. *2. Jennie Weeks, born December 30, 1864. *3. Robert Andrews Weeks, born December 26, 1867. *4. Viola Weeks, born July 10, 1870. *5. Frank Weeks, born January 30, 1873. *6. John C. Weeks, born August 4, 1875. *7. Charles V. Weeks, born July 30, 1878. *8. Ralph Weeks, born August 13, 1880.
 6. Sally Ann Pearsall, born October 31, 1845; died November 4, 1845. Children of second marriage:—
 7. Catherine Ann Pearsall, born July 29, 1848; died March 17, 1915; married January 2, 1868, Milo C. Robinson, who was born June 18, 1848; died June 11, 1888. Children:—*1. Nellie Louise Robinson, born December 31, 1868;

- married December 14, 1898, Wilbur F. Hopper. He was born March 25, 1855. *2. Charles A. Robinson, born December 11, 1871; married September 27, 1914, Bertha M. Baker. She was born September 29, 1887. Child:—1. Charles Baker Robinson, born January 15, 1917 at Peekskill, N. Y. *3. George Herford Robinson, born May 12, 1874; married June 14, 1917, Elizabeth S. Martin. *4. Theodore Hadden Robinson, born October 31, 1878; unmarried. *5. Lewis M. Robinson, born June 24, 1881; unmarried. *6. M. Edith Robinson, born June 11, 1883; unmarried.
8. Ellen Pearsall, born May 9, 1851; married December 1, 1886, John C. Berney. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Berney, married Davie Tower. *2. Agnes Berney, unmarried.
9. Mary Stearns Pearsall, born May 26, 1854; unmarried.
10. Melissa Pearsall, born April 19, 1858; died March 8, 1860.
- Z. WILLIAM HENRY PEARSALL, born June 3, 1832; died January 6, 1916 at Soldiers Hospital, Bloomfield, N. Y.; resided at Newark, N. J.; married first, ——. He married second, at Newark, N. J., Martha ——. Children:—
1. William Henry Pearsall, born March, 1857; married February 6, 1881, Margaret Kierman. Children:—*1. Mary Pearsall, born January 27, 1882; married Ellis Ayers. Children:—1. Ellis Ayers. 2. Harold Ayers. 3. Ruth Ayers. *2. William Pearsall, born May 29, 1884; unmarried. *3. Margaret Pearsall, born April 9, 1886; resided in Los Angeles, California; married William Birdsell. *4. Etta Pearsall, born January 13, 1888; married Ervin Irving. *5. Gertrude Pearsall, born October 31, 1889; married John McGowen. Child:—1. Joseph McGowan. *6. George Pearsall, born January 15, 1892; unmarried; resided at Beacon, N. Y. *7. Ada Pearsall, born January 5, 1896; unmarried; resided at Beacon, N. Y. *8. Lewis Pearsall, born October 15, 1897; unmarried; resided at Beacon, N. Y.
2. George Pearsall, resided in Wyoming.
3. Margaret Pearsall, resided at Cold Springs, N. Y. She married ———Jaycocks.

SECTION 22.

- JOHN PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 4; born June 14, 1784; buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.; married at Pleasant Valley, Dutchess Co., N. Y., Sarah Adee, daughter of Hubby Adee and his wife Elizabeth Gildersleeve. She was born 1788 or 1792; died August 8, 1858. Children:—
1. Amanda Louisa Pearsall, born May 26, 1807; died May 26, 1878; married first, June 8, 1826, William Rider. She married second, February 25, 1833, Eli Rood, who was born February 28, 1810; died December 12, 1878. Children of first marriage. *1. Sarah Agnes Rider, born May 18, 1827; married 1851, Napoleon B. Adee, who was born August 27, 1823. Children:—
1. William Lockwood Adee, born November 27, 1852; married Bertha Patterson. 2. Frank Monroe Adee, born April 27, 1855; married Phebe Van Valkenburg. 3. Amanda Louisa Adee, born April 3, 1857; decd.; married Frank Oliver, decd. 4. Sarah Pearsall Adee, born November 2, 1859; died September 9, 1863. 5. George F. Adee, born January 25, 1864;

- married Harriet White. 6. Charles Tompkins Adee, born February 13, 1862; unmarried. 7. Mary Coulter Adee, born October 18, 1867; married Harry L. Robinson. *2. William Alva Rider, born May 19, 1829; married Anna Louise Smith, who was born March 1, 1832. Children:—1. William Henry Rider, born September 10, 1856. 2. George Edwin Rider, born March 26, 1859; died December 29, 1862. 3. Amanda Louisa Rider, born September 15, 1861; died August 25, 1863. Children of second marriage:—*3. Edward Augustus Rood, born November 30, 1833; died July 5, 1883; married first, February 5, 1857, Phebe J. Vandervort, who was born 1832; died February 21, 1874. He married second, November 9, 1875, Emeline Clara Morehouse, daughter of William and Clara Morehouse. Children of first marriage:—1. Eli Frank Rood, born January 18, 1858, died November 14, 1878. 2. Edward Augustus Rood, born November 25, 1860; died August 11, 1916. 3. Hiram Alson Rood, born September 9, 1865; married September 29, 1915, Mae Elizabeth Phillips. 4. William Alva Rood, born March 9, 1869; died April 5, 1883; unmarried. 5. Milton Webster Rood, born January 21, 1871; married October 20, 1898, Jessie J. Palmer. Children of second marriage:—6. Clarence H. Rood, born September 15, 1876; married August 26, 1906, Jessie B. Greer. 7. Amanda Louisa Rood, born March 25, 1878; died September 11, 1894; unmarried. *4. Dorinda A. Rood, born April 12, 1837; died November 22, 1916; married December 20, 1864, Lymus D. Hayden. Children:—1. Sarah Louisa Hayden, born January 5, 1866; married June 26, 1895, George W. Duryea. 2. S. Dexter Hayden, born August 24, 1867; married October 14, 1891, Lizzie Walsh. 3. Lymus D. Hayden, born January 26, 1870; died August 3, 1871. *5. Susan Augusta Rood, born November 6, 1838; died April 22, 1911; married first, November 8, 1865, Charles S. Tubbs. She married second, September 10, 1905, Frank K. Potter. Children of first marriage:—1. Smith Eli Tubbs, born August 28, 1866; married April 24, 1889, Estelle F. Simpson. 2. Minnie Augusta Tubbs, born December 27, 1867; married April 30, 1890, Charles Evert Jones. 3. Charles Frederick Tubbs, born September 6, 1872; married January 31, 1894, Ida S. Hebner. *6. Tamerzine Elizabeth Rood, born September 9, 1843; died January 19, 1844.
2. Susan B. Pearsall, born September 10, 1808; died August 7, 1886; married 1829, Thomas Haywood Tompkins, son of Margaret Pearsall and John Tompkins, Chap. 37, Sec. 4. He was born May 3, 1806; died January 3, 1876.
 3. Tamerzine E. Pearsall, born 1811; married —Roe.
 4. John Alva Pearsall, born March 10, 1815; died December 9, 1846; married Mary Eliza Duryea. Children:—*1. Alva Adee Pearsall, born December 8, 1839; died February 19, 1893; married July 25, 1868, Mary Melinda Conrow, who died March, 1908. Children:—1. Maude Louise Pearsall, born June 18, 1874; married June 18, 1898, Albert Martin Judd. He was born September 7, 1870. 2. Beatrice Pearsall, born March 17, 1878; died 1882. *2. George Frank E. Pearsall, born November 23, 1841; married March 6, 1866, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Elizabeth L. Conrow. *3. Charles H. E. Pearsall, born 1843; married Georgianna —.

5. Althenie Adee Pearsall, born May 20, 1817; died May 16, 1893; married Seaman Weeks, son of Capt. Seaman Weeks, who was born November 31, 1816; died April 19, 1873.

SECTION 23.

WILLIAM PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 4; born October 12, 1788; died September 13, 1867; resided in Greenfield, Moreau, Salt Point and Clinton Corners, Dutchess Co., N. Y.; married first, 6th mo. 1, 1811, Anna Titus, who was born 11 mo. 30, 1795; died 2 mo. 10, 1834. She was disowned by the Friends for marrying out of meeting, but acknowledged her fault and was accepted again 7 mo. 4, 1813. She is buried at West Branch Friends' Meeting House. William Pearsall married second, 3 mo. 4, 1837, Anna S. Powell, widow of Knowles, who was born 12 mo. 22, 1792; died 11 mo. 17, 1858; buried at Crum Elbow near Hyde Park in the Friends Cemetery. Children of first marriage:—

1. Gilbert Titus Pearsall, born August 8, 1814. See Y, this Section.
 2. Mary Jane Pearsall, born August 25, 1820; died September 14, 1891; married first, Hiram Wood, who died 1844. She married second, 1846, James Allen, who died 1858. She married third, 1860, John Ridgeway. Child of first marriage:—*1. Catharine Frances Wood, born 1840; married Charles Tripp. Children of second marriage:—*2. Sarah Elizabeth Allen, born 1846; married William Osborn. *3. Anna Pearsall Allen, married Timothy Quackenbush. *4. William Wallace Allen, died February, 1872.
 3. Sarah Elizabeth Pearsall, born Feb. 1, 1827; died Oct. 22, 1901; married May 12, 1852, Morris De La Vergne, who was born December 26, 1821; died Aug. 14, 1900. Children:—*1. Alexander De La Vergne, born Nov. 25, 1854; died Feb. 20, 1913; married 1877, Abigail Coomes. *2. Morris De La Vergne.
 4. David Hoag Pearsall, born May 4, 1830. See Z, this Section.
- The Friends Records disclose:—William Pearsall requested membership in Oswego Monthly Meeting, through West Branch Preparatory Meeting, 1 mo. 20, 1813, and received membership 4 mo. 11, 1813. William Pearsall with his wife Anne was given a certificate of removal to Galway, Saratoga Co., 7 mo. 20, 1814 by the Oswego Monthly Meeting. They were granted a Certificate back to Monthly Meeting in Pleasant Valley 5 mo. 8, 1814. William Pearsall and his 3 minor children, Mary, Sarah and David were granted a removal certificate from Queensbury to Creek Monthly Meeting on 12 mo. 29, 1836.

William Pearsall spent his whole life within the influence of the Friends Meeting. The one governing power of William Pearsall's life was his love of the place where he was born and the quiet companionship of his home. Although he accompanied his father and brothers to Saratoga County, nevertheless, at the earliest opportunity he returned to Dutchess County to the old home of his father George Pearsall, and of his grandfather, Shear, in Clinton Corners. Here he married and raised his family. His descendants are all of our branch of the family who are now living in Dutchess County, and even of these the last male member has sought the excitement of the middle west in Iowa. Hence it would seem that his peaceful life would be the last place to look for an example of those striking coin-

cidences which often control and shape one's existence. There were, however, two events in the history of Dutchess County which helped to write the history of William Pearsall upon peaceful lines.

About 1750, fifteen years before Nathaniel Pearsall, grandfather of William, came to Pleasant Valley, there was started in the neighboring town of Mechanic a settlement of Friends. They were intelligent, thorough-going people and upon their coming were in very comfortable financial circumstances, which enabled them to put their settlement forward and to establish such enterprises and conveniences as were necessary for their comfort and happiness. Among the families who settled here at this time were the Tituses from Long Island. Being people of means they of course had a store, which made their village a center of trade for a large circle of the neighboring country. In 1762, the store building was increased to a size that was forty by fifty feet, two stories in height with a stone basement and gambrel roof. The cellar was so large that frequently a team was driven within and unloaded. Strange as it may seem, there were for many years those who remembered the numberless hogsheads of rum that were there drained at the close of the Revolutionary War. Time brought its changes not only in the proprietors of this store, but as well in the population tributary to this mart of trade, and by 1795, it was no longer a profitable location. So the building was sold to the Friends of Nine Partners Yearly Meeting for the purpose of establishing a school of higher grades. The school was opened in 1796, and among the scholars were William Pearsall and Anna Titus. Thus these apparently unrelated facts had united their lives and ultimately, as the pedigree shows, they married, and raised a family. In fact Israel and Anna Titus were among the original trustees of the school. The school house adjoined the Friends brick meeting house, where the boys and girls were taken on First day to listen to the preaching. Many times the Spirit of the Lord did not speak audibly through his preachers, and the young folks would thus be taught the self-repression which is so essential a part of Friends discipline. Many a boy and girl has painfully sat through such a meeting experiencing the utmost personal agony, only to hear the elderly Friends say to each other at the close of the meeting, Don't thee think we had a fine meeting today? All of which seemed incomprehensible to the active brained and perfect bodied youngsters whose every breath called for activity and audible speech. To the boys the old brick meeting house was considered the very best place in the world to play the game of barn ball and the flying ball would often be pursued among the mounds in the adjoining graveyard, where rested the departed Friends who were sleeping in the silence of the grave, a silence, which, unlike that of the meeting, would not be broken until the end of time.

Among the pupils was Jacob Willits who entered it on the day it was opened, and who ten years later was installed headmaster. Also Lucretia Coffin who was known after her marriage as Lucretia Mott, and who for full half a century was not only one of the most distinguished members of the Society of Friends, but whose career as an abolition speaker has inseparably connected her name with the history of Pennsylvania during the later years of her life. Anna Titus, after she became the wife of William Pearsall, was a leading preacher in this yearly meeting.

James Coughdon was also their school mate. He later became superintendent of the school; he married Lydia Wing. It will be recalled that Prince Wing signed the will of George Pearsall as a witness. Then there was Deborah Rodgers, who later became a teacher in the school and the wife of Jacob Willits. She assisted Gould Brown in preparing his Institutes of English Grammar, a leading work of the day. The school became so completely associated with the learning of the leaders of the Society of Friends that in New York it is looked upon as being an institution filled with the best instincts of this religious organization. The teaching and association made a profound impression upon the life and character of William Pearsall. He remained a true and steadfast Friend until the day of his death, and his children followed in his footsteps.

Y. GILBERT TITUS PEARSALL, born August 8, 1814; died February 5, 1891; buried at Salt Point, N. Y., resided at Clinton Corners and Salt Point, N. Y.; married May 28, 1844, at Salt Point, N. Y., Jane Ann Brown, daughter of Charles Brown, of Dutchess County, who was born September 14, 1824; died March 1, 1909. Children:—

1. John James Pearsall, born July 29, 1846; died November 13, 1914; unmarried.
2. William Herrick Pearsall, born September 12, 1848; married October 30, 1872, Alice G. Hicks. Children:—*1. Mary Burtis Pearsall, born November 20, 1877; married William Davenport. *2. Gilbert Hicks Pearsall, born January 29, 1884; married January 27, 1906, Mary M. Buzak. Child:—
1. Gilbert Hicks Pearsall, born June 1, 1912.
3. Mary Olsen Pearsall, born March 25, 1850; died May 5, 1877; buried at Salt Point, New York; married Oct. 20, 1869, Frank Knapp. Children:—*1. Mabel Knapp, born Sept. 18, 1872; married Clayton Sands Doty. *2. Gilbert Pearsall Knapp, born April 30, 1877; married, 1899, Mary Josephine Busby.
4. Elizabeth Brown Pearsall, born November 30, 1853; living; married October 31, 1872, Frank Hicks, who was born March 31, 1854. Children:—*1. William Pearsall Hicks, born September 4, 1873; married circa September, 1902, Jennie Fitchett. *2. Sarah Jane Hicks, born September 14, 1874; married William Bower. *3. Belle Hicks, born April 24, 1877; died July 19, 1902. *4. Alecia Hicks, born October 19, 1882; married James Valentine Forster. *5. Helen Hicks, born February 10, 1893; unmarried.
5. Anna Titus Pearsall, born May 23, 1860. See a, this division.

Gilbert Titus Pearsall was brought up in the Friends Meeting. To the reader accustomed to having his church as only an occasional, though regular incident in his life, it seems strange to say that one was brought up in the Friends Meeting. But such is literally the case with the members of this religious society. They hold themselves responsible for the acts of their associates, hence, at least in olden times, the most minute regulations were made for controlling individual conduct. To be able to listen patiently and silently so as to hear the word of God are attainments not to be acquired except through years of self control, and repression. For the children of Quakers are as lively as those of any other class of human beings, and are just as inclined to mischief, and to fun. Gilbert Titus Pearsall was no exception. It is related of him that one First day spying a hornets nest under the eaves of the meeting house, he could not resist the temptation to

hit it with a stone. Having hit it with a good sized rock, he passed quickly into the meeting thinking to escape the hornets, but unfortunately, it being a warm summer day, the windows were open. It is needless to say that the meeting was broken up in a hurry not at all conducive to Friends discipline.

In later life Gilbert Titus Pearsall became a ministering angel to a large section of Dutchess County, when as an elder of the Friends Meeting, and as a country physician, it was his pleasure to relieve the bodily ills and spiritual sufferings of his neighbors for miles around his home. Perhaps no greater opportunity to do God's work ever came to any one than comes to the country doctor who is likewise a minister of the Gospel.

a. ANNA TITUS PEARSALL, born May 23, 1860; living; unmarried; resided at Clinton Corners, New York.

It is always pleasant to meet those who are enthusiastically interested in the same subjects that occupy one's own attention; particularly is this so when this community of interest develops into a warm friendship, fortified by the highest personal regard. The writer desires to record here his acknowledgement of his great obligation to Anna Titus Pearsall in preparing the genealogy of the descendants of Nathaniel Pearsall. Living as she did practically upon the old Pearsall homestead, where her father and grandfather also had resided, she recorded carefully the sayings of her father and grandfather and preserved facts which would otherwise have been lost beyond the possibility of recovery. In addition, for years she carefully gathered and recorded every fact which in any way related to this branch of the family history. It was indeed remarkable how her stories, which at the time seemed to be but mere legends, were subsequently supplemented and confirmed by the public records with which she was unacquainted. It must indeed be a source of intense gratification to her to see her work in this particular culminate in this family history.

Z. DAVID HOAG PEARSALL, born May 4, 1830; died January 4, 1900; buried at Del Mar, New York; resided in Ulster Co., N. Y.; married first, 1855, Jane Ann Marshall of Albany, who died 1889. He married second, Elizabeth Hough. Child of first marriage:—

1. Charles M. Pearsall, born March 19, 1856; married May 13, 1877, Catherine Wink. Children:—*1. Catharine Jane Pearsall, born May 19, 1878; married first William Rose. She married second, Eugene De S. Spaar. Children of first marriage:—1. Bertha Rose, born July 23, 1898. 2. William Rose, born June 6, 1900. *2. Bertha May Pearsall, born April 8, 1880; died September, 1885. *3. John Jay Pearsall, born February 14, 1882; unmarried. *4. Louise Helen Pearsall, born August 8, 1884; married first, George Kayne. She married second, Clifton Reynolds. *5. William Grover Pearsall, born May 27, 1886; died July 29, 1886. *6. Raymond Bernhardt Pearsall, born March 19, 1889; died October 4, 1918. *7. Lester Joseph Pearsall, born November 16, 1891. *8. Lansing Francis Pearsall, born November 16, 1891; married Dolores Duran. *9. Ruth Margaret Pearsall, born January 12, 1899; unmarried.

Child of second marriage:—

2. George Pearsall, born March 15, 1889; resided at Watervliet, New York.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

HENRY PEARSALL

of Dutchess and Cayuga Counties, New York.

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 3; born 1741; resided at Beekman Township, Dutchess Co., N. Y., and Twelve Corners, Niles Township, Cayuga Co., N. Y., married Elizabeth ——. Children:—

1. Michael Pearsall, born December 16, 1773; Chapter 38, Section 2.
2. Henry Pearsall, born February 23, 1783; Chapter 38, Section 6.
3. Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 9.
4. Joseph Pearsall, born 1785; died 1866; Chapter 38, Section 15.
5. George Pearsall, born April 12, 1776; Chapter 38, Section 16.
6. Platt Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 18.
7. Phebe Pearsall; married Henry Parker.
8. Elizabeth Pearsall, married —— Andrews.
9. Ira Erastus Pearsall, born 1790; Chapter 38, Section 20.

Henry Pearsall remained in Dutchess County until after the battle of Lexington, when he too joined with his father and brothers at Danbury, where they had large works, in the manufacture of arms and wheelwrighting products. This accounts for his being the only Pearsall name in 1775 signed to the Articles of Association in Dutchess County for the support of the American Cause. Dutchess County was generally supposed to have been united for the American cause, yet while there were 1820 signers, there were 964 persons who refused to sign. Many who signed qualified their signatures by certain restrictions. Henry Pearsall signed this agreement or pledge in Beekman Township, Dutchess Co., New York. With him to resolve was to immediately act, consequently he came over into Danbury to join in the work of making arms and quartermaster supplies for the American Army. It was not long after his coming before Danbury was destroyed by the English Army and the Pearsalls, father and sons, were compelled to flee with their families from the wrath of the Tories, who carried on a bushwhacking campaign following the retirement of the English Army.

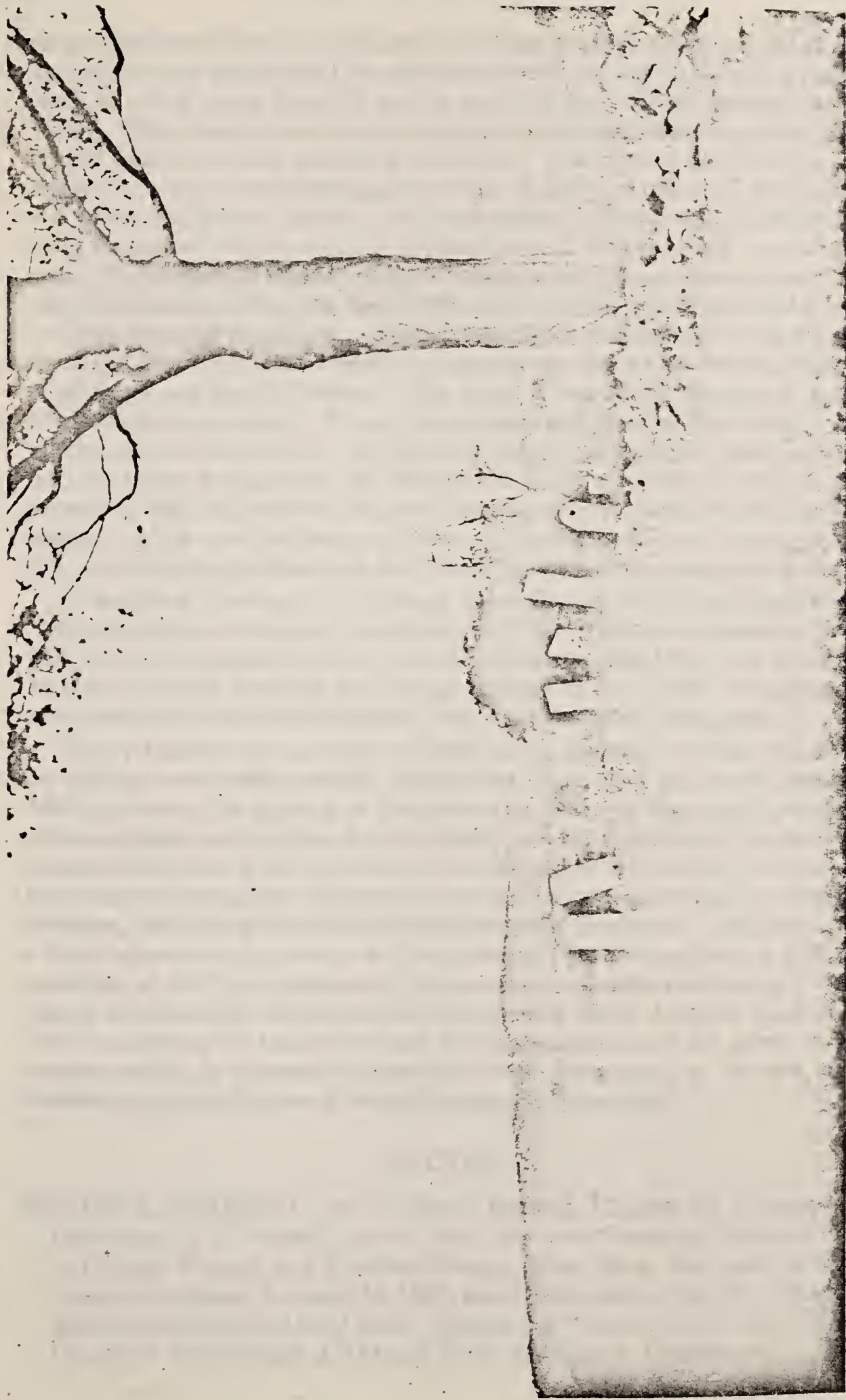
The dreadful experiences of the flight from Danbury through the rain and mud, harassed at every step by malicious Tories, and traveling afoot, without food or shelter for many miles until they reached the borders of their own home land, have remained until the present day as one of the traditions of his descendants. Although confused as to time and place, it would be difficult to make them believe that their ancestor had not experienced all the hardships of that civil warfare.

The traditions of this family say that Henry Pearsall saw actual service against the enemy as a member of the Dutchess County Militia, and there is every reason

to believe the story to be true although the imperfect records of New York State do not disclose his name upon any muster roll, nor do the land records show that he ever received a land bounty.

It is not generally known that in some localities sympathy for or against the American cause depended upon religious association. In Dutchess County the Baptists were American to a man. To them it meant the possibilities of religious freedom. Through all the long years they had never been without the irksome requirements of laws providing for state religion. At first it was the Dutch Reformed and later it was the Established Church of England that enjoyed the Colonial favor. Moreover the Baptist being very decided in his religious interpretations allowed neither kindness nor toleration, by or toward himself. He rejoiced in his cross and prided himself upon his isolation. Of course such a religious society would be against the English government, no matter how it manifested itself. Henry Pearsall became a member of the Baptist Church and continued to be such until the day of his death. It would seem needless to say that he was active in the cause of the American colonies. He attended the church that was located at Poughquag, upon a high hill, which is now part of the Brill farm. At the close of the Revolutionary War it is safe to say that every male member of that congregation had become entitled to land bounties to be paid out of the great tracts which New York set aside in the lake region for her honorably discharged Revolutionary soldiers. There was a great body of military lands located in what is now the county of Cayuga, to which the longing eyes of the Beekman Baptist patriots were early attracted. Among the first to emigrate there was Henry Pearsall and his family.

Storke and Smith in their history of Cayuga County, page 444, say that Henry Piersoll of Cayuga County was among the very early settlers, but they could not determine the year he came. All that can be positively said by them is that Henry Pearsoll was from Saratoga County, and settled at Twelve Corners where he died. This is, however, a partial error. It is true that the party was made up in Saratoga County, and that Henry Pearsall joined them, but originally they all were living in Beekman Precinct, Dutchess County, where they were members of the Baptist Church, and where Henry Pearsall lived at the time that he emigrated to Cayuga County. Before this, however, a part of the Beekman Baptist Church had removed to Stillwater, in Saratoga County, where they organized the first Baptist Church which is still in existence. To this church came Elder David Irish from Pawling, Dutchess County, Baptist Church. His was a master mind, filled with the power to move men even to that point of supreme test that he could make them leave their old places of abode and follow him into the wilderness. His daughter married Michael Pearsall, the eldest son of Henry Pearsall. So unanimous was this movement amongst the Beekman Baptists that their old church in Dutchess County passed out of existence and there was not one left to keep alive its remembrance. As a fact the writer had great difficulty to make the present day Beekman Baptists believe that such a church ever existed. No one could be found who could remember any such church until finally a gentleman said he had, when a boy, seen such a place, and that he knew from the gravestones they were Baptists. But he could not tell its location, he



SITE OF CLOVE VALLEY BAPTIST CHURCH, BEEKMAN PRECINCT, DUTCHESS COUNTY, NEW YORK

only remembered that it was situated on the top of a high hill of such shape that no matter how one approached the old churchyard one would have to go uphill to reach it. And so we found it on the top of a high hill overlooking the Clove Valley. Here you may see all that remains of this once flourishing church, namely the old fieldstone fence and the gravestones. The farmers have left the ground untilled. It was a sorry-looking place; even the old gate was gone, while the trees and brush had grown rampant and unrestricted. There, waiting for the Judgment Day, is all that is mortal of the loved ones of that patriotic band of churchmen. The remains of these loved ones, whom, when they emigrated into the hardwood wilderness of the New York lake country, they left behind them trusting to God's care and protection. There the snow lies more deeply in the winter and there the birds sing more sweetly in the summer, for all has returned to a state of wildness and poetic freedom. The place is untrod by the feet of mourning friends or loving kindred. To say that we were indignant at the neglect is only to mildly express our feelings. We took the matter up with the local county Baptists, and they brought this old churchyard to the attention of their society for preserving old land marks. A year later we returned and beheld a wonderful change. All is now neatness and order. The society has also arranged to have the plot planted as a lawn and are bestowing upon it the most loving care.

It was from this church that Henry Pearsall came with his wife and family to Twelve Corners in Cayuga County, about 1790. The date is assumed from the fact that Henry Pearsall does not appear in the census of 1790, thus showing that he was in neither Dutchess nor Cayuga county at that time. Hence he must have been on the road with his family and cattle and other belongings.

Henry Pearsall was not only a skilled man at building saw and grist mills but he and his sons were operating lumbermen. From here his family removed to Michigan upon the opening of the lumber industry in that state, hence in the following history of this branch of the family, we shall find him and his descendants always in advance of the frontier. In the history of this country the lumberman has always accompanied the pioneer, except into the prairie states. There has, however, been this great difference between their intentions. The pioneer seeks a home where he may grow up with the country, but the lumberman with the destruction of the forest hastens to the new and untrodden wilderness. Here he begins all over again to produce the lumber with which America has been built. The descendants of Henry Pearsall are representative of the group of empire builders which is inseparably connected with the growth of the lake states of America, particularly New York, Michigan and Wisconsin.

SECTION 2.

MICHAEL PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 1; born December 16, 1773; died June 10, 1855, in Avon Township, Michigan; resided in Cayuga County and Dutchess County, New York, and came to Oakland County, Michigan, January 15, 1825; married December 24, 1797, Esther Irish, daughter of the Rev. David Irish. She was born September 9, 1779, in Dutchess Co., N. Y.; died March 2, 1844, in Troy, Michigan. Children:—

1. Clement W. Pearsall, born October 6, 1800; died February 19, 1880; Chapter 38, Section 3.
2. Elizabeth Pearsall, born September 18, 1802; died May 3, 1891; married first February 11, 1821, Harvey Perkins who died October 9, 1832. She married second, — Alexander.
3. Dorcas N. Pearsall, born August 26, 1804, in Cayuga Co., N. Y., died July 13, 1889; married January 20, 1825, James Bayley, born July 7, 1802; died May 1, 1887.
4. Margaret Pearsall, born October 7, 1807; died October 18, 1878; married December 29, 1825, Clark Beardsley, who died January 30, 1876. Children:—
*1. Mary Ann Beardsley. *2. Esther Beardsley. *3. Harriet Pearsall Beardsley, born November 16, 1835; died September 29, 1856. *4. S. Amanda Beardsley, born August 9, 1839, unmarried. *5. Adella Beardsley, married—Armstrong. Child:—1. Donald Armstrong. *6. Henry Beardsley. *7. Milton J. Beardsley, born August 18, 1844. *8. Melvin C. Beardsley, died August 13, 1856.
5. Sarah N. Pearsall, born November 14, 1809; died May 8, 1878; married October 6, 1831, Captain Robert S. Parks.
6. Laura Wheeler Pearsall, born January 15, 1812; married first, October 6, 1831, Willard W. Whitney. He was born March 11, 1810; died January 27, 1838. She married second, April 3, 1842, Henry H. Philbrick of Los Gatos, Cal. He was born September 3, 1815; died March 13, 1882. Children of first marriage:—*1. Clark J. Whitney, born July 12, 1832; married Eleanor Van De Vanter. *2. Martin Enos Whitney, born March 20, 1835; died November 22, 1862. *3. Willard W. Whitney, born September 10, 1838; married Elizabeth P. Fairbanks. Children of second marriage:—
*4. Hattie A. Philbrick, born January 19, 1843; married J. W. Rainey. *5. Arabella G. Philbrick, born February 14, 1844; married F. H. Baker.
7. Henry Ira Pearsall, born November 16, 1815, Chapter 38, Section 4.
8. Sherman Michael Pearsall, born December 11, 1817; Chapter 38, Section 5.
9. Volney N. Pearsall, born May 27, 1820; died June 4, 1843; unmarried.
10. Alfred B. Pearsall, born April 17, 1823; died February 12, 1891; married Adeline Sickels. Children:—*1. Eliza Pearsall; married — Searles. *2. Cora Pearsall, born August 10, 1862.

SECTION 3.

CLEMENT W. PEARSALL, son of Michael Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 2; born October 6, 1800, in Cayuga Co., N. Y.; died February 19, 1880, in Rochester, Michigan; resided at Grand Rapids, Michigan; married October 24, 1821, Fanny Martin, daughter of William and Phebe Martin. She was born March, 1804, in Fleming Twp., Cayuga Co., N. Y.; died October 19, 1886, in Michigan. Children:—

1. Alanson B. Pearsall, born December 4, 1824; married first, 1844, Maria Winslow. He married second, November 11, 1858, Laura A. Dewey. She was born June 28, 1833; died December 17, 1916. No children to first marriage. Children to second marriage:—*1. Elmer Jerome Pearsall, born

- October 27, 1859; died December 12, 1861. *2. Eva Josephine Pearsall, born March 22, 1861; died August 22, 1914; married December 31, 1889, Elden M. Gordon. Children:—1. Kenneth MacLean Gordon, born June 15, 1895; died June 7, 1914. 2. Donald Pearsall Gordon, born March 2, 1897. 3. Douglas Dewey Gordon born October 2, 1899. *3. Jay Alanson Pearsall, born March 26, 1865; died April 1, 1915. *4. Laura Isabell Pearsall, born December 7, 1867; died January 11, 1900; unmarried. *5. Eleanor May Pearsall, born May 16, 1871.
2. Phebe M. Pearsall, born February 1, 1826; died May 1852.
 3. Orlander K. Pearsall, born April 20, 1828; married first, Delia Smith. He married second, November 15, 1854, Mary Gould, who was born January 2, 1826; died February 12, 1917. No children to first marriage. Children of second marriage:—*1. Fred Orland Pearsall, born October 16, 1855; died May 19, 1867. *2. Fanny Pearsall, born April 19, 1857; married first, November 15, 1879, Joseph H. Harper. She married second, July 12, 1881, Payson M. Doty, who was born April 7, 1843; died October 28, 1916. Child of first marriage:—1. Orland H. Harper, born January 27, 1880; single; was adopted by his grandfather, Orlando K. Pearsall. Children of second marriage:—2. James Payson Doty, born March 25, 1890; died February 19, 1891. 3. Clara Doty, born March 25, 1892; married October 16, 1915, Ralph E. Segger who was born January 7, 1887.
 4. John J. Pearsall, born January 12, 1829; died March 12, 1831.
 5. Esther P. Pearsall, born March 19, 1833; died July 4, 1914.
 6. John R. Pearsall, born April 4, 1835; died June 4, 1899; married March 6, 1859, Mary A. Boyle who died December 4, 1915.
 7. Elias M. Pearsall, born July 1836; died July 15, 1888; married 1872, Zulika Bahum.
 8. Eleanor M. Pearsall, born August 6, 1840; living.
 9. Emily M. Pearsall, born July 31, 1842; married April 12, 1863, Richard Bennet.
 10. Frances Janette Pearsall, born January 12, 1847; died March 12, 1854.

SECTION 4.

HENRY IRA PEARSALL, son of Michael Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 2; born November 16, 1815, in Cayuga Co., N. Y.; died July 4, 1899, in Birmingham, Mich.; came to Oakland Co., Mich., circa 1825; married first May 12, 1839, at Troy, Mich., Mary Elizabeth Waterman, daughter of David Waterman. She was born January 20, 1819; died December 2, 1859, at Avon, Mich. He married second July 2, 1860, at Detroit, Mich., Eunice A. Powers, daughter of Capt. Moses Powers and his wife Sally Carruth. She was born July 28, 1822, at Pittsford, Vermont; died October 10, 1904, at Avon, Mich. Children of first marriage:—

1. James H. Pearsall, born April 18, 1840; died April 21, 1904; married January 1, 1862, Laura J. Morgan. She was born October 6, 1841. Children:—*1. Ella Louise Pearsall, born August 7, 1864; died January 29, 1911; married April 11, 1888, James Gee. *2. Frances Genevra Pearsall, born

- October 8, 1862; resided at Birmingham, Michigan; married October 4, 1881, Charles S. Newman.
2. Edgar W. Pearsall, born April 26, 1842; died February 11, 1891; married May 4, 1865, Mary Ann Danderson. Children:—*1. Perly Pearsall, born July 1, 1868; married December 7, 1892, Cora Stroupe. She was born November 3, 1873. Child:—1. Arlene Pearsall, born May 17, 1899. *2. Frank Pearsall, born August 5, 1873; died December 19, 1879. *3. Alice Pearsall, born October 8, 1877; resided at Henderson, Mich.; married Herbert Underwood. *4. Byron F. Pearsall, born April 28, 1886; married February 28, 1905, Mary Fitzpatrick. She was born May 24, 1887. *5. Mary Frances Pearsall, born November 18, 1880; married December 7, 1898, Mathias Lewis Bittell. He was born August 22, 1868.
 3. Frank Geraldus Pearsall, born April 14, 1847; married June 2, 1866, Delilah Hoxsey. Children:—*1. Carrie Pearsall, born July 25, 1867; married first December 8, 1886, Charles Ford. She married second, David H. Reynolds. Child of first marriage:—1. Edna Ford, born September 22, 1887; married May 1910, Jerry Johnson. *2. Hattie May Pearsall, born April 18, 1868.
 4. Volney N. Pearsall, born January 29, 1844; married first November 30, 1869, Frances Rikard. She was born September 27, 1852; died August 16, 1874. He married second, October 30, 1878, Roxie Rauson. She was born December 15, 1855. Child of first marriage:—*1. Eva Pearsall, born May 23, 1872; died May 28, 1895; married 1892, Thomas Richards. Children of second marriage:—*2. Libbie Irene Pearsall, born February 23, 1881. *3. Ropha Volney Pearsall, born March 16, 1885; married July 21, 1907, Nina Peave De Coux. She was born June 28, 1885.
 5. Harriet Amelia Pearsall, born March 14, 1849; died August 4, 1904; married April 3, 1872, Albert Featherstone.
 6. Mary Cornelia Pearsall, born June 12, 1851; died February 16, 1881; married September 26, 1879, H. Sylvanus Leonard.
 7. Claude Herbert Pearsall, born March 12, 1854; married June 1, 1884, Priscilla May Vinning, who was born May 25, 1858. Children:—*1. Mark H. Pearsall, born February 22, 1885; married July 6, 1907, Erma Fox. *2. Claude V. Pearsall, born March 7, 1890. *3. Guy Edgar Pearsall, born November 2, 1891. *4. Frank Geraldus Pearsall, born June 21, 1894. *5. Zylpha May Pearsall, born Jan. 26, 1897; married Edward James McRay.
 8. Adelbert B. Pearsall, born June 16, 1857; married December 15, 1877, Lucy Jane Church. She was born December 4, 1855. Children:—*1. Alvin H. Pearsall, born July 1, 1880; married July 3, 1908, Lorina Bonny. *2. Hattie C. Pearsall, born September 21, 1878; married December 19, 1900, Jesse Maitrott. *3. Ervin Boardman Pearsall, born January 1, 1883. *4. Ella Pearsall, born January 22, 1888; married March 19, 1913, William Kerr. Child of second marriage:—
 9. Flora Bell Pearsall, born July 31, 1862, at Avon, Mich; married March 11, 1885, Frank L. Smith. He was born March 31, 1855. Child:—1. Winnogne Smith, born September 1, 1888; married June 2, 1907, Arthur H. Savage.

SECTION 5.

SHERMAN MICHAEL PEARSALL, son of Michael Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 2, born December 11, 1817, in Cayuga Co., N. Y.; died May 8, 1905, at Grand Rapids, Mich.; resided at Pontiac, Michigan; married December 19, 1841, Catherine Rowleson Bayley of New York City, daughter of Isaac Bayley from Windsor, Vermont. He and his wife settled at Scipio, Cayuga Co., New York. Catherine Rowleson Bayley was born March 7, 1818; died December 17, 1894. Children:—

1. Elzey J. B. Pearsall, born July 14, 1844.
2. John Ball Pearsall, born July 14, 1844; died May 10, 1862 in Covington, Ky.
3. Celina E. Pearsall, born February 16, 1846; died September 23, 1912; married August 9, 1876, William N. Rowe. He was born October 5, 1853; died March 21, 1905. Children:— *1. Katherine Grace Rowe, born 1878; died 1881. *2. William Sherman Rowe, born 1880; married December 24, 1901, Helen (Nellie) May Baker. *3. Fred N. Rowe, born 1883; married June 29, 1904, Fern L. Richardson.
4. Margaret A. Pearsall, born March 20, 1848.
5. Wyant A. Pearsall, born March 20, 1848.
6. Bayley C. Pearsall, born September 28, 1849; died January 10, 1872.
7. Esther J. Pearsall, born July 30, 1851; married first, March 27, 1870, Frank Miner who was born September 1846; died November 11, 1881. She married second, October 19, 1884, Sanford Robens. Children of first marriage:—*1. Jennie L. Miner, born November 15, 1872; died December 28, 1916; married October 27, 1892, Clyde C. Byers. *2. Charles S. Miner, born December 20, 1881; married October 15, 1913, Lola B. Bagley. Child of second marriage:—*3. F. Burdett Robens, born June 1891.
8. Herbert A. Pearsall, born May 17, 1853; married September 6, 1875, Mary Elizabeth Douglas.
9. George S. Pearsall, born May 11, 1859; died September 13, 1861.
10. Perly W. Pearsall, born May 14, 1863. See Z, this Section. Married May 25, 1885, Adella J. Totten. She was born April 2, 1868. Children:—*1. Sherman M. Pearsall, born December 18, 1886; resided at Grand Rapids, Mich.; married June 27, 1907, Grace Blount. *2. Lloyd Elmer Pearsall, born February 10, 1889; died August 25, 1889. *3. Vernon W. Pearsall, born October 25, 1890; married January 1, 1915, Ruth L. Arnold. *4. Helen C. Pearsall, born June 20, 1893. *5. Perly W. Pearsall, born September 11, 1895; resided at Grand Rapids, Michigan; married June 21, 1915, Helen Halverson.

SECTION 6.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 1, born February 23, 1783; died November 15, 1850; resided at Sempronius, Cayuga Co., New York, and Troy, Oakland Co., Mich.; married first October 12, 1801.

Phebe E. Summerton, daughter of John and Rebecca Summerton of Cayuga Co., N. Y. She was born January 22, 1782; died May 13, 1837. He married second, November 5, 1837, Louise Royce who was born April 25, 1791. Children of first marriage:—

1. Henry Pearsall, born 1802; died young.
2. John T. Pearsall, born September 25, 1803; died young.
3. Daniel Pearsall, born December 16, 1805, Chapter 38, Section 7.
4. Rebecca Ann Pearsall, born September 12, 1807; died July 13, 1868; married Luther F. Whitney.
5. Ira S. Pearsall, born August 18, 1810; Chapter 38, Section 8.
6. Dwight Pearsall, died at 11 years of age.
7. Seth B. Pearsall, born April 6, 1814. See Z, this Section.
8. Allen S. Pearsall, born January 19, 1818; died September 24, 1892; married January 31, 1844, Lydia Ann Andrews. She was born December 25, 1824; died March 14, 1890. Children:—*1. Helen M. Pearsall, born September 2, 1845; married September 2, 1861, Llewellyn Chapel, who was born August 13, 1840. Child:—1. Carrie M. Chapel, born September 2, 1871; married — Thuber. *2. Mary Allen Pearsall, born December 12, 1847; died in infancy.
9. Harriet S. Pearsall, born January 4, 1820; died September 17, 1857; married Daniel Walter Rickard; he died November 18, 1891. Children:—*1. Henry Rickard. *2. Ann Rickard, married — Middleton. *3. Allen Rickard. *4. Elizabeth Rickard. *5. Chauncey Rickard. *6. Frances Rickard, born September 27, 1852; died August 16, 1874; married November 30, 1869, Volney N. Pearsall, son of Henry Ira Pearsall.
- Z. SETH B. PEARSALL, born April 6, 1814; died May 8, 1873; married Silva Sadler, daughter of John and Sarah Sadler. She was born September 30, 1811; died June 21, 1873. Children:—
 1. Royce Summerton Pearsall, born October 10, 1841; died August 7, 1912; resided at New Lothrop, Michigan; married first Emily Wright. He married second July 27, 1873, Rhoda E. Cotter, who was born March 5, 1856. Children of first marriage:—*1. Tillman Pearsall. *2. Adelaide Pearsall. Children of second marriage:—*3. Frank Pearsall, born January 3, 1875. *4. Willard Henry Pearsall, born April 15, 1877; married Ida May Spangelberger. *5. Harvey Robert Pearsall, born October 1, 1879; married May 12, 1910, Phebe Elizabeth Green. She was born August 25, 1893. *6. Sarah Bell Pearsall, born April 28, 1882; married George Westphol. *7. Blanche May Pearsall, born March 24, 1886; died March 20, 1889. *8. Maude Ellen Pearsall, born October 23, 1888; died April 28, 1909; married James Wood. *9. Mabel Augusta Pearsall, born September 1, 1892.
 2. Phebe Abigail Pearsall, born February 22, 1843; married Riley Tillison; he died December 1, 1904. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Tillison, born December 12, 1873; died June 10, 1903; married Charles Grover. *2. Sarah Tillison, married Ansel Baker.
 3. Sarah Monroe Pearsall, born November 19, 1844; married Anson Baker.

SECTION 7.

DANIEL PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 6, born December 16, 1805; died October 13, 1874; buried at Warren, 12 miles from Detroit; resided in Macomb Co., Michigan; married Electa Smith. Children:—

1. Isaac Sanford Pearsall, born August 18, 1839; died May 21, 1905; married October 26, 1868, Charlotte Boyd. She was born July 19, 1849. Children:—
*1. Daniel Isaac Pearsall, born October 25, 1869; married June 6, 1891, Hattie May Pearsall, daughter of Frank G. Pearsall and his wife Delilah Hoxsey, see Chapter 38, Section 4. She was born April 18, 1868. *2. Lydia L. Pearsall, born October 4, 1871; married June 27, 1891, George Henry Harris. *3. Lillie Ann Pearsall, born April 15, 1874; married March 22, 1894, Frank E. Harvey.
2. Ira Charles Pearsall, born December 7, 1834; died November 3, 1891; married July 1, 1860, Anna Branigan. She was born June 24, 1839; died September 27, 1910. Children:—*1. Frank A. Pearsall, born May 1, 1861; died March 18, 1916; married January 21, 1889, Elizabeth Schrieber. She was born March 7, 1866. Children:—1. Hattie Pearsall, born February 26, 1890; married October 4, 1911, Justine Kells. 2. Carrie Pearsall, born September 10, 1893; married December 1, 1915, Harry Bricker who was born March 22, 1893. *2. Edward E. Pearsall, born July 1, 1866; married December 20, 1898, Lucinda Seymour. *3. William Pearsall, born September 1874; died September, 1876. See Y, this Section.
3. Joseph Morris Pearsall, born April 20, 1841; died November 2, 1899; resided at Detroit, Michigan; married November 28, 1872, Augusta M. Kamp. She was born August, 1855; died March 8, 1905. Children:—*1. Adeline Pearsall, born October 16, 1873; died at 2 years of age. *2. Caroline Elizabeth Pearsall, born March 7, 1877; married May 8, 1896, Herman Roth. Child:—1. Lillian Roth, born September 15, 1897. *3. Frederick John Pearsall, born May 13, 1882; married June 26, 1907, Alvine Kalsow, who was born March 22, 1885. See Z, this Section.
4. Cordelia Pearsall, born December 18, 1843; died December 2, 1899; married Manuel Periera, who was born January 20, 1844.

SECTION 8.

IRA S. PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 6, born August 18, 1810, in Cayuga Co., N. Y.; died January 13, 1894; resided at Cleveland, Ohio, and Troy, Oakland Co., Michigan; married first October 19, 1836, Celia White, a native of New York state who was born September 1, 1817; died May 20, 1868. He married second 1869, Augusta V. Larkin of Macomb County, Michigan, who died May 26, 1916. Children of first marriage:—

1. Dwight Emmet Pearsall, born July 15, 1837; died February 12, 1902; married first May 6, 1860, Mary S. Smith. She was born December 26, 1839; died November 22, 1879. He married second, Martha Jane Grover. She was born in New York. Children of first marriage:—*1. Ira Sheldon Pearsall, born May 22, 1861; married April 16, 1886, Etta Elizabeth Parrott.

She was born July 26, 1865. Children:—1. Mary Pearsall, born April 23, 1887; married June 23, 1907, Frank Cooley. 2. Albert Dwight Pearsall, born October 12, 1888; married October 18, 1909, Edith May St. Clair. 3. Alice May Pearsall, born March 1, 1890; married Owen Dailey. 4. Ellen Frank Pearsall, born March 3, 1900. 5. Enos Daniel Pearsall, born January 10, 1902. *2. Fannie Elizabeth Pearsall, born January 25, 1863; married James Bromley. *3. Allen Dwight Pearsall, born March 3, 1872; died aged 22 years. Child of second marriage:—*4. Ralph Dwight Pearsall, born January 29, 1894.

2. Adelia White Pearsall, born April 10, 1839; married February 9, 1859, John Morris Snook.

3. Celia Amanda Pearsall, born December 30, 1847; died May 24, 1862.

SECTION 9.

NATHANIEL PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 1, married Sarah Grover. Children:—

1. Luther Lawrence Pearsall, born 1802, Chapter 38, Section 10.
2. Jeremiah Sherman Pearsall, born April 5, 1806, Chapter 38, Section 12.
3. William Colwell Pearsall, born June 16, 1812, Chapter 38, Section 13.
4. Ruth Pearsall, married Abisha Whiting.
5. Delilah Pearsall, married ——— Clark.
6. Bedurah Pearsall, married ——— Fisher.

SECTION 10.

LUTHER LAWRENCE PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 9, born 1802 in Coe Township, Ill.; buried with his wife near Walla Walla, Wash.; resided at Whiteside Co., Ill. and Walla Walla, Wash.; married Anna Van Wormer. Her mother was buried at Burnt River in crossing the plains. Children:—

1. William Howard Pearsall, died January 1891, Chapter 38, Section 11.
2. Sarah Ann Pearsall, married Horatio P. Norton in New York.
3. Jane Pearsall, married Curtis Rice.
4. Edward Samuel Pearsall, born August 2, 1832; died September 10, 1914; married December 31, 1856, Emily R. Slafter. She was born February 8, 1836. Children—*1. Charles Eugene Pearsall, born August 24, 1859; married Della Shute. *2. Albert L. Pearsall, born February 2, 1861. *3. George E. Pearsall, born September 23, 1863; died 1864. *4. William A. Pearsall, born November 3, 1866; died November 14, 1866. *5. Henry W. Pearsall, born June 13, 1868. *6. Emily Pearsall, born May 10, 1876; died January 5, 1878.
5. Laura Pearsall, married Obile Goble.

SECTION 11.

WILLIAM HOWARD PEARSALL, son of Luther Lawrence Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 10, was born in Pennsylvania; died January, 1891 or March, 1893; buried at Asotin, Wash.; resided at Marysville, Kan.; married Mary Elizabeth

Goble who was born in Pennsylvania; died November 27, 1907; buried near Spokane Bridge, Wash. Children:—

1. Henry Jeremiah Pearsall, born January 29, 1851; married first, June 7, 1883, Kate Jeffries, who died 1884. He married second, June 19, 1888, Sarah Celina Nevil. Child of first marriage:—*1. Frances LeRoy Pearsall, born April 24, 1884; unmarried. Children of second marriage:—*2. Pearly May Pearsall, born August 6, 1889; married first, James Ewing. She married second, Theodore Leach. *3. Lillie Belle Pearsall, born August 27, 1892; married Charles Newhard. *4. Nellie Elizabeth Pearsall, born January 9, 1895; married James McClain. *5. Henry Raymond Pearsall, born July 10, 1898; unmarried. *6. Gladys Ella Pearsall, born April 28, 1901. *7. Walter Pearsall, born January 22, 1890; died May 29, 1904. *8. Chester Earl Pearsall, born 1905. *9. Clarence Pearsall, born December 25, 1912.
2. Edgar Leonard Pearsall, born 1853; died 1878; unmarried.
3. William Pearsall, born 1856; died unmarried.
4. Festus LeRoy Pearsall, born April 5, 1860, married July 1, 1886, Ida May Stemson, who was born April 9, 1868. Children:—*1. Nellie May Pearsall, born April 4, 1888; married December 15, 1906, Carol Adam Gladish. *2. Bessie Elizabeth Pearsall, born May 27, 1892; died March 25, 1917. *3. Lester Carol Pearsall, born February 7, 1894. *4. Ida Lorraine Pearsall, born October 19, 1898. *5. Eunice Elfine Pearsall, born August 16, 1900. *6. Austin Festus Pearsall, born December 23, 1904. *7. Doris Aletha Pearsall, born January 18, 1910.
5. Jacob Chauncey Pearsall, born 1862; married January 1, 1887, Nellie Tuttle. She was born December 29, 1870. Children:—*1. Frederic Earl Pearsall, born May 5, 1888; married June 8, 1910, Jennie Caroline Stride. *2. Edgar Owen Pearsall, born August 19, 1890. *3. Leslie St. Elmo Pearsall, born July 10, 1898. *4. Bonebel Faunetta Pearsall, born January 29, 1901.
6. Sarah Jane Pearsall, born June, 1865.

SECTION 12.

JEREMIAH SHERMAN PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 9, born April 5, 1806, at Albany, N. Y.; died 1895, at Ottumwa, Iowa; resided at Ottumwa, Iowa; married Anna Holmes Chatterton, who was born March 19, 1804. Children:—

1. Delilah Pearsall, born December 23, 1829; died September 14, 1868; married Henry Tracy, who was born December 25, 1827. Children:—*1. Henry J. Tracy, born November 14, 1855; died October 24, 1884. *2. Carrie D. Tracy, born December 4, 1859; married first, December 4, 1878, Byron Downer. He was born August 2, 1840; died May 18, 1888. She married second, W. Arthur Davison, who was born July 15, 1866.
2. Minerva A. Pearsall, born October 17, 1831; married December 22, 1852, Edward McDermott, who died September 19, 1889. Children:—*1. George Edward McDermott, born October 23, 1853; living; married Elizabeth Williams. *2. Frederick Sherman McDermott, born November 6, 1873; died August 17, 1916.

3. Caroline Pearsall, born November 8, 1835; living; married November 8, 1853, Loomis S. Thompson. He was born May 5, 1832; died May 8, 1900. Children:—*1. Ella A. Thompson, born August 20, 1854; died February 18, 1886. *2. Lilah Thompson, born July 10, 1868; died July 8, 1886.
4. Jeremiah Smith Pearsall, born February 7, 1837; died January 14, 1910; married August 26, 1859, Clementine A. Saunders. She was born May 20, 1841; died January 1, 1916. Children:—*1. Robert A. Pearsall, born May 24, 1860; died November 14, 1914; married March 1, 1889, Mina Hallett. Children:—1. William Pearsall. 2. Jay Pearsall. 3. Archie Pearsall. 4. Robert Pearsall. *2. Sophia A. Pearsall, born March 29, 1862; married first, George Brady. No children. She married second, February 20, 1897, George D. Hearn. Child:—1. Leon D. Hearn, born January 5, 1898. *3. Milton C. Pearsall, born August 24, 1864; married December 20, 1899, Mary Woods.
5. Robert N. Pearsall, married first, Adaline Filbert; he married second, her sister Mary Filbert.
6. Ella Pearsall, born July 15, 1851; died February 7, 18—; married first, John Taylor; she married second, — Tarlton.
7. George Pearsall, an adopted son, born January 16, 1824; died August 26, 1907; see Chapter 38, Section 14, for his children. His former name was Ashley; he is buried at Tacoma, Wash.; resided at Tacoma, Wash.; married March 1, 1855, Sarah Jane Pearsall, daughter of William C. Pearsall.

SECTION 13.

WILLIAM COLWELL PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 9, born June 16, 1812, in Cayuga Co., N. Y.; died May 15, 1891; resided in Steuben Co., N. Y., Brockville, Canada, Du Page County, Ill., and Rock Island County, Ill. He married March 7, 1833, Jane Ellingham of London, England, who was born January 29, 1814; died aged 84 years. Children:—

1. William Colwell Pearsall, born December 14, 1833; died March 1, 1849; unmarried.
2. Sarah Jane Pearsall, born November 6, 1835, Chapter 38, Section 14.
3. Robert E. Pearsall, born November 3, 1837; died March 11, 1917; married September 19, 1860, Elizabeth Stout, born April 28, 1842; died March 9, 1917. Children:—*1. Levi C. Pearsall, born April 29, 1865; unmarried; resided at Port Bryon, Ill. *2. William Nathaniel Pearsall, born June 11, 1871; married Carrie Taylor. *3. Nathaniel B. Pearsall, born August 23, 1877; married Mary Taylor. *4. Robert F. Pearsall, born October 19, 1861; died September 21, 1862. *5. Elizabeth Pearsall, born February 20, 1873; died September 2, 1873.
4. Emily M. Pearsall, born December 25, 1839; died 1860; married Austin M. Tanner.
5. Jeremiah Pearsall, born November 26, 1842; married December 6, 1865, Martha McConnell. She was born November 22, 1847. Children:—*1. Caldwell Pearsall, born September 20, 1866; married January 24, 1889, Mary Orr. *2. Luther Irvin Pearsall, born June 30, 1871; died July 26, 1912; married

- April 17, 188—, Ida Bell Coffman. *3. Jeremiah Pearsall, born May 4, 1874; married Mary L. Moody. *4. Cecelia Mae Pearsall, born September 11, 1876; married November 24, 1897, Clive Trobridge. *5. Maurice Roy Pearsall, born October 26, 1880. *6. Louise Pearsall, born June 2, 1883.
6. Elizabeth Pearsall, born November 13, 1843; married Andrew Taber.
 7. Martha Angeline Pearsall, born July 18, 1846; married Joseph Washington Miller.
 8. Mary Caroline Pearsall, born July 18, 1846; died March 14, 1917; married Oscar F. Rathbun.
 9. Luther Seward Pearsall, born March 17, 1848; died April 10, 1910; married first, September, 1873, Charlotte E. Wake. She was born 1849; died March, 1878. He married second, January 5, 1881, Ella E. Ashdown. She was born June 29, 1861. Children of first marriage:—*1. Charles Roy Pearsall, born February 25, 1875. *2. Robert Percy Pearsall, born August 29, 1876.
 10. William Willard Pearsall, born August 19, 1850; married May 20, 1877, Ella Trent. She was born May 19, 1857. Children:—*1. Flora Clementine Pearsall, born March 20, 1879. *2. Elizabeth Jane Pearsall, born April 20, 1883. *3. Seward Ross Pearsall, born February 5, 1881; died July 28, 1911. *4. Robert L. Pearsall, born April 18, 1885. *5. Zayda Pearsall, born March 16, 1887. *6. Mabel Rosella Pearsall, born March 14, 1889; died November 7, 1912; unmarried. *7. Phillip Pearsall, born December 10, 1890. *8. Ethel I. Pearsall, born November 17, 1895. *9. Mary Melvern Pearsall, born November 4, 1900.
 11. Minerva Adelia Pearsall, born November 29, 1852; died December 14, 1869.
 12. Rosetta A. Pearsall, born May 6, 1855; died May, 1863.
 13. Phebe Clementine Pearsall, born May 6, 1859; married Louis Rathgeber.

SECTION 14.

SARAH JANE PEARSALL, daughter of William Colwell Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 13, born November 6, 1835; living; resided at Port Bryon, Ill. and Tacoma, Wash. She married March 1, 1855, George Pearsall, an adopted son of her uncle, Jeremiah S. Pearsall. His name formerly was George Ashley; he was born January 16, 1824; died August 26, 1907. Children:—

1. George B. Pearsall, born August 17, 1856; married December 20, 1893, Lydia E. Sand.
2. Jeremiah D. Pearsall, born August 17, 1856; living; unmarried.
3. Minerva Pearsall, born April 12, 1861; unmarried.
4. William R. Pearsall, born January 22, 1863; married December 20, 1892, Hattie R. Wright. She was born June 6, 1874.
5. Frederick C. Pearsall, born June 3, 1866; died March 12, 1886.
6. Luther R. Pearsall, born August 31, 1873; married October 14, 1896, Dora N. Taylor.
7. Jane Olive Pearsall, born October 2, 1876; married November 10, 1904, Charles A. Edtl.

SECTION 15.

JOSEPH PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 1, born 1785; died 1866; buried at Mt. Forest, Mich.; resided at Prattsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y., Flint and Pontiac, Mich.; married Sarah Mowrey, daughter of Havilah Mowrey and his wife Fanny Dixon of Warren, N. Y. She was born September 12, 1800, at Killingly, Conn.; died February 20, 1891, at Flint, Mich. Children:—

1. Amanda Pearsall, born June 10, 1829; living; married September 27, 1845, Abner Clark Johnson, who was born 1821; died April 9, 1895. Children:—
*1. Charles H. Johnson, born August 23, 1847; died 1913. *2. Ransome Clark Johnson, born July 12, 1849; died October 7, 1904. *3. Clarence Mowrey Johnson, born April 12, 1855; died December 15, 1857. *4. Charlotte Ida Johnson, born August 23, 1857; died December 15, 1859. *5. James D. Johnson, born June 18, 1851; married Georgeanna Stephenson.
2. Fanny Permelia Pearsall, born April 17, 1823; died January 30, 1902; married September 17, 1845, Peter Phillips who was born April 9, 1816; died June 5, 1894. Children:—*1. Sarah Frances Phillips, born July 4, 1846; married March 15, 1865, Lafayette Davis. *2. Olive May Phillips, born 1848; died 1882; married 1874, Julius Collier Peck.
3. Jane Emily Pearsall.
4. John Pearsall, died aged 2 years.
5. Havilah Pearsall, died before maturity.
6. Ira Brandt Pearsall, born August 15, 1839; died December 14, 1903; married second, March 9, 1876, Julia Rich. She was born June 4, 1857. Children:—
*1. Gordon Perry Pearsall, born February 19, 1877; died September 28, 1877. *2. May Pearsall, born May 1, 1879; married George Weldon. *3. Olga Pearsall, born April 4, 1886; married first, Edward Mank. She married second, George Terris. *4. Rea Pearsall, born May 12, 1892; died October 11, 1893. *5. Ora Pearsall, born February 26, 1898.
7. Oliver Pearsall.
8. Elizabeth Pearsall, married ——— Smoke.
9. Edward Pearsall, died young.
10. Ransom Pearsall.

SECTION 16.

GEORGE PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 1, born April 12, 1776, in New York; died July 12, 1841; buried at Dewitt, Mich.; resided at Prattsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y., and Dewitt, Mich.; married Polly Ralph, who was born July 26, 1786; died February 8, 1848. Child:—

1. Jonathan Ralph Pearsall, born May 10, 1810, Chapter 38, Section 17.

SECTION 17.

JONATHAN RALPH PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 16, born May 10, 1810; died April 22, 1868; buried at Dewitt, Mich.; married first, Aurilla Mary Barnum, who was born October 6, 1814; died November 11, 1853; buried at Dewitt. He married second, Jane Esther Hewett (Gunderman). She was born October 6, 1829; died May 17, 1880. Children of first marriage:—

1. Ira Farmon Pearsall, born July 6, 1836, see Z, this Section.
2. George W. Pearsall, born April 5, 1839; died March 11, 1864.
3. Harvey B. Pearsall, born November 21, 1841; died September 22, 1842.
4. Mary Melinda Pearsall, born August 12, 1843; died May 22, 1913; married first, August 6, 1864, Joseph Conklin, who was born July 23, 1837; died December 2, 1900. She married second, James Hickok.
5. Andrew J. Pearsall, born November 21, 1846; died May 25, 1850.
6. William R. Pearsall, born April 30, 1850; died April 16, 1853. Children of second marriage:—
 7. Adoniram Pearsall, born November 25, 1854; died November 3, 1855.
 8. Delos Henry Pearsall, born April 5, 1856; died September 29, 1868.
 9. Eva Adeline Pearsall, born March 8, 1859; died October 26, 1859.
 10. Martha Caroline Pearsall, born September 9, 1860; married July 7, 1886, Lewis Watling.
 11. Jonathan Russell Pearsall, born October 17, 1862; died September 3, 1909; married Ada Dell Hollenbeck.
- Z. IRA FARMON PEARSALL, born July 6, 1836; died July 26, 1906; resided in Michigan and Washington; married first, February 23, 1858, at St. John, Mich., Mary Elizabeth Moore. She was born December 30, 1836; died January 15, 1875. He married second, October 15, 1875, Louise Jane (Felton) Hewitt, a widow, who was born June 28, 1853; died September 28, 1915. Children of first marriage:—
 1. Ira J. Pearsall, born November 25, 1858; married January 27, 1885, Elizabeth Alta Clarke. She was born April 18, 1869. Children:—*1. Eva Pearsall, born November 11, 1886. *2. Helena Pearsall, born April 4, 1892; married September 29, 1917, Murray M. Mackall. *3. Ira G. Clark Pearsall, born April 21, 1895. *4. Marjorie Pearsall, born June 17, 1897. *5. Herman Stein Pearsall, born July 11, 1901.
 2. Mary Elizabeth Pearsall, born November 3, 1860; married Oscar Felton. Children:—*1. Maurice Felton. *2. Orlo Felton. *3. Iskaland Felton. *4. Charlotte Felton. *5. Jessie Felton. *6. Ira Felton.
 3. Eva Charlotte Pearsall, born March 22, 1863; married September 7, 1884, Henry Hooker Disbrow. Children:—*1. Beulah Disbrow. *2. Claud Disbrow. *3. Jack Disbrow. *4. Robbin Disbrow. *5. Peter Disbrow. *6. Kenneth Disbrow.
 4. Aurilla Pearsall, born August 20, 1868; married March 17, 1889, Robert B. Swort. He was born July 9, 1868. Children:—*1. Earle Beaumont Swort, born December 14, 1889; died August 1, 1890. *2. Hazel Margaret Swort, born January 26, 1891; died August 13, 1898. *3. Carl Beaumont Swort, born December 11, 1894. *4. Robert Emerson Swort, born February 21, 1901.
 5. Olive Bell Pearsall, born January 5, 1872; died January 10, 1882. Child of second marriage:—
 6. Ralph M. Pearsall, born July 2, 1879; died June 14, 1902; unmarried.

SECTION 18.

PLATT PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 1; resided in Cayuga County, also Prattsburg, Steuben County, New York; married —. Children:—

1. Ira W. Pearsall, born 1815, see Chapter 38, Section 19.
2. Daniel Pearsall, born 1819; married Cynthia L. —.

SECTION 19.

IRA W. PEARSALL, son of Platt Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 18, born 1815; died 1849; resided in Ulster, Pennsylvania; married 1834, Susan Bowman, who was born 1818; died 1913. Children:—

1. Rachel Pearsall; married — Smith.
2. James W. Pearsall, born October 10, 1839; died 1913; married February 9, 1861, Adelaide D. Gates. She was born May 29, 1845; died 1913. Children:—*1. Ida May Pearsall, born November 25, 1862; married January 14, 1884, Josiah Annesby Fisher. *2. Frank Henry Pearsall, born August 22, 1867; died May 2, 1921; married February, 1893, Marian Cornelius. *3. George Ira Pearsall, born February 3, 1872; died aged 4 years. *4. Arthur B. Pearsall, born October 2, 1874; unmarried. *5. Maude A. Pearsall, born February 19, 1880; married Hellener Frank Allgard.
3. Embery A. Pearsall, born January 28, 1841; married February 26, 1865, Laura Wright, who was born 1840. Children:—*1. Luella A. Pearsall, born January 26, 1867; married April 30, 1900, Frank E. Campbell. *2. Henrietta Pearsall, born January 6, 1872; died December 16, 1880. *3. Mary E. Pearsall, born August 5, 1875; married October 23, 1901, Frank L. Hoffman. *4. Laura Belle Pearsall, born August 28, 1877; married November 26, 1909, Mark G. Brown. *5. William Pearsall, born February 5, 1885; died March 8, 1885.
4. John Pearsall, born 1843; died Nov. 14, 1907; married May 26, 1872, Kate Smith. She was born May 25, 1849. Children:—*1. John Pearsall, born Feb. 15, 1875; unmarried. *2. Susan Pearsall, born June 5, 1879; died Oct. 19, 1914; married Byron Hamilton. *3. Joseph Pearsall, born April 1, 1886; married Elizabeth Miller. *4. Catharine Pearsall, born Aug. 26, 1888; died unmarried.
5. Ira Pearsall, born 1845.
6. Charles Frank Pearsall, born 1847.

SECTION 20.

IRA ERASTUS PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 38, Section 1; born 1790; died July 4, 1864; resided at Sempronius, Cayuga County, and Steuben County, N. Y., and Waukegan, Ill. He married first, Eunice —. He married second, Fanny Sherman. Child of first marriage:—

1. Deborah Pearsall.
Child of second marriage:—
2. Platt Pearsall, born Jan. 29, 1856; married Nov. 9, 1880, Mary Jane Thompson, who was born Nov. 29, 1859. Children:—*1. Ira Edward Pearsall, born June 24, 1884; married Sarah Golder. *2. Robert James Pearsall, born Oct. 6, 1886.

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

JOSEPH PEIRSALL
of Clinton, Dutchess County, New York

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

JOSEPH PEIRSALL, ALIAS PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 3; died before 1790, aged circa 40 years; resided at Clinton, Dutchess Co., New York; married Elizabeth Hicks. Children:—

1. John Pearsall, born November 16, 1779, Chapter 39, Section 2.
2. Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 3.
3. Clarke Pearsall, born November 16, 1769, Chapter 39, Section 7.
4. Phebe Pearsall, born May 20, 1780, Chapter 37, Section 16.
5. Sarah Pearsall, born June 10, 1782; died July 8, 1852.
6. Ann Pearsall, born May 20, 1780; died March 24, 1850; married Hugh F. Dawson, born April 26, 1792; died June 10, 1862.

Joseph Pearsall was associated with his father and brothers in their business at Danbury. At first this business had no special reference to the differences between the colonies and Great Britain, but day by day, and almost imperceptibly, the conditions changed until Lexington brought a condition of open hostilities. Then Danbury became an American quartermaster headquarters. Still the old firm continued to manufacture the same products as before the war began and apparently there was no question but that all the members of the concern were heart as well as hand in the work. The destruction of Danbury and the flight therefrom brought a rude awakening to the happy association of this family. Joseph Pearsall had married, or was about to marry, Elizabeth Hicks, who was a strict Friend. She had been restive under the conditions which made her husband manufacture products to be used in taking human life. She had many talks with him, but the time for decision was always postponed. During the memorable flight from Danbury, Joseph told his father and brothers that he had resolved to never again make any arms to be used in taking human life. This was, of course, not entirely unexpected, but it was hoped that Joseph would change his mind when the time came for the severance of the old relationships which had continued ever since the boys could remember they had a father.

It is probable that nothing would have been said further in the matter had the Tories not been encouraged by the destruction of Danbury to raid the whole southern part of Dutchess County, and in the summer of the same year, 1777, a band of these pests, to the number of nearly four hundred, came to the neighborhood of their father's home near Pleasant Valley, forcing Nathaniel and his family to again flee from their depredations. To the surprise of all, Joseph remained true to his Quaker principles. The result was a bitter family quarrel.

Grandfather John Pearsall, on his farm in Jefferson Co., told me that Joseph then changed the spelling of his name. I had often wondered about this story, but true enough the census of 1790, lying before me as I write, names the widow of Joseph as Elizabeth Peirsall. In the same way in New York, in Michigan and in Kansas, I have found the descendants of Joseph Pearsall adhering more or less to this new spelling. Civil warfare is a dreadful experience. It always cleaves the community through family lines. Brother against brother is the rule of civil strife. More than a century has elapsed since then, and as these folks write their name in this peculiar manner they can well be proud that it represents adherence by their ancestor to what he believed to be right, even to the point of severance of all the ties that he held most dear.

SECTION 2.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Joseph Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 1; born November 16, 1779; died October 27, 1869; resided at Tully, N. Y.; married June 11, 1806, Josephine Worden, who was born February 13, 1789; died May 13, 1845. Children:—

1. Isaac Pearsall, born December 23, 1807; died August 23, 1887; married October 16, 1845, Hannah Willis, who was born April 10, 1816; died February 4, 1898. Children:—*1. Anna Pearsall, born July 31, 1849; married April 5, 1870, George Dorman, who was born February 16, 1847; died November 27, 1901. Child:—1. Arthur Pearsall Dorman, born January, 1871. *2. Isaac Elmer Pearsall, born December 22, 1857.
2. Sarah Pearsall, born January 1, 1814; died 1830; married Lewis Peck.
3. Millie Pearsall, born December 6, 1818; died May 13, 1845; married — Fish.

SECTION 3.

SAMUEL PIERSALL, son of Joseph Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 1; resided in the village of Camden, Oneida Co., N. Y.; married Hannah Hawkins. Children:—

1. Olive Piersall, married John Smith.
2. Lucretia Piersall, married William Hester.
3. Ruth Piersall, married Moses Pease.
4. Hannah Piersall, married William Godfrey.
5. Eliza Piersall, married David Beebe.
6. John Piersall, Chapter 39, Section 4.
7. Thomas Piersall, Chapter 39, Section 5.
8. Abram Piersall, Chapter 39, Section 6.

SECTION 4.

JOHN PIERSALL, son of Samuel Piersall, Chapter 39, Section 3; married Emily —. Children:—

1. Samuel Piersall; married Mary Bristol. Children:—*1. Martha Piersall; married — Dunham. *2. Jessie Piersall; married — Micker.
2. Edward Piersall.
3. David Piersall, married Addie —. Children:—*1. Willard Piersall. *2. Grace Piersall. *3. Blanche Piersall. *4. Florence Mae Piersall.

4. George Piersall; married Ellen Phillips.
5. Roseltha Piersall, married James Miller.
6. Elizabeth Piersall, married Edward Christman. Children:—*1. Daniel Christman. *2. George Christman. *3. Ada Christman, married Whitmyer. *4. Eunice Christman, married Stinson.
7. Ellen Piersall married Thomas A. Bristol.
8. Anna Piersall, married Richard Bristol.
9. Lavinia Piersall, married John Wood.
10. Jane Piersall, married Edward Proctor.

SECTION 5.

THOMAS PIERSALL, son of Samuel Piersall, Chapter 39, Section 3; resided in Oneida County, N. Y.; married Maria Tanner of Hillsborough, Oneida Co., N. Y. Children:—

1. Samuel Piersall; married Abbie ——. Children:—*1. Frank Piersall. *2. Adam Piersall.
2. George Piersall.
3. Almira Piersall, married Martin Treen.
4. Elizabeth Piersall; married Fred Wright.
5. Ruth Piersall, married first, Atlantic Bridgman. She married second, Elias Wright.

SECTION 6.

ABRAM PIERSALL, son of Samuel Piersall, Chapter 39, Section 3; born September 17, 1822; resided at Cleveland, Oswego Co., N. Y. and Vienna, Oneida Co., N. Y.; married 1846, Rebecca Dutcher. Children:—

1. Ransom D. Piersall, born January 7, 1847.
2. Samuel Piersall, born April 27, 1848; married Mary Finch.
3. Abram Piersall, born June 1, 1851; unmarried.
4. Ella Josephine Piersall, born January 27, 1853; married Joel Morse.
5. Amelia Piersall, born February 5, 1855; died March 11, 1855.
6. Frances Piersall, born February 6, 1856; died February 7, 1856.
7. Allena Piersall, born July 11, 1857; died December 22, 1857.
8. Truman Piersall, born November 21, 1859; married Jennie Dufer.
9. Jenette Piersall, born August 11, 1862; married Arbe Mickel.
10. William Piersall, born December 29, 1864; married Helen Stitzer.
11. Cora Bell Piersall, born November 25, 1870; died December 12, 1870.

SECTION 7.

CLARKE PEARSALL, son of Joseph Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 1; born November 16, 1769; died August 7, 1849; buried at Pine Lake, Mich.; resided in Connecticut. He married Abigail Sebiree, who was born September 10, 1777; died December 4, 1822. Children:—

1. John Pearsall, born November 13, 1796, Chapter 39, Section 8.
2. Nathaniel Pearsall, born October 31, 1797, Chapter 39, Section 11.
3. Samuel Pearsall, born February 13, 1799, Chapter 39, Section 12.

4. Sarah Pearsall, born October 1, 1800; married John Kirkland.
5. Israel Pearsall, born July 18, 1802; died August 11, 1832; unmarried.
6. Rice Pearsall, born May 18, 1804, Chapter 39, Section 15.
7. Amelia Hortense Pearsall, born February 19, 1806; died February 2, 1886.
8. William Ludlow Pearsall, born November 20, 1808, Chapter 39, Section 16.
9. George Pearsall, born August 18, 1810; died January 21, 1888; married August 31, 1831, Mary A. Ensign, who died March 14, 1900. Children:—
 - *1. Martha Pearsall, married first Robert Dawson; second Abraham Osmen.
 - *2. Frances Pearsall; married Mortimer D. Osmen.
10. Joseph Pearsall, born July 9, 1812; died July 12, 1812.
11. Mary Pearsall, born July 9, 1812; died July 12, 1812.
12. Truman Pearsall, born June 18, 1814; died August 16, 1829.

SECTION 8.

JOHN PIERSALL, son of Clarke Piersall, Chapter 39, Section 7; was born November 13, 1796, buried in New York State; married first, Nancy —, who was born in Pennsylvania. He married second, Katherine Powell at Wilsonville, Canada, who died and is buried in Canada. Children of first marriage:—

1. James Piersall, born January 27, 1822, Chapter 39, Section 9.
2. William Piersall, born September 2, 1819; died November 4, 1884; married January 1, 1842, Sarah Ann Sitzer who was born December 6, 1827; died June 12, 1887. Children:—*1. David Riley Pearsall, born January 10, 1843; died July 21, 1905; married Ida Davis. She was born 1849; died 1898. Children:—1. Benjamin R. Pearsall, born 1866; married Bertha —; no children. 2. Arthur D. Piersall, born May 22, 1871; married February 20, 1895, Jessie M. Moore. She was born May 5, 1876. 3. Ernest Pearsall, born 1875; died 1876. *2. Rinaldo Pearsall, born January 4, 1848. *3. Rosaldo Pearsall, born January 4, 1848. *4. Frances Jeraldine Pearsall, born September 6, 1849; died March 22, 1905; married Ed. Hawkins. *5. James Madison Pearsall, born July 21, 1855; died July 31, 1917; married first, Lila Davidson, August 24, 1887. He married second, July 25, 1904, Lorena Eubanks. *6. Byron Leroy Pearsall, born March 15, 1857; died 1879. *7. Evander Pearsall, born August 6, 1859. *8. Levander Pearsall, born August 6, 1859. *9. William Willard Pearsall (formerly spelled Piersall), was born March 13, 1865; married July 16, 1888, Odiskey May Emrich, who was born November 19, 1873.
3. Andrew Piersall, born January 2, 1818; died December 16, 1892; married March 3, 1841, Matilda Vaughn, who was born August 28, 1819; died May 12, 1890. Children:—*1. William H. Pearsall, born May 4, 1842. *2. Thomas I. Pearsall, born May 4, 1842. *3. Mary E. Pearsall, born December 19, 1843. *4. Josephine Pearsall, born March 6, 1846. *5. Matilda Pearsall, born November 3, 1847; living; married December, 1878, George Lockwood, who was born July 31, 1843; died July 31, 1916. *6. Caroline Helen Pearsall, born August 4, 1850; married Lyman Dratt. *7. Thomas E. Pearsall, born October 12, 1853. *8. Marion Pearsall, born October 27, 1856; died February 28, 1919; married April 25, 1889, Fremont Hibberd.

4. George Wellington Piersall, born February 17, 1825; died May 16, 1899; married 1846, Maryet Lewis, who was born March 7, 1827; died September 25, 1895. Children:—*1. Wellington Piersall, born July 25, 1851; married January 31, 1880, Ella Corine. *2. Edward Piersall, born December 28, 1849; married Coria Culliford. *3. Juliet Piersall, born September 17, 1847. *4. Survila Piersall, born March 10, 1859; died May 1, 1907; married March 6, 1881, Albert C. DeVoe. *5. Cora Piersall, born April, 1863; married October 5, 1885, Herbert Miller. *6. Frederick Piersall.
5. Delilah Piersall, married —.
6. Cicero Piersall.
Children of second marriage:—
7. John Pearsall, born January 2, 1832; married Elizabeth Chambers. Children:—*1. James Persall, born September 10, 1855; married January 2, 1878, Silva Ellen Wymer. She was born March 31, 1862. *2. John Persall, deceased. *3. David Persall. *4. Edward Persall. *5. Phebe Persall, born May 1, 1858; married James Bowen. *6. Leutitia Persall, married John Knarr. *7. Kate Persall, married Herbert Kettle.
8. Truman Pearsall, born May 12, 1833, Chapter 39, Section 10.
9. Daniel Pearsall, married Elizabeth Ann Glover.
10. Smith Pearsall, died June 19, 1915; first married Mary Ann Swezy, who died January, 1876. He married second, September 29, 1880, Ella Ballard. She died October 29, 1891. Children of first marriage:—*1. Lewis Pearsall; died aged circa 12 years. *2. Lillie Bell Pearsall, born July 11, 1873; married July 11, 1891, Charles F. Cline. *3. Eliza Ann Pearsall, born December 5, 1875; married first, January 8, 1901, James Soper, who was born 1865. She married second, August 22, 1904, Ephraim Hart. Children of second marriage:—*4. Benjamin Franklin Pearsall, born November 3, 1881; married — Perry. *5. Mina Pearsall, born October 12, 1883, married July 4, 1899, Henry Dunbar. *6. Jessie Elizabeth Pearsall, born July 7, 1901.
11. William Pearsall, born May 12, 1846; married December 28, 1870, Catharine Blooher. Children:—*1. William Pearsall, born October 5, 1871. *2. Frank Pearsall, born May 11, 1873. *3. Andrew Pearsall. *4. Jennieretta Pearsall, born February 15, 1877.
12. Sarah Pearsall, born May 24, 1837; died November 19, 1907; resided at Pontiac, Mich.; married first, Joseph Davis. She married second, Albert Mott.
13. Helen Pearsall, born July 15, 1841; married John David Dingman.
14. May Pearsall, married Hilton Havens.
15. Amy Pearsall, married Frank Sweet.

SECTION 9.

JAMES PIERSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 8; born January 27, 1822, in Livingston Co., N. Y.; died 1904; buried at Millburg, Mich.; resided in Livingston Co., N. Y., until 1844, Cameron Co., Pa., Millburg, Mich., and Shippen Township, Cameron Co., Pa. He married January 23, 1848, Elizabeth Philena Morrison, daughter of Jeremiah and Elizabeth Morrison. She was born 1824; died March 21, 1914. Children:—

1. Maria E. Piersall, born November 16, 1848; married Edward F. Close.
2. Adelia Piersall, died in youth.
3. Frank Piersall, died in youth.
4. Amanda Piersall, died aged 5 years.
5. Albert Wells Piersall, died in youth.
6. Evangeline Bell Piersall, born April 8, 1852; married July 3, 1868, O. Dewitt Bishop. He was born June 28, 1848. Child: —*1. Nora Bell Bishop, born November 5, 1871; died March 25, 1875.
7. Georgana Piersall, born November 2, 1855; married Frank Scofield. He was born January 1, 1854. No children.
8. William Piersall, born April 28, 1858; married November 19, 1886, Effie Wilder. She was born August 22, 1866. Children:—*1. Mirl Piersall, born October 2, 1893. *2. Jessie Piersall, born May 21, 1899.
9. Renoldo Piersall, died in childhood.
10. Charles West Piersall, born September 1, 1867; married July 3, 1886, Nettie J. Dickinson. She was born October 15, 1870. Children:—*1. Nellie Mabel Piersall, born September 12, 1887; married May 1, 1904, Earl Shinglebecker. *2. Nora Bell Piersall, born November 6, 1888; married William Walker. *3. Charles Piersall, born May 11, 1890; died May 11, 1890. *4. Mamie Georgana Piersall, born July 15, 1891; married Herman Hirsch. *5. Edward Ernest Piersall, born July 13, 1893; married Clara Peters. *6. William McKinley Piersall, born November 5, 1896; unmarried. *7. Carl James Piersall, born July 7, 1899; died October 3, 1913. *8. Edith Piersall, born February 26, 1902.

SECTION 10.

TRUMAN PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 8; was born May 12, 1833; died February 4, 1907; buried at New Lothrop, Mich.; married April 28, 1854, Rebecca Chambers, daughter of John Chambers and his wife Phebe Smith. Children:—

1. Charles Pearsall, born February 20, 1855; died May 4, 1916; married September 18, 1878, Maria Lefler, who was born March 6, 1856; died August 4, 1916. Children:—*1. Tyrell Pearsall, born March 10, 1881; resided at Flint, Mich.; married June 9, 1909, Lottie H. Shoefflin. *2. Rebecca Pearsall; married George Seman.
2. Peter Pearsall, born February 6, 1856; married Anna Colby.
3. Alice Pearsall, born November 14, 1859; died June 5, 1915; married first, George Gould; married second, April 22, 1883, Frederick J. Slocum.
4. George Pearsall, born October 1, 1861; married Addie Slocum.
5. Clark Pearsall, born February 10, 1870; married Beatrice Amelia Nelson.

SECTION 11.

NATHANIEL PEARSALL, son of Clarke Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 7; born October 31, 1797, in New York; died February 15, 1831; resided in New York and came to Michigan in 1827; married Louisa Whaley. Children:—

1. Clarke Pearsall, born February 15, 1827; died October 11, 1900; married April 2, 1851, Mary A. Patchett, who was born August 12, 1833; died August 3, 1887. Children —*1. Cassius Pearsall, born February 1, 1853; died October 9, 1864. *2. George D. Pearsall, born March 26, 1857; married November 14, 1877, Sarah Allen. *3. Alice E. Pearsall, born August 21, 1859; married July 2, 1890, George Barbour. *4. Robert E. Pearsall, born December 21, 1862; married May 21, 1884, Elizabeth Hamilton. Children:—1. Claud Pearsall, born February 15, 1894; married April 9, 1913, Ethel Painter. 2. Myrtle Pearsall, born January 1, 1885; married September 6, 1903, Clarke Wood. *5. Frederick E. Pearsall, born March 6, 1869; married September 19, 1889, Sarah Barber. She was born January 25, 1862. Children:—1. Earl C. Pearsall, born November 14, 1890; married September 25, 1914, Ruth Childs. She was born September 25, 1894. 2. Luther M. Pearsall, born March 7, 1891. 3. Retta M. Pearsall, born November 14, 1892; married Clarence S. Petteys. 4. Mary E. Pearsall, born November 10, 1896. 5. Everett Pearsall, born December 17, 1906. *6. Mary E. Pearsall, born December 21, 1872; married June 27, 1903, Myron Birge Bushnell.
2. Maria Pearsall, born September 6, 1825; died August 3, 1867; married Abraham Vaughn.
3. Abigail Pearsall, born May 2, 1829; died October 19, 1900.

SECTION 12.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of Clarke Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 7; born February 13, 1799; died August 29, 1877; buried at Pine Lake, Mich.; resided in Camden, N. Y., and Oakland County, Mich.; married 1820, Elizabeth Hutchins. She was born January 13, 1804; died October 18, 1888. Children:—

1. Henriette Pearsall, born December 21, 1820; died October 16, 1829.
2. Jane Pearsall, born February 13, 1824; died unmarried.
3. Richard Marvin Pearsall, born July 17, 1826; died unmarried.
4. Thomas Pearsall, born December 8, 1828, Chapter 39, Section 13.
5. Charles Pearsall, born May 5, 1832, Chapter 39, Section 14.
6. Polly Pearsall, born February 10, 1831; died August 1, 1832.
7. Margaret Pearsall, born August 25, 1837; married June 21, 1870, Edwin Allen.
8. George Pearsall, born December 16, 1840; married June 9, 1866, Fannie Richards.
9. Electa Pearsall, born September 18, 1843; married John W. Rice.
10. Abigail Pearsall, born February 15, 1846; married Edward Rockwell.

Samuel Pearsall, eager to hear some news of his former associates, often walked to Pontiac, anticipating that he might meet some friend or receive a letter. Each time he returned home disappointed. Finally the good postmaster of Pontiac, aware of the settlers' craving for news of friends at home, notified Samuel that a letter with twenty-five cents postage due, had arrived. As Samuel did not have this amount of ready money, he set to work and split rails for a neighbor, who had the money. After he had received the required twenty-five

cents for his day's labor, he walked to Pontiac, light-hearted and happy at the prospect of hearing from his friends. Imagine his disappointment upon his arrival to find that the letter had been advertised and an additional twenty-five cents placed against it. As Uncle Sam would only take money Samuel was unable to pay the extra charge, and obtain the long-coveted missive, so he returned, split rails another day and on the succeeding morning returned to Pontiac and received his letter.

SECTION 13.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 12; born December, 1828; died October, 1905; resided at West Bloomfield, Oakland Co., Mich.; married first, 1850, Maria Pease, who died January 12, 1852. He married second, May 15, 1852, Jane Richards, who was born 1833; died January, 1908. Child of first marriage:—

1. Charles P. Pearsall, born Aug. 3, 1851; married April 4, 1874, Mary Warner.

Children of second marriage:—

2. Samuel Pearsall, born May 22, 1853; married June 18, 1876, Emma Laura Westhover. Children:—*1. William S. Pearsall, born April 14, 1877. *2. G. F. Pearsall, born January 8, 1879. *3. Edith Pearsall, born March 17, 1881. *4. Myrtle Pearsall, born April 29, 1883. *5. Amos Dail Pearsall, born May 4, 1885. *6. Earl Pearsall, born March 19, 1889. *7. Ray Pearsall, born June 28, 1891. *8. Charles E. Pearsall, born March 14, 1893; unmarried. *9. Hazel Pearsall, born February 1, 1895. *10. Walter Dewey Pearsall, born July 3, 1898. *11. Vera A. Pearsall, born October 7, 1901. *12. Emeline Pearsall, born 1887; died January 28, 1910.
3. Gehial Pearsall, born September 30, 1854; married July 6, 1874, Elizabeth Dexter, who was born August 15, 1858. Children:—*1. Albert Edwin Pearsall, born October 2, 1879; married Eleanor S. Crank. *2. Bertha Pearsall, born May 30, 1883. *3. Floyd Pearsall, born October 5, 1885; married April 7, 1909, Ethel James. *4. Jesse Pearsall, born April 19, 1889; resided at Pontiac, Mich.; married November 27, 1913. *5. Luthena Pearsall, born July 7, 1892. *6. Stella Pearsall, born June 15, 1894. *7. Isla Pearsall, born May 15, 1896. *8. Sheldon Pearsall, born July 7, 1901. *9. Alphrete Pearsall, born June 20, 1877; died January 13, 1880.
4. Henry Pearsall, born April 7, 1856; married Amy Herington.
5. Elizabeth Pearsall, born September 5, 1860; married first, Jessie L. Wilcox, who died April 23, 1896. She married second, November 2, 1910, Arthur H. Blow.
6. Thomas Albert Pearsall, born October 6, 1858; died February 19, 1897; married Carrie Calkins, who was born August 14, 1870. Children:—*1. Etta Pearsall, born April 11, 1888. *2. Elizabeth Pearsall, born January 23, 1890. *3. Orsin Pearsall, born February 25, 1891. *4. Orvil Pearsall, born February 25, 1891. *5. Benjamin Pearsall, born June 18, 1893. *6. Lee Pearsall, born August 14, 1894. *7. Edward Pearsall, born September 7, 1895. *8. Albert Pearsall, born November 10, 1896.
7. Ada Pearsall, born September 15, 1865; died April, 1878.

SECTION 14.

CHARLES PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 12; born May 5, 1832; died March 27, 1915; resided at Holly, Mich.; married January 22, 1863, Anna Gilson. She was born March 20, 1848; died May 23, 1915. Children:—

1. Ada Bell Pearsall, born November 5, 1864; married February 16, 1885, Cyrus Evans, who was born October 8, 1862.
2. Nellie J. Pearsall, born June 29, 1867; died June 7, 1915; married March 30, 1885, Eber E. Winn, who was born December 24, 1866; died September 2, 1890.
3. Fred C. Pearsall, born August 8, 1868; married June 29, 1886, Ada Weaver, who was born May 26, 1871.
4. Ola Pearsall, born April 4, 1871; died August 29, 1871.
5. George D. Pearsall, born August 23, 1879; married Nellie J. Tobey.
6. Frank G. Pearsall, born October 31, 1872; married Sarah Perry.
7. Samuel A. Pearsall, born June 17, 1882; married February 28, 1917, Isabel Martha Eames. She was born June 14, 1897.
8. Edith May Pearsall, born July 8, 1883; married June 29, 1907, Floyd B. Seth.

SECTION 15.

RICE PEARSALL, son of Clarke Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 7; born May 18, 1804; died December 2, 1878; buried at Sturgis, Mich.; married first, Mary —, who was born October 11, 1810; died October 13, 1851. He married second, Elizabeth —, who was born May 3, 1817; died July 3, 1884. Children of first marriage:—

1. Henry W. Pearsall, aged 46 years, 1878; married Sarah Gilham.
2. Lydia Pearsall, aged 50 years, 1878; married — Johnson.
3. Sarah Pearsall, married N. W. Holmes.

Child of second marriage:—

4. Mary Jeanette Pearsall, died November 14, 1864, aged 27 years; married N. W. Fields. Children:—1. Laville Fields, born 1860. 2. Clayton Fields, born 1864.
5. George W. Pearsall, born October, 1855; married Eveline Van Horn.

SECTION 16.

WILLIAM LUDLOW PEARSALL, son of Clarke Pearsall, Chapter 39, Section 7; born November 20, 1808; died April 30, 1880; buried at Oakwood Cemetery, Lowell, Mich.; resided at Lowell, Mich.; married December 10, 1831, Elizabeth Mary Porter, who was born May 1, 1813; died October 4, 1891. Children:—

1. Sarah Matilda Pearsall, born October 9, 1833; married November 28, 1850, George Carr.
2. William Henry Pearsall, born November 20, 1835; died October 25, 1875; married 1865, Eliza M. Greer.
3. Jane Ann Pearsall, born February 5, 1838; died February 1, 1916; married February 24, 1856, William J. Ecker.

CHAPTER FORTY

SAMUEL PEARSALL
of Near Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y.

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

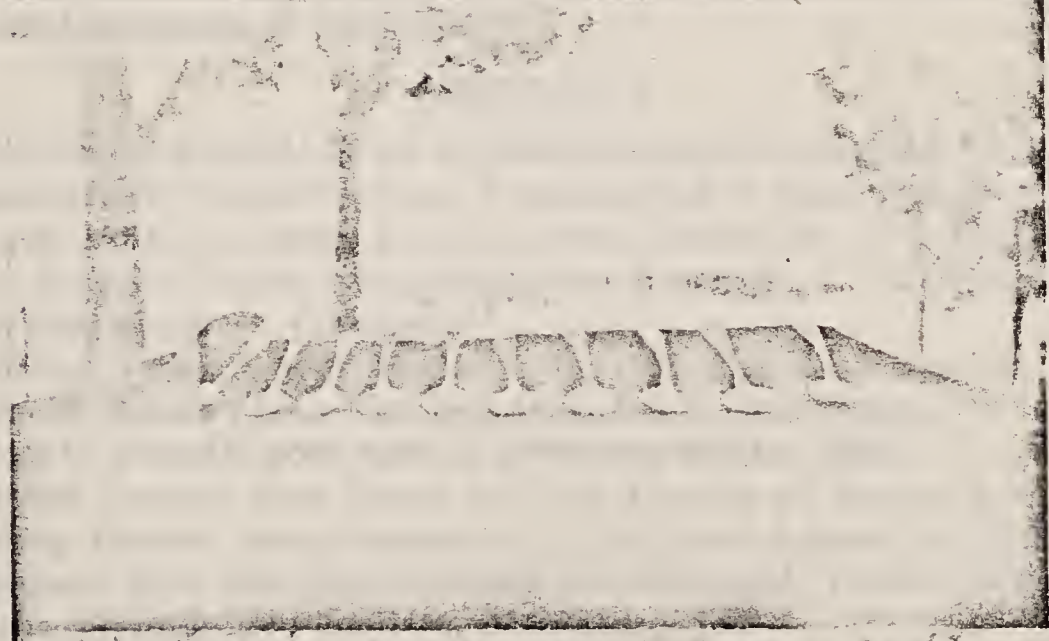
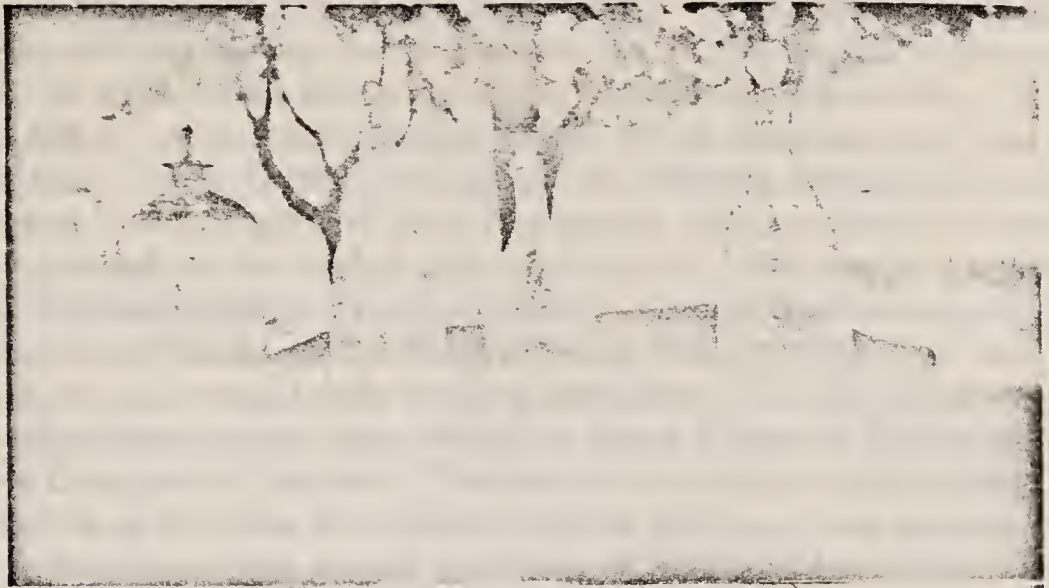
SECTION 1.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 2; resided at Near Rockaway, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.; married Elizabeth Bedell. Children:—

1. Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 2.
2. Edmund Pearsall, born May 13, 1753, Chapter 40, Section 4.
3. Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 1.
4. Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 8.
5. Elizabeth Pearsall, died August 15, 1799, aged 34 years.

Samuel Pearsall represents the branch of the family who were the last to sever their connection with the old Presbyterian Church at Hempstead. In fact some of his descendants have never ceased to be Presbyterians, thus they have had three centuries of continued connection with this religious body. The history of this church, so far as our family history is concerned, may be concluded briefly as follows: During the lifetime of Samuel Pearsall the congregation, in 1762, completed its fifth church building, which was located upon the site of the present church. The records disclosed that they enjoyed religious services among themselves and preaching by supplies until the Reverend Joshua Hart became the settled pastor in 1772. It took men of the highest character and of the strongest religious faith to stand by the Presbyterian Church during this period, when all the powers of the government, all the attractions of society, and all the force of superior numbers were drawing the people to the Episcopal Church. Samuel Pearsall was not only a leader in this band of worshippers, but he so impressed his religious views upon his children and grandchildren that they long remained faithful to this same church. He died before Joshua Hart came to be the settled preacher, so the only remaining incident in this church of importance to our family history was that in March, 1803, the church building was totally destroyed by fire, together with all its priceless records, but while these writings are no longer extant we have the human records in the association of our family with the church both before and after the building was destroyed by fire, thus evidencing the triumphs of this faithful band of worshippers in maintaining a continuous, unbroken existence of their society.

Robert Bedell, father of Elizabeth Bedell, was the son of a Dutch-English trader from Virginia. The family was divided at this time, very much as the Pearsall family, hence the records disclose members thereof during the seventeenth



GLASS AND SILVERWARE OF SAMUEL PEARSALL

century in Virginia, Maryland and Long Island. In Maryland the family was in Anne Arundel and Talbot counties where the Dutch-English traders were also located. In England the family were long resident in Staffordshire.

The family name was originally Bidulf, which discloses that they were descended from Orm le Gulden through his son Thomas, surnamed Bidulf. Orm le Gulden was from a long line of Yorkshire thegns. His grandfather, in the eleventh century married as his second wife, Aetheltryth, who was a daughter of our ancestor Ealdred, Earl of Northumberland. Orm le Gulden was not, however, descended from the Bernician Kings through this marriage, but from a former marriage into the royal family by his grandfather. The Bidulphs were part of the Northumbrian colony that settled at Stone Priory in Staffordshire shortly after the Conquest of England. The family of Bidulph or Bedell were active in Staffordshire at the time the Second Virginia Company was organized and this family is another of the several instances of Staffordshire families at Hellgate Neck and Hempstead on Long Island.

SECTION 2.

NATHANIEL PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 1; died August 28, 1829; aged 75 years, 6 months and 19 days; resided at Herrick, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.; married March 28, 1782, Phebe Colwell, at St. George's Church, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y. She died August 20, 1844, aged 82 years. Children:—

1. Andrew Pearsall, born September 15, 1783. See W, this Section.
2. Daniel Pearsall, born March 7, 1785. See X, this Section.
3. Ann C. Pearsall, born April 2, 1788; died April 2, 1866.
4. Abijah Pearsall, born March 25, 1790, Chapter 40, Section 3.
5. Mary Pearsall, born February 15, 1792; died August 20, 1876; married Richard Burt, who died November 12, 1873, aged 77 years, 10 months.
6. John Pearsall, born April 11, 1795; unmarried.
7. Amy Pearsall, born October 29, 1797; married Richard Burt.
8. Elizabeth Pearsall, born December 30, 1799; died April 8, 1893.
9. Nathaniel Pearsall, born February 4, 1802; unmarried.

W. ANDREW PEARSALL, born September 15, 1783; died February 20, 1864; aged 80 years, 5 months and 5 days; buried with his wife in the old cemetery at Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.; resided at Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; married, April 9, 1808, at the Presbyterian Church, Hempstead, Phebe A. Rogers, who died December 3, 1878, aged 94 years and 2 months. Children:—

1. Margaret M. Pearsall, died August 18, 1856, aged 35 years and 8 months; unmarried.
2. Amanda Pearsall, married Benjamin Mott, son of Augustus Mott, who resided at Hempstead, L. I., N. Y. Children:—*1. Emily Mott, married Edward Smith. *2. Augustus Mott, married first, Josephine Coles; married second, Katharine Pullmer. Children of first marriage:—1. Emily Mott. 2. William Mott. Children of second marriage:—3. Maud S. Mott. 4. Charles Mott. 5. Augustus Mott. 6. Lillie Mott. 7. Elizabeth Mott. *3. Elizabeth Mott.

X. DANIEL PEARSALL, born March 7, 1785; died August 22, 1866; aged 81 years, 5 months and 15 days; buried in the Presbyterian Churchyard, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Herrick, L. I., N. Y.; married, November 22, 1808, Abigail Losee, at the Presbyterian Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y. She died July 30, 1857, aged 61 years, 11 months, 19 days. Children:—

1. Elizabeth L. Pearsall, born March 3, 1811; died April 22, 1869.
2. Margaret Ellen Pearsall, died April 29, 1894; aged 71 years, 2 months, 18 days.
3. Charles H. Pearsall, died September 15, 1902; aged 72 years, 6 months and 19 days; married, December 26, 1850, Frances Newton, who died May 3, 1871; aged 38 years and 5 days. Children:—*1. Matilda Newton Pearsall, born December 26, 1851; married, March 26, 1873, Charles Augustus Ellison. He was born June 23, 1851; died March 9, 1904. *2. William H. Pearsall, born March 5, 1854; died August 16, 1854. *3. Ella Louise Pearsall, born February 23, 1856; married first, February 24, 1874, Thomas E. Pearsall. He was born December 25, 1825; died October 11, 1897. See Chapter 40, Section 9, Division Y. She married second, William Oakford, who was born October 2, 1855. Children of first marriage:—1. Frank S. Pearsall, born November 22, 1875. 2. Arthur E. Pearsall, born January 10, 1878. 3. Herbert E. Pearsall, born March 1, 1881. 4. John A. Pearsall, born January 19, 1883. 5. Grover C. Pearsall, born November 15, 1884; married, January 26, 1916, Dorothy Bliss. Child of second marriage:—6. Kennett Pearsall Oakford, born May 6, 1903. *4. Daniel Augustus Pearsall, born April 5, 1858; resided at Mineola and Springfield, L. I., N. Y.; married, March, 1883, Julia Seaman, who was born July 13, 1858. Children:—1. Augustus Pearsall, born May 23, 1885. 2. Frances Maria Pearsall, born August 16, 1886. 3. Walter Daniel Pearsall, born August 24, 1888. 4. Sarah Seaman Pearsall, born March 27, 1891. 5. Benjamin Pearsall, born March 28, 1892. 6. Newton Pearsall, born September, 1893. 7. Charles Henry Pearsall. *5. Isaac Newton Pearsall, born October 16, 1860; died February 18, 1894. *6. Charles H. Pearsall, born October 30, 1863; married, September 18, 1899, Ella West.
4. Phebe Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 17.
5. Ann Maria Pearsall, died May 31, 1866; married Sept. 28, 1854, Smith Pine.

SECTION 3.

ABIJAH PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 2; born March 25, 1790; died October 9, 1829; buried with his wife in the Searingtown M. E. Churchyard; resided at Herrick, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y., and Searingtown, Long Island, N. Y. married September 2, 1818, Elizabeth Searing, daughter of Rev. John Searing and his wife Freelove Carpenter. She was born August 23, 1798; died September 6, 1871. Children:—

1. Ann Eliza Pearsall, born November 25, 1819; married James S. Carpenter.
2. John Searing Pearsall, born July 13, 1821; married Eliza Jane Carpenter. See X, this Section.
3. William Sanford Pearsall, born October 27, 1823; died June 22, 1852.
4. Thomas E. Pearsall, born December 25, 1825; married first, Ruth A. Williams; second, Ella Louise Pearsall. See Y, this Section.

5. Richard Seaman Pearsall, born July 20, 1827; married Amy Van Dam. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 4.

EDMUND PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 1, was born May 13, 1753; died August 20, 1781; resided at Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y., Martha's Vineyard Island, Duke Co., N. Y., now Massachusetts; buried in the graveyard of the Congregational Church at Tutbury on Martha's Vineyard Island. He married November 19, 1772, Elizabeth Pope, daughter of John Pope and his wife — Alton. She was born May 15, 1755; died August 6, 1848; she married for her second husband, Joseph Tobey, November 11, 1784, who was born May 13, 1759. Children:—

1. Mary Pearsall, born August 30, 1774; married Selby Picket.
2. Sarah Pearsall, born August 28, 1776; married Benjamin F. Pope.
3. Thomas Edmund Pearsall, born July 29, 1778, Chapter 40, Section 5.
4. Elizabeth (Betsy) Pearsall, born December 4, 1780; married first, — Welch; married second, — Picket.

Edward Persell, private in Capt. Benjamin Smith's Co. from January 18, 1776, to May 31, 1776, 4 months, 14 days; Company stationed at Martha's Vineyard for defense of sea coast. [Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors in the Revolution.]

The second family that settled in the town of Smyrna, N. Y., was that of Joseph Tobey, who married Mrs. Elizabeth Pearsall, older sister of Jerusha Pope, wife of Joseph Porter. Mr. Tobey accompanied Joseph Porter in his settlement and helped him to build his log cabin, returning in the fall to Conway, Mass., his native place. The following March, Mr. Tobey brought in his family, consisting of his wife and six children, four of the latter of whom were his wife's children by her first husband. When they arrived at Pleasant Brook it was much swollen and full of running ice from the spring floods, making its passage difficult. They crossed upon logs, carrying their effects upon their backs. Mrs. Tobey sat down upon a log and wished that she might die. What wonder is it? She had changed a comfortable home and friends in Massachusetts for what was now before her, an unbroken forest, the home of the Indians and wild beasts. The 7th of May following their arrival, Jerusha Tobey was born, being the first white child born in the town of Smyrna. The journey was made with a yoke of oxen and two cows, which were hitched mis-matched to a wooden sled which contained their children and household effects. Edmund Pearsall came from Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y. He was therefore a stranger in Massachusetts.

When the war of the Revolution came on, Martha's Vineyard Island was early abandoned to its own defense. Captain Benjamin Smith was placed in command of any local forces he might be able to organize. Edmund Pearsall did not at first join this company, but a later roll of service from the time of their going upon duty or their marching from their homes to their respective stations to the last day of February, 1776, contains the name of Edward Parsall, private. This company was mostly composed of Edgartown men, but there were in it a number of transients probably seafaring men. This company was stationed at the east end of the Isle. [Mass. Soldiers and Sailors, vol. 1, page 341.]

Edmund Pearsall served also on the vessels of the American Navy:—Edmond Parsol. Pay of officers and crew of the Brigantine Rising Empire, commanded by Capt. Richard Whellon, engaged May 1, 1776; discharged September 4, 1776; service 4 months, 3 days. Rolls sworn to in Bristol County.

Both John Pope and his son-in-law Edmund Pearsall were taken prisoners by the English. Banks in his History of Martha's Vineyard Island, says: There are no available lists of our soldiers who suffered captivity during the war either in prisons maintained on shore or on shipboard, in this country or who were transported to their established military prisons in England. Fragmentary references in scattered and unofficial records, family tradition and a few direct documentary evidences make up our source of information about the many who died or suffered living deaths in the pestilential prison ships and the unsanitary confinement in Mill prison, Plymouth, England. But the infamous prison ship Jersey claimed the greatest number of victims of all the devices by the king to punish and discourage the rebellious subjects. Among those known to have died as prisoners of war, or as a result of captivity after release, are Edmund Purcell, returning from captivity 1781; John Pope, returning from captivity 1781. In the published list of eight thousand prisoners on board the old prison ship Jersey in New York Harbor during the Revolution, on page 479, appears the name of Edward Pearsol.

SECTION 5.

THOMAS EDMUND PEARSALL, son of Edmund Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 4; born July 29, 1778; died during the war of 1812; resided at Coopers-town, N. Y.; married Philothe Warren, daughter of David and Mary Warren. She was born May 5, 1784; died August 29, 1837. Children:—

1. Mary Ann Pearsall, born April 4, 1807; died June, 1870; married Elisha Doubleday, who was born June 29, 1801.
2. Simon Pearsall, born August 20, 1809, Chapter 40, Section 6.
3. Darius Warren Pearsall, born September 13, 1811, Chapter 40, Section 7.
4. Emma Elvira Pearsall, born April 15, 1813; married March 21, 1833, Sanford R. Knowlton, who was born June 15, 1813; died September 8, 1899.

SECTION 6.

SIMON PEARSALL, son of Thomas Edmund Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 5; born August 20, 1809; died May 28, 1900; resided at Fly Creek, Otsego Co., N. Y.; married first, February 13, 1833, Sabina Marvin, daughter of Daniel Marvin and his wife Abigail Greenman. She was born November 9, 1811; died August 28, 1852. He married second, April 9, 1854, Miranda Cheney, who was born June 1, 1831; died January 8, 1863. He married third, December 24, 1867, Jane A. Drake, widow of Eli Ferris. She was born December 25, 1830. Children of first marriage:—

1. Edwin Ruthven Pearsall, born August 15, 1834; died January 11, 1902; married January 19, 1857, Helen M. Smith. She was born December 29, 1833; died February 18, 1898. Children:—*1. Charles Judd Pearsall, born July 20, 1860; married November 1887, Hattie Ellis. *2. Nellie S. Pearsall,

- born June 17, 1862; married January 18, 1916, Maurice King Parsons.
- *3. Hattie M. Pearsall, born May 20, 1864; married October 27, 1891, William C. Jocelyn. *4. Benjamin Simon Pearsall, born July 29, 1866, married December 20, 1893, Leah C. Calkins. *5. Clifford Rowe Pearsall, born March 10, 1868; married February 2, 1896, Ella Davidson.
2. Frances Ella Pearsall, born August 16, 1836; died September 22, 1836. Children of second marriage:—
3. Frederick Eugene Pearsall, born May 25, 1858; married Alice G. Sawyer.
4. Miranda May Pearsall, born May 28, 1862; died April 26, 1865.

SECTION 7.

DARIUS WARREN PEARSALL, son of Thomas Edmund Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 5; born September 13, 1811; died May 21, 1882; resided at Harpersville, Broome Co., N. Y.; married first, September 19, 1833, Ann Elizabeth Waterman, daughter of Timothy Waterman and his wife Lucy Tannor. She was born October 23, 1814; died March 11, 1836. He married second, November 2, 1836, Caroline Cecelia Walter, daughter of F. Walter and his wife Lucy Meyers. She was born October 20, 1808; died August 4, 1883. Child of first marriage:—

1. Ann Elizabeth Pearsall, born October 29, 1835; married first, November 14, 1855, Oscar Dickinson, who died December 14, 1864, aged 34 years. She married second, June 18, 1867, Erwin E. Lawton, who died April 12, 1916. Children of second marriage:—
2. Franklin W. Pearsall, born October 6, 1842; died September 13, 1847.
3. Lucy Philothea Pearsall, born April 5, 1845; died August 26, 1914; married November 28, 1871, George E. Hathaway.

SECTION 8.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 1; resided at Near Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y.; married April 13, 1793, Abigail Denton at St. George's Church, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y. Children:—

1. Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 9.
2. Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 12.
3. Joseph Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 14.
4. Jemima Pearsall, married February 19, 1815, William Bedell.
5. Elizabeth Pearsall, married April 20, 1825, John Combs.
6. Letitia Pearsall, married January 13, 1832, William Simonson.

SECTION 9.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 8, married ———. Children:—

1. Jeremiah Pearsall, married Catharine Abrams. See Z, this Section.
2. Peter Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 10.
3. Oliver Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 11.
4. Phoebe Pearsall, born December 10, 1822; died March 9, 1853; married Nicholas W. Francis, who was born March 21, 1818; died February 9, 1908.
5. Daniel Pearsall, died September 11, 1829.

SECTION 10.

PETER PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 9; born 1819; died January 2, 1901, aged 82 years, 1 month, 2 days; resided at Rockaway, later called Lawrence, Long Island, N. Y.; married first, Phebe A. —, who died August 11, 1887, aged 64 years, 5 months, 17 days. He married second, May 6, 1888, Catherine Hall. No children by second marriage. Children of first marriage:—

1. Phoebe Elizabeth Pearsall, married — Fry.
2. Elsey Ann Pearsall, died April 6, 1847.
3. Robert Henry Pearsall; married Sarah Elizabeth Smith. See Z, this Section.
4. Ann Jane Pearsall; born February 3, 1848, died March 24, 1868.
5. Lucinda Pearsall; married October 21, 1860, Platt Frost.
6. Melvina Pearsall.
7. George Edward Pearsall; married Jean St. Clair Williams.

SECTION 11.

OLIVER PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 9; born 1816; died December 15, 1885; buried in Sand Hole M. P. Churchyard, at Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y.; resided at Rockville Center and village of Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y.; married May 20, 1836, Mary Ann Brower at Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Church, near Rockaway Center, Long Island, N. Y. She died 1891. Children:—

1. Oliver Pearsall, born June 7, 1839; died October 18, 1842.
2. DeMott Pearsall, born December 11, 1841; married Elizabeth Hertinstein. See Z, this Section.
3. Mary Amanda Pearsall, born 1845; died October 21, 1894; unmarried.
4. Phebe Catharine Pearsall, born 1848; died July 10, 1896; married John Bennem, who died June 1, 1910. Children:—*1. Henrietta Bennem, married William Coleman. *2. Maud Bennem, married Oliver Pearsall of Brooklyn, N. Y., son of De Mott Pearsall. See Division Z, this Section. *4. Edna Bennem, married Gustave Platzer. No children.

SECTION 12.

NATHANIEL PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 8, died December 3, 1866, aged 69 years; buried in the Old Sand Hole M. P. Churchyard; resided at Far Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y.; married first, April 20, 1822, at St. George's Church, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y., Lydia Shaw, daughter of Henry Shaw. She died January 8, 1854, aged 47 years. Nathaniel Pearsall married second, Jane —. Children of first marriage:—

1. Daniel Pearsall. See X, this Section.
2. Robert Pearsall; married Mary Wood. See Y, this Section.
3. Henry Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 13.
4. Elizabeth Ann Pearsall; married Thaddeus Van Nostrand.
5. William Pearsall; married Elizabeth —. See Z, this Section.
6. Mary Jane Pearsall; married Alexander Pearsall.

SECTION 13.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of Nathaniel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 12; born 1822; died July 18, 1894, aged 72 years; buried in Methodist Churchyard, Cedarhurst, Long Island, N. Y.; resided at East Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y.; married at the Old Sand Hole M. P. Church, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y., March 11, 1848, Elizabeth Ann Murray, daughter of James Murray. She was born 1830. Children:—

1. William Pearsall, born July 23, 1854; married Julia Tilly. See X, this Section.
2. Charles Pearsall, born March 5, 1852; married Margaret A. —. See Y, this Section.
3. Louis Pearsall, born January 14, 1857; married Ephphame Abrams. See Z, this Section.
4. Henry I. Pearsall, born May 10, 1858; married June 1, 1903, Catherine Goslar, who was born January 16, 1868.
5. George Washington Pearsall, born November 10, 1860.
6. Frank Pearsall, born June 10, 1864.
7. Jennie Pearsall, born January 20, 1869; died March 29, 1916; unmarried.

SECTION 14.

JOSEPH PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 8; born December 23, 1807; died June 12, 1872; buried with his wife in Cedarhurst, Long Island, N. Y. Methodist Episcopal Churchyard. In the same lot are a number of unmarked graves. He resided at Rockaway Neck, Long Island, N. Y.; married at the Dutch Reformed Church, Jamaica, February 1, 1834, Mary Elizabeth Abrams, who died March 19, 1898, aged 80 years. Children:—

1. Alfred Pearsall, married Lavina Craft. See X, this Section.
2. Hiram Pearsall, married first, Clarissa Sprague; second, Minnie L. Bedell. See Y, this Section.
3. Thaddeus (Thomas) Pearsall, married Sarah Ganett Sprague. See Z, this Section.
4. Silvia Ann Pearsall, died March 9, 1904, aged 58 years; married Daniel Bolton.
5. Louise Pearsall, baptised November 1854; married John Hendrickson.
6. Josephine Pearsall, baptised June 1856.
7. Rachel Etta Pearsall, married Henry Rider.
8. Mary E. Pearsall, baptised March, 1851; married Samuel Francis.
9. Hannah Jane Pearsall, married John Abrams.
10. Aleda Pearsall, baptised May 3, 1847.
11. Anna Pearsall, married May 27, 1882, Benjamin Ryder.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

URIAH PEARSALL

of Near Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y., and Sophiasburgh, Ontario, Canada

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

URIAH PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 40, Section 1; resided at Near Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y., and Sophiasburgh, Ontario, Canada; married January 11, 1785, Rebecca Whitmore at the Presbyterian Church, Jamaica, Long Island, N. Y. Children:—

1. John Pearsall, died May 13, 1876, Chapter 41, Section 2.
2. Samuel Pearsall, born 1791, Chapter 41, Section 7.
3. James Pearsall, died March 6, 1857, Chapter 41, Section 10.
4. Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 12.
5. Uriah Pearsall, married Laura Foster. See Z, this Section.
6. William Pearsall, married Bridget ———.
7. Amos Pearsall, born December 1, 1803; died January 31, 1879, Chapter 41, Section 13.

8. Benjamin Pearsall, born 1795; died aged 77 years, Chapter 41, Section 14. This is a very interesting marriage as it discloses another Staffordshire name among those who came to Long Island. We have abstracted in the English section several Peshall deeds from the Whitmore chartulary. It will be recalled that John de Whitmore, who was born before 1275, married Margery the daughter of Stephen de Uselwell, son of John de Swinnerton, and his wife Eleanor de Peshall. And that John de Whitmore the great-grandfather of this John de Whitmore had married Margaret, the daughter of Roger de Swinnerton. This gave this last John de Whitmore standing as one of the collateral heirs of John de Swinnerton, who died in 1284, in the suit against Roger de Swinnerton, to whom John de Swinnerton had attempted to entail his lands.

John Whitmore, the first in America, came to Virginia about the time of the trouble there over the ownership of Kent Island. He was among the first of the Dutch-English traders to remove, as he appears on the records of Wethersfield, Connecticut, as early as 1638.

Joseph Whittmore, the grandson of John Whitmore, was witness for Lyon Gardner to the execution of an Indian deed made July 14, 1659, and is described as of Southton County, Long Island. Lyon Gardner was one of the projectors of the town of East Hampton, which was peopled with emigrants who mostly came from county Kent, England, among the rest that branch of the Pearsall family who call themselves Parshall. [Colonial Records of Connecticut and Trumbull's Colonial Recollections, vol. 1, page 197.]

According to the traditions of his family, Uriah Pearsall was a loyalist during the Revolutionary War. The writer personally examined the old records in the Government Land Office at Toronto, and although the land claim taken up by Uriah Pearsall was never perfected to him, but to his son, there is no question in the minds of the government officials that it represented a gift to an English loyalist, particularly because it states distinctly that it was a free gift. Uriah Pearsall did not remove with his family until some time after the treaty of peace was signed. Two of his sons, Samuel and James, remained on Long Island, and so far as now appears they might have all remained there. To the writer it looks as if the lure of free lands and the call of the wilderness was too strong to be resisted by men of our family.

SECTION 2.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 1; baptised February 2, 1786, at St. George's Church, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.; died May 13, 1876, aged 92 years; resided at Near Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y., and Sophiasburgh, Ontario, Canada, in the Bay of Quinte country. He married Hannah Abrams. Children:—

1. William Pearsall, born July 4, 1812, Chapter 41, Section 3.
2. Rebecca Pearsall, born June 27, 1813; married James Bishop.
3. Oliver Pearsall, born April 13, 1814, Chapter 41, Section 4.
4. Alfred Pearsall, married Catharine Fieldhouse.
5. Mary Elizabeth Pearsall; married first, Samuel Norton; second Thomas Highstead.
6. Smith Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 5.
7. Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 6.
8. Julia Pearsall; married first, Robert Norton; second George Paine.
9. Dorland Pearsall, married Margaret Miller.
10. Phebe Pearsall, married Daniel Sills.
11. Laura Pearsall, married Henry MacCool.

SECTION 3.

WILLIAM PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 2; born July 4, 1812; died March 10, 1878; resided at Brighton, Ontario, Canada, and Brockaway, Mich.; married 1835, Bridget Finnigan, who was born in Ireland, December 17, 1814; died in Bay City, Mich., December 16, 1881. Children:—

1. John Pearsall, born June 19, 1836; died June 30, 1883; buried at Ferndale. Humboldt County, California.
2. Johanna Pearsall, born April 21, 1838; died March 11, 1907; married John Sullivan.
3. Hannah Mary Pearsall, born February 17, 1840; died August 30, 1912; married Edward Lynch.
4. Henrietta Pearsall, born April 12, 1842; died June 17, 1910; married John Bayle.
5. Miles Pearsall, born June 13, 1844; married Anna Bayle.

6. Catharine Mary Pearsall, born May 2, 1846; married Eugene D. Galvin.
7. William J. Pearsall, born July 5, 1848; married Matilda Tebo. See Y, this Section.
8. Teresse Pearsall, born April 29, 1850; died December, 1878.
9. Rebecca Pearsall, born February 8, 1852; married December 25, 1882, William Jenkins.
10. James Dorland Pearsall, born February 22, 1854; married Alice Bradley. See Z, this Section.
11. Frank J. Pearsall, born October 2, 1857.

SECTION 4.

OLIVER PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 2; born April 13, 1814; died January 14, 1888; resided at Sophiasburgh and Hallowell, Ontario, Canada; married December 31, 1835, Lucretia Huff of Huff's Island, Canada. She was born November 4, 1811; died January 14, 1888. Children:—

1. David Gibson Pearsall, born December 6, 1836; married Saphronia Way.
2. Hannah Jane Pearsall, born September 26, 1838; married Benjamin Van Cleaf.
3. Philleas Pearsall, born September 16, 1840; married Herman Trumpour.
4. Smith Albert Pearsall, born January 6, 1843; married Pauline Foster. See W, this Section.
5. Thomas Sidney Pearsall, born September 6, 1844; married Sarah Melissa Trumpour. See X, this Section.
6. Firman Pearsall, born April 4, 1848; married Elizabeth Eckert. See Y, this Section.
7. Philip James Pearsall, born September 22, 1850; married Emily J. Noxon. See Z, this Section.
8. Matilda Pearsall, born December 15, 1855; married Marshall B. Trumpour.

SECTION 5.

SMITH PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 2; resided at Sophiasburgh, Prince Edward Co., Ont., Canada; married Martha McTaggart. Children:—

1. Robert Pearsall, died young.
2. Susan Bohama Pearsall, born March 31, 1848; married John Benson.
3. Alvilda Castora Pearsall; married William Spafford. See Z, this Section.
4. John D. Pearsall; married first, Hannah Furlong; second Hannah Doxsee.
5. Sarah E. Pearsall.
6. Smith Pearsall.
7. Martha Jane Pearsall, married Hilton Leavens.

SECTION 6.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 2; born April 27, 1820; died August 13, 1902; resided at Sophiasburgh, Ont., Canada; married October 22, 1846, Janette Miller, daughter of Jonathan Miller. He died April 23, 1904. Children:—

1. Georgeana Pearsall, born October 21, 1847; married Leonard Garvin.

2. James Alvay Pearsall, born June 11, 1850; married Bertha Agnes Moxon. See Z, this Section.
3. Emily Janette Pearsall, born March 3, 1853; married December 25, 1876, William Wylie.
4. Thomas Pearsall, born March 3, 1853; married Phebe Finkler.
5. Philip E. Pearsall, born April 29, 1861; married Harriet Beecher Stowe Roblin.
6. Luella Maud Pearsall, born January 1, 1868; died December 6, 1896.

SECTION 7.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 1; died April 4, 1867, aged 76 years and 4 months; buried with his wife in the Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y.; resided at Near Rockaway, later called Pearsalls, Long Island, N. Y.; married Sarah Wright at the Presbyterian Church, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y. She died July 23, 1860, aged 68 years and 1 month.

She is a direct descendant of Thomas Wright living at Norfolk, England, in the reign of Henry VIII (1509-47) whose son John Wright died seized of the manors of Tendall and Rowses in Norfolk; Nicholas the son of this John married Anne, daughter of Edmund Beaupre and heir to Beaupre Hall in Norfolk. He was the grandfather of Nicholas, Peter and Anthony Wright who coming from Sandwich, Cape Cod, in 1653, joined the company led by Rev. William Leveridge who came to the north shore of Long Island. Here they purchased a tract of land from the Matinecock tribe of Indians, which included the site of the present village of Oyster Bay. The three brothers were all at an early period active and zealous members of the Society of Friends and for many years Anthony's house at Oyster Bay was the place for both worship and business.

From this line of ancestry came John Wright the celebrated smith of Long Island, famous to this day not only as the most skilful man of his time, but also as the teacher of George Pearsall the last and greatest of his students, who later went from Long Island into Dutchess and Saratoga Counties, New York, and from here his sons going into the vast timbered wilderness drained by the waters of the Susquehanna in New York and Pennsylvania, led those who conquered and opened up for settlement the two greatest states in the Union. Children:—

1. James Wright Pearsall, born 1807; died May 21, 1836.
2. Wright Pearsall, born September 2, 1811, Chapter 41, Section 8.
3. Laru Pearsall.
4. Furman Pearsall, born April 30, 1817; Chapter 41, Section 9.

SECTION 8.

WRIGHT PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 7; born September 2, 1811; died December 19, 1898; buried with his wife in the churchyard of the Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Church, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y.; resided at Pearsalls Corners, Long Island, N. Y.; married Rebecca Irwin, who was born November 20, 1811; died March 17, 1891. Children:—

1. Sarah Augusta Pearsall, born April 22, 1834; died February 27, 1858.
2. Hamilton Wright Pearsall, born September 4, 1836; died January 13, 1913; married June 5, 1859, Catharine Amanda Pearsall, daughter of Henry Pearsall and Maria Carman his wife, Chapter 43, Section 15. She was born February 3, 1833; died January 13, 1912. Children:—*1. Alden Hamilton Pearsall, born March 19, 1860; died June 18, 1881. *2. Anna Augusta Pearsall, born March 2, 1864; married September 12, 1888, Robert Higbie, who was born March 5, 1863. *3. Henrietta Davison Pearsall, born February 9, 1869; unmarried.
3. Mary Emma Pearsall, married Charles Hewlett.
4. Eleanor Forester Pearsall, born 1844; died June, 1902; married October, 1897, Rev. Robert W. Jones.
5. Georgiana Pearsall, born October 20, 1838; died August 10, 1870.

The family of Pearsall did not concentrate their homes on Long Island in one locality, and thus make a town called by the family name, as so many other Long Island Colonial families did, but we find the Pearsalls located in many localities. It is interesting therefore to study how the family name came to represent a locality. To the mind of the Long Island reader there will immediately occur the village of Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, located adjacent to the old Sand Hole M. P. Church. It will be a matter of surprise to learn that this place name was so recent as not to have been mentioned in the Town Records. In the early days travel was by boat, hence we have three Rockaway landing places, the one farthest inland being called Near Rockaway; a main road was built to this landing, but it was a couple of miles to the westward before this road branched. Here in course of time several roads, all at one place joined with the main road to the landing. Here Wright Pearsall, about 1830, started a store, hence we find the old deeds referring to the branch roads as leading to Wright Pearsall's store. Later Wright Pearsall took his son into partnership with him, and for a while the deeds recite the roads as leading to Wright Pearsall and Son's store. This was too lengthy, so the neighbors, and the conveyancers in their deeds, began to describe the place as Pearsalls Corners, which was an apt designation of the peculiar cornering of roads at this point. A village grew up around the Corners, and there was every prospect that the name would indefinitely continue, when upon the advent of the railroad the station was named Lynbrook, and Pearsalls Corners again became a designation of the place where all the old roads join into a peculiar circle surrounded by many corners to roads leading in all directions from Lynbrook.

There was also a place on the north side called Pearsalls Landing, on Hempstead Harbor. As early as 1760, Thomas Pearsall had a mill there and ran a fleet of packets to New York City, hence this became quite a busy trading point. There was a road leading there from Hempstead Village which was closed by gates, at the boundary of each man's holdings. In 1814, this was made an open highway three rods wide. The name continued until about 1850, when it ceased because locally everything was included in the designation Roslyn, the name of the village at the old landing place.

When the writer learned these facts, he was greatly disappointed as his grandfather, John Pearsall, on the old farm in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, had told him that there was a town on Long Island called Pearsall, and that the family all came from there, yet it was evident that our branch of the family had gone from Long Island before either of the places above named was known as a town. In fact grandfather could not have known that they ever existed. One can therefore well appreciate my delight when the records disclosed that when the sons of Thomas Pearsall came to Long Island from Virginia they settled out on Hellgate Neck and started the town Pearsall, a name which continued geographically for a number of years and which continued in our family traditions as a place name for many generations.

SECTION 9.

FURMAN PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 7; born April 30, 1817; died November 29, 1885; buried with his wife and several of their children in the Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y.; resided at Brooklyn, Long Island, N. Y.; married May 4, 1842, Mary Carman, who was born January 2, 1817; died August 12, 1884. Children:—

1. Robert C. Pearsall, born February 26, 1843; died October 30, 1873; married September 30, 1863, Henrietta Pearsall. She died July 17, 1865.
2. Daughter, born August 29, 1844; died August 29, 1844.
3. Theodore C. Pearsall, born March 10, 1846.
4. Mary Antoinette Pearsall, born March 15, 1848; died February 7, 1852.
5. Daughter, born March 30, 1851; died April 4, 1851.
6. Emma Isabella Pearsall, born February 22, 1852.
7. Edward F. Pearsall, born November 30, 1854.

SECTION 10.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 1; born June 4, 1796; died March 6, 1857; resided at Pearsalls, Long Island, New York; married January 11, 1817, Elizabeth Combs at St. George's Church, Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y. Children:—

1. Lucy Pearsall, born January 13, 1818; married Oliver Watts.
2. Uriah J. Pearsall, born January 28, 1821; married Phebe Remsen. See W, this Section.
3. Mary Pearsall, born August 23, 1823; married Mott Carman.
4. Amos Pearsall, born January 29, 1826, Chapter 41, Section 11.
5. Charles Pearsall, born May 20, 1828; married first, Elsie Abrams; second, Martha Brower. See X, this Section.
6. Margaret Pearsall, born June 10, 1831; married Daniel Pearsall.
7. Alexander Pearsall, born June 10, 1834; married Mary Jane Pearsall. See Y, this Section.
8. Rebecca Pearsall, born January 10, 1838; died May 16, 1915; married William DeMott.
9. Sarah Elizabeth Pearsall, born March 5, 1842.

10. Daniel Pearsall, married first, Margaret Pearsall; second Harriet L. —.
See Z, this Section.

SECTION 11.

AMOS PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 10; born 1826; died February 14, 1882; aged 56 years; buried with his wife in the Sand Hole M. P. Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y.; resided at Lynbrook, Long Island, N. Y.; married Hannah Ann Baldwin, who died November 3, 1893, aged 67 years. Children:—

1. Tenador Pearsall, died in childhood.
2. Thomas Webster Pearsall, born May 8, 1864; married Katherine Elizabeth Abrams. See Z, this Section.
3. Christiana Pearsall, baptised December 31, 1859.

SECTION 12.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 1; resided at Belleville, Canada; married Lydia Gardiner. Children:—

1. Addison Pearsall, married Mary Jane Jones.
2. Whitmore Pearsall, died aged 2 years.
3. Thomas Proctor Pearsall, born April 15, 1834; married Cynthia P. Parliament.
4. Gideon Pearsall.
5. Elizabeth Pearsall, married Samuel Norton.
6. Phebe Ann Pearsall, married Alvin Dickinson.
7. Viola Pearsall, died young.
8. Rebecca Jane Pearsall, married Henry Williamson.
9. Mary Abigail Pearsall.
10. Elnora Pearsall.

SECTION 13.

AMOS PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 1; born December 1, 1803, at Near Rockaway; died January 31, 1879, on Long Island, N. Y.; resided at Sophiasburgh, Ontario, Canada; married, February 15, 1831 at Sophiasburgh, Canada, Sarah Valteau who was born July 2, 1809; died October 6, 1885. Children:—

1. Charles Whitmore Pearsall, born December 31, 1831; died February 9, 1836.
2. William Emory Pearsall, born August 1, 1833; married Jane Soby. See W this Section.
3. Hildebrand Valteau Pearsall, born February 15, 1836. See X, this Section.
4. Katherine Pearsall, born February 28, 1838.
5. Isaac Saunders Pearsall, born April 20, 1840; married Martha A. Williams.
6. James Pearsall, born May 27, 1842; married Isabel Gonsolas. See Y, this Section.
7. Peter Valteau Pearsall, born November 2, 1844; married Lodema LeRoy. See Z, this Section.
8. Sarah Emma Pearsall, born June 15, 1848; married Stallham L. DeLong.
9. Charles Edward Pearsall, born September 24, 1850.

SECTION 14.

BENJAMIN PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 1; died 1872, aged 77 years; buried with his wife at Bethel; resided in Prince Edward County, Ontario, Canada; married Mary Norton, daughter of Andrew Norton. She died 1881. Children:—

1. Lemuel Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 15.
2. James Smith Pearsall, born September 9, 1832; married first Helen Hawkins; second Eldura Jane McFall. See Z, this Section.
3. Samuel Washington Pearsall, died young.
4. Robert Pearsall, married Catharine Bishop. No children.
5. Royal C. Pearsall, married Margaret Covert.
6. Mary Pearsall, resided at Picton, Ontario, Canada; married first, David Dorland; married second, Cornelius Valteau.
7. Lura Pearsall, married first, Harvey Salisbury; married second, Mannis Doolittle.
8. Rebecca Pearsall, resided at Sophiasburgh, Ontario, Canada; married James Bishop.

SECTION 15.

LEMUEL PEARSALL, son of Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 41, Section 14; resided at Hillier and Crofton, Ontario, Canada; married March 4, 1852, Margaret A. Valteau, daughter of Peter Valteau and his wife Martha Potter. Children:—

1. Maria Pearsall, born July 28, 1856; married February 6, 1877, Byron Way.
2. Samuel Washington Pearsall, born January 27, 1858; married Sarah Elizabeth Covert. See Y, this Section.
3. Martha Aurelia Pearsall, born August 16, 1860; married March 2, 1880, Denmore Doolittle.
4. Mary Louise Pearsall, born March 13, 1862; married first, James Robbin; married second, J. J. Hayes.
5. Emma Pearsall, born March 13, 1864; died May, 1902; married March 20, 1891, Delmar Tice.
6. Lucy Annette Pearsall, born July 21, 1866; married August 6, 1889, Morley Meyers.
7. Ellen Theodora Pearsall, born May 27, 1868; married September 23, 1891, Willard Clark, who was born February 12, 1870.
8. James Rockwell Pearsall, born May 4, 1870. See Z, this Section.
9. Peter Audley Pearsall, born June 23, 1872; married Cora Brice. No children.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

HENRY PEARSALL
of Near Rockaway, Long Island, New York

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 37, Section 1; resided at Near Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married Martha ——. Children:—

1. Hezekiah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 2.
2. James Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 1.
3. Henry Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 12.
4. A daughter; married James Hugin. Child:—*1. John Hugin.

It was more than a century after the first patenting of the town of Hempstead in 1644 before a final division was made of the lands belonging to the town. During all this time there was much dissatisfaction from time to time expressed, particularly by the newcomers who bought in under the several English patents. There were several written protests presented and entered upon the town records, among the rest the following: At a general town meeting held in Hempstead the 14th day of October, 1723, there were seven men chosen by major vote of ye town to divide the undivided land in Hempstead and to lay to every man according to his just right in ye township of Hempstead and these seven men jointly, to lay out and ascertain our lands and not severally or the major part of them but the whole seven men to do ye work according to justice, but it appears in our way of thinking that they have proceeded contrary to reason and the scheme that was then projusted by the town by taking and selling the towns land where and what they pleased and laying out some men where they chose, and others could not get their rights except they took their leavings in poor land, and theres three of them men dead and four living continue laying out land and bringing the town more in confusion, which we think contrary to law and reason and therefore we whose names are hereafter written do protest against all what they have done or shall do in any division by any power from ye town. This was signed by 70 of the owners of the towns land, but no name of Pearsall was among the number. [Hempstead Town Records, Book 4, page 264.]

The old committee was too strongly entrenched to be displaced, so the dissatisfaction continued until, at a town meeting in Hempstead, ye 22d day of April, 1745, then it was agreed by ye majority of votes, that those persons here after named are to consult and conclude of some measures concerning of our plans either to have a division or fencing, from other towns or some measure that they may be of more profit to ye owners of them, than they have been or are at present, and ye persons or committees chosen are to make a report to ye town of their proceedings, by ye majority on Monday ye 20th of May at which time ye said

town meeting were adjoined to a list of ye names of ye men chosen, John Treadwell, Peter Titus, Samuel Willis, Jacob Smith, Richard Thorne, Jacob Seaman, John Lininton, John Dorland, Henry Pearsall, John Foster, Daniel Hulet, Sam Titus, Jeremiah Bedell, Sam Southard and the above said town meeting be adjoined to this day four weeks for ye above said men to make a report to ye town of their proceedings. [Hempstead Town Records, Book 3, pages 271, 272, 273.]

SECTION 2.

HEZEKIAH PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 1; died before November 15, 1782; married Martha Bedell. Children:—

1. Martha Pearsall, married Joseph Dorlon.
2. Sucke Pearsall.
3. Mary Pearsall, married Nathaniel Ross.
4. Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 3.
5. Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 10.
6. Henry Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 22.

SECTION 3.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Hezekiah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 2; died Dec. 12, 1836; buried in Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Churchyard near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y.; married first, June 25, 1781, Charity Denton, at St. George's Church, Hempstead. She died October 14, 1805, aged 42 years; buried in Sand Hole M. P. Churchyard. He married second, January 9, 1808, Catharine Murray at the Presbyterian Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y. She died December 20, 1831; buried in Sand Hole M. P. Churchyard. Children of first marriage:—

1. Martha Pearsall, born July 7, 1793; died Sept. 15, 1867; married Luke Fay.
2. Susan Pearsall, resided at North Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; married January 30, 1803, at St. George's Church, Hempstead, Joseph Langdon.
3. Amelia Pearsall.
4. Elizabeth Pearsall.
5. Lydia Jane Pearsall, married Daniel Whitney.
6. Mary Ellen Pearsall, married —Penney.
7. Frances Pearsall, married —Crowder.
8. Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 5.

Children of second marriage:—

9. Thomas Pearsall, born 1809. Chapter 42, Section 4.
10. Uriah Pearsall, born 1810; died June 17, 1878. Chapter 42, Section.
11. Clarkson Pearsall; married Margaret Doughty. See Y, this Section 9.
12. William I. Pearsall, born April 11, 1823; married first, Harriet Conklin; married second, Susan Jones. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 4.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 3; born 1809; died 1869; buried with his wife in Hewletts Episcopal Churchyard; resided at Hewletts, L. I., N. Y.; married Eliza Van Nostrand who was born 1816; died 1899. Children:—

1. Thomas H. Pearsall, died February 7, 1853.
2. Sarah Elizabeth Pearsall, born September 29, 1841; married Jordan Losee.
3. Ida Henrietta Pearsall, born July 2, 1849; married Oscar M. Williams.
4. Smith W. Pearsall, died July 30, 1851.
5. Franklin T. Pearsall, died September 9, 1854.
6. Samuel Pearsall, born March 19, 1855.
7. Catharine Amelia Pearsall, born July 29, 1858.
8. Ralph Rogers Pearsall; married Catharine Ann Mott. See Z, this Section.
9. Wilfred Bethene Norton Pearsall, baptised September 15, 1859.

SECTION 5.

BENJAMIN PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 3; born December 8, 1790; died August 17, 1864; buried in Trinity Protestant Episcopal Churchyard, Hewletts, L. I., N. I., August 19, 1864; married September 15, 1809 at Presbyterian Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., Elizabeth Hawkins who was born October 10, 1789; died March 18, 1840. Children:—

1. Denton Pearsall, born April 21, 1811; died April 16, 1879. Chapter 42, Section 6.
2. Conklin Pearsall, born January 19, 1814; married Anna Driscoll. See Z, this Section.
3. Zophar Pearsall, born May 6, 1817. Chapter 42, Section 7.
4. George B. Pearsall, born August 6, 1819; died September 9, 1853. Chapter 42, Section 8.
5. Sarah Elizabeth Pearsall, born March 26, 1828; married Albert Miller.

SECTION 6.

DENTON PEARSALL, son of Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 5; born April 21, 1811; died April 16, 1879; buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, Westchester Co., New York City; resided in New York City; married Elizabeth Underhill of Westchester Co., N. Y. She died November 28, 1889, aged 70 years. Children:—

1. Mary Louise Pearsall, died February 13, 1902; married March 22, 1862, Morris Baisley.
2. Esther E. Pearsall; married William Edward Sparks.
3. Margaret S. Pearsall; married William M. Humphrey.
4. Denton Pearsall, born 1837. See Y, this Section.
5. George H. Pearsall, died September 16, 1901; married Sarah Elizabeth Hunt.
6. Sarah Amelia Pearsall; married October 28, 1865, Patrick H. Fay. He was born November 20, 1825.
7. Charles Benjamin Pearsall; married Anna K. G——. See Z, this Section.
8. Nora E. Pearsall; married George H. Bergman
9. D'Anjou Pearsall; married Florence Hamilton.

SECTION 7.

ZOPHAR PEARSALL, son of Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 5; born May 6, 1817; died May 31, 1883; resided in New York City and Pearsallville, Connecticut; married first, December 17, 1838, at Rose Hill or 27th Street

M. E. Church, New York City, Margaret A. Underhill, sister of Elizabeth Underhill, wife of Denton Pearsall, and daughter of Gilbert Underhill. She died June 17, 1899, aged 79 years. Zophar Pearsall married second, Elizabeth Russell. Children of first marriage:—

1. Sarah Louise Pearsall.
 2. William H. Pearsall, married Cora Adelaide Combs. See Z, this Section.
 3. Lydia A. Pearsall, died April 7, 1853, aged 3 years.
- Children of second marriage:—
4. Zophar Pearsall, died before 1917.
 5. Emma Louise Pearsall, married first, William H. Hyler; married second, Edward Leach.

SECTION 8.

GEORGE B. PEARSALL, son of Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 5; born August 6, 1819; died September 9, 1853; resided at Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married Jane Mott, daughter of Henry Mott and his wife Lucy Ann. Children:—

1. William Henry Pearsall, born July 9, 1844; married Amelia Cornell. See Z, this Section.
2. Zophar Pearsall, born September 19, 1849.

SECTION 9.

URIAH PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 3; born 1810; died June 17, 1878, aged 67 years, 11 months; buried at Sand Hole M. P. Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y.; married first, June 15, 1833, Matilda Davison at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., who died April 22, 1852, aged 38 years and 17 days. Uriah Pearsall married second, Hannah Jane Cornwell. Uriah Pearsall married third, October 24, 1868, Elizabeth Ryder, née Abrams, of Pearsalls. Children of first marriage:—

1. De Mott Pearsall, died February 7, 1837, aged 3 years.
2. Alexander Pearsall, married Clara H——. See Y, this Section.
3. Wright Pearsall, born August 20, 1840; married Emily Josephine Smith.
4. Amanda Pearsall, married Benjamin Bedell.

Children of second marriage:—

5. Phebe Ann Pearsall, born 1853; married —— Frost.
6. Louisa A. Pearsall, born 1856; married Emory Doxsey.
7. Wilbur Pearsall, born 1864; unmarried.
8. Cornwell W. Pearsall.
9. Emma Susan Pearsall.

SECTION 10.

URIAH PEARSALL, son of Hezekiah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 2; born 1760; died November 22, 1847, aged 87 years; buried with his second wife in the old Sand Hole M. P. Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Near Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married first, at St. George's Church, Hempstead, August 9, 1781, Caroline Roebuck, daughter of Jarvis

Roebuck. She died July 2, 1791. Uriah Pearsall married second, April 22, 1792, Ann Cornell, daughter of Elijah Cornell and his wife Elizabeth A. Abrams. She died June 30, 1836, aged 64 years. Children of first marriage:—

1. Jarvis Pearsall. Chapter 42, Section 11.
 2. Peter Roebuck Pearsall. Chapter 42, Section 14.
- Children of second marriage:—
3. Cornell Pearsall. Chapter 42, Section 17.
 4. Oliver Denton Pearsall. Chapter 42, Section 19.
 5. Tredwell Pearsall. Chapter 42, Section 20.
 6. Fannie Pearsall, baptised April 7, 1793; married Nathaniel Davidson.
 7. Julia Ann Pearsall, married John Eldred.
 8. David Pearsall, married Susan ——. See W, this Section.
 9. Jacob Pearsall, married Mary Luger. See X, this Section.
 10. Hewlett Pearsall, married Josephine ——. See Y, this Section.
 11. Hollett Pearsall. Chapter 42, Section 21.
 12. Charles Pearsall, married Catharine ——. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 11.

JARVIS PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 10; baptised at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., January 20, 1782; resided in Bergen Co., New Jersey; married Rachel Kelly. She was descended from a family that had long been connected with the Dutch Reformed Church in New York. Brian Kelly, the first American ancestor, appears upon the records of New Amsterdam in 1643. Children:—

1. Uriah Pearsall, baptised November 27, 1800.
2. Catharine Pearsall, born 1802; married first, David Bloomer; second, Jacob Van Wart.
3. Peter Pearsall, born 1806. Chapter 42, Section 12.
4. John Pearsall, born 1809. See W, this Section.
5. Lewis Pearsall, born October 10, 1813; married Sarah Elizabeth Horton. See X, this Section.
6. Nathaniel Pearsall, born 1815.
7. Jarvis Pearsall, born 1817; married Catharine Cole. See Y, this Section.
8. William Pearsall, born 1820.
9. Oliver Pearsall.
10. David Pearsall, born July 15, 1824; married Janet Graham. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 12.

PETER PEARSALL, son of Jarvis Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 11; born 1806; resided in Bergen Co., N. J.; married Susan Ann —, who was born September 19, 1804; died July 31, 1892, buried in St. John's Cemetery, Yonkers, N. Y. Children:—

1. Peter William Pearsall, married Rachel Ann Simms. See Y, this Section.
2. Charles Edgar Pearsall. Chapter 42, Section 13.
3. Emeline Virginia Pearsall, married David Simms.
4. Susan E. Pearsall, born February 21, 1839; died April 26, 1877; unmarried.

5. John Tyler Pearsall.
6. George Washington Pearsall, born December 21, 1847; married Emma Martin.

SECTION 13.

CHARLES EDGAR PEARSALL, son of Peter Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 12; born December 12, 1834; died January 31, 1897; resided at Yonkers, Westchester Co., N. Y.; married July 4, 1855, Martha Simms, who was born March 28, 1837. Children:—

1. Charles Emerson Pearsall, born September 17, 1856; married Sarah Thomas. See Z, this Division.
2. Eva Louise Pearsall, born August 5, 1860; married Jeremiah P. Lewis.
3. Susie Eleanor Pearsall, born July 12, 1862; married James Tabenier.
4. Irene Pearsall, born March 21, 1866; married John L. Maps.
5. Blanche Pearsall, born April 8, 1869; married Darius Johnson.
6. Clarence Alden Pearsall, born March 29, 1871.
7. Arthur Milton Pearsall, born October 1, 1874; unmarried.
8. Mattie Ida Pearsall, born June 1, 1876.
9. Olive Coyt Pearsall, born November 19, 1882; died January 21, 1885.

SECTION 14.

PETER ROEBUCK PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 10; born May 1, 1790; baptised at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., July 6, 1791; died March 28, 1878; married first, November 18, 1813, Abigail Carman, who was born September 1, 1794. He married second, July 20, 1829 at Beardstown, Pennsylvania, Hannah Frost, daughter of Cawley Frost. She was born March 20, 1809 and died February 18, 1886 at Indianapolis, Indiana. Children of first marriage:—

1. Lewis C. Pearsall, said to have been drowned; died unmarried in San Luis, Sierra County, California. He was a pioneer and a miner.
2. Jarvis Roebuck Pearsall, born January 17, 1820. Chapter 42, Section 15.
3. Phineas Carman Pearsall. Chapter 42, Section 16.
4. Huldah Pearsall, married Jacob Miller Gray.
5. Mary Pearsall, died February, 1888; married Victor Dunham.
6. Julia Pearsall, married William Baldwin.

Children of second marriage:—

7. Nancy Jane Pearsall, died March 2, 1888.
8. Jarvis Roebuck Pearsall, born February 28, 1832.
9. Mary Jane Young Pearsall, born August 23, 1834; died October 7, 1837.
10. Catharine Roebuck Pearsall, born April 21, 1837; died October 17, 1916.
11. Isabella Sweitser Pearsall, born February 21, 1840; died February 13, 1899.
12. Anna Sweitser Pearsall, born October 31, 1842; died April 8, 1887.
13. James Frost Pearsall, born August 11, 1846.
14. William Bancroft Pearsall, born September 3, 1848; died August 6, 1915.
15. Eliza Sullivan Pearsall, born January 18, 1853; died January 2, 1900.
16. Julia Mothershead Pearsall, born November 2, 1856; married January 3, 1885, Edward Hiram Evans. He was born January 4, 1861.

The following is copied from a letter written at Indianapolis, Ind., December 30, 1875, by Peter Roebuck Pearsall to his daughter Catharine Roebuck Pearsall:—My mother, Catherine Roebuck, was the daughter of Jarvis Roebuck, a merchant doing business in the city of New York. Mother died soon after I was born, of course, I can have no recollection of her, and her father took care of me until I was four years of age, when he sent me to Nazareth, Northampton County, Pa., where I remained at college until I was seventeen, when I returned to New York. My grandfather at his death left me a handsome Patrimony. He had one brother Peter Roebuck, after whom I was named, who also lived in New York. They were both simon pure Englishmen, which to me is a source of genuine pride.

I now come to a part of my history which you have probably never heard. My grandfather, who unfortunately had a misunderstanding with my father after the death of my mother sent me to Nazareth under his own name, and I knew of no other and was recognized by no other than P. Roebuck. When about twelve years old I was one day requested to call at the hotel as someone wished to see me. Having obtained permission I went and met a very handsome gentleman, about forty or forty-five years of age. He asked me several questions about my family to which I replied as had been taught me that I was the grandson of Jarvis Roebuck, that my father and mother had both died when I was an infant, that I had no recollection of them. You may judge my surprise when he burst into tears and for a time was quite overcome. He then stated that there was a mistake—that he was my father. Boy as I was, the news overjoyed me. I requested him to go with me to the college where I introduced him to the President, who was a warm friend of mine (a lover of music). The President knew my grandfather and at once said that he had no doubt of the correctness of the statements but advised me not to be too receptive in the matter. He wrote to New York receiving in answer a full confirmation of all that my father had stated. From that time it was Peter Roebuck Pearsall, and has remained so ever since. (Seventy-three years and more.)

The following is his own account of his trip to Nazareth, Pa.:—Indianapolis, February 11, 1874. Dear Daughter:—Your truly interesting letter date 2nd inst. was duly received. As your requests with me are equivalent to commands, I proceed with pleasure to give you an account of my visit last Fall to Bethlehem and Nazareth, as the oldest Hall Boy to attend a reunion of the alumni of Nazareth Hall in which I received my scholastic education.

Before we give the incidents of the journey allow me to begin at the beginning as I do not remember that this was ever given. My earthly career began May 1, 1790. Of my mother Catherine Roebuck, daughter of Jarvis Roebuck, I can have no recollection as she gave her life when she gave me. [Notwithstanding this statement we have followed the church record which fixes her death and burial as occurring in 1791.] With the consent of my father my maternal grandfather took me under his care, and at the age of four years he sent me in charge of Abraham Bininger (the founder of the great Bininger house, New York City) to Nazareth and Bethlehem, Northampton County, Pennsylvania. Until eight years of age Mammy Moehring, a childless widow residing at Nazareth, took care of me with all the kindness a mother could bestow upon her own child. At this time they installed me as a student in the college. As the turmoils and ups and downs of a

college life would consume too much time, I beg leave to omit them. My love for music, the Divine Art, began to display itself very early. At the age of twelve years I was permitted to play a large organ during Divine service; they also placed me at the grand piano in the weekly concerts with an orchestra of some thirty instruments. This circumstance caused me to be remembered by many who were fellow students. At this institution I remained until the year 1807, when I returned to New York City:—Here endeth the introduction.

On Saturday evening September 20th I returned from a short visit at Madison, Indiana and found a letter from my friend Chitty, now residing at Bethlehem, a Moravian town ten miles from Nazareth, requesting me to attend a reunion of students at Nazareth on Thursday September 25th, kindly proposing to defray all incidental expenses. Such a generous offer could not be refused, and Monday morning about 7 o'clock found me moving out of the Union Depot in compliance with the invitation. At six o'clock Tuesday evening I arrived at Bethlehem where Mr. Chitty met me and accompanied me to the house of Doctor Jones, who with his family, Mrs. Jones and daughter, entertained me with the most refined hospitality until Friday evening when I felt compelled to decline a pressing invitation to prolong my visit, *ad libitum*, as I felt quite overcome with the tremendous excitement thru which I had just passed. On Wednesday Doctor Jones introduced me to a number of prominent citizens of the place, some of them stating that I was not an entire stranger as they had heard my name mentioned before. On Thursday the 25th, we proceeded to Nazareth, arriving there about 9 o'clock A. M., from the hotel we were escorted by a Company of Cadets.

Here my troubles began. When I saw that venerable and well remembered building, recollections of childhood days came rushing upon my memory with the force of a tornado. And when the president of the college accompanied me thru the different departments, frequently asking, do you remember this, and when he took me to that idolized old organ requesting me to play a particular tune which is always used in passing out of the old year into the new year, I, of course, complied, but my feelings overpowered me when I remembered that I had played the same tune on the same instrument upwards of seventy years before. I gave way saying once a man—twice a child. The president replied not in this case for in his view there was exhibited the reverse. A vivid recollection of events long since passed. We also visited the cemetery, garden, and all points of interest. Dinner being announced the visitors, the faculty, and about three hundred students partaking. A side table was occupied by some of the dignitaries, among whom they placed the Lion of the day in the condition of a lamb. Presently a request came that I should address the students. This I dreaded as my nerves were entirely unstrung—but rather than write myself a mouse I made an effort to be a man. My speech was short for I could not trust myself. However, the compliment was paid me that every word was to the point and would be long remembered by the pupils as well as others.

SECTION 15.

JARVIS ROEBUCK PEARSALL, son of Peter Roebuck Pearsall, Chapter 42.
Section 14; born January 17, 1820; died October 29, 1887; resided at Christian

Hook, L. I., N. Y.; married March 25, 1843, Deborah Ann Daynes. She was born February 17, 1818; died January 19, 1883. Children:—

1. Alexander A. Pearsall, born August 31, 1853; married Eleanora L. Ghee. See Y, this Section.
2. Mary Lavenia Pearsall, born April 20, 1846; married William Henry Mott.
3. Lewis Fayette Pearsall, born April 11, 1856; married Abigail Smith. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 16.

PHINEAS CARMAN PEARSALL, son of Peter Roebuck Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 14; married May 15, 1839, Catharine A. Morgan. Children:—

1. Emma Pearsall, born March 23, 1845; died June 10, 1851.
2. Julia Anna Pearsall, born September, 1841; married Chester F. Burdick.
3. Eliza Pearsall, born March 12, 1840; died June 10, 1842.
4. Caroline Jacobs Pearsall, born July 8, 1843; married James E. White.
5. Alfred Everson Pearsall, born April 18, 1847. See Z, this Section.
6. Frederick Pearsall, born February 11, 1849; died April 4, 1849.
7. Lavinia Watson Pearsall, born May 25, 1851; married Allen Cady Fitch.
8. Matilda Lawson Pearsall, born November 9, 1852; married Edward L. Embree.
9. Edgar Randolph Pearsall, born November 3, 1854; died May 1, 1913; married October 27, 1881, Mary P. Ferris who was born June 20, 1856. Children:—*1. Ferris Randolph Pearsall, born August 24, 1882. *2. Ethel Pearsall, born December 29, 1883. *3. James Ferris Pearsall, born July 9, 1885. *4. Harriet Wheelock Pearsall, born January 27, 1887. *5. Chester Burdick Pearsall, born August 26, 1888. *6. Katharine Morgan Pearsall, born October 27, 1892. *7. Helen Pearsall, born September 20, 1896. *8. Virginia Lee Pearsall, born January 11, 1898. *9. Eleanor Carman Pearsall, born February 12, 1900.
10. Laura Anta Pearsall, born November 19, 1856; died January 11, 1863.
11. Rollin Burdick Pearsall, born July 7, 1861; died July 30, 1879.

Z. ALFRED EVERSON PEARSALL, born April 18, 1847; died April 28, 1919; resided at Westfield, New Jersey; married November 18, 1869, Amanda Terry. Children:—

1. Jay Herbert Pearsall, married February 22, 1901, Mabel Clara Fitch.
 2. Clifford Everson Pearsall, born November 15, 1870; married February 22, 1894, Grace Caroline Moffett.
 3. Leigh Morgan Pearsall, born April 9, 1872; married February 22, 1900, Mary Ellen Moffett.
 4. Ralph Cornish Pearsall, born August 19, 1876; married May 1, 1905, Grace Runyon.
 5. Ruth Pearsall, born July 1, 1880; married June 3, 1903, Lester Wright Neefus.
- Alfred Everson Pearsall founded the News Bureau which devoted itself to gathering the news of the Wall Street zone of the city of New York. It was the ally of all the metropolitan papers and the source from which came the daily report of financial and business affairs sent out over the country by the Associated Press.

It is not possible to write an accurate history of Alfred Everson Pearsall. We are too near the events of his life to give them their exact value, but as to Alfred Everson Pearsall, this can be said, his history is so inseparably connected with the financial growth of this country, that the history of its business for his generation must accord him a large space in its record. It is needless to say that such an organization as he founded is the eyes and ears of the business world. Through it was gained the knowledge and impressions which have moulded and guided the business and financial affairs of the country at large. It is easy to comprehend that such a man must be trustworthy, truthful, reliable, fair and disinterested; that he must be farseeing, yet microscopic in his vision. Any one can tell of the big things already accomplished. It takes the man of discernment and most minute view to discern the germs of movements that will ultimately grow into great enterprises. It takes the judicial mind to sift the false from the true; and to do it day after day for a lifetime, and yet win the approval of the man in the Street, betokens talents far beyond the ordinary and tells of training such as very few men have. Then the driest facts must be dressed up so that they are entertainingly presented. It is comparatively easy to write of flowers and fruits but to detail day by day the doings of the Bulls and Bears of finance and to yet be uncontaminated by the sordid selfishness which controls most of their desires and purposes requires a man with a soul above things mundane. Hence the reader of his story, as related by himself, must keep in mind that behind the expressions of dire want is really the keen-sighted man of vision, pouring out his irony and covert sarcasm against those who think that the mere possession of wealth is the only badge of true greatness. For he never lost the perspective of things which he saw in the field of the country's money market. Hence he reported about money and bonds and banks and bankers in a way calculated to bring them within the power of the truth, and in such a manner as to aid in the upbuilding of the whole land and all the people. To him the acquisition of bonds and money was not desirable for the power and wealth thereby obtained, but that they never should cease to be instruments for the good and right purpose of making all the people happy. Year after year he spent his holidays in the gypsy wagon which he owned, and in which he wandered all over the country seeking above all other things to regain renewed contact with the common people. Hence the broad and wide vision and the wonderfully accurate discernment which he brought to the dissemination of what otherwise would have been only the sordid news of the money world; which world knows nothing about and cares less for the rest of mankind except in so far as they can be made the means of paying tribute to the comparatively few of the monetary class.

He was also a journalist of commanding position, but he will be better remembered by the part he has taken in the development of the financial and business interests of the country. He was withal a delightful companionable man, as we can well understand after reading the following account he has written of himself. But the reader must take in a Pickwickian sense his references to poverty. He and his were and are men of ample means.

According to the Book my name is Alfred Everson Pearsall, the oldest son of Phineas Carman and Catherine Morgan Pearsall, and by the same token I was

born in Butler Street, near Court Street, Brooklyn, April 18, 1847. My father's father was Peter Roebuck Pearsall, organist of a Moravian Church, I don't know where—and like most musicians, he was poor. My own father inherited his tendency to be musical and poor—poor as to this world's goods but rich, rich indeed, in the graces and tenderness of a refined, gentle, poetic nature, so that when it came his time to die, all kinds of people, rich and poor, alike, even the blacks, surrounded Squire Pearsall's bier—and a very few of them all were worthy to touch the hem of his garment or to loose the latchet of his shoe. Some very good men with a mistaken idea of life sighed: What a failure, not appreciating the songs he had sung at their festivals and funerals, the fetching stories he had told and the Gospel of Good Cheer his life had always been to the living and dying.

When I consider the musicalness of my grandfather and of my father and my own misfortune in that direction it is not so difficult for me to think that there may be some kind of a crest for me which I don't want, anyhow. I say my own misfortune because I've been everlastingly bothered with music interruptions when I've been saying I won't be musical, I won't learn a note and then I can't teach music and wear a shawl and long hair. However, I've never let my hair get very short for the matter of that. But while I don't know one note from another I've had the nerve to sing in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and make money for it. I've sung from Maine to California and from the Canadian border to the Mexican border.

Shall I tell you about the time I sang in the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City? Well, I'll put my time against yours, since I'm just rambling at best. I was a delegate to the Convention of the International League of Press Clubs in San Francisco in the winter of 1893. En route we were royally entertained by every big city our long train passed through. Dear Kate Field and Mrs. Frank Leslie and Elita Proctor Otis and Belva Lockwood were of the party and so was Marshall P. Wilder, there being a train of eight cars of newspaper people.

At Salt Lake City we were the guests of the city. As a part of our entertainment a sacred concert was given in the tabernacle, a feature of which was oratorio singing by a choral union consisting of 350 gentiles and 350 Mormons. The work of these 700 singers was thrilling; for what better acoustics were offered in the known world than the acoustics of the old Mormon tabernacle, with its famous pin-dropping test.

Of course, the alleged highbrows from the East had to contribute that evening; and, before I knew what was going on I stood in front of the great pipe organ, at one time the world's greatest organ, and was told to sing, facing 12,000 people. What, inquired the longhaired organist; as I felt called on to quit or say something, I managed to say: The Palms. What key? I didn't know for the life of me. This key, I said, stepping to the organ and fingering the place I knew by heart, but couldn't name. That organist's introduction was an inspiration. I stepped aboard at the proper place and we were off. First it was the organ and then it was me; and then it was the organ again plumb to the finish. I'd only got fairly started when I pulled out my nux vomica; the organist saw me and pulled out his aurora borealis; with that I dragged on my eucalyptus tremolo. Not to be outdone in politeness the organist brought out his buranto how-come-you-so. By

that time the palms were beginning to sprout in every seat and at the conclusion of the first verse the palms came together in a way that told me I had scored and that the cunning thing was for me to retire while the going was good.

The organist wouldn't have it so, nor the audience either, so back I went, grabbed a chest full of various sounds which I organized and liberated into some sort of shape that made out the concluding verse, in the course of which, however, the organ came to a dead pause and left me to sing unaccompanied or to stop. As I finished the phrase the organ came in on the last word with everything wide open and my voice riding the air an octave above a level that I'd ever undertaken. It was a dramatic climax to an eventful musical career.

In a recent letter Leigh M. Pearsall writes:—My father travelled many hundreds of miles in his camp wagon and with his team of Texas horses, having in the rear of the wagon a full size bed and also a little organ which he used throughout his journeys to entertain himself and also the people at whose places he would stop to camp from time to time. He drove up through the New England states into Canada and went as far south as North Carolina. One of his many exciting experiences included being held up by moonshiners in West Virginia. They assumed he was a revenue officer and refused to allow him to camp on the rocky mountain road where he had pulled up and ordered him to leave the mountains—they hastened him down a precipitous road with rifle balls so placed as to hasten his gallop and yet they, being undoubtedly expert marksmen, gave him to understand that so long as he kept moving they would not take his life. His organ broke loose and thrashed around in the wagon, as did his bed, his wheels were dished and were it not for the fact that he had made companions of his horses so they were reasonably easily gotten under control at the foot of the mountain he would undoubtedly have been killed.

He was a most interesting character, a great traveler, a man of exceptional literary talent and was possessed of a most wonderful voice which earned him many thousands of dollars during his young and middle life. As an elocutionist on the platform he was conceded to be a dean of them all. I could cite hundreds of instances, all going to prove him to be a most versatile man. He had enemies but they were of the type which caused Teddy Roosevelt to state, I love him for the enemies he has made. As a newspaper publisher he attacked graft, political chicanery and back room politics without compromise. His close friends were legion. I recall as a young man our leaving his office in Wall Street for the ferry to catch a certain train, having ample time to make the boat, but we were exactly one and a half hours late in arriving at the ferry because of the many stops he was called upon to make by friends he met on the way. He neither smoked nor drank and, while a bitter enemy once his hat was in the ring, he was true blue with all his friends, more particularly those in distress, his motto being that of the Salvation Army, a man may be down but never out. His quiet contributions to improvident friends reached into the thousands of dollars as we have since learned through going over his check books. He never took notes, believing these friends would repay him if ever it came within their power. The last twelve years of his life were spent in the Canadian waterways during the summer and in Melrose, Florida, during the winter. At the latter place he had a most remarkable home

which he called the Latchstring, where his doors were never locked and his home was headquarters for the whole country side. His death was a great loss to all in Westfield, N. J., his home town, to his hundreds of Wall Street friends and his little Florida town has never been anything like the same since he passed on.

SECTION 17.

CORNWELL (Cornell) PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 10; died February 15, 1866, aged 65 years, 11 months, 9 days; buried in the old Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Church, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; married Rachel ——. She died July 7, 1868, aged 72 years, 1 month, 29 days. Children:—

1. Lewis Pearsall, died December 10, 1898. Chapter 42, Section 18.
2. William Pearsall, died April 17, 1871; married Mary Adeline Bedell.
3. Nancy C. Pearsall, married Mulford T. Rayner.
4. Jane Pearsall, married Samuel Smith Doxsey.
5. Townsend Pearsall, died October 28, 1836.

SECTION 18.

LEWIS PEARSALL, son of Cornell Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 17; died December 10, 1898, aged 77 years, 11 months, 11 days; buried with his wife in old Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Churchyard; resided at East Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married at the old Sand Hole M. P. Church, October 22, 1843, Caroline Terry of Hicks Neck, Long Island, New York. Children:—

1. Seaman T. Pearsall, born 1848; married Melisa A. Fowler. See Y, this Section.
2. Townsend Pearsall, born September, 1857; married Gertrude Grover. See Z, this Section.
3. Armenia Pearsall, born January 4, 1859; married, November 21, 1888, Walter Golder.
4. Lewis Edward Pearsall, born January 4, 1861; died October 16, 1902.
5. Jane Ann Pearsall, died November 2, 1907; married Lewis Abrams.
6. Mary Emma Pearsall, died March 1, 1895.
7. Adeline Pearsall, died March 21, 1860.
8. Hattie Pearsall, born December 24, 1869.
9. Cornell Pearsall, born July 20, 1850; died December 6, 1851.
10. Cornell Pearsall, born January 25, 1853; died February 12, 1853.

SECTION 19.

OLIVER DENTON PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 10; born October 14, 1805; died June 18, 1870; buried with his wife in old Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Far Rockaway, and Pearsall Corners, L. I., N. Y.; married September 4, 1828, at the Presbyterian Church, Hempstead, Martha Flower, who was born January 1, 1808; baptised at same place June 8, 1865; died July 24, 1894. Children:—

1. Gideon Pearsall, born January 23, 1830; married Elizabeth A——. See Z, this Section.

2. Henry Selie Pearsall, died December 14, 1870; married Sarah Elizabeth —.
3. Alfred Pearsall.
4. Alexander Pearsall, married first, October 31, 1852, Ann Eliza Brush. He married second, June 11, 1857, Mary Jane Pearsall, daughter of Nathaniel Pearsall and his wife Lydia Shaw. See Chapter 40, Section 12.
5. Lewis Pearsall.
6. Oliver Pearsall, born January 14, 1838; married Alice Dredger.
7. Frances Pearsall, married February 6, 1861, Lewis A. Jessup.
8. Luria Ann Pearsall, born 1836; married Calvin Abrams.
9. Hulda Pearsall, married Adam Peters.
10. Adaline C. Pearsall, married — Wood.

SECTION 20.

TREDWALL PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 10; died May 30, 1883, aged 66 years, 3 months and 4 days; buried with his wife in the old Sand Hole M. P. Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Pearsalls Corners, L. I., N. Y.; married Sarah Langdon, at the Presbyterian Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y. She was born 1818; died January 8, 1869. Children:—

1. Jarvis Uriah Pearsall, born April 4, 1835; married December 25, 1859, Mary Adeline Abrams, who was born March 8, 1835. Children:—*1. Seldron Pearsall, born May 26, 1862; married Mary Lavinia Brower. *2. Sylvester Pearsall, born February 23, 1863. *3. Julia Pearsall, born April 1, 1866; unmarried.
2. Julia Ann Pearsall, born 1839; died January 28, 1862.

SECTION 21.

HOLLETT PEARSALL, son of Uriah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 10; born October 19, 1797; died June 21, 1845; buried with his wife in the Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Near Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married Martha —, who died 1864, in the 56th year of her age. Children:—

1. Oliver Pearsall, born 1818; married first, Esther Ann Aulberson; second, Lucinda Johnson. See Y, this Section.
2. David Pearsall.
3. Nathaniel Pearsall, died before 1864; unmarried.
4. Peter Pearsall, married Sarah Ann —. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 22.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of Hezekiah Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 2; married —. Children:—

1. James Pearsall; married Hannah Baisley.
2. Charles Pearsall, married Catharine Bedell.
3. Ann Pearsall; married first, Samuel Brower; second, Stephen Carman.
4. Clarissa Pearsall, married Thomas Langdon.
5. Elizabeth Pearsall, married Adam Pearsall. Chapter 33, Section 2.
6. Jemima Pearsall, married William Bedell.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

JAMES AND HENRY PEARSALL

of Rockville Center, Rockaway, Long Island, New York

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 1; married November 27, 1752, Sarah Pearsall at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Rockville Center, L. I., N. Y. Children:—

1. Joseph Pearsall. Chapter 43, Section 2.
2. James Pearsall. Chapter 43, Section 8.
3. Henry Pearsall. Chapter 43, Section 9.
4. Daniel Pearsall. Chapter 43, Section 11.

SECTION 2.

JOSEPH PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 1; born 1750; occupied the old mansion at Rockville Centre, L. I., N. Y.; married at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., June 4, 1776, Sarah Verity. Children:—

1. Richard Pearsall, born October 5, 1782. Chapter 43, Section 3.
2. Isaac Pearsall, died July 26, 1832. Chapter 43, Section 4.
3. James Pearsall, died January 5, 1857. Chapter 43, Section 7.
4. Ruth Pearsall, married February 24, 1804, Thomas Smith.
5. Mary Pearsall, married March 20, 1804, David Durlon, Jr.
6. Martha Pearsall, resided at Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married April 3, 1805, Thomas Mott of New York.
7. Hannah Pearsall, married December 31, 1803, Joseph Watts.

SECTION 3.

RICHARD PEARSALL, son of Joseph Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 2; born October 5, 1782; died April 5, 1851; buried with his wife in old Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Church, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Near Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., December 26, 1812, Hannah Wortman of South Jamaica, who was born July 5, 1792; died October 27, 1867. Children:—

1. Robert D. Pearsall, died February 17, 1867; married Elizabeth Langdon. See Y, this Section.
2. John Pearsall, married Mary ——. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 4.

ISAAC PEARSALL, son of Joseph Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 2; died July 26, 1832; resided in New York City; married January 2, 1813, Nancy Durland. Children:—

1. Durland Pearsall, married Eliza Ann Boyer. See Y, this Section.
2. James Pearsall, born February 29, 1816. Chapter 43, Section 5.
3. William Pearsall, born March 4, 1819. Chapter 43, Section 6.
4. Isaac Pearsall, married Catharine M. Lange. See Z, this Section.
5. Sarah Ann Pearsall, married — Brown.

SECTION 5.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of Isaac Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 4; born February 29, 1816; died September 1, 1886; buried in Union Cemetery, Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.; resided in New York City; married first, at Rose Hill or 27th Street M. E. Church, New York City, July 15, 1835, Susan Gooderson. She was born February 10, 1820. James Pearsall married second, December 19, 1847, Charlotte Jacobus who was born in Bloomfield, N. J., October 22, 1828; died in New York City, May 10, 1858. James Pearsall married third, in New York City, Mary Rodgers who died February 16, 1890, aged 68 years. Children of first marriage:—

1. James R. Pearsall, born August 11, 1838; married Cornelia Hardenburg.
2. Elizabeth Pearsall, born October 9, 1842; married Edward Florence.
3. Mathias W. Pearsall, born September 18, 1840; married Elizabeth Carlton. See Y, this Section.

Children of second marriage:—

4. John Pearsall, born March 24, 1849; married Louisa Duryea. See Z, this Section.
5. Susan Pearsall, born August 1, 1850; died July 12, 1877; married William Florence.
6. Maurice Pearsall, born February 25, 1855; died March 30, 1907; unmarried.
7. Emeline Pearsall, born September 10, 1852; married Jeremiah K. Dalton.
8. Charles Pearsall, born May 11, 1857.

Children of third marriage:—

9. Ellen (Helen Mitchell) Pearsall, born Oct. 19, 1863; married Edward Kelly.
10. Mary Pearsall, born November 13, 1866.
11. Jane Pearsall, born March 24, 1868.

SECTION 6.

WILLIAM PEARSALL, son of Isaac Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 4; born March 4, 1819; died March 21, 1894; resided in New York City; married October 4, 1844, Marian M. Jagger, who was born 1826. Children:—

1. Emily Ann Pearsall, born July 4, 1845; married George W. Benson.
2. Latham Durland Pearsall, born June 17, 1847. See Y, this Division.
3. William Henry Pearsall, born August 23, 1849; married Susan Jane Jeffrey. See Z, this Section.
4. Sarah Hanford Pearsall, born July 10, 1851; died November 21, 1857.
5. Alonzo Pearsall, born March 6, 1854; married Malvina Jennings.
6. Lillie Jagger Pearsall, born February 19, 1864; married Charles W. Graham.
7. George Washington Pearsall, born February 17, 1866; married Gertrude Benson.

Y. LATHAM DURLAND PEARSALL, born June 17, 1847; resided in Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.; married, December 7, 1869, Eleanor Francenia Zabriskie, daughter of Thomas Zabriskie and his wife, Louise Cleveland. She was born May 7, 1850. She is descended from Albert Sobieski, son of a brother of James Sobieski, and cousin of King John III. of Poland, who like his nephew, was a famous soldier; he was born in Zolkiew, Poland (or Enghsburg, Prussia), in 1638. He was given a liberal education, being sent by his father to Amsterdam, Holland, with the hope that he would take up the ministry as a profession. He directed his studies to that end for a time, but the preparation proved distasteful; so he abandoned theology; and subsequently was pressed into the Prussian army. To fight for the old enemy of Poland was far more distasteful, and he determined to seek his fortune in the New World and join his friends who had gone from the Upper Palatinate to New York, and made homes in New Amsterdam and New Jersey. He took passage in the Dutch ship D'Vos (the Fox), Captain Jacob Janz Huys, at Amsterdam, Holland, August 31, 1662, and landed in New York, where he lived for ten or more years without settling in any one place or engaging in any settled business. We find him in Bergen about the time of his marriage, which is registered in the books of the Dutch Reformed Church of Bergen, December 17, 1676, and the marriage certificate recorded as issued January 8, 1677. He married Matilda, daughter of Yoost Van der Linde. Upon his marriage he took title to a tract of land which he purchased of the Hackensack and Tappan Indians. He helped to organize the Church on the Green at Old Hackensack, in 1696, and was the leading member and supporter of that church for over twenty-five years. He was also the first justice of the peace of upper Bergen County. He died in Hackensack, September 11, 1711.

Children:—

1. James Zabriskie Pearsall, born November 6, 1870; died February, 1909.
2. William Pearsall, born 1872; died same year.
3. Latham Durland Pearsall, born February 8, 1873; died December 12, 1912.

Latham Durland Pearsall, Jr., was a student of the early history of the family. For years he read everything he could find concerning the doings of the family in England, Normandy and Scandinavia. At the same time he gathered an accurate pedigree of his own branch of the family. Up to the time of his death he had gathered a large mass in disconnected notes, mostly references to the book and page of the works he had read. He was the only member of the American family of whom we have yet learned who had a fair comprehension of our early family history. He had started to write a book of the Pearsall history and genealogy, and his parents kindly lent us his voluminous notes.

SECTION 7.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of Joseph Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 2; died January 5, 1857; resided at Near Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married at St. George's Church, March 5, 1803, Elockley Bedell. Children:—

1. Gideon Pearsall, married Emily Jackson. See Z, this Section.
2. Sarah Ann Pearsall, married John J. Roach.

SECTION 8.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 1; born circa 1755; buried in old cemetery outside of Bath, N. Y.; resided at Stillwater, Saratoga Co. and Bath, Steuben County, N. Y.; married Mary —. Children:—

1. Mary Pearsall, married —Montgomery.
2. Sarah Pearsall, born June 10, 1782. See X, this Section.
3. Jane Pearsall, married William Arber.
4. Nancy Pearsall, married Thomas Metcalfe.
5. Charlotte Pearsall, married John Hanks.
6. Ruth Pearsall, married —Searles.
7. John Pearsall, married Permelia —. See Y, this Section.
8. Abelard Pearsall. See Z, this Section.
9. James Harvey Pearsall.

James Pearsall was connected with the Congregational Church at Stillwater. This church had been organized in 1752 at New Canaan, Connecticut; on the 20th of Oct. 1761, Robert Campbell was ordained and installed as their pastor. On the 21st of April, 1762, the following record appears upon their minutes. April A. D. 1762, at a fast appointed to know their duty in respect to the church moving to Stillwater, it was fully ascertained that the church should remove from Canaan to Stillwater and in pursuance of their agreement the greater part of the members removed to Stillwater. They carefully took down their old building and removed it together with the foundation stones to the new location in Saratoga County, N. Y. Here it stands to this day, and is known as the Yellow Meeting House.

In 1798, Robert Campbell, Junior, became the pastor of this church. In 1801 there was a church quarrel which resulted in the church withdrawing from Rev. Robert Campbell for contempt and neglect of the church, this followed a scathing letter from the reverend gentleman which epistle did not please his congregation. Thereupon Robert Campbell, his brother Solomon and Solomon's son Archie, emigrated to Painted Post in Steuben County. They did not organize a new church, but many of the Stillwater Church people followed them until the land records of Steuben County duplicate every family name that appears on the records of the Stillwater Church. James Pearsall followed with the rest and settled near Bath, the county seat. James Pearsall did not remove until 1803.

SECTION 9.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 1; resided at Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; married December 23, 1776, Hannah Bunch of Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y. Children:—

1. Elizabeth Pearsall, baptised August 9, 1782.
2. George B. Pearsall, baptised August 9, 1782; married Nancy Pettit. See X, this Section.
3. Thomas Pearsall, baptised August 23, 1787.
4. Henry Bunch Pearsall, married Mary —. See Y, this Section.
5. Mary Pearsall, married —Abrams. Child:—*1. Townsend Abrams.
6. Morris Pearsall, married Naomi Langdon. See Z, this Section.
7. Catharine Pearsall, married Elijah Abrams.

SECTION 10.

ALFRED PEARSALL, son of Morris Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 9, No. 6; born 1813; died May 4, 1885, aged 72 years, 6 months, 25 days; buried with his wife in Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y. Methodist Churchyard; married Amanda M. Joslin, who died January 13, 1907, aged 89 years, 6 months, 4 days. Children:—

1. Robert H. Pearsall, born March 16, 1837; married Henrietta Mott. See Z, this Section.
2. Charlotte Pearsall.
3. Mary Pearsall, born 1838; died 1913.
4. Emma Pearsall, married — Mott.
5. Julia Pearsall, married March 26, 1865, James Kimball.
6. Matilda Pearsall, married — Weston.
7. Anna Augusta Pearsall, married June 21, 1876, James Hicks.
8. Charles L. Pearsall.
9. Lucy Pearsall, married November 27, 1864, John Henry Shaw.
10. Morris Pearsall.

SECTION 11.

DANIEL PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 1; resided at South Hempstead; married at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., September 13, 1785, Letitia De Mott. Children:—

1. Daniel Pearsall; married Margaret —. Child:—*1. E. Catharine Pearsall, born March 18, 1827.
2. Clara Pearsall; married July 3, 1810, Thomas Langdon.
3. Permelia Pearsall, married June 14, 1825, Bedell Verity.
4. Nelly Pearsall, married Henry Watts.

SECTION 12.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 42, Section 1, resided at Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; married at St. George's Church, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., January 20, 1750, Hannah Smith. Children:—

1. William Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 13.
2. John Pearsall. Chapter 43, Section 14.

SECTION 13.

WILLIAM PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 12; born 1751; died May 20, 1804, aged 53 years; recorded in the Success Death Records; resided at Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married first, at St. George's Church, Hempstead, September 3, 1775, Hannah Langdon, who died April 20, 1795, aged 37 years, 6 weeks. William Pearsall married second, Lavinia Toffey, who died October 19, 1828, according to the Success Death Records and Onderdonk's Notes. The gravestone however says died July 11, 1828. Children of first marriage:—

1. Mary Elizabeth Persall, married John Woolley.
2. James Pearsall, died before 1808; unmarried.
3. John Pearsall, died before 1808; unmarried.
4. Catharine Pearsall, born July 2, 1793; married Charles Rapelye.

SECTION 14.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 12; died January 10, 1806; resided at Near Rockaway, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; married at St. George's Church, Hempstead, February 1, 1784, Ann Dorlon. Children:—

1. Henry Pearsall, born November 9, 1784. Chapter 43, Section 15.
2. Mary Pearsall, married July 7, 1804, David Davidson.

SECTION 15.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 14; born November 9, 1784; died (May) June 2, 1849; buried in old Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Churchyard near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Near Rockaway, L. I., N. Y.; married June 12, 1803, Ann Davison, who was born August 9, 1780; died July 29, 1864. She was baptised August 10, 1796, at St. George's Church, Hempstead. Children:—

1. Robert Pearsall, born March 23, 1804.
2. Nancy Pearsall, born March 27, 1806.
3. Harry Pearsall, born February 29, 1808; died young.
4. Carman Pearsall, born July 24, 1809; died young.
5. Henry Pearsall, born February 16, 1811; married Maria Carman. See Y, this Section.
6. David Pearsall, born July 20, 1813; married Phebe Ann Mott. See Z, this Section.
7. Alexander Pearsall, born 1815. Chapter 43, Section 16.
8. Phebe Ann Pearsall, born May 28, 1826; married William P. Baylis.

SECTION 16.

ALEXANDER PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 43, Section 15; born 1815; died June 20, 1897; buried in old Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Churchyard, near Pearsalls, now Lynbrook, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Pearsalls, L. I., N. Y.; married first, at M. E. Church, Hempstead, January 1, 1838, Hannah Abrams, who died May 7, 1847. He married second, at the old Sand Hole Methodist Protestant Church near Pearsalls, September 22, 1850, Susan Davison, née Brower, who died June 20, 1878, aged 62 years. Alexander Pearsall married third, Mary E. Burtis. Children of first marriage:—

1. Ann Mary Pearsall, born September 23, 1838; married Wright Higbie.
2. Townsend Pearsall, born November 28, 1839; married Alice Ann Abrams. See X, this Section.
3. Alexine Pearsall, born January 8, 1841; married George H. Dorlon.
4. Davison Pearsall, born June 18, 1845; married Emma Adelia Crossman. See Y, this Section.
5. Hannah Pearsall, born March 14, 1847; married Charles S. H. De Mott. Children of second marriage:—
6. Jane Augusta Pearsall; married Seldon Richards.
7. Walter Pearsall.
8. Henry Pearsall, married Harriet Emma Cornell. See Z, this Section.
9. Dayton Pearsall, resided at Valley Stream, L. I., N. Y.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

THOMAS PEARSALL

of Hempstead and Bethpage, Long Island, New York.

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 30, Section 1; resided at Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; married Mary Seaman, daughter of Captain John Seaman. Children:—

1. Sarah Pearsall, died January 28, 1753; resided at Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.; married John Titus, son of John Titus and his wife Sarah Willis.
2. Mary Pearsall, married Richard Valentine.
3. Henry Pearsall, born 1689. Chapter 44, Section 2.
4. Samuel Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 18.
5. Anne Pearsall, died unmarried.
6. Deborah Pearsall, resided at Cow Neck, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.; married prior to 1729, Charles Mott.
7. Martha Pearsall.

The executors of Henry Pearsall instead of dividing his lands among his sons conveyed it all to Nathaniel who subsequently gave each brother his share. The deed to Thomas, the youngest, follows:—Deed of gift made this eighteenth of September in ye year of our Lord 1692 witnesseth that I Nathaniel Pearsall of Hempstead on Long Island in Queens County in ye Province of New York have given to my brother Thomas Pearsall of ye town and county afore said several parcels of land and meadow for several good causes and considerations mee hereunto especially moving and do now give a confirmation of ye same as followeth I do give to my sd brother half my meadow and land in Washburns Neck in quantity and quality and also half my meadow at Hungry Hollow Harbor and one quarter part of my meadow at Far Rockaway ar what shall be laid in ye lue of it and one fourth or quarter part of seventy eight acres of land near adjoining to his dwelling house in ye north woods and ye division of ye orchard to remain as divided and a part of a right of old Rainers which is given to my sd brother and my brother George equal alike which they have taken up land for on ye east side ye harbor path also to my sd brother Thomas Pearsall I give one quarter part of my hollows and divisions on ye plains and one third part of my right on Cow Neck all which above sd I do freely give and dispose from me my heirs or assigns to my sd brother Thomas Pearsall to him his heirs or assigns to have and to hold forever as his or their own right and in testimony of ye premeses I have hereunto set my hand and fixed my seal ye day and year above wrighten. Signed sealed and delivered—Nathaniel Pearsall, witnesses Solomon Seaman, John Williams, Joseph Pettit.

Apparently Nathaniel gave his brother Daniel more than his share as we find the latter making a substantial gift to his brother Thomas.

Thomas Pearsall was a strict Friend and he experienced all the sufferings which were visited upon these peaceful religious people in the latter part of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth. Most religious movements have their beginning with the lowly, the poor in worldly estate and the humble in pride and position. This was not so with the Friends. Primarily a protest against the continued wars of England, both internal and foreign, which were largely fomented by the clergy of the ritualistic churches, the Friends gathered into their fold men of the most influential positions in both England and America. These were delighted to surrender the pomp of the world and come under the quiet and peaceful influence of the Friends Meeting. Hence we see in its early history the Friends Meeting exercising a political and trade influence that was far greater than its proportion of numbers in the community. As a result the elders and clergy of every sect were severe in their condemnation, and the Protestant communities, whether Puritan of New England or Reformed of New Netherlands, were bitter in their persecutions. How could it be otherwise when a religious society proposed to do away with the clergy and the layman assumed to do the things which were the particular inheritance of those who by the laying on of hands had apostolic succession?

The advent of the English government did not entirely alleviate the sufferings of the Friends as the English governor, Lord Cornbury, fully equaled the Dutch governor for religious intolerance. Particularly did he persecute Samuel Bowne, a Quaker preacher who came to America at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The facts are stated in the journal of his travels, afterwards published. He left England on the 24th of March, 1702, and landed in Maryland, where he received a challenge from George Keith, an Episcopal missionary, who had once been a Quaker. He was followed by Keith through Pennsylvania and New Jersey to Long Island, and a meeting being appointed at Hempstead, he preached Nov. 21, 1702, at the house of Thomas Pearsall.

SECTION 2.

HENRY PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 1, born 1689; Westbury Friends Records say that Henry Pearsall of Bethpage died 10th mo. 12, 1749-50, aged 60 years, in unity with Friends; resided at Bethpage, Long Island, New York; married Mary Titus, born 4 mo. 13, 1696, daughter of John Titus and his wife Sarah Willis. Children:—

1. Rowland Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 3.
2. Anna Pearsall, born April 4, 1732.
3. John Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 10.
4. Phebe Pearsall, married Richard Osborne, Jr.
5. Thomas Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 13.

SECTION 3.

ROWLAND PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 2; born June 2, 1728; died Nov. 25, 1799; resided at Bethpage, Oyster Bay, Long Island, New York; married in Westbury Friends Meeting 8 mo. 5, 1748, to Anna Powell, daughter of Wait Powell, Jr., and his wife, Mary Nudge, born August 26, 1730; died July 17, 1807. Children:—

1. Jane Pearsall, born 7 mo. 16, 1749; died June 1, 1806; married William Bull.
2. Henry Pearsall, born 8 mo. 25, 1751. See Y, this Section.
3. Mary Pearsall, born 6 mo. 30, 1755; died August 24, 1833; resided at Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y.; married Nehemiah Allen at St. George's Church, Hempstead, born October 27, 1757; died October 23, 1826. He was the son of Nehemiah Allen and his wife Edrie Wheeler of Bridgeport, Connecticut. Children:—*1. James Allen, born April 20, 1780; died October 25, 1800. *2. Abigail Allen, born August 16, 1782; died September 29, 1870; married Charles P. Clinch. *3. Rowland Allen, born December 12, 1784. *4. Amey Allen, born April 25, 1787; died April 1, 1837; married October 27, 1806, George Chapman Allen, son of Ebenezer Allen, born June 14, 1778. *5. Ann Allen, born April 28, 1790; died March 14, 1831. *6. Erdie Allen, born October 20, 1792. *7. Justus Allen, born July 27, 1797.
4. Phebe Pearsall, born 3 mo. 22, 1757; resided at Jericho, L. I., N. Y.; married 8, 24, 1791, John Thompson.
5. William Pearsall, born 9 mo. 12, 1759. Chapter 44, Section 4.
6. Amy Pearsall, born 10 mo. 21, 1761; married 7 mo. 14, 1814, Henry Laurence.
7. Silas Pearsall, born 4 mo. 17, 1764. Chapter 44, Section 5.
8. Thomas Pearsall, born 9 mo. 17, 1766; married Elizabeth Cock. See Z, this Section.
9. Wait Pearsall, born 2 mo. 17, 1770. Chapter 44, Section 9.
10. Anna Pearsall, born March 28, 1772; married Stephen Lines.

SECTION 4.

WILLIAM PEARSALL, son of Rowland Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 3; born 9 mo. 12, 1759; died 3rd mo. 29, 1841; buried in Friends Cemetery, Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.; resided at Bedford Street, New York City and Jersey City, New Jersey; married Elizabeth Gaunt, who died 8th mo. 5, 1849. Children:—

1. Samuel Gaunt Pearsall, born 8th mo. 19, 1787; died 10th mo. 13, 1811.
2. Amy Pearsall, born 12th mo. 4, 1788; married — Stoddard. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Stoddard. *2. William P. Stoddard.
3. Richard O. Pearsall, born 1st mo. 22, 1791; died 3rd mo. 1, 1820.
4. Jane Pearsall, born 10th mo. 8, 1792; died 7th mo. 29, 1793.
5. Daniel Gaunt Pearsall, born 7th mo. 17, 1795. See X, this Section.
6. Mary Pearsall, born 3rd mo. 3, 1797; died before April 26, 1846; married 9th mo. 13, 1815, Augustine Baright. Children:—*1. George P. Baright, born 5th mo. 28, 1828; died 1st mo. 31, 1903. *2. Edward Baright. *3. August Baright. *4. Franklin Baright. *5. Martha Baright. *6. Ann Baright. *7. Elizabeth Baright.
7. John G. Pearsall, born 3rd mo. 5, 1799; died 1825; unmarried.
8. Elizabeth Pearsall, born 2nd mo. 11, 1800; married 5th mo. 15, 1828, Edward Ballinger. Children:—*1. William Ballinger, born 1829. *2. Mary Elizabeth Ballinger, born 1831. *3. Edward B. Ballinger, born 1836. *4. Jane Elizabeth Ballinger, born 1834; married James Capron.
9. Martha C. Pearsall, born 1803; died 7th mo. 16, 1820.

10. William Pearsall, born 11th mo. 1, 1804; married Mary W——. See Y, this Section.
11. Edward Pearsall, born 5th mo. 13, 1807. See Z, this Section.
12. George Pearsall, born 2nd mo. 28, 1811; died 1833.

SECTION 5.

SILAS PEARSALL, son of Rowland Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 3; born 4th mo. 17, 1764; died 4th mo. 2, 1834; buried in Friends Cemetery, Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.; resided in New York City; married Margaret Ketcham, October 3, 1785. Children:—

1. Henry Pearsall; died before July 28, 1831; married Margaret Ann, who died February 7, 1878. Children:—*1. Samuel Horton Pearsall, married Julia Ann Hopkins. *2. Matilda Pearsall; resided at Poughkeepsie, New York; married Talma Hill. Children:—1. Austin Hill. 2. Angelina Hill, married Peter R. Kissam. Children:—1. Francis Rutgers Kissam. 2. Cora Kissam. 3. Frances Hill, married Charles Yeoman. Child:—Ida Yeoman. *3. Margaret Ann Pearsall; resided at Stamford, Connecticut; married Samuel Adams. Children:—1. Howard Adams. 2. Frank Adams. 3. Walter Adams. 4. William Adams. 5. Ella Adams. *4. William H. Pearsall.
2. Abijah Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 6.
3. Jordan Pearsall; married ——. Children:—*1. A daughter, resided in Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y. *2. Samuel W. Pearsall. [P. S. Peck, postmaster, and Meta E. Hutchinson, assistant postmaster, Mokelumne Hill, California, April 15, 1918, write that Samuel W. Pearsall came to California in 1847. He was a veteran of the Mexican War. Lived the greater part of his life in this vicinity and town, in which place he died, and is buried in the Protestant Cemetery. There is no headstone on his grave. He died in the year 1900; was never married, and has no known heirs. He was known to have had a sister, at one time residing in Brooklyn, N. Y.]
4. James Allen Pearsall, married ——.
5. Mary Pearsall, married —— Jerolomen.
6. Ann Eliza Pearsall, married —— Ely.

SECTION 6.

ABIJAH PEARSALL, son of Silas Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 5; died circa 1840; resided in New York City; married January 6, 1810, at Rose Hill or 27th Street M. E. Church, New York City, Getty Courson. Children:—

1. Silas Pearsall, born February 8, 1813; died July, 1893; married first, at Rose Hill or 27th Street M. E. Church, New York City, April 2, 1835, Mary Bogart. He married second, at Allen Street M. E. Church, New York City, November 21, 1838, Ellen Parker who died April, 1863. He married third, at Second Street M. E. Church, New York City, July 2, 1863, Lydia Ann ——. There was a child by first marriage who died when quite young. Children of second marriage:—*1. James Welch Pearsall, born October 17, 1839. Chapter 44, Section 7. *2. Silas Wright Pearsall, born November 1, 1845. *3. Alonzo Parker Pearsall, born 1849.

2. John A. Pearsall, married Eliza K. —.
3. Margaret Ann Pearsall, married William Fick.
4. Cornelius Vanderbilt Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 8.
5. Solomon Pearsall, died April 5, 1907; married Jane Ann Ray. Children:—
 - *1. Wallace Monroe Pearsall, born April 9, 1848; resided in Stockton, California; married July 7, 1876, Susan Theresa Holmes, who was born February 2, 1843.
 - *2. Emma Loyzer Pearsall, born September 4, 1850.
 - *3. Ann Marie Pearsall, born February 2, 1852.
6. Imogene Pearsall.
7. Abijah K. Pearsall, born 1830; died 1908; married Ann M. Miner, born 1831; died 1904. Children:—*1. Rachel Pearsall, born June 20, 1855; died May 10, 1887; married — Van Why. *2. Irene Pearsall, born October 27, 1856; married Henry Vaughn. *3. Jessie Pearsall, born April 19, 1872; married Jacob Kresge. *4. Clinton W. Pearsall, born August 3, 1865; married 1885, Minnie Ozenbaugh, born 1866.
8. Jacob Pearsall, born 1824; married Fanny A. —. Children:—*1. Charity Pearsall, born 1848. *2. Fanny Pearsall, born 1850.

SECTION 7.

JAMES WELCH PEARSALL, son of Silas Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 6; Child 1, born October 17, 1839; died June 24, 1918; resided at Ridgewood, New Jersey; married first, at Drydock or 11th St. M. E. Church, January 4, 1860, Hannah W. Myers, daughter of John Myers and his wife, Nancy Gibb. She was born April 18, 1839; died April 5, 1899. He married second, Sarah West. Children of first marriage:—

1. Ella Louisa Pearsall, born October 14, 1860; married May 1, 1901, Edwin Lee Earp, who was born October 26, 1867.
2. William Freeman Pearsall, born January 31, 1864; married Nellie Amelia Griggs. See Z, this Section.
3. Edgar Lincoln Pearsall, born November 28, 1864.
4. Silas Elmer Pearsall, born June 28, 1867; married Anne Bell Vroom.
5. Samuel Gibb Pearsall, born December 22, 1869; died February 11, 1877.
6. Frank Hoyt Pearsall, born August 13, 1871; died August 14, 1872.
7. J. Hoyt Pearsall, born April 7, 1873; died September 19, 1874.
8. Agnes Jacobus Pearsall, born October 18, 1874; died January 27, 1877.
9. Lina Gibb Pearsall, born January 14, 1877; married January 4, 1900, David J. O'Neill.
10. Laura Crane Pearsall, born June 6, 1878; married November 22, 1911, Charles W. Lawrence.
11. Grace Krasner Pearsall, born July 11, 1881; died April 1896.

SECTION 8.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT PEARSALL, son of Abijah Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 6; born April 4, 1819; resided at New York City, N. Y., and Detroit, Mich.; married August 31, 1842, Hannah Garrison, at Forsythe Street M. E. Church, New York City, born February 22, 1823. Children:—

1. Cornelius Pearsall, born May 23, 1852; unmarried; died 1907.
2. William Augustus Pearsall, born June 23, 1855; married July 2, 1879, Angeline Quigley. Children:—*1. William Herbert Pearsall, born April 7, 1880; died August 2, 1884. *2. Ida Bell Pearsall, born January 4, 1882; married Fred Meyer. *3. Arthur Hamilton Pearsall, born December 11, 1883; married June 3, 1907, Angeline Alma Mead, born March 21, 1881. *4. William Augustus Pearsall, born February 10, 1886; married June 27, 1908, Dorothy Kamerhoff, born October 14, 1886. *5. Alvin Russell Pearsall, born May 18, 1890; married Lucelle Stringer.
3. Elnora Pearsall, born March 5, 1843; died about 1897; married William Davis.
4. Caroline Pearsall, born June 23, 1845; died 1846.
5. Ann Lucia Pearsall, born January 2, 1847; died March 1, 1873.
6. Henry H. Pearsall, born January 18, 1849; died 1853.

SECTION 9.

WAIT PEARSALL, son of Rowland Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 3; born 2, 17, 1770; died September 14, 1849; resided Monroe, Orange County, New York, and Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y.; married Hannah Brush of Bethpage, at St. George's Church, February 2, 1793. She was born June 19, 1770; died July 26, 1861. Children:—

1. Amy Pearsall, born November 10, 1793; died February 13, 1865; resided at Monroe, Orange County, New York; married John Seaman, born March 29, 1792; died October 3, 1873, aged 81 years, 10 months. Children:—*1. Henry Seaman, married C. Thurber. *2. Amy Seaman, died September 23, 1824. *3. Charles Seaman, born October 2, 1821; died December 23, 1837. *4. Wait Pearsall Seaman, born 1824; died April 5, 1892; married A. E. Romer. *5. Rachael W. Seaman, died November 6, 1895, aged 69; married H. Bogart. *6. Hannah Seaman, married Alfred Underhill. *7. Avis Seaman, born July 23, 1832; died February 28, 1894; married J. H. Mosher. *8. Martha Seaman, married George J. Brinkerhoff.
2. Rowland Pearsall, born February 1, 1795; died February 10, 1875; married October 30, 1817, to Mary Bowman; born October 16, 1795; died February 16, 1878. Children:—*1. Hannah Pearsall, born January 29, 1819; died January 3, 1882. *2. Sarah Bowman Pearsall, born November 8, 1821; died May 5, 1847. *3. Mary Ann Pearsall, born July 25, 1825; died January 11, 1828. *4. Martha Pearsall, born July 1, 1828; died January 5, 1877. *5. Eliza Ann Pearsall, born April 11, 1831; died May 20, 1891; married T. B. Carberry. *6. Mary Abbott Pearsall, born April 25, 1834. *7. Emeline Deane Pearsall, born January 17, 1837; died November 7, 1895. *8. Wait Pearsall, born May 4, 1839.
3. Ann Pearsall, born August 6, 1797; died April 27, 1835; married Samuel T. Seaman.
4. Henry Pearsall, born January 2, 1801; died February 15, 1870; married Sophronia Robinson.
5. Jane Pearsall, born August 21, 1803; died 1865; married 1827 Ebenezer Brill. Children:—*1. Ann Brill, born 1828. *2. Stephen Brill, born 1829. *3.

Sarah Brill, born 1831. *4. Peter Brill, born 1832. *5. Charles Brill, born 1834. *6. Amy Brill, born 1836. *7. Phebe Brill, born 1838. *8. Martha Brill, born 1839. *9. Ebenezer Brill, born 1840; married Anna Walling Brill, born 1858, died 1894. *10. Elizabeth Brill, born 1841. *11. Jane Brill, born 1843.

6. Elizabeth Pearsall, born July 14, 1805; died September 27, 1845.

7. Phebe Pearsall, born May 20, 1811; married 6 mo. 23, 1826, Samuel Seaman.

SECTION 10.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 2; died 2, 25, 1820, aged 87 years; married Mary —, died 4, 6, 1811 [Coeymans Friends Records]. Children:—

1. John Pearsall, born 11, 30, 1773. Chapter 44, Section 11.
2. Hannah Pearsall, married Jacob Powell.
3. Esther Pearsall, married Henry Prior.

SECTION 11.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 10; born 11, 30, 1773; married 1, 22, 1794, to Hannah Powell, daughter of Samuel Powell and his wife, Mary Wood, born 2, 9, 1771. Children:—

1. Samuel Pearsall, born 10, 28, 1794; married —. Children:—*1. George H. Pearsall, died January 28, 1904; married Evelina B. Whipple. *2. Audley Pearsall, married —.
2. Elijah Pearsall, born 1, 8, 1803.
3. Andrew Pearsall, born 1, 28, 1798; married —. Child:—*1. Rowland Andrew Pearsall; married Margaret —.
4. Sarah Pearsall, born 8, 14, 1809; married Benjamin Atwood.
5. Keziah Pearsall, born 11, 21, 1806; married Smith Mosher.
6. Mary Pearsall, born 6, 15, 1800; married James Doane.
7. Caleb Pearsall, born 1805.
8. Wait E. Pearsall, born May 30, 1813, Chapter 44, Section 12.

SECTION 12.

WAIT E. PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 11; born May 30, 1813; resided in Cayuga County, New York, and Charlotte, Michigan; married Polly Taylor, born September 16, 1822. Children:—

1. Keziah Pearsall, born November 19, 1840; died March 30, 1881; resided in Cayuga County, New York; married first, John Thorn Hamlin; married second, — Roberts. Children of first marriage:—*1. Dorr L. Hamlin, born August 21, 1873; unmarried. *2. Florence E. Hamlin, born June 23, 1880.
2. Levi Pearsall, born October 20, 1843; died July 10, 1907; married December 25, 1866, Sarah A. Brigden, born June 11, 1846; died October 5, 1904. Children:—*1. Susan Altana Pearsall, born April 26, 1868. *2. Sarah Agnes Pearsall, born September 17, 1870. *3. Charles L. Pearsall, born July 4, 1872. *4. Ira L. Pearsall, born April 12, 1879. *5. Ralph B. Pearsall, born November 18, 1885.

3. George A. Pearsall, born May 18, 1846; married Martha A. Hamblin. See Y, this Section.
4. Hannah E. Pearsall, born May 27, 1849; died January 3, 1914.
5. Henry Wait Pearsall, born October 21, 1852; married Orcelia Parker. See Z, this Section.
6. Sarah M. Pearsall, born December 18, 1859; died at 18 months of age.
7. Mary Ida Pearsall, born April 9, 1862; married Henry Webb. Children:—
 *1. Estelle Webb. *2. Fannie Webb, died 1908. *3. Carl Webb, married — Marcellus. *4. Dorothy Webb. *5. Gertrude Webb. *6. Winifred Webb. *7. Cato Webb.

SECTION 13.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Henry Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 2; born 8 mo. 2, 1725, O. S.; died 11 mo. 10, 1807; resided at Bethpage, L. I., N. Y.; married first, Rachel Powell, daughter of John Powell and his wife, Margaret Hallock; died 9 mo. 28, 1759, in the 40th year of her age. He married second, Ann Williams. She was born 6 mo. 31, 1733, O. S., and died 3 mo. 23, 1806. Child of first marriage:—

1. Sarah Pearsall, born 6 mo. 18, 1746, O. S.; died 4 mo. 28, 1814; unmarried. Children of second marriage:—
2. Samuel Pearsall, born 2 mo. 5, 1764, N. S. Chapter 44, Section 14.
3. Rachel Pearsall, born 6 mo. 14, 1765; died 5 mo. 31, 1855; married Samuel Willets.
4. Jacob Pearsall, born 2 mo. 15, 1767; died 9 mo. 30, 1846.
5. Edmund Pearsall, born 4 mo. 28, 1768. Chapter 44, Section 15.
6. Mary Pearsall, born 5 mo. 29, 1770; died 6 mo. 30, 1831; married Samuel Titus.
7. Esther Pearsall, born 3 mo. 21, 1772; died 2 mo. 26, 1847; married 1 mo. 8, 1818, Gilbert Lawrence.
8. Amy Pearsall, born 5 mo. 29, 1774; died 4 mo. 29, 1843; married 7 mo. 14, 1814, Henry Lawrence.
9. Robert W. Pearsall, born October 16, 1776; died December 1, 1805.

SECTION 14.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 13; born 2 mo. 5, 1764; died 12 mo. 11, 1841; resided at Flushing, L. I., N. Y.; married December 11, 1788, at Flushing Friends Meeting, Margaret Hicks, daughter of Gilbert Hicks, decd., and his wife, Mary Embree. She was born March 8, 1767, and died February 10, 1833. Children:—

1. Mary H. Pearsall, born January 15, 1790; died September 30, 1811.
2. Ann Pearsall, born August 29, 1791; died September 26, 1851; married Seaman Willits.
3. Gilbert Hicks Pearsall, born January 6, 1799; died March 6, 1879; married October 4, 1843, Eliza Frame. Children:—*1. Katherine Frame Pearsall, born August 18, 1844. *2. Samuel Pearsall, born March 3, 1846; died May 24, 1850. *3. Antoinette Graham Pearsall, born November 17, 1847.

- *4. Richard Franklin Pearsall, born January 5, 1850; married Anne A. Rossiter. See Z, this Section.
4. Sarah Pearsall, born July 10, 1800; died May 11, 1890; unmarried.
 5. Samuel Pearsall, born August 9, 1802; died August 12, 1805.
 6. Margaret Hicks Pearsall, born April 24, 1810; died May 12, 1885.

SECTION 15.

EDMUND PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 13; born 4, 28, 1768; died 8, 10, 1816, aged 48 years, 3 months, 13 days; they are both buried in Friends Cemetery, Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.; resided Frankford Street, Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.; married Rachel Willits. She was born February 1, 1773; died 10, 7, 1830, aged 57 years. Children:—

1. Thomas W. Pearsall, born 12, 8, 1795; died 2, 21, 1866, aged 70 years. Chapter 44, Section 16.
2. Julia Pearsall, died in infancy.
3. Charlotte Pearsall, died young and before 1807.
4. Charles Willets Pearsall, born August 2, 1802; died May 18, 1861. Chapter 44, Section 17.
5. Mary W. Pearsall; unmarried.
6. Robert W. Pearsall, born 10, 4, 1809.

SECTION 16.

THOMAS W. PEARSALL, son of Edmund Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 15; born December 8, 1795; died February 21, 1866; buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, Westchester Co., New York; resided at West Farms, Westchester Co., New York; married April 15, 1824, at Reformed Dutch Church, Manhasset, Long Island, New York, Mary Leggett, daughter of Thomas Leggett and his wife, Mary Underhill. She was born January 13, 1803; died July 20, 1878. Children:—

1. Charlotte Pearsall, born January 3, 1825; died July 3, 1867; married May 6, 1857, to Edwin Thorne, born January 20, 1826. Children:—*1. Thomas Pearsall Thorne. *2. Chester Thorne. *3. Oakleigh Thorne.
2. Anne M. Pearsall, born July 29, 1826; died November 26, 1828.
3. Caroline Pearsall, born April 9, 1828; died July, 1832, aged 4.
4. Edward Pearsall, born April 4, 1830; died June 6, 1832.
5. Robert W. Pearsall, born August 30, 1833; married Elizabeth W. Phelps. See Y, this Section.
6. Thomas W. Pearsall, born June 6, 1838; married Anna P. Spofford. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 17.

CHARLES WILLETTS PEARSALL, son of Edmund Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 15; born August 13, 1802; died May 18, 1861; resided at Manhasset, Long Island, N. Y. and Halseyville (near Ithaca), N. Y.; married July 25, 1834, Phebe Pearsall, who was born June 5, 1812. She was daughter of Daniel Pearsall and his wife, Abigail Losee, Chapter 40, Section 2-X. Children:—

1. Edmund Pearsall, born February 13, 1836; married Lucy Vashte Boardman. See X, this Section.
2. Mary Pearsall, born November 2, 1837; married Adrien Onderdonk.
3. Ann Louisa Pearsall, born January 12, 1840; died very young.
4. Francis Sells Pearsall, born June 18, 1842; married Emily Van L. Boardman. See Y, this Section.
5. Warren Mitchell Pearsall, born April 27, 1845; married first, Alice Worthman; married second, Eliza Belle Auble. See Z, this Section.
6. Lewis Cafes Pearsall, born September 18, 1848; died when young.
7. Charlotte Irene Pearsall, born July 22, 1850; married Moses C. Gould.

SECTION 18.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 1; died May 25, 1756; resided at Hempstead, Long Island, New York, and Piscataway, Middlesex County, New Jersey; married Martha ——. Children:—

1. John Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 19.
2. Mary Pearsall.
3. Jacob Pearsall, died 1773. Chapter 44, Section 20.
4. Phebe Pearsall.

SECTION 19.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 18; resided at Piscataway, New Jersey; married ——. Children:—

1. John Pearsall.
2. Catherine Pearsall, died September, 1820; aged 26 years.
3. Nancy Pearsall, died September 23, 1856; aged circa 70 years.

SECTION 20.

JACOB PEARSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 18; died intestate, 1773; resided in New Jersey. Children:—

1. Thomas Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 21.
2. Jacob Smith Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 24.

SECTION 21.

THOMAS PEARSALL, son of Jacob Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 20; resided in Brooklyn, New York; married Caty (Catherine) ——. Children:—

1. John Pearsall, unmarried.
2. Thomas T. Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 22.
3. James Pearsall, married Hannah ——. See Y, this Section.
4. Jacob Pearsall, married Sarah ——. See Z, this Section.
5. Mary Pearsall, married Jacques Barkelow.

SECTION 22.

THOMAS T. PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 21; resided at Brooklyn, New York; married Helena (Ella or Lenah) Taylor. Children:—

1. John W. Pearsall, born 1818; died 1857; married February 23, 1842, Mehit-able Werts Vliet, born 1825. Children:— *1. Margaret Pearsall, born 1843; married Thompson. *2. Gertrude Almena Pearsall, born 1846; died 1915. *3. Maria Pearsall, born 1849; died 1915; married Booth. *4. John Jacob Pearsall, born 1851; died 1912. *5. William Augustus Whitney Pearsall, born 1853; died 1912; married April 19, 1876, Clara Rice, born 1851.
2. Thomas T. Pearsall, born March 10, 1809. Chapter 44, Section 23.
3. Jacob Pearsall.
4. Marie Pearsall.
5. Margaret Pearsall.

SECTION 23.

THOMAS T. PEARSALL, son of Thomas T. Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 22; born March 10, 1809; died April 16, 1862; resided at Whitestone and Brooklyn, New York; married first, Priscilla W. Duryea, who died June 10, 1837, aged 22 years, 1 month, 1 day; buried in Flatlands Cemetery, Brooklyn, Long Island, New York. Thomas T. Pearsall married second, 1837, Joanna Messerau who died September 13, 1900. Child of first marriage:—

1. John Tailor Pearsall, born February 2, 1835; baptised June 21, 1835. See V, this Section.
Children of second marriage:—
2. George W. Pearsall, born December 25, 1840; married Percies S. Dunn. See W, this Section.
3. Thomas E. Pearsall, born October 22, 1842; married Henrietta Hardy. See X, this Section.
4. Joseph M. Pearsall, born March 28, 1854; married Aelene Benton. See Y, this Section.
5. Jacob V. Pearsall, born January 15, 1857; unmarried.
6. Helen M. Pearsall, born February 3, 1845; married Littall.

SECTION 24.

JACOB SMITH PEARSALL, son of Jacob Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 20; resided at Huntington, Long Island, New York; married Mary Pearsall, daughter of James Pearsall and his wife, Mary Seaman, Chapter 34, Section 1. Child:—

1. Jacob Pearsall. Chapter 44, Section 25.

SECTION 25.

JACOB PEARSALL, son of Jacob Smith Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 24; died October 25, 1877; resided at Huntington, Long Island, New York; married Densy——Children:—

1. Jacob C. Pearsall, born 1832. Chapter 44, Section 26.
2. George Pearsall, born March 14, 1829. Chapter 44, Section 27.
3. Smith Pearsall.
4. Mary Pearsall; married —— Oakley. Children:—*1. Celia Oakley. *2. Sallie Oakley. *3. Armide Oakley.

5. Naomi Pearsall, married — Howell. Children:—*1. Mary Howell. *2. Frank Howell. *3. George Howell. *4. Clarence Howell. *5. Conklin Howell.

SECTION 26.

JACOB C. PEARSALL, son of Jacob Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 25; born 1832; died January, 1897; resided at Sweet Hollow, Long Island, New York; married February 7, 1854, Ann Maria Johnson, daughter of John Johnson of Babylon, Long Island, New York; born December 3, 1833. Children:—

1. Mary Frances Pearsall, born 1855; married November 27, 1881, Alfred W. Ketcham. He was born 1859.
2. Julietta Pearsall, born August 10, 1860; married September 1, 1880, Annias Ketcham.
3. Henry Seymour Pearsall, born November 1, 1861; married April 8, 1893, Mary Roese.
4. Clarence Edward Pearsall, born December, 1868; married December 9, 1894, Lottie L. Ketcham. She was born 1869.
5. Frederick Johnson Pearsall, born April 13, 1866; died 1905; married Ellen—.

SECTION 27.

GEORGE PEARSALL, son of Jacob Pearsall, Chapter 44, Section 25; born March 14, 1829; died January 31, 1912; resided at Babylon, Long Island, New York; married at Melville M. E. Church, March 26, 1850, Phebe Ann Johnson of Babylon, daughter of John Johnson. She was born May 5, 1832. Children:—

1. John Pearsall, born December 27, 1850; married Elizabeth Saxton.
2. George Smith Pearsall, born March 4, 1852.
3. Floyd Pearsall, born March 4, 1852; married Emma Hansley.
4. Ernest Pearsall, died young.
5. Carrie Pearsall, married George F. Smith.
6. Alonzo Pearsall, born February 27, 1855; married April 30, 1877, Fanny L. Smith.
7. Josephine Pearsall, born March 17, 1858; died young.
8. Sidney Pearsall, born April 13, 1860; married April 7, 1886, Marie Rena, born January 10, 1862.
9. Ellis Pearsall, born November 28, 1864.
10. Sherman Pearsall, born 1866; married January 10, 1885, Alice Baldwin.
11. Delia Pearsall, died unmarried, aged 17.
12. Ida Pearsall, born February 4, 1872; married Irving Smith. Child:—*1. Edwin Smith.
13. Anna Pearsall, born September 20, 1876; married Joseph Newton.
14. Charles Pearsall, born February 13, 1883; married October 23, 1902, Maud Van Brunt.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

GEORGE PEARSALL

of Hell Gate, New York, and Chester County, Pennsylvania

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

GEORGE PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 27, Section 1; resided at Pearsall, Hellgate Neck and Middleburg, all names of the same place on Long Island, New York; removed to New Jersey, thence to the Delaware Peninsula; thence to the head of the Brandywine within the disputed territory between Maryland and Pennsylvania, later known as Nantmeal Township, Chester County, Pa.; married ——. Children:—

1. John Pearsall. Chapter 45, Section 2.
2. Jeremiah Pearsall. Chapter 45, Section 23.

The Town Records of Newtown, Long Island, New York, disclose the following deed made by George Pearsall and recorded in volume 1, pages 11-13.

Know all men by these presents that I, George Pearsall of Newtown in York-shire on Long Island do by these presents alienate and estrange my house and barns and outhouses and lot, orchard, yard and meadows and all other privileges belonging thereto unto Annum Banum of the said town his heirs successors and assigns for to possess and enjoy as their inheritance, situate before Maspeth Kill, bounded by Lawrence Peterson on the north, John Woolstoncroft on the east and Thomas Wandall on the south and do own and acknowledge myself fully satisfied and paid for the same and do by these presents bind myself, my heirs, that he the said Anum Bannum shall peaceably possess the aforesaid houses and lands without let, disturbance or molestation from me or any from me, in witness whereof I have set my hand this nine and twentieth day of September, 1667. George Pearsall. Witnesses, John Borroughs, John Woolstoncroft.

Riker in his history of Newtown makes no mention of this family name. It is probable that his descendants emigrated to New Jersey. The name of Bonham being well known in Shrewsbury, Hunterdon, Middleton and Gloucester.

Know all men by these presents that I, George Pearsall of Newtown in York-shire on Long Island have bargained and sold unto Nicholas Genenges of the same town my house and land lying against Mespeth Kill bounded with Annum Bannum on the west a highway on the east and Thomas Wandall on the south and all the housing, orchards and gardens made or belonging thereto. I do by these presents alienate and make over from me and mine to him the aforesaid Nicholas Geneng his heirs, executors and assigns peaceably to possess and enjoy without let, molestation or disturbance from me or mine forever for a certain sum of money amounting as the bill expresseth in witness whereof I have interchangeably set my hand this nine and twentieth day of September in the year

of our Lord one thousand six hundred and sixty-six-seven. George Pearsall, Witnesses John Burroughs, John Woolstoncroft.

It is quite evident from the text of Riker's Newtown, page 94, that George Jennings, the grantee named in the deed, was shortly after this succeeded by his son, David Jennings. The family name in Newtown must have been lost in that locality either through female heirs or because they moved away, as Riker makes no other mention of the name. Five years before the date of this deed, that is in 1662, Joseph Ginnings obtained a home lot in Hempstead. The generally accepted thought is that the ancestor of all of the name on Long Island is John Jennings, who was residing in Hartford in 1639 and who removed to Southampton, Long Island, before 1657, where he was a man of considerable prominence.

Thomas Wandall, recited in the deed as next door neighbor to George Pearsall, married the widow of William Herrick, whose plantation on Newtown Creek, originally patented to Richard Brutnell, he bought in 1659. William Herrick was one of the original owners of Hempstead prior to the patent of 1644. His place there was occupied later by Henry Pearsall, brother of George Pearsall. Thomas Wandall was selected in 1665 as one of the jury for the trial of Ralph Hale and his wife for witchcraft, the only trial for witchery in Newtown, and shared the honor of acquitting the accused. Some years later he made a voyage to England, returning by way of the Barbados, and it is supposed brought with him from England his sister's son, Richard Alsop, who about this time came to America and was adopted by Mr. Wandall as his heir, he having no children of his own.

John Woolstoncroft appears in the tax list of Newtown for 1678, as does Lawrence Peterson. John Woolstoncroft is also named in the Dongan Patent for Newtown. His name also appears upon the records of Hempstead as witness to a deed made in 1702-3 by William Alburtis, of Mespeth Kills, in Newtown, to Henrick Johnson for land in Hempstead. Riker also mentions him as associating with the Quakers and as combating the peculiar teachings of the Caseites. John Woolstoncroft died before 1690, as in Newtown records, Book 1, page 427, there appears a deed of confirmation dated October 20, 1690, signed by Dorothy Woolstoncroft, widow and administrator of John Woolstoncroft, deceased, to David Chlake. He appears to have had a patent for land from Governor Edmund Andross, according to a bill of sale dated May 16, 1679, which appears on Newtown records, Book 1, page 127. If he had any sons they appear to have returned to the Chesapeake country, the name of Woolstoncraft being well known in Baltimore as late as the end of the eighteenth century.

As to Lawrence Peterson, Riker does not mention him at all, but in the Dongan Patent of 1686 Roelof Pietersen is named. It would therefore appear that Lorens Petersen had died after 1678 and been succeeded by his son, Roelof.

John Burroughs was in Salem in 1637; he was among the earliest arrivals at Middleburg, later called Newtown. He was the clerk of the town. He drew these deeds, attended to their execution and witnessed them. This accounts for the deeds not being transcribed to the town records. The original deeds were written in the record book and signed by the grantor and witnesses, so that we have the very unusual record of an original deed and not a copy.

George Pearsall, notwithstanding the recital in the deeds, never was an actual resident of Newtown, as the rate list only contains his name for one year, namely, 1667. This is the year he finally sold his property on Hellgate Neck and removed to the village of Newtown where he made the necessary arrangement for his emigration to New Jersey.

Any one acquainted with the history of the time, and of the locality, knows that being free and possessed of large means he would be caught up in the real estate booms that at this time flourished in this part of America. These were town site propositions which were mostly movements of coreligionists and behind these tides of emigration of religious enthusiasts, who settled many of the early American towns, were far-seeing real estate boomers. They did not parade as men of affairs, but as men filled with sympathy for the down-trodden Protestant sects of Europe. The story of our family has now led us, in dealing with these land boomers, from Richard Denton of Stanford and Hempstead, to the Quaker elder William Penn of New Jersey, and about to be of Pennsylvania. Denton was the most successful real estate promoter of his time and it was not long before his town site ventures led him into New Jersey. Here he was joined by others, who soon superseded him by becoming proprietors of the colony. As is natural in such combinations one of the number soon dominated the rest. In this case it proved to be William Penn, an Englishman of an old Staffordshire family. These real estate operators were not given to the expenditure of money to bring newcomers from Europe, but primarily depended upon emigration from the old settlements, as these older settlements by attracting newcomers from Europe furnished a steady stream of adventurers into the newer parts. The old Hellgate settlement was in time almost depopulated of its Dutch-English founders and their descendants by the emigrations. It was an interesting series of events which took George Pearsall from Long Island to New Jersey where he was located under William Penn and his co-proprietors, and thence to the head of the Brandywine, in what was very properly believed to be Maryland, but which was subsequently decreed to be in Pennsylvania, thus bringing him into opposition to the title of the Penns and involving George Pearsall and his descendants in a controversy which was not settled until his grandsons accepted a Pennsylvania warrant for their lands.

George Pearsall in 1667 moved over into Elizabeth, New Jersey; the charter for which had been granted in 1664 to Daniel Denton, Luke Watson and others. Some time before 1676 Luke Watson promoted an emigration to the Delaware River section of New Jersey. George Pearsall joined in this movement. They tried several places until the most of the party located in Cape May County. In 1678 Luke Watson removed to the other side of the river into what shortly thereafter became Pennsylvania, where he became a member of the council of that province from 1684 to 1688. About the same time a small party, including George Pearsall, passed over into the upper Delaware Peninsula, where they finally settled within what was believed to be the province of Maryland. The lands they occupied were at the head of the Brandywine and near the head of the Octararo whose fountain waters are located in Welsh Mountain. This location is now in Chester and Lancaster counties, Pennsylvania. Exactly how they came is not definitely known. The tradition as gathered by the writer in the neighbor-

hood is that they came up the Brandywine. It seems more likely that they came up the Susquehanna and then up the Octararo, following the line of emigration then starting into this section of what was believed to be the colony of Maryland. An examination of the ancestry of several of the original settlers, resident in this locality, discloses that they were from Maryland and had undoubtedly come by way of the Susquehanna. It may be that there were two parties, one up the Brandywine and the other up the Octararo.

At this time the conditions of settlement in this section were peculiar. The Swedes and Dutch, together with some Englishmen had settled the west shore of the Delaware River and also both banks of the Schuylkill River for quite a ways above its junction with the Delaware. At no place had the settlements extended beyond ten miles from the banks of either stream. The navigable waters that branched from the two main rivers were settled only so far up the stream as navigation would permit. There were no roads so the settler depended upon boats as his means of communication. The Swedes as early as 1642 had acquired from the Indians all the lands bounded by the west shore of the Delaware River from Cape Henlopen to the falls of the Delaware and thence extending westward to the great falls of the River Susquehanna near the mouth of Conewago Creek which stream is now the boundary line between the counties of Lancaster and Dauphin. Whereas the Maryland charter extended northward as far as the fortieth degree of latitude. Hence all of this territory, not included within the bounds of Delaware, as far north as the mouth of Tacony Creek was claimed by Lord Baltimore. This claim had been distinctly sustained by the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Foreign Plantations in favor of Lord Baltimore in the dispute as to the ownership of the province of Delaware. Their decision being that the land be divided into two equal parts from the latitude of Cape Henlopen to the fortieth degree of northern latitude and that the one half thereof to the westward of the line remain to Lord Baltimore as comprised within his title.

The records of Maryland also show that Lord Baltimore was consistently insistent that he owned all the lands south of the fortieth degree of latitude that were drained by the streams tributary to the Chesapeake Bay. If one will take a map made at the time and extend the line of division between Maryland and Delaware northward until it meets the fortieth degree of latitude he will see that the settlement of George Pearsall and his neighbors was within the boundary of Maryland although it was on the waters of the Delaware River as well as on the waters of the Chesapeake. Lord Baltimore had been insistent upon his rights against the Swedes and Hollanders and had maintained his title by granting deeds and planting settlements within the territory he claimed. So far as this controversy is concerned prior to the advent of the Duke of York the parties had settled down to an understanding that the Swedes and Hollanders would settle the lands drained by the Delaware River and the Marylanders the lands drained by the Susquehanna. This continued to influence the settlement of the country for many years. As late as 1759 Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was the largest interior town in America and its trade was almost exclusively with Maryland.

It was in the section where the waters of the Delaware and the Susquehanna met at the base of Welsh Mountain, where George Pearsall and his associates

settled and they acquired Indian titles to the land. This was a no man's land and here they were apparently beyond the avaricious eyes of either proprietor. Here George Pearsall died and his son succeeded him shortly after William Penn appeared with a patent which he claimed gave him a grant of all the lands north of a parallel of latitude running through a point on the Delaware River twelve miles north of the town of New Castle in Delaware and extending westwardly through five degrees of longitude. This at once raised the question of title with Lord Baltimore which, fortunately for our ancestors, it required several years to settle.

It was not until July 4, 1760, that the Indenture of agreement was made between Lord Baltimore and Thomas and Richard Penn, Esquires, settling the limits and boundaries of Maryland, Pennsylvania and the three lower counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex on the Delaware. As to the settlers within the disputed territory, the agents of the Duke of York had tried to get them to take deeds and agree to pay quit-rents. They fought out with him the question of their title and it had been decided that their Indian rights were valid even against the proprietor. When William Penn became proprietor his agents again tried to get the old land owners to take new deeds. A few did so, to their great loss in the decreased size of their landed possessions and in the increase of their annual quit-rents. In fact, until 1722, there was in Chester and Lancaster Counties, one continued season of troubles between the proprietors and the old land owners. Gradually the scene of the warfare, for such it became, moved southward into York County and into the country west of the Susquehanna River. Scharf, in his history of Maryland (vol. I, page 395), tells the story so vividly that the reader is referred to his account for a most intimate relation of the incidents subsequent to the time when our ancestors became landed proprietors under Pennsylvania patents. The most interesting details of Scharf's account so far as our family history is concerned relates to Thomas Cresap who, in 1736, resided at Wrights Ferry opposite to Columbia, Pennsylvania, where he had a Maryland title to five hundred acres of land. Here he became involved in actual warfare with the authorities of Pennsylvania, in which warfare he was associated with members of our family who later removed to Hampshire County, Virginia, where they continued to be associated with Cresap, and incidentally they contributed largely to American history.

William R. Sheppard in his Historical Essay on the Land Titles System of the Province of Pennsylvania says that Penn early was forced to recognize the title acquired by improvement in lands not sold or appropriated by the proprietors. By settlement and improvement a right of preemption was established. The occupant would apply for a warrant for a certain amount including his improvements. This class of land claimants included those who were settled under incomplete Maryland grants. It also included the great number of squatters who settled on the frontier. By 1726 it is estimated that one hundred thousand had settled in Pennsylvania without a shadow of right, and in spite of the inducements offered by the proprietors, and the attempts of the land officers to eject them, the squatters frequently held their ground and bade defiance to either force or persuasion. [Land System of Province of Pennsylvania by William R. Shep-

pard, in Reports of American Historical Association 1895, page 122.] The Maryland titles prevailed in the section east of the Susquehanna River while the section west of that river abounded in squatter claims. The agents of the proprietor never ceased to worry the land owners, specially those who claimed under Maryland grants, although the courts decided that seven years undisputed possession should become a good title. It finally became the policy of the proprietor to compromise in almost any way with these occupiers of the land provided they would take deeds definitely fixing their boundaries. In the meantime the sons of George Pearsall died leaving their widows and his grandsons. It is probable that they also would not have taken deeds for these lands had Penn not evolved a new scheme of colonization.

William Penn began at this time to bring as colonists many groups of Protestants who were antagonistic to each other and planted them in his domain so far apart that they could not possibly mix, quarrel, or jangle with each other. These religious enthusiasts made life so uncomfortable for those of contrary religious opinion, that those of a different sect were unable to stay in the same locality. It was at once evident that it could not be long before the settlement at the foot of the mountain should have to experience the difficulties of living with neighbors who would not only be at enmity with them, but would be in such numbers as to overwhelm them. This was what actually happened when Penn planted a colony of Welsh Quakers to the east of the Pearsall settlement, and then almost at the same time planted a colony of Scotch Episcopalians to the west of this Pearsall colony. The newcomers began to appropriate and fence the best lands, which looked very bad for the old settlers, so they made tomahawk locations of their lands and defended them against the newcomers. These tomahawk locations were made by blazing the trees that were on the boundary line and corners of one's holdings. When this failed they were ready to compromise with the proprietor, so, in 1717, they applied to his agents and obtained patents for their lands, which Penn's representatives were only too glad to grant, so as to clean up and remove these adverse claims. Hence we have the strange statements made in the old documents relating to these properties that there were houses and farm buildings already erected thereon before they were granted by the proprietors. Edward Pearsall in his will also refers to the same condition of this property.

Not all the descendants of these original settlers have removed from the old Welsh Mountain section. It was a delight to the writer to visit such and listen to the traditions concerning the fights with the Scotch and Welsh for the possession of these lands. Time however always brings its soothing influences to bear, so it was not many generations before the Pearsall young folks had intermarried with the Scotch and the Welsh, and their children soon carried traditions on one side of the old settlement of Welsh ancestry, and on the other side of Scotch ancestry. Thus proving again that environment and propinquity have much to do with marriage and ancestral traditions. Incidentally also they again began to change the orthography of their family name and split into several styles as we shall presently see. The writer has taken many interesting genealogical excursions, but none was ever more delightful and enlightening than when he followed

the trail of the emigration from the Dutch-English colonies on Long Island, across New Jersey and then to the Delaware and the Delaware peninsula, to the head of the Brandywine, until he arrived at the old Rebecca iron furnace, at the foot of Welsh Mountain, in what is now Honeybrook Township, Chester County, Pa.

The Beaver County Piersols have a tradition that their ancestor, George Pearsall, was killed and scalped by the Indians near Philadelphia. This must refer to general locality and not to actual place. For George Pearsall died very soon after William Penn became proprietor of Pennsylvania and at this time there were no Indian troubles near Philadelphia, though there may have been such in the Susquehanna country.

SECTION 2.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 45, Section 1; died circa 1680; resided at Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married first —; married second, Mary —. Child of first marriage:—

1. John Pearsall. Chapter 45, Section 3.

Child of second marriage:—

2. Jeremiah Pearsall. Chapter 45, Section 22.

The will of the second wife of John Pearsall is among the records of the Register of Wills of Chester Co., Pennsylvania, and is recorded in Will Book 2, page 97. An abstract thereof reads:—Mary Jarmen of West Nantmeal, Chester Co., Pennsylvania, widow, names her neighbor Jeremiah Potts, grandson Hezekiah Evans, grandchildren Obadiah Evans, Hannah Evans, and Rebecca Evans, granddaughter the daughter of Mary Peirsal and Jeremiah Peirsal her husband, her children John Jerman, Griffith Evans, Philip Rogers, and Jeremiah Piersal, executors David Thomas and Jeremy Piersall, witnesses Rebecca Meniso, Israel Seymour. Will dated September 1741, probated October 8, 1741.

She must have been beyond eighty years of age at the time of her death, as can readily be determined by counting back from the following deed which she made after her youngest child was of full age. To have been married four times and to have had four sons was a memorable experience.

The Land Records of Chester Co., Pennsylvania, disclose:—Deed dated November 3, 1735, recorded January 6, 1778, wherein Mary Jerman administrator of Jeremiah Jerman late of Chester County, Pennsylvania, conveys to John Jerman son of aforesaid Jeremiah Jerman her dower with good and valuable consideration for her interest in the property in the township of Uwckland, bounded by David Lloyd, witnesses Nathan Evans and David Thomas. It will be noticed that this last witness was one of the executors of Mary Jerman.

Jeremiah Jerman was named on the tax list of Uwyckland Township, Chester Co., Pennsylvania, in 1715. March 12, 1718, he had a survey for two hundred acres of land on French Creek in Nantmeal Township.

The Records of Maryland disclose that the Jermans had also located in that province before Penn obtained his charter for Pennsylvania, thus making them a part of the emigration from that section to the country east of the Susquehanna in the part which was later included in Pennsylvania. This also enables us to indicate the line of emigration from New York.

Widow Mary Jerman was not a Quaker, neither was her late husband, yet there could be no doubt that they were Welsh. They were not newcomers to America as his ancestors had been in the country long before William Penn acquired the province of Pennsylvania. There had been a thriving colony of Welsh in Virginia before 1622. Many of these had come through their Staffordshire-Shropshire neighbors, the Pershalls. Among the rest the Powells and Robert Evans, the latter of whom, in 1642, rented from Burger Joris land on Hellgate Neck, Long Island. Some of his descendants accompanied George Pearsall to Pennsylvania and their descendants had joined the Pennsylvania colony in North Carolina, at the head of Cape Fear River, to which Dorothy Davis Pearsall, widow of Edward Pearsall, had also gone and where her son Edward acquired lands adjoining Evans. There was also John Jerman who was among the very early settlers in Middleburg, Long Island, and who found it particularly hard for a Welshman to get along with his English and Dutch neighbors.

John H. Innes, in his history of Newtown, relates the following interesting incident in the life of Thomas Wandall and of Thomas Jerman, who, in 1671, obtained a patent of confirmation for lands of which he had probably been already in possession for some time. His labors do not appear to have been covered with success, for his house and goods were sold at auction by Thomas Wandall, the constable of Newtown, in 1680, to satisfy a debt to the trustees of his son, Thomas Sherman, Jr.; Wandall made some delay in settling up the money coming from the sale, and particularly with reference to the surplus, so Sherman haled everybody concerned in the transaction, including the trustees, his son, and the purchaser at the sale, before Sir Edmund Andruss, the Governor, and his Council, when a wrangle of considerable length took place, with several adjournments, after which Sherman carried off in triumph the sum due him. This, says Innes, was the mysterious Shermans land. Who Sherman or Charman (for his name is thus written in some of the old records) was, is a problem. The land is frequently mentioned in both the Dutch and the English records for a period of twenty years, and always in the same terms as Shermans land. Whether he was simply a squatter, or whether he was a purchaser from the Dutch government on easy installments, we have no information.

Innes had confined his searches to Newtown, so he lost sight of Jerman, who had moved over into Hempstead where the neighbors were more congenial. He was still about in 1682, as that year he was sued in the courts of the town. In 1684 one of his sons was given a lot of land alongside of his father-in-law, Bedell. Later, one of the family moved over onto Washburn's Neck, where they lived next neighbor to a farm owned by Daniel Pearsall, as appears by the latter's deed, made May 6, 1723. The family of Daniel Pearsall were several times intermarried with that of Bedell, so that it was not at all strange that the Mary Jerman of Chester County should have married successively Pearsall, Evans and Jerman. Some of the Jermans followed the emigration to Cape May County, New Jersey, thence they came up the Brandywine to the base of the Welsh Mountain. Some of the younger folks must have also gone to the Cape Fear settlement, in North Carolina, as the census of 1790 gives thirty-one families in the United States of the name, of which fifteen were in New York, one in Connecticut.

two in Virginia and six in North Carolina, which quite clearly discloses the place of original settlement and the migrations of the family. By this time the family in Pennsylvania seemed to have become German and of these there were thirteen families.

The Pearsalls came from Staffordshire, near the borders of Wales, and there were quite a few of their Welsh neighbors who were associated with them in Virginia, some as settlers and some as Dutch-English traders. One has only to examine the records of the Dutch-English towns of Long Island to appreciate how many Welshmen came with these first settlers from Virginia to New Netherlands. There were others who came direct from Wales to New Jersey. After William Penn became proprietor of Pennsylvania he promoted several large Welsh settlements. It is evident, however, that quite a few of the Pennsylvania Welshmen came from the older Welsh settlements in America and this accounts for the duplication of family names and of given names.

The Germans went from Pennsylvania to Delaware and to Salem County, New Jersey, where we find them associated with the Davis family. They also went to the Welsh colony on the northeast branch of the Cape Fear River, in North Carolina, and later they removed to Duplin County, where the name appears among the scholars of Hannah More Academy, founded upon the farm of James Pearsall, great-great-grandson of Edward Pearsall and Dorothy Davis.

SECTION 3.

JOHN PEARSOLL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 45, Section 2; born 1677; died November 8, 1777, aged one hundred years; resided at West Nantmeal Township, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married Alice —, who died December, 1789, aged eighty-four years. Children:—

1. Sarah Pearsoll, married William Porter.
2. Elizabeth Pearsoll, married Richard Pearsall. Chapter 45, Section 24.
3. Alice Pearsoll, born April 5, 1733; died January 20, 1820, aged 86 years, 9 months and 15 days; gravestone in the graveyard on the old Trego Farm, Honeybrook Township, Chester Co., Pa.; married Joseph Trego, whose grave is alongside of his wife, born February 21, 1732; died October 29, 1806.
4. Rebecca Pearsoll, died before 1785; married Matthew Brown.
5. John Pearsoll. Chapter 45, Section 4.
6. Mary Pearsoll, died March 6, 1748, aged 19 years; married David Davis.
7. Jeremiah Pearsoll. Chapter 45, Section 11.

The will of John Pearsoll of West Nantmeal appears among the records of the Register of Wills, Chester Co., Pennsylvania. An abstract thereof reads:—Will dated April 23, 1773, provides for wife Alice plantation where we now live, names daughters Sarah Porter, Alice Trego, Rebecca Brown and Elizabeth Pearsoll, granddaughters Mary Pearsoll and Sarah Pearsoll, daughters of son John, daughter-in-law Bathsheba Pearsoll, grandson Mordecai Pearsoll, granddaughter Hannah Pearsoll, grandson Peter Pearsoll, granddaughter Mary Pearsoll, daughter-in-law Dinah Kennedy, grandson John Davis, son of David Davis and his wife my

daughter Mary Davis, Zacheus Pearsoll son of son John, son-in-law David Davis, release to son-in-law Joseph Trego. Executors his wife, Joseph Trego and William Gibbon. Witnesses William Smith, Samuel Thomas; will probated September 11, 1778.

The Land Records of Pennsylvania disclose the following:—Patent Book A, volume 14, page 414,—Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, Esquires, true and absolute Proprietaries and Governors in Chief of the Province of Pennsylvania and Counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex, upon Delaware; Patent to John Pearsoll. To all unto whom these presents shall come, Greeting,

Whereas in pursuance and by virtue of a warrant under the Lesser Seal of the said Province bearing date of the tenth day of June, 1735, there was surveyed and laid out unto William Cruthers a certain tract of land situate in Nantmel Township in the county of Chester under certain conditions in the said warrant mentioned which conditions not having been complied with by the said William Cruthers the said warrant and survey made in pursuance thereof are become utterly void as in and by the said warrant remaining in our Surveyor General's Office relation being thereunto had does manifestly appear. And Whereas afterwards in and by a warrant under the seal of our Land Office bearing date the sixteenth day of June, 1748, upon Application made to us by John Pearsoll of the said county our Surveyor General was required to accept and

receive into his office the survey for the said tract of land and to make return thereof into our Secretary's Office for the use and behoof of the said John Pearsoll, which survey being accordingly accepted by our Surveyor General and by him duly returned into our Secretary's Office the Metes and bounds of the same are set forth and described as follows Vizt., BEGINNING at a post in a line of land belonging to the said John Pearsoll and from thence extending by the said South one hundred and nine perches to a post East by North sixty perches to a post and South by East one hundred and eighteen perches to a post thence by John Salkelds land East by north thirty two perches to a post thence by Thomas Kennedy's land north by west one hundred and eight perches to a marked chestnut tree and north seven degrees eighty perches to a marked white oak thence by Samuel Tuckers land west by north one hundred and four perches to the place of beginning CONTAINING seventy three acres and an allowance of six acres per cent for roads and highways as in and by the survey thereof remaining in our Surveyor General's Office and from thence certified into our Secretary's Office may appear.

The boundaries of this piece of ground give the names of three of the neighbors of John Pearsoll and it will be interesting to look up their family history before they came to Pennsylvania. John Salkeld represents a very small American family group. As late as the census of 1790 there were only three separate families of the name in Pennsylvania. Originally John Salkeld came from Maryland where he was connected with the Tuckahoe Friends Meeting, in Talbot County. In 1719 George Bowes, planter of Talbot County, also a member of this Meeting, made a bequest of £30 to his youngest sister, Agnes Bowes, who was married and resided near Grarigg, Westmoreland, about two miles from London, to be sent to her at the discretion of John Salkill living near Chester, Pennsylvania. The Powells, Broomalls and Thomas' who bought lands near here were also connected with the Tuckahoe, Maryland, Friends Meeting. It is sad that the records of the Friends Meeting on the Trego Farm have been lost as they would no doubt prove that the rich Friends of Tuckahoe Meeting not only supported a meeting at Tredhaven, Talbot County, Maryland, for refugees from New England's persecution of Quakers, but that the large purchases of land in the neighborhood of the Trego Farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania were for the like purpose. The stories of the terrible sufferings experienced in New England by the members of the Tredhaven Meeting, could no doubt have been duplicated at Trego Farm Friends Meeting had one access to their old records.

Thomas Kennedy, another neighbor, has a cognomen which at first sight would be called a purely Pennsylvania name. Yet William Kennedy was on the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland more than eight years before William Penn reached Pennsylvania.

Samuel Tucker came from a purely Chesapeake Bay family. Among the rest Thomas Tucker and John Tucker were in Maryland with families before 1659. In American Genealogy the Tucker family divides itself into two main branches; namely, New England and Virginia. In connection with the latter branch it is interesting to note that as late as the census of 1790 there were only sixteen

families of the name in Pennsylvania as against one hundred and ninety-four in the Chesapeake Bay country and the Carolinas.

These lands were located in Nantmeal township, Pennsylvania. The first assessment of the district is of the inhabitants near the branches of French Creek and the branches of the Brandywine in 1720. The names on this list are as follows:—Owen Roberts, William Hiddins, Richard, Jeremiah, and John Peircell, David Roberts, William Phillips, John Williams, William David, John James, Philip Roger, Samuel Nutt, Mordicay Lincoln, Lewis David, Simon Meredith, while the nonresidents were James Logan, Henry Hockell, Jonathan Wynn, Thomas Callowhill. In 1722 the name of Nantmeal was applied to this section. The only important change in the tax list being that Samuel Nutt was assessed for the Forge. The mention of which as early as 1722 is very interesting. According to the traditions of the neighborhood the iron mines was the real reason for the early settlers passing by so much better farm land farther down in the valley and locating so far from any other settlement, in the heart of the wilderness. Much iron ore was shipped to the Principo and other iron works on the Susquehanna River. Acrelius, writing in 1759, says iron is found at French Creek in Chester County near the Schuylkill. The mine is rich and abundant for ten or twelve feet deep, commencing at the surface.

About 1734 a petition for the division of Nantmeal Township was presented to the court but rejected, as was the proposal of February 1739-40. In September, 1739 the citizens of the township chose commissioners to divide the same. Thomas Meredith and Matthew Robertson represented the east end, while Arthur Graham and John Piersol represented the west. They could not agree and called in John Goheen as umpire. They thereupon agreed to a division calling the parts East and West Nantmeal.

SECTION 4.

JOHN PIERSOL, son of John Pearsoll, Chapter 45, Section 3; resided at West Nantmeal, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; died 1815; married Dinah Davies, daughter of Zaccheus Davies. Children:—

1. Sarah Piersol, married Isaac Kyle.
2. Mary Piersol, married — Scott.
3. Zaccheus Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 5.

SECTION 5.

ZACCHEUS PIERSOL, son of John Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 4; died November 18, 1804; resided in Salisbury Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, and Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; married August 17, 1779, Margaret Davis, or Davies, daughter of Gabriel Davis and Jane Douglas his wife. Margaret Davis was born September 15, 1756; died February 10, 1829; buried February 12, 1829, St. John's Church Compound. They were of the Welsh settlement of Chester County and later of Bangor Church in Lancaster County. Children:—

1. Dinah Piersol, married Thomas Thomas.

2. John Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 6.
3. Jane Piersol, resided in Salisbury Township, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania; married 1802, Isaac Lytle, born in Lampeter, Lancs. Co., Pa., 1772; son of Colonel Andrew Lytle.
4. Davis Piersol.
5. Gabriel Piersol, died June, 1869.
6. Thomas Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 7.
7. Archibald Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 8.
8. Isaac Piersol, died 1838; unmarried.
9. Margaret Douglas Piersol, married John Whitehall Luckey.
- 10, 11, 12. Three other children, whose names are not known.

Zaccheus Piersol, as corporal in Captain Alexander Martin's Company, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, was mustered and passed before the committee of Observation and Inspection in Lancaster, Pa., August 13, 1776. They were in Colonel Peter Grubb's Battalion. The list of the Company was taken on their march to New Jersey. January 22, 1778, Zaccheus Piersol took oath of allegiance before John Craig, Bart Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. 1778, Zaccheus Piersol on the muster roll of the Militia of Lancaster County in the Company of Captain James Watson under command of Colonel David Jenkins. 1781, Muster Roll of the second class, 5th Battalion of Lancaster County Militia now doing duty in the Boro of Lancaster, John Markley acted as substitute for Zaccheus Piersol, duty ended August 22, 1781, Captain Zaccheus Piersol returned as serving in the 4th Battalion Lancaster County, Militia, 1786 and 1787 as Captain. October 12, 1792, Major Zaccheus Piersol serving in the 7th Battalion of Lancaster County Militia.

SECTION 6.

JOHN PIERSOL, son of Zaccheus Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 5; born May 13, 1783; died April 14, 1816, aged 33 years; buried in the yard of St. Johns P. E. Church, Compassville, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania; married Catherine Wilson, daughter of John Douglas Wilson and his wife, Margaret Eckert; born 1787, died September 23, 1825, aged 37 years. She was granddaughter of John Wilson and his wife, Margaret Douglas Carrigan. James Douglas Wilson was near neighbor to the Piersols before 1768 in Maryland. James Wilson of Calvert Co., Maryland, in his will dated May 3, 1670, names his wife Margaret and his sons James, John and Joseph. They were Friends and connected with the Tuckahoe Friends Meeting of Talbot Co., Maryland, from which so many of the settlers of Honeybrook Township came. Children:—

1. Cyrus Piersol, born February 5, 1805; died October 3, 1839; unmarried.
2. Charlotte Piersol, born April 14, 1808; died August 30, 1865; married November 3, 1835, Thomas McCausland. Children:—*1. Margaret Woods McCausland, born 1840; married October 7, 1858, Alexander J. Gitt. *2. William Harvey McCausland, born October 19, 1843; married December 31, 1868, Laura Bell Hoop.
3. Margaret Eckert Piersol, born June 14, 1810. See Z, this Section.
4. Mary Franklin Piersol, born February 7, 1814.

Z. MARGARET ECKERT PIERSOL, born June 14, 1810; died July 18, 1898; resided Lancaster, Pennsylvania; married October 5, 1835, William McCaskey, son of John McCaskey and Margaret Gorman, his wife. Children:—*1. John Piersol McCaskey, born October 9, 1837; married, August 8, 1860, Ellen Chase, daughter of Asa Chase and Sarah Bogardus, his wife, of Lancaster Co., Pa., born March 3, 1837. *2. Joseph Barr McCaskey, married, 1857, Fannie Connell. *3. William Spencer McCaskey, married Eleanor Garrison; resided in California. *4. Cyrus Davis McCaskey, married Harriet Bricker. *5. Charles Newton McCaskey, married Mary Hamaker. *6. Catharine Wilson McCaskey, married, May 26, 1863, James H. Marshall. *7. Margaret Salome McCaskey, married Llewellyn Spohn.

John Piersol McCaskey says of his sainted mother: A soul sweet and helpful, unselfish, and strong and noble, passing slowly down in the Valley of the Shadow, after a lingering illness of many months—a kind of restful and patient waiting for the end—she passed peacefully into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Her life had been spent in deeds of kindness and glad service to others. Every one who knew her loved her, and by no one of kind heart who has ever known her in her long and useful life does she seem to have been forgotten. She was always young at heart, and could not grow old. Although eighty-eight years of age, her senses were well-nigh unimpaired, and she took and enjoyed, and was grateful for every good thing that came to her, receiving it and speaking of it often as the gift of God. She had learned very early this rare lesson of life:—

To trust Him in dark hours of trial,
And thank Him in moments of bliss.

By the cradle, at her work about the house, at the milking time about the barn, in the meadow and at the spring, in the services of the church, what voice so sweet as hers, clear and strong and melodious in every tone, in ballads, hymns, lullabies, and lilted tunes that had no words, but most of all in hymns with their high suggestion. Marget, sing something—he always spoke her name in the old Scotch fashion, in two syllables, like that of Marget Howe, in the Bonnie Brier Bush—was my father's frequent request. And everybody else seemed to ask it, too; for she sang as no one else I ever heard in my childhood, at church or at home. It was as the bird sings, because she loved melody, and the song often gushed from her heart in sweet unconsciousness of any to listen and enjoy. And she sang, in quiet voice to the end, the old hymns of trust and love and hope, when the days were sometimes long, and when at times she was alone but never lonely. I have heard nearly all the great singers of the past 40 years, but no memory of them all is so fresh and joyous as that of my mother's songs. She inherited this gift from Scotch, Scotch-Irish, Welsh, and German-Swiss ancestors, for they all loved music, and would tell us how they talked in her girlhood of the songs her father and mother sang together before their marriage, nearly a hundred years ago. I used to fancy that she had caught into her voice the tones of the violins in the home of her childhood. Here is an interesting fact and a somewhat remarkable thing: She always sang three verses to Home, Sweet Home. All the printed copies of this well-known song, some forty or fifty years ago, and later, so far as I know, gave but two. But the verse she sang between the first and the last

became so fixed in my memory, and was so necessary for me to complete the song—for as she sang it I loved it best of all—that I gave it place on the first page of the first number of the Franklin Square Collection some 20 or more years ago. Since that time it has gone into many new music books for schools and general use, and the song may soon be generally accepted in this form. The verse restored is as follows—

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

The prevailing thought of her fourscore years was—In the beginning, God—always God. She went to her grave in the quiet evening of life, as was fitting, in the quiet evening hour, with the Well done! of all who knew her, music of organ and choir, and the beautiful ritual of the Episcopal Church, with which she had been familiar for more than 80 years. Through all her life went sweet and sacred song about her as an atmosphere and at the end it was fitting there should be pealing of organ and chanting choir, and the hymns she had sung so often and loved so well. I have known many good things in life, but the best of all has been the blessing of such a mother. If I have been able to do any work worth doing in the world, the origin and spring of almost everything has been hidden back in that mother's teaching and that mother's love. Ability and readiness to improve opportunities that have come to me through others, have been largely due to my mother's life of unselfish devotion.

Two pleasant pictures come up before me; I call to see her regularly and often, as she lies in bed, week after week, not ill, but no longer strong and vigorous; in her bright pleasant face there is a look of youth that is past, of immortal youth that is fast coming. She greets me gladly when I come, and when I depart thanks me cordially for getting in to see her. I laugh at her for thanking a son who comes to see his mother. But she was always a lady, courteous, polite, grateful for anything that gave her pleasure, so she says Thank you, just the same. I ask her, in way of pleasantry, to go along to church one Sunday morning shortly before the end. She smiles, and says with perfect peace, All that is over now, and I have nothing left to do but to sleep and to pray. And so she prays—and sleeps—that I once knew so wakeful and devoted to her children and her household duties that to me, as a child, she seemed almost never to sleep. The days pass, and the end comes, with the sleep from which glad souls awake into the Eternal Morning. Even there I think that what was to her the best lesson of Time may also be the great thought of Eternity—In the Beginning, God!

In forwarding her picture to a friend, he penned the following: Pardon my delay in sending you this picture. It is a face that has a life-story behind it. Tried by sorrow but true to duty, patient in suffering, hopeful amid disappointments, unselfish, tender, loving and beloved—a better woman I have never known than this reverent Christian mother. She is that of which angels are made, or, if not, there is nothing else on earth good enough out of which to make them. I can wish you no fairer crown of blessing than that a son, who has known to his eternal gain not a few good people, shall say thus much of you when you are old.

SECTION 7.

THOMAS PERSOL, son of Zaccheus Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 5; resided in Lancaster County, Pa.; married ——. Children:—

1. Isaac D. Piersol.
2. Juliet Piersol, married — Wright.
3. Jemima Piersol, married — King.
4. John Piersol, married ——. Children:—*1. Olivia Tracy Piersol, married — Tristoe. *2. Mary Lizzie Piersol. *3. Emma E. Piersol, married — Elliott. *4. Sallie A. Piersol, married — Mayes. *5. Harry A. Piersol. *6. Lavinia A. Piersol. *7. Horatius S. Piersol. *8. Robert L. Piersol.
5. Mary J. Piersol, married — Badders. Children:—*1. Mary C. Badders. *2. Laura V. Badders. *3. William C. Badders.
6. Sarah E. Piersol, married — Curry. Children:— *1. Martha E. Curry. *2. Thomas P. Curry.

SECTION 8.

ARCHIBALD PERSOL, son of Zaccheus Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 5; resided in Berks Co., Pennsylvania and Jamestown, Indiana; married Martha Jones. Children:—

1. John Piersol, born April 3, 1817; married January 1, 1855, Sarah Ann Hull. Children:—*1. Martha Amelia Piersol, born December 16, 1855; married February 9, 1876, William Terrell. *2. Anna Margaret Piersol, born September 9, 1857; died September 24, 1904; married Lewis L. Fellows, October 15, 1879. Child:—1. Marnie Piersol Fellows, born May 7, 1882; died September 2, 1882. *3. John Lincoln Piersol, born January 28, 1863; died unmarried April 28, 1904. *4. George Wendell Piersol, born August 28, 1864; married Elnora Best, March 17, 1898.
2. Phoebe Ann Piersol, born August 7, 1819; married George W. Stillwell. Children:—*1. Martha Jones Stillwell, married Granville Myers Ballard, August 26, 1863. *2. John David Stillwell, born September 10, 1844; died September 27, 1887.
3. David Jones Piersol, born January 14, 1822; died May 8, 1870; married first, Mary Green, December 20, 1847. He married second, Sarah Ellen McClain, October 12, 1859. Children of first marriage:—*1. James Archibald Piersol, born January 3, 1849; unmarried. *2. John Harvey Piersol, born June 6, 1850; died January 28, 1896; married Jane Clifton. Children:—1. Harry Grant Piersol, born October 10, 1873. 2. Purl Piersol, born August 17, 1875. 3. Oliver Piersol, born January 17, 1878. 4. Edward Piersol, born February 17, 1880. 5. Caroline May Piersol, born May 8, 1883. *3. George Wesley Piersol, born May 4, 1853; died April 7, 1859. Children of second marriage:—*4. Oscar Jones Piersol, born October 14, 1860; died December 19, 1861. *5. Samuel Ellsworth Piersol, born February 6, 1863. *6. Oliver Morton Piersol, born September 15, 1864; married Louise McPhetridge, December 2, 1891. *7. Elizabeth Piersol, born June 4, 1868; died January 9, 1870.

4. Margaret Piersol, born May 13, 1824; died October 18, 1854; married Albert Galvin, July 26, 1843. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Galvin, born October 26, 1844; married Oscar Fitzallen Britton, May 6, 1868. *2. George W. Galvin, born April 22, 1847; married Mary Kingsbury, September 9, 1868.
5. Catharine Jane Piersol, born October 1, 1826; died August 15, 1895; married Allen Galvin, November 7, 1848. Children:—*1. Martha Elizabeth Galvin, born September 8, 1850; died June 12, 1853. *2. Aaron Hurd Galvin, born February 22, 1853; died March 10, 1873. *3. John David Galvin, born October 17, 1857; died June 30, 1892; married Catharine McQuayd, October 9, 1890.
6. Isaac Piersol, born June 16, 1829; died December 29, 1898; married Elizabeth Jane Ballard February 1, 1853. Child:—*1. Emma Charlotte Piersol, born September 21, 1854; died May 19, 1891; married John Thomas Barnett, January 14, 1886.
7. Elizabeth Piersol, born April 1, 1831; died September 19, 1885; married Uriah Brown, September 24, 1848. Children:—*1. Martha Ann Brown, born November 26, 1849; died November 3, 1861. *2. Margaret Jane Brown, born May 6, 1852; married Alexander Marshall Scott, November 30, 1886. *3. Louisa Frances Brown, born October 6, 1854; married Leslie Combs Harris, March 12, 1874. *4. Marietta Brown, born October 13, 1857; married William Franklin Gardner, October 26, 1882. *5. Isaac Newton Brown, born January 13, 1863; died September 15, 1898. *6. Harry Piersol Brown, born June 16, 1865; married Ella Odessa Ruggles.
8. Martha Rebecca Piersol, born March 14, 1836; died August 18, 1876; married William Neff, June 3, 1852. Children:—*1. Margaret Jane Neff, born April 10, 1854; married James Perry Lowry, October 26, 1871. *2. Martha Rebecca Neff, born August 13, 1859; married Richard Wilson. *3. William Elias Neff, born September 17, 1868; married Bertha G. Crawford, October 18, 1899.
9. Thomas Franklin Piersol, born May 3, 1838.
10. Mary Louisa Piersol, born June 18, 1841; married Isaac Newton Jacks, June 18, 1858. Child:—*1. John David Jacks, born August 8, 1859; married Catherine Rankin.

SECTION 11.

JEREMIAH PIERSOL, son of John Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 3; born 1728; died February 28, 1771, aged 43 years; gravestone in graveyard of P. E. Church at Churchville, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; resided in Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married first —; married second, Bathsheba Ann Babb, daughter of Peter Babb and his wife Mary Lewis of West Calm. Children:—

1. Mordecai Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 12.
2. Hannah Piersol.
3. Peter Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 15.
4. Mary Piersol, married Eli Trego, son of John Trego.

SECTION 12.

MORDECAI PEIRSOL, son of Jeremiah Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 11; resided at West Nantmeal Township, Chester Co., and Easton, Northampton Co., Pennsylvania; married first, Margaret —; married second, Ann Rebecca Douglass, daughter of George Douglass, born February 13, 1757. No children of the first marriage. Children of second marriage:—

1. Mary Peirsol, married William H. Freeman. No children.
2. Bathsheba Peirsol, born March 13, 1782; buried March 20, 1871, in Easton Cemetery, aged 89 years; married Thomas Bullman.
3. Jeremiah Peirsol; married Ann Maria —. Child:—*1. William Peirsol.
4. William Peirsol. Chapter 45, Section 14.
5. Andrew Douglass Peirsol.
6. Mordecai Peirsol.
7. Isaac Peirsol.
8. George Douglass Peirsol, born February 26, 1780; died January 24, 1782.

The Records of the Land Office of Pennsylvania, disclose that warrants for land were issued May 3, 1790, to Mordecai Peirsol for land in Northampton County. April 23, 1793, to Jeremiah Piersol. July 10, 1793, to Mordecai Peirsol and Rebecca Peirsol. August 13, 1793, to Mordecai Peirsol, Jeremiah Piersol, Rebecca Peirsol. November 18, 1793, to Mordecai Peirsol, Rebecca Peirsol, Jeremiah Piersol.

The Land Records of Chester County, Pennsylvania, disclose:—Deed Book F. 2., page 42, deed dated October 29, 1774, wherein Mordecai Peirsol of West Nantmeal, eldest son and heir-at-law of Jeremiah Piersol late of West Nantmeal Township, deceased, and Margaret his wife convey to David Thompson the same land which William Penn, July 19, 1768, did grant to Jeremiah Piersol, being land in West Nantmeal called Rutterdam, bounded by Samuel Logan, James Wilson, John Peirsol, James Hamilton. The peculiar name of this block of land will convey to the mind of the local resident a lot of interesting history. It will be recalled that the Peirsols originally came into the county and located at the foot of the Welsh Mountain before the province of Pennsylvania was patented and before either the county or the mountain was named. The traditions of the locality are that iron ore was shipped out of here to the Susquehanna River and thence to the Principe forge at a very early date. Rutter must at some time have operated in this locality to have the property known as his dam or waterworks. In the history of Chester County it appears that the iron industry was in existence in this locality as early as if not before 1716 and that in this year, Thomas Rutter, a smith, who lived not far from Germantown in Philadelphia County, hath removed farther up into the country to the Manetawney and of his own strength hath set up in making iron.

Rebecca Furnace, which drew its supply of iron from Jones Mines, was built by Mordecai Pearsol about the year 1764. In 1793 it was owned by Jacob Vinance, Thomas Rutter, Sarah, May and Samuel Potts. It was discontinued in 1794, on account of the inability to obtain wood for charcoal, the farmers refusing to sell it. I have seen, says Professor McClune, stoves purporting to have

been cast at Rebecca Mills, which bore the date of 1768, but the late Dr. Happersel informed me that they were cast by Piersol at Warwick Furnace. [Foster & Cope History of Chester County, Pennsylvania, page 347.]

SECTION 14.

WILLIAM PEIRSOL, son of Mordecai Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 12; resided in the City of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in the old District of Spring Garden; married 1815, Lydia North. Children:—

1. Joseph North Peirsol, born 1816. See Z, this Section.
2. Sophia Ann Peirsol, born 1817.
3. Mary Margaret Peirsol, born 1819.
4. William Francis Peirsol, born 1821.
5. Henry Augustus Peirsol, born 1823; married Margaret L——.

The Land Records of Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, disclose:—Deed Book M. R. 12, page 689, Whereas it has been found that the restrictions heretofore made as to the extent to which buildings may be erected upon the several lots of ground situate on the north side of Walnut Street between Delaware, Seventh and Eighth Streets, are inconvenient and that the value of the premises would be increased by an alteration of said restrictions. It is therefore hereby understood and agreed between the subscribers hereto for themselves and their heirs and assigns, owners of same lots respectively that the said restrictions shall be and the same hereby are altered and modified so that buildings may be erected upon the said lots respectively to the extent of fifty-five feet northward from the north side of Walnut Street aforesaid, but no further. Dated 13 day, 12 month, 1816. Signed George Vaux, Rachel Drinker, Walter Sims, C. M. Dutill, William Peirsol, Dockery Smith, Rebecca Price, Dorothy Large, Henry Sheaff, Sarah Bacon, Elizabeth Bacon, William Tilghman, Joseph Olden, Jr., George Sansom, Rebecca Redman.

Z. JOSEPH NORTH PEIRSOL, born 1816; resided in the City of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; married 1845, Mary Ann Neff. Children:—

1. William Henry Peirsol, born 1846; resided at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; married 1877, Margaret——. Child:—*1. Armstrong North Peirsol, born 1883; married Lillian Patterson.
2. Mary Margaret Peirsol, born 1848.
3. Anne Elizabeth Peirsol, born 1850.
4. Lydia North Peirsol, born 1854; married J. Howard Roop.
5. James LeFever Peirsol, born 1856; died February 19, 1921.
6. Blanche Peirsol, born 1857.
7. George North Peirsol, born 1859; married 1897, Margaret A. Dickey.
8. Frank R. Peirsol, born 1861.
9. Winifred S. Peirsol, born 1863; married 1898, Isabella D. Roney.
10. Joseph North Peirsol; married 1896, Katharine F. Seybert.

SECTION 15.

PETER PEIRSOL, son of Jeremiah Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 11; resided in Honeybrook, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married ——. Children.—

1. Bathsheba Peirsol, married John Lewis. Children:—*1. Samuel Lewis, born 1814; died May 18, 1882; married Margaretta Manck. *2. Evan Lewis, born August 22, 1816; died April 5, 1866; married Mary Rettew, born 1823; died September 13, 1854. *3. Lewis Piersol Lewis, born August 25, 1821; died January 22, 1901; married Sara Jane Rettew, born March 17, 1826; died September 5, 1912. *4. Elizabeth Lewis, born August 28, 1826; died December 28, 1895.
2. Rebecca Peirsol.
3. Richard Peirsol, married Hannah Bunn.
4. Mordecai Peirsol. Chapter 45, Section 16.
5. Elizabeth Peirsol.

SECTION 16.

MORDECAI PIERSOL, son of Peter Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 15; born October 17, 1796; died October 7, 1883; buried in St. Mark's Cemetery, Honeybrook Township, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; resided at Rockville, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married first, April 28, 1820, Ann Flemming; married second, March 28, 1827, Harriet Shrow, who was born February 28, 1800; died August 25, 1873. Children of first marriage:—

1. Peter Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 17.
2. Bethsheba Piersol, married Patterson.
3. Thomas Hancock Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 18.

Children of second marriage:—

4. Rebecca Piersol, born September 10, 1828; died May 18, 1849; unmarried.
5. John Piersol, born October 27, 1829. Chapter 45, Section 19.
6. Sarah Maria Piersol, born January 28, 1831; died September 15, 1864.
7. Elizabeth Piersol, born November 16, 1832; living; married Lewis H. Boyd.
8. Ellen Piersol, born March 21, 1834; married October 18, 1855, Ashbury Whitaker.
9. Mordecai Rettew Piersol, born January 22, 1836; died October 24, 1894.
10. Jesse Piersol, born January 28, 1838; died September 12, 1849.
11. Daniel Boone Piersol, born September 15, 1839. Chapter 45, Section 21.
12. Richard Wesley Peirsol, born November 7, 1841; married Elizabeth Goheen. He died April 2, 1917. Children:—*1. Jennie Piersol, married John Steele. *2. Benjamin Piersol, married Laura Stoneback. *3. John Piersol.
13. Hannah Catharine Piersol, born March 8, 1844; married Benjamin West.
14. Charles Woodward Piersol, born May 17, 1846; died February 25, 1850.

SECTION 17.

PETER PIERSOL, son of Mordecai Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 16; resided in Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married Harriet Peirsol, daughter of Moses Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 37. Children:—

1. George Franklin Piersol, married January 1, 1853, Mary L. Biddle. Children:—*1. William Peter Piersol, born November 7, 1881. *2. Maud Piersol, married Arthur E. Mitchell. *3. George Franklin Piersol, married Iva Pinkerton. *4. Edna Piersol, married Casper Jones. *5. Irene Piersol. *6. Blanche Piersol. *7. Warren E. Piersol, born May 29, 1900.

2. Charles T. Piersol.
3. Annie E. Piersol, married William Parsons.
4. Edwin Piersol.
5. Caleb L. Piersol, married first, Sallie F. —; married second, Laura Patterson. Children of first marriage:—*1. G. Frank Piersol. *2. Charles L. Piersol. *3. Annie Piersol, married — Parsons. *4. Edwin L. Piersol. Children of second marriage:—*5. Rebecca Piersol. *6. Helen Piersol.
6. Sarah F. Piersol.

SECTION 18.

THOMAS HANCOCK PERSOL, son of Mordecai Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 16; born December 24, 1831; died March 20, 1906. They are buried in the graveyard of St. Mark's P. E. Church, Church Hill, Chester Co., Pennsylvania. Resided at West Nantmeal, Chester Co., Pennsylvania and Western New York; married Anna Julia Benner, born July 15, 1843; died December 28, 1914. Children:—

1. Anna Mary Piersol, born August 15, 1871.
2. Hannah Elizabeth Piersol, married George Esworthy.
3. Adelbert Piersol.
4. Sarah J. Piersol, married Jacob Fisher.
5. Blanche Piersol, born September 2, 1881.
6. Grace D. Piersol, born August 28, 1883; died July 18, 1887.

SECTION 19.

JOHN PERSOL, son of Mordecai Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 16; born October 27, 1829; died January 14, 1905; buried at Old Forest Cemetery, Greigertown, Berks Co., Pennsylvania; resided Morgantown, Honeybrook, Chester Co., and Lancaster, Pennsylvania; married October 17,, Sarah Ann O'Neill at Reading, Penn.; born April 2, 1836, living. Children:—

1. Mary Ellen Piersol; married William Lewis Rabaugh.
2. Howard J. Piersol; married Florence E. —.
3. Emma A. Piersol, born April 17, 1865; Seward G. Kline.
4. Edwin F. Piersol, married Bessie D. —.
5. Callie Piersol.
6. Sarah Frances Piersol, married Edward Rank.
7. Annie E. Piersol, married — Goodman.
8. Walter William Piersol.
9. Rosie Piersol.
10. Robert Piersol.

SECTION 21.

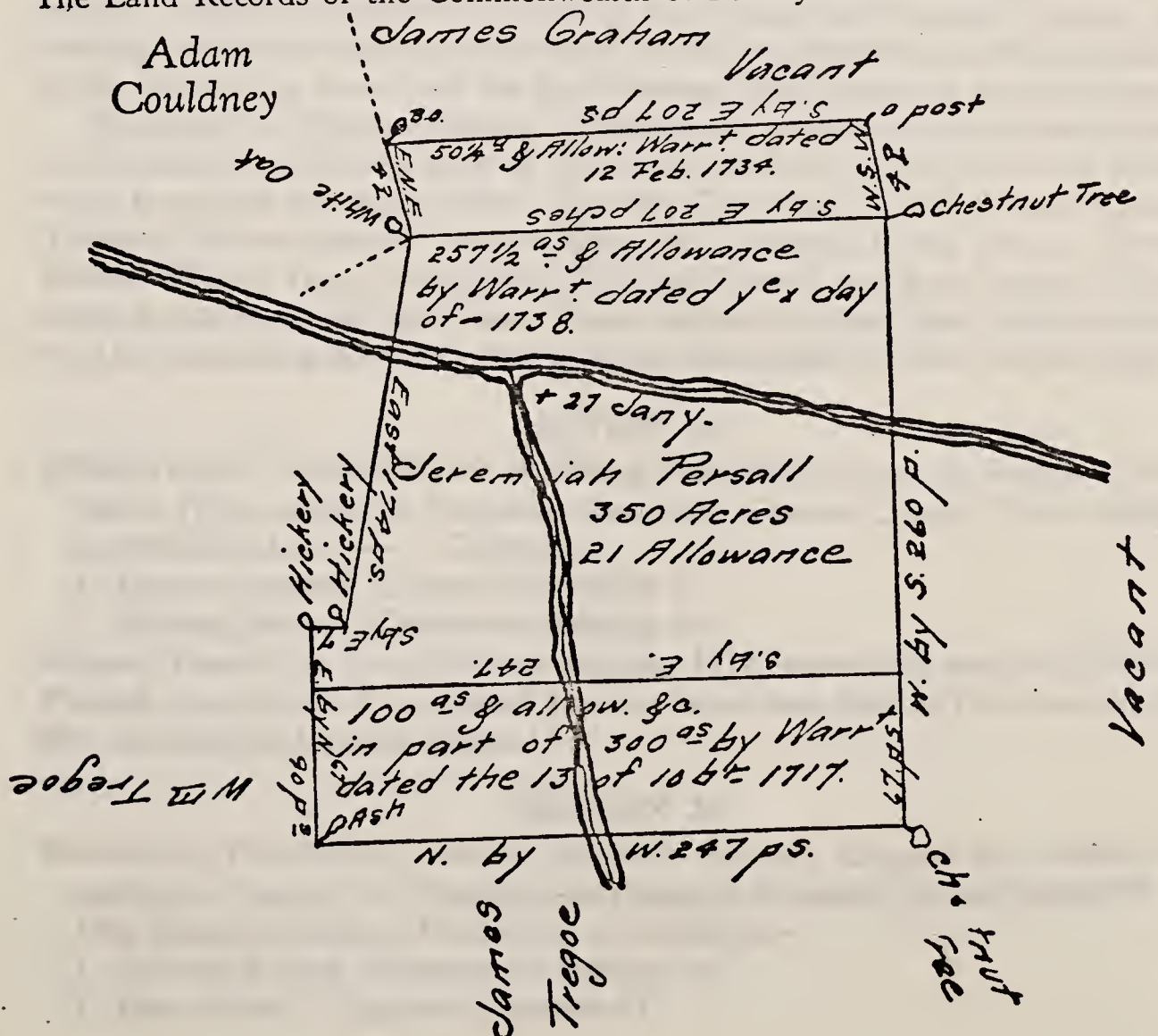
DANIEL BOONE PERSOL, son of Mordecai Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 16; born September 15, 1839; resided at Morgantown, Berks Co., Pennsylvania; married Elizabeth Spotts; born March 26, 1842. Children:—

1. Sarah Laura Piersol, born June 22, 1864; married Charles Hendricks.
2. Charles Henry Piersol, born August 27, 1865; married December 7, 1886, Ida Coffroad, daughter of John Coffroad and Sarah Beam his wife, of

- Churchtown, Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania; born January 22, 1864. Children:—*1. Sadie Elizabeth Piersol, born July 5, 1887; married Isaac Lewis Cairns. *2. Bessie May Piersol, born January 15, 1889; died July 17, 1890. *3. Emma Pearl Piersol, born January 24, 1890; married Chester Dunlap. *4. Clare Clayton Piersol, born March 11, 1892. *5. John Elmer Piersol, born September 28, 1895. *6. Charles Lewis Piersol, born September 23, 1898.
3. Emily Francis Piersol, born April 11, 1869; died unmarried.
 4. John Sands Piersol, born March 4, 1871; married Emma Fritz.
 5. Rachel Plank Piersol, born May 11, 1872; married Adam All.
 6. Daniel Boone Piersol, born August 7, 1874.
 7. Theodore Piersol, born July 11, 1875; died young.
 8. Carrie May Piersol, born December 25, 1880.
 9. Edwin Finger Piersol, born July 20, 1882; died young.
 10. Lewis Boyd Piersol, born August 29, 1883; married Ada Rye.
 11. William Piersol, born August 28, 1885; died young.

SECTION 22.

JEREMIAH PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chap. 45, Sec. 2; resided West Nantmeal, Chester Co., Penn.; married Mary—. Child:—1. Mary Pearsall. The Land Records of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania disclose:—



This survey gives the names of the adjoining neighbors of Jeremiah Pearsall. Adam Couldney is not a family name of which the writer can find any trace outside of Chester County, Pennsylvania.

James Graham represents a family name that the genealogists of America have divided into four groups, namely; Pennsylvania, the Chesapeake country including the Carolinas, New York and New England. It is certain that the family was in the Chesapeake country before William Penn owned Pennsylvania as the records disclose that Robert Graham was a man of standing in St. Mary's County, Maryland, before 1675. In New York the family had reached a position of eminence, among others a James Graham was counted among the most prominent citizens, he being an alderman in 1680, and the first Recorder of the city in 1683.

The Tregos were of the company of adventurers who had come from Chesapeake Bay Country to what is now Welsh Mountain, Chester County, Pa., before the advent of William Penn as proprietor of the province of Pennsylvania. The Tregos became connected with the Society of Friends in Maryland and becoming associated with the Tuckahoe Friends Meeting, a Meeting House for New England Refugee Friends was located upon a high hill in the midst of their farm. A lane was run for fully a mile across from one main road to the other passing the meeting house. Today all traces of the meeting have passed away except the lane, the burial ground with its field stone fence and a very few grave stones, the foundations of the old meeting house and the apple orchard within which it was embowered.

The history of Chester County, Pennsylvania, says that surveys were located in Nantmeal Township as early as 1717-19 of which the following is a list for the north branch of the Brandywine. Thomas Callowhill, Howell Powell, Edward Thomas, William Ideings, Thomas Rees, John Broomal, David Thomas, Daniel Moore, William Trego, John Moore, Richard Pearsol, and John Pearsol. From which it would appear that James Trego, Adam Couldney, and James Graham were still depending upon their title by seven years possession under Indian Rights.

SECTION 23.

JEREMIAH PEARSALL, son of George Pearsall, Chapter 45, Section 1; died before 1700; resided at Nantmeal Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania; married Elizabeth ——. Children:—

1. Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 1.
2. Richard Pearsall, Chapter 45, Section 24.

Edward Pearsall, in his will dated August, 1717, names his mother, Elizabeth Pearsall, from which it is assumed that his father was dead at this time; and he also mentions his brother, Richard.

SECTION 24.

RICHARD PEARSALL, son of Jeremiah Pearsall, Chapter 45, Section 23; resided in Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married Elizabeth Pearsoll, daughter of John Pearsoll, Chapter 45, Section 3. Children:—

1. Richard Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 25.
2. John Peirsol. Chapter 45, Section 35.

Richard Pearsall was among the last of those who accepted the proprietorship of the Penns as to the lands south of the fortieth parallel in the Chesapeake country. When the Cresap war resulted so disastrously to the Maryland side, and this was followed by the settlement between the proprietors by which they accepted what subsequently became known as Mason and Dixon's line as the boundary between their provinces, there was no alternative but either to remove or take a patent from the Penns. Richard Pearsall thereupon made election to remain in Pennsylvania, but his grandson, Job Pearsall, joined those who removed to the country along the Potomac near its head waters. Those old Marylanders were a clannish lot and those that remained in Pennsylvania associated together very closely in their business and social affairs.

SECTION 25.

RICHARD PIERSOL, son of Richard Pearsall, Chapter 45, Section 24; resided at West Nantmeal, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married Bridget ——. She subscribed in 1754 to the building fund of Bangor P. E. Church, Church Hill, Chester Co., Pennsylvania. Children:—

1. Rachel Piersol, married Jacob Morgan.
2. Elizabeth Piersol, married Davies.
3. Martha Piersol, married Peter Hunter.
4. Mary Piersol, born at Rebecca Furnace, Nantmeal Township, Chester Co., Pennsylvania, August 23, 1731; died October 12, 1789; married April 25, 1747, George Douglas, son of Andrew Douglas and his wife Jane Ross. He was born March 25, 1726; died March 10, 1779.
5. Richard Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 26.

SECTION 26.

RICHARD PEIRSOL, son of Richard Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 25; resided in Honeybrook, Chester County, Pennsylvania; married Elizabeth ——. Children:—

1. Rebecca Peirsol.
2. Rachel Peirsol.
3. May Peirsol.
4. Alice Peirsol.
5. Elizabeth Peirsol.
6. Jacob Peirsol. Chapter 45, Section 27.
7. John Peirsol. See Z, this Section.
8. Martha Peirsol.
9. David Peirsol, predeceased his father.
10. Isaac Peirsol, predeceased his father.

SECTION 27.

JACOB PIERSOL, son of Richard Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 26; resided at West Nantmeal, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married ——. Children:—

1. Isaac Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 28.
2. William Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 32.

SECTION 28.

ISAAC PIERSOL, son of Jacob Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 27; resided at West Nantmeal, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married ——. Children:—

1. Jacob Piersol, born March 18, 1784; died 1866. Chapter 45, Section 29.
 2. Sarah Piersol, second wife of James Stevenson Graham.
- Isaac Piersol assessed in 1766 in Chester County, Penna.

SECTION 29.

JACOB PIERSOL, son of Isaac Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 28; born March 18, 1784; died 1866; resided at Ostrander, Ohio; married May 18, 1809, Mary Magdalene Moyer, widow of Washburn, of Lower Paxton Township, Dauphin Co., Pennsylvania. She was born April 15, 1784; died June 6, 1866. Children:—

1. John Piersol, born March 21, 1812. Chapter 45, Section 30.
2. Silas Piersol, born August 26, 1814; died young.
3. Richard Piersol, born December 6, 1819. Chapter 45, Section 31.
4. Elizabeth Piersol, born March 15, 1810; married John William Haney.
5. Julia Ann Piersol, born March 15, 1810; married — Herring.
6. Mary Ann Piersol, born August 26, 1818; married — Poe.
7. Sarah Piersol, born July 31, 1822; married John Allison.

SECTION 30.

JOHN PIERSOL, son of Jacob Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 29; born in Waynesburg, Pennsylvania, March 21, 1812; died October 3, 1885; resided in Union County, Ohio; married January 9, 1834, Catherine Westley, born January 9, 1814; died August 27, 1877. Children:—

1. Christiana Piersol, born December 9, 1834; married October 27, 1859, Alexander L. Anderson. Children:—*1. John B. Anderson, born August 6, 1860; married Della M. Ringler who died 1911. Child:—1. Harry Anderson. *2. Robert Earl Anderson, born December 25, 1861; died December 9, 1911; married May Furness. Children:—1. Burney Anderson, born 1891; died 1903. 2. Bert Anderson, born 1892. 3. Ethel Anderson, married Jess Johnson, 1911. 4. Raymond Anderson, born 1894. *3. Isaac Anderson, born September 30, 1863; died 1894. *4. Grace Anderson, born June 12, 1869; married January, 1890, William Staley. Children:—1. Edith Staley. 2. Irene Staley. 3. Floyd Staley. 4. Delia Staley. *5. Alexander B. Anderson, born October 12, 1874; married 1903, Ada Schultz. *6. Evan Anderson, born September 12, 1876.
2. Silas Piersol, born June 11, 1836. See S, this Section.
3. Elijah Westley Piersol, born June 12, 1836. See T, this Section.
4. Evan Piersol, born August 8, 1838.
5. Mary Piersol, born March 12, 1840; married John D. Stayman.
6. George Piersol, born June 24, 1842. See W, this Section.
7. Margaret Piersol, born February 12, 1844; married O. Perry Smart.
8. John Piersol, born October 24, 1845. See X, this Section.
9. Catherine Piersol, born October 5, 1847.

10. Samuel Piersol, born September 24, 1849; died August 18, 1855.
11. Enoch Piersol, born November 7, 1851. See Y, this Section.
12. Sarah Piersol, born November 7, 1851; died young.
13. Eliza Jane Piersol, born February 3, 1854; died August 2, 1855.
14. Elizabeth Piersol, born March 3, 1856; died June 23, 1862.
15. Jacob Piersol, born November 16, 1858. See Z, this Section.

S. SILAS PIER SOL, born June 11, 1836; died December 16, 1914; resided at Ottawa, Kansas; married September 23, 1866, Mary Emaroy Guy, daughter of James Andrew Guy of Ross County, Ohio, and his wife Mary Ann Anderson; born September 7, 1849. Children:—*1. George Westley Piersol, born June 12, 1869; married Elinor C. Gillespie, born August 30, 1873. *2. Mary Idelene Piersol, born February 16, 1872, died February 1875. *3. Catherine Belle Piersol, born February 12, 1875; married April, 1900, Albert Dunlap Rogers. *4. Mary Piersol, born October 24, 1877; died same day. *5. James Enoch Piersol, born January 10, 1879. *6. Silas Guy Piersol, born September 22, 1882.

T. ELIJAH WESTLEY PIER SOL, born June 12, 1836; died April 20, 1916; resided at Ottawa, Kansas; married Melissa McClintock of Indiana, born November 11, 1841; died June 12, 1910. Children:—*1. Alma Kathryn Piersol, born March 8, 1875; married June 14, 1905, Allen Mansfield, born February 6, 1877. *2. Enoch Elijah Piersol, born January 30, 1878; married May 17, 1902, Beryl Stringham. *3. Melissa Mae Piersol, born January 13, 1881.

W. GEORGE PIER SOL, born June 24, 1842; died December 26, 1912; resided in Delaware County, Ohio; married February 24, 1874, Abigail Catherine Eliza Robinson, daughter of Joseph T. Robinson and his wife, Eliza Rebecca Mann of Bedford Co., Pennsylvania. Children:—*1. Eliza Rebecca Piersol, born February 2, 1875. *2. Wesley Enoch Piersol, born June 29, 1876; married Lennia Longbreek. *3. Joseph Turney Piersol, born April 1, 1878; married Katie Brandt. *4. Oroville Bartlett Piersol, born April 16, 1880; married Hazel Shepard. *5. Blanche Piersol, born March 20, 1885; resided at Erie, Pennsylvania; married George Stoney.

X. JOHN PIER SOL, born October 24, 1845, resided in Union Co., Ohio; married Susan Liggett. Children:—*1. Louise Piersol; married Charles Thompson. *2. John Piersol, died September 25, 1917; married Laura Shannon.

Y. ENOCH PIER SOL, born November 7, 1851; resided at Marysville, Ohio; married August 27, 1879, Emma Catherine Liggett, born June 10, 1862, daughter of Absalom Liggett and his wife Millie Carr. Children:—*1. Millie Catherine Piersol, born April 15, 1886. *2. Mary Christine Piersol, born August 4, 1888; died June 20, 1894. *3. Odell Emerson Piersol, born November 1, 1896.

Z. JACOB PIER SOL, born November 16, 1858; resided Delaware Co., Ohio; married June 20, 1880, Eliza Catherine Thomas, born March 20, 1858, daughter of Benjamin Thomas and his wife, Delia Cubberley. Children:—*1. Benjamin Evan Piersol, born February 4, 1881. *2. Edith Piersol, born April 24, 1882. *3. Ada Piersol, born July 21, 1883. *4. John Jacob Piersol, born October 27, 1885; died April 24, 1896. *5. Eugene Frederick Piersol, born September 9, 1896. *6. William Jennings Piersol, born September 9, 1896.

SECTION 31.

RICHARD PIERSOL, son of Jacob Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 29; buried Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia, September 1, 1898, aged 78 years; married Mary Jane Haney, who was buried in the same cemetery August 10, 1877, aged 56 years. Children:—

1. John Piersol, born May 28, 1849; buried September 10, 1890, aged 41 years; married Mary Ann Lechler, born February 26, 1850. Children:—*1. James Lechler Piersol, born November 2, 1870; married December 9, 1889, Mary McCoy, born November 6, 1872. *2. Susannah Piersol, born November 8, 1873. *3. Mary Jane Piersol, born June 15, 1879. *4. Richard John Piersol, born October 13, 1886. *5. Leon Joseph Piersol, born April 3, 1890.
2. Albert Piersol, married —.
3. Jacob Piersol, died unmarried; buried August 9, 1914, aged 63 years.
4. Silas Piersol; married Margaret Moran.
5. Richard Piersol, born February 11, 1857; married Rosanna Wagner.
6. George Piersol, born July 31, 1858; unmarried.
7. Elizabeth Piersol, died unmarried; buried March, 1895, aged 33 years.
8. Walter Piersol.
9. Mary Piersol, died young.

SECTION 32.

WILLIAM PIERSOL, son of Jacob Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 27; resided at Lancaster County, Pennsylvania; married —. Child:—

1. Isaac Pearsol, Chapter 45, Section 33.

SECTION 33.

ISAAC PEARSOL, son of William Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 32; died 1825; resided at Lancaster and Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married Anne Hopper, widow of Whitehill. Children:—

1. Rebecca Pearsol, resided at Salem County, Ohio; married first, George Thomas. No children. She married second, David Thomas. Child:—*1. John Thomas.
2. Sarah Pearsol, born June 11, 1806; died August 13, 1895; resided at Lancaster County, Pa.; married first —; married second, William Reese. Child of first marriage, a daughter. Children of second marriage:—*1. Annie Reese. *2. John Reese.
3. John Hopper Pearsol, born January 12, 1818. Chapter 45, Section 34.
4. William Hopper Pearsol, married Alice —.

SECTION 34.

JOHN HOPPER PEARSOL, son of Isaac Pearsol, Chapter 45, Section 33; born January 12, 1818; died October 9, 1887; resided at Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania; married June 8, 1844, Cecelia Ober, daughter of Benjamin Ober and his wife Margaret Messersmith of Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania. Children:—

1. Jerome Ober Pearsol, born January 27, 1845; died November 3, 1849.
2. William Henry Pearsol, born September 23, 1846; died November 20, 1863.

3. Ellen Cecelia Pearsol, born June 14, 1848; died October 17, 1897; married October 12, 1871, Abbott Keyes Spurrier, born September 13, 1846, son of George Spurrier and his wife Margaret Flick of Lancaster. Children:—
*1. Anne Pearsol Spurrier. *2. William Atwell Spurrier, died June 23, 1918.
*3. Nellie Pearsol Spurrier, died in infancy. *4. Ann Pearsol Spurrier, married George Mason Lane. *5. William Atwell Spurrier, married Marian Williamson.
4. Agnes Keyes Pearsol, born September 24, 1850; married John B. Kelker, born February 29, 1848; died October 24, 1915. Children:—*1. Rudolph Frederick Kelker, born August 5, 1875. *2. John Pearsol Kelker, born April 20, 1878. *3. Mary Reily Kelker, born September 6, 1882; resided at Mansfield, Ohio; married September 6, 1906, Roscoe Williams Sturges, born March 9, 1877.
5. Charles John Pearsol, born March 6, 1852.
6. Anna Margaret Pearsol, born February 10, 1854; married April 8, 1875, Thomas B. Cochrane, born August 23, 1845. Children:—*1. Catherine Cecelia Cochrane, born January 25, 1876; married James Franklin Rodgers. *2. William Pearsol Cochrane, born October 28, 1877; married Caroline Martin Wharton.

7. John Hopper Pearsol, born January 6, 1860; died January 30, 1861. February 10, 1843, John Hopper Pearsol began the publication of a temperance paper, *The Weekly Express of Lancaster*, and continued its publication up to 1856, it being the longest instance of the connected publication of a temperance paper in Pennsylvania. During 1856 he associated with J. M. W. Geist and they started *The Daily Express of Lancaster*, which they published for many years. The early event that deprived him of his mother was that which originally gave him his bias in favor of temperance and the same which ever afterward intensified his support of this cause. The story, as gathered from local histories, is as follows:

William Hamilton, more familiarly known, subsequently as Billy Hamilton, was a North-Irelander, who had settled in Marietta, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, at an early period of its history. Under ordinary circumstances he was regarded rather as a useful and industrious citizen, but somewhat irritable and obstinate, and, when under the influence of liquor, a man of almost ungovernable passions. Mr. Pearsol's mother was his nearest neighbor, and was known as a remarkably mild and benevolent woman, who often acted as a peacemaker between belligerent neighbors, and possessed marked influence as such. She had often used her influence previously in pacifying Hamilton in his stormy moods, when they were directed against his wife, his neighbors, or other members of his family. On the unfortunate occasion which so suddenly and so violently resulted in Mr. Pearsol's early orphanage, Hamilton was under the influence of strong drink, and had an altercation with some one, and as is usual on such occasions, when he came home he directed his ire against his wife and other members of his family. Mrs. Pearsol, either voluntarily or through solicitation, attempted to administer the oil of peace which she had so successfully applied on former occasions, but her benevolent mission only seemed to have chafed him the more, if he did not come to regard it as an impertinent interference; he therefore ran upstairs

into a room, and declared he would shoot the first person who entered it. His terrified family would fain have persuaded her not to approach him in his present frame of mind, but she, perhaps not knowing that he had a deadly weapon, or fearing he might do violence to others if his stormy passion was not allayed, nevertheless entered his room, when the frenzied man immediately shot her dead, and escaped from the house. It was some days before Hamilton was arrested, and having some very warm friends in the place, who connived at his concealment, it was considered hazardous to attempt his arrest, even if his whereabouts had been known.

At length suspicion fell upon the house of his friend, James Kane, or McKane, familiarly known as Jimmy Kane, and the Marietta Blues, a volunteer company, then under the command of Lieut. Elijah Russell, was called out to assist in making the arrest. The company proceeded to the house aforesaid and after a feeble resistance on the part of the inmates entered it with charged bayonets; where after a thorough search they found Hamilton concealed under the flooring of the cellar. Kane having been discovered with a gun in his hand, which he threatened to use before Hamilton was discovered, was with another of his friends also arrested as accessory after the fact. The three men were immediately lodged in the Lancaster jail. At the trial which followed his two friends were discharged but Hamilton was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to eighteen years imprisonment in the old Arch Street prison in Philadelphia. After serving nine years in prison he was pardoned in 1831.

When John Hopper Pearsol published the Express as a temperance organ, the tone of society was very different towards the temperance cause from what it afterward became, and has been for years. During the thirteen years of its temperance career, he was prosecuted eight times for libel, found guilty in every instance and mulcted in fines and costs. In every case he had simply published what he stood ready to prove, but this the law forbade, and for publishing the truth he was obliged to endure the penalty. On one occasion he was found guilty of libel, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$200 and the costs, which nearly equalled the fine; and on his not paying the penalty, he was committed to prison in compliance with the sentence of the court. So great, indeed, was the antipathy towards the temperance cause, that some of the leading business men of Lancaster refused to have the name of the temperance editor stand as an imprint upon their bills. The cause of temperance was in the lowest repute, and it required a man of courage to avow himself as its supporter.

SECTION 35.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Richard Pearsall, Chapter 45, Section 24; resided in Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married Sarah ——. Children:—

1. Jeremiah Peirsol. Chapter 45, Section 36.
2. Abraham Peirsol. Chapter 47, Section 1.
3. Job Pearsall. Chapter 48, Section 1.

Letters of Administration were granted upon the Estate of John Pearsall December 13, 1757, to Sarah Pearsoll, in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and recorded in Administration Book 2, page 118.

The controversy between the proprietors of Maryland and Pennsylvania as to the ownership of the lands south of the fortieth parallel of latitude and west of the country on the waters of the Delaware continued for more than fifty years. As the Penns became more determined to assert their claims the Marylanders became more belligerent in their opposition. Finally it resulted in a condition of civil war with the side of the Baltimore adherents under the appointed command of Thomas Cresap. In this Maryland force John Pearsall held important command. [Dr. J. W. Thomas—oration re Thomas Cresap. The Daily News, Cumberland, Maryland, June 25, 1919.]

Thomas Cresap had at the time of his marriage in 1724 settled at Havre de Grace on the Susquehanna River. The encroachments of the Penns upon the lands claimed by the Baltimores became finally so menacing to their ownership that they determined to meet the Pennsylvania claimants with such a show of force as would compel the Quaker proprietors either to fight or to abandon their encroachments. It is more than likely that the Maryland authorities expected that there would be no counterforce set up against them owing to the religious principles of the Quakers concerning war. The residents of this disputed locality who were there as grantees of Baltimore were so insistent that they should be protected in the peaceable possession of their homes that there had come a time when one proprietor or the other must become paramount. Thomas Cresap was thereupon appointed to protect the claims of the Baltimore patentees. He thereupon moved up the Susquehanna River and located at Wrights Ferry, a point opposite the present town of Columbia. Here he built himself a stone house in the nature of a fort which was supplied with arms and ammunition by the Maryland governor. The place was apparently well selected as he was in the midst of a large settlement of Palatinate squatters who had come from New York by way of the Susquehanna River. They were not, however, in any way interested in the controversy between Penn and Baltimore as to their provincial common boundary. It made very little difference to them as to who was the paramount landlord so long as they were undisturbed in their adverse possession and had no rent to pay. As a consequence Cresap was really weaker than if he had located on the other side of the river in the heart of the Maryland settlements. Cresap's estate was called the Governor's grant and comprised five hundred acres. He was appointed civil magistrate and colonel of militia as well as general supervisor, tax collector and surveyor for that region. The Pennsylvania authorities attempted to oust him by means of the regular police force under the local sheriff. Thus there came about regular hostilities which are known as the Conajacular War which lasted for more than five years. At the battle of Peach Bottom, Cresap was victorious and it looked as if the Marylanders were going to control this section.

The matter was then, by the Penn authorities, brought to the Lancaster County Court of Pennsylvania which ordered its sheriff to arrest Cresap and bring him before the court for trial. The sheriff with a large posse of Penn adherents proceeded to execute the warrant of arrest. Finding this impossible they waited until night when they set fire to the roof of his house and the flames spread so rapidly, fanned by a heavy wind, that the house had to be abandoned. Sharfe in his History of Maryland (vol. I, page 400) says that they offered to quench

the flames if he would surrender but he nevertheless persisted in his refusal. Neither would he suffer his wife or children to leave the house until the floor was ready to fall in when he and those with him rushed forth and battled with the sheriff and his posse. They endeavored to reach his boat which was moored near the house. In this running fight two of the Pennsylvania force were wounded. Cresap and his party gained the boat, but before they could get it loosened from its moorings they were surrounded and captured.

The prisoners, including John Pearsall, were brought before the Lancaster County court which freed all but Cresap who was remanded for a hearing before the court in Philadelphia. The truth being that local sentiment was so overwhelmingly on the side of their old proprietors, the Calverts, Lords of Baltimore, that conviction was not possible.

Neither the court nor the Governor in Philadelphia was anxious to have this prisoner as it raised very nice questions which would undoubtedly be appealed to the authorities in England, who would look with disfavor on anything which would appear as having been done to prejudice the hearing that was then being given the subject of the controversy, so the Governor immediately notified the Governor of Maryland and thereupon Edward Jennings, Secretary of State, and Daniel Dulaney, Attorney General of Maryland, repaired to Philadelphia to demand the release of Cresap. The Governor of Pennsylvania was only too anxious to accede to this request, but Cresap refused to go until the Penns had been ordered by the King of England to release him and accordingly he remained in jail until the Royal order came for his release. The immediate effect however was to cause the two proprietors to compromise their differences and to agree upon the line now known as Mason and Dixon's line as their boundary. By this settlement the lands occupied by the Pearsalls were definitely determined to be located within the bounds of Pennsylvania. Richard Pearsall, the father of John Pearsall, was, however, the only one that stood out, the others having long since made settlement with the Penns, whereby they obtained Pennsylvania patents for the lands they had first taken up as Maryland holdings. This settlement of the boundary dispute brought about a scattering of the Maryland supporters that resided in this section.

Maryland soon found itself engaged in a boundary dispute with Virginia, specially with Lord Fairfax, the proprietor of the Northern Neck of Virginia. The Governor thereupon called upon Cresap and he removed to western Maryland and located along the banks of the Potomac near the juncture of the north and south branches of that river. He located near a glade to which he added a large tract of open ground from which he removed the forest. He erected a large log house about which he built a log fort. He had located his home so that it commanded the trails to the north and south that were used by the Indians. His fort was the most advanced outpost of the white man north of the Potomac River and was the outfitting point for those who traveled to the forks of the Ohio. It was also close to the trail that came south from the western trails of Pennsylvania. Cresap very soon won a reputation for sharp dealing that has overshadowed whatever of good he did, specially the most excellent service he rendered in the revolution. He appears to have set himself up as an independent Lord of

this part of Maryland and was very restive concerning those whom he conceived as likely to trench upon his exclusive rule of both the white and the red man. [History of Braddock's Expedition by Winthrop Sergeant, pages 313 and 372.]

Lord Fairfax had in the meantime induced Job Pearsall, son of John Pearsall, to become the tenant in chief of his manor of South Branch which was located on the south branch of the Potomac, where the present town of Romney, the county seat of Hampshire County, West Virginia, is now located. Thus it would appear that these old friends were now enemies. But there never was any enmity between these two families, nor was there any between Cresap and Fairfax. And when the Ohio company was formed by the Washingtons, Cresap was one of its charter members and for a time its most active agent. It was he who employed the Indian Chief Nemicolin to assist in laying out the historically celebrated trail known thereafter as Nemicolin's trail and which was later made into a road which was the only means the Ohio Company had of reaching the forks of the Ohio at what is now Pittsburgh.

John Pearsall went to Virginia with his son and there is every reason to believe that the Manor of South Fork was at first made to him and later released to his son, Job, but in this we have followed the lead of the Virginia historians and credited the tenancy of the Manor of South Branch to his son Job Pearsall. John Pearsall returned to Chester County, Pennsylvania, where he died.

SECTION 36.

JEREMIAH PEIRSOL, son of John Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 35; resided at Honeybrook, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married Elizabeth ——. Children:—

1. Jeremiah Peirsol.
2. Moses Peirsol. Chapter 45, Section 37.
3. John Peirsol; died 1814.
4. Daniel Peirsol. Chapter 45, Section 39.
5. Samuel Peirsol. Chapter 45, Section 42.
6. Jane Peirsol, married John Miller.
7. Sarah Peirsol, married first, September 22, 1796, Samuel Buchanan. She married second, Grimes. Children of first marriage:—*1. William Buchanan, married Elizabeth Boyer. Children:—1. Samuel Buchanan, born August 21, 1818. 2. Ann Buchanan, born August 10, 1820; died October 9, 1820. 3. Andrew C. Buchanan, born September 29, 1821; died August 14, 1890; married Hannah L. Piersol who died February 15, 1881, aged 56 years, Chapter 45, Section 39. 4. Rebecca Ann Buchanan, born June 2, 1824. 5. Sarah Buchanan, born July 11, 1829; married George M. Wagner. Children:—1. Frank M. Wagner. 2. Elizabeth Buchanan Wagner, born June 16, 1860; married Elmer B. Grube, son of Benjamin Grube and his wife, Mary Boyer of Honeybrook, Pennsylvania. 6. Elizabeth Buchanan. 7. William Buchanan, born September 6, 1830. 8. James Buchanan, born May 10, 1833; died December 22, 1898. 9. John Wesley Buchanan, born June 12, 1837; died January 14, 1843. *2. Jeremiah Buchanan. *3. Matthew Buchanan. *4. James Buchanan. *5. Elizabeth Buchanan.

8. Elizabeth Peirsol, married first, November 27, 1821, John White at St. Mary's P. E. Church, Warwick, Chester Co., Pennsylvania. She married second, Goheen. Children of second marriage:—*1. Elizabeth Goheen. *2. Lane Goheen. *3. Hannah Goheen.
9. William Peirsol, predeceased his father. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 37.

MOSES PEIRSOL, son of Jeremiah Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 36; born 1781; died December 28, 1856, aged 75 years; gravestones M. E. Cemetery, Honeybrook, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; resided at Honeybrook, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married Hannah Talley, born 1794; died September 10, 1873, aged 79 years. Children:—

1. John Peirsol, born Nov. 12, 1814; died Jan. 31, 1892. Chapter 45, Section 38.
2. Jane Peirsol; married Bernard Banes. Children:—*1. Charles Banes. *2. Jeremiah Banes. *3. William Banes. *4. Ida Banes. *5. Hibbard Banes. *6. Theodore Banes.
3. Harriet Peirsol, married Peter Peirsol. Chapter 45, Section 17.
4. Elizabeth Peirsol; married Charles Tomlinson. Children:—*1. Hannah Tomlinson. *2. Jane Tomlinson, married William Prentzel. *3. Belle Tomlinson, married Alexander Bair. *4. Sallie Tomlinson, married Ross Carver. *5. Ellen Tomlinson, married Bernard Rapp.
5. Sarah Peirsol, single.
6. Jeremiah Peirsol, single.
7. Thomas Peirsol, baptized Dec. 24, 1830, at Waynesboro Baptist Church.
8. Hannah Peirsol, born March 15, 1834; died December 27, 1853; married Charles Ricker. Child:—*1. Emma E. Ricker, died April 12, 1861.

SECTION 38.

JOHN PIERSOL, son of Moses Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 37; born November 12, 1814; died January 31, 1892; gravestones in Methodist Church of Waynesboro, Honeybrook, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; resided at Honeybrook, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married December 12, 1839, Elleanor Criley, born February 21, 1817; died February 12, 1901. Children:—

1. Enos Piersol, born June 1, 1841; married Hannah Benner, born September 9, 1831. Children:—*1. Flora Piersol, born May 15, 1865; married Nathan Gartley. *2. John Piersol, born May 30, 1867; married Elizabeth Cook. *3. Adelbert B. Piersol, born January 22, 1869; married Lillian Schlichter. *4. Allen James Piersol, born August 30, 1872; married Mary E. Stanley.
2. Hannah Piersol, born February 21, 1844; married David Benner.
3. George Warren Piersol, born March 17, 1855; married Anne Jane Johnson, born July 25, 1859. Children:—*1. Luther Oroville Piersol, born October 8, 1885; married Christine Aster Whitman. *2. Warren Roy Piersol, born March 6, 1887; married Florence Lincoln Castle. *3. George Thomas Piersol, born June 4, 1888. *4. Cora Ethel Piersol, born October 17, 1891. *5. Norman Everett Piersol, born March 14, 1889.
4. John Luther Piersol, born September 4, 1857; died April 10, 1882.

SECTION 39.

DANIEL PERSOL, son of Jeremiah Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 36; resided on the Pike, about a mile from Honeybrook, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married — Lewis. Children:—

1. Jeremiah Morris Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 40.
2. Hannah L. Piersol; married Andrew Buchanan. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Buchanan, married Benjamin Silliman. Children:—1. Minerva Silliman, married Charles Green. 2. Benjamin Silliman. *2. Frances Buchanan, married Isaac Keel. Children:—1. Nellie Keel. 2. William Keel. 3. Frederick Keel. 4. Landis Keel. *3. David H. Buchanan, born December 17, 1851; married Anna Smith. *4. William Buchanan, married Victoria Lewis. Children:—1. Florence Buchanan. 2. Walter Buchanan. 3. Sarah Buchanan. 4. Mildred Buchanan. 5. Annie Buchanan. 6. William Buchanan. 7. David Buchanan. *5. George W. Buchanan, died November 12, 1880, aged 14 years. *6. Benson S. Buchanan, died August 20, 1871, aged 9 years. *7. Florence Buchanan, born September 28, 1860; married March 21, 1889, Elisha G. Cloud, born March 3, 1844. Children:—1. William B. Cloud, born January 4, 1890. 2. David S. Cloud, born June 30, 1892.
3. Lewis Piersol. Chapter 45, Section 41.
4. Daniel Piersol.
5. Elizabeth Piersol, married Smith.

SECTION 40.

JEREMIAH MORRIS PERSOL, son of Daniel Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 39; born March, 1826; died April 27, 1882; resided in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; married, January 1, 1855, in Philadelphia, Minna Ellinger, born January, 1834; died April 21, 1871. Child:—

1. George Arthur Piersol, born May 17, 1856; married first, May 1, 1879, in Philadelphia, Ann Wessel Steel, born December 25, 1856; died May 10, 1893; married second, June 22, 1898, Florence Lukens Reeder, born November 6, 1865. Children of first marriage:—*1. George Morris Piersol, born October 13, 1880; married Helen H. Delano. *2. William Burton Piersol, born October 2, 1884; married Marie Ladue. *3. Margaret Wessel Piersol, born March 13, 1891. Child of second marriage:—*4. John Marshall Piersol, born December 18, 1899.

SECTION 41.

LEWIS PERSOL, son of Daniel Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 39; born 1820; died April 30, 1900, in 81st year; resided in Tredyffrin Township, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married Elizabeth Mauger; died April 24, 1881, in 73rd year. Children:—

1. George Hunter Piersol, born May 20, 1849; died March 23, 1874; married Sidney Rebecca Potter.
2. Mary Roberts Piersol, married William Hazelton Folwell.
3. John Mauger Piersol, died young.

SECTION 42.

SAMUEL PIERSOL, son of Jeremiah Peirsol, Chapter 45, Section 36; resided in Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married ——. Children:—

1. John Piersol, born July 29, 1815; died April 2, 1894. Chapter 45, Section 43.
2. Samuel D. Piersol, born August 30, 1827; died February 24, 1882; married Leah W——. Child:—*1. Sarah Leah Piersol, resided at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; married —— Zerr. Children:—1 Warren Zerr. 2. Howard Zerr.

SECTION 43.

JOHN PIERSOL, son of Samuel Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 42; born July 29, 1815; died April 2, 1894; gravestones in Morgantown M. E. Churchyard; resided Morgantown, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married January 1, 1846, Mary Ann Hinton; born December 8, 1822; died June 7, 1901. Children:—

1. William Piersol, born March 21, 1847; married Susanna Spotts. Children:—
 - *1. Mary Piersol, born February 21, 1867; married John Bingamen.
 - *2. Annie Piersol, married Charles Benjamin.
 - *3. Ella Piersol, born December 25, 1873; married February 14, 1896, Frank Moyer.
 - *4. John Piersol.
 - *5. Clarence Piersol.
 - *6. William Piersol.
 - *7. Della Piersol.
2. Anna Elizabeth Piersol, born May 4, 1849; married Charles Benner.
3. James Wesley Piersol, born August 11, 1851; died July 11, 1857.
4. Thomas Heber Piersol, born January 2, 1854; died February 11, 1854.
5. Charles Heber Piersol, born January 26, 1855; died July 24, 1857.
6. Samuel Levi Piersol, born August 11, 1858; married first, December 29, 1881, Mary Lucretia Clingman, born May 15, 1862; died April 21, 1903; married second, March 5, 1915, Laura Sponagle, born April 15, 1866. Children of first marriage:—*1. Walter Collins Piersol, born November 21, 1882. *2. Emily Elizabeth Piersol, born April 14, 1886. *3. Esther Mary Piersol, born November 10, 1887. *4. George Levi Piersol, born March 24, 1884. *5. Charles Henry Piersol, born July 30, 1889. *6. John Allen Piersol, born April 16, 1894. *7. Edna Lillian Piersol, born April 16, 1894. *8. Catharine Bell Piersol, born April 17, 1896. *9. G. Oliver Piersol, born September 25, 1898. *10. Warren Levi Piersol, born October 1, 1902.
7. Mary Frances Piersol, born 1860; died August 28, 1863.
8. John Henry Piersol, born April 23, 1866; married March 26, 1890, Ida Jane Englerth. Children:—*1. Della Lavinia Piersol, born January 12, 1891. *2. James Wesley Piersol, born April 4, 1892. *3. George Henry Piersol, born February 12, 1894. *4. Emma Blanche Piersol, born September 3, 1895. *5. Miles Milligan Piersol, born February 18, 1898. *6. Mingle S. Matthew Piersol, born January 26, 1899. *7. Grace Viola Piersol, born December 2, 1901. *8. Agnes Irene Piersol, born March 30, 1905. *9. Howard C. Piersol, born April 14, 1904. *10. Harvey S. Piersol, born January 2, 1908; died December 21, 1908. *11. Mary Piersol, born April 23, 1909; died April 23, 1909. *12. Helen A. Piersol, born April 15, 1911; died March 20, 1912.
9. Charles Edgar Piersol, born March 21, 1867; married Laura Warner. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Piersol. *2. John Edgar Piersol, born April 10, 1871.
10. Ida Jane Piersol, born January 1, 1869; married Brooks Perry.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

EDWARD PEARSALL
Genearch of the North Carolina Group

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

EDWARD PEARSALL, son of Jeremiah Pearsall, Chapter 45, Section 23; resided at Nantmeal and Radnor, Chester Co., Pennsylvania; married January 5, 1717, Dorothy Davis at Christ Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, daughter of John Davis and his wife Ann Evans. Child:—

1. Edward Pearsall, born 1717; died 1762. Chapter 46, Section 2.

His will appears among the records of the Register of Wills of Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania, and is recorded in Will Book D, page 77; it reads as follows: In the name of God Amen, the twenty-sixth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and seventeen I Edward Pearsall of the Township of Radnor in the County of Chester being sick and weak in body but of sound and perfect mind and memory praise be given to Almighty God for the same and calling to mind the uncertainty of life and being desirous to settle things in order, do make this my last will and testament in manner and form following, that is to say, first and principally I commend my soul to Almighty God, my Creator assuredly believing that I shall receive full pardon and free remission of my sins and be saved by the previous death and merits of my Blessed Saviour and Redeemer Christ Jesus and my body to ye earth from whence it is to be taken to be buried in such decent and Christian like manner as to my executors hereinafter named shall be thought meet and convenient and as touching such worldly estate as the Lord in Mercy hath lent me my will is that the same shall be employed and bestowed as hereinafter by this my will is expressed. And—First, I do hereby revoke, frustrate and make void all former and other wills by me made and declared and appoint this my last will and testament and secondly, I will that all my just debts and funeral charges be paid and discharged. Item. I give and bequeath the one half of all my estate of what kind or nature so ever or in whose hands so ever it now is to my dear and loving wife Dorothy Pearsall to be by her fully possessed and enjoyed. Item. I give and bequeath the other half of my estate unto my loving mother Elizabeth Pearsall to be by her freely had and enjoyed and my will is also that immediately after my death my said wife shall be discharged by my brother Richard Pearsall of the bargain that I and he now are partners in concerning the house and plantation where we now live and whereas my servant Richard Hughes was to serve me four years as by his indenture appeareth therefore, my will is that my said servant shall have six months time given him before the expiration of his term by indenture and my will is also that he shall serve the residue of his time in such place or places as my wife shall order until the last six

months aforesaid and do hereby nominate and appoint my loving wife aforesaid and my brother Richard to be the executors of this my last will and testament and it is also my will that if my brother Richard aforesaid cannot afford to discharge my wife from the house and plantation without having some satisfaction that he is to make himself such satisfaction as shall be reasonable out of my mothers share or half of my estate bequeathed to her and also my will is that my servant aforesaid shall be wholly to my wife's disposal and benefit that she can make of him over and above the one half of my estate mentioned anything hereinbefore contained to the contrary notwithstanding and whereas my wife aforesaid is now with child therefore my will is that if the said child shall live until it doth attain the full age three years that then my brother Richard is to — five pounds more to my wife aforesaid out of my mothers share towards the maintenance and bringing up of my said child which said five pounds my said brother is to reserve in his hands until he doth see that my said child doth live or not as aforesaid. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year first above written. Edward Pearsall. Witnesses Hugh Williams who affirmed James Pugh and Meritt Davis who took oath. Probated August 28, 1717.

Upon the death of Edward Pearsall his wife went home to her parents and the balance of her life was spent within the influence of her own family. It will therefore be necessary in order to properly relate the story of this generation to detail quite fully not only the ancestry of Dorothy Davis, but to give a history of the movements which finally caused the removal of her father and his family from Philadelphia and to follow them from place to place until, in 1743, we finally bring Dorothy Pearsall and her son Edward Pearsall to North Carolina on the Welsh Tract located on the waters of the northeast branch of the Cape Fear River. [See the Manuscript.]

SECTION 2.

EDWARD PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 1; born in Philadelphia, province of Pennsylvania 1717; died 1762, in St. James Parish, now Wilmington, North Carolina; resided in North Carolina in the Welsh Tract, on the northeast branch of the Cape Fear River, then in New Hanover County, now in Pindar County, North Carolina; married Catherine James, sister to James James and Thomas James, Esq., of Duplin County, North Carolina. After the death of Edward Pearsall his widow married Thomas Rutledge, which accounts for the removal of the family to the neighborhood of the old Rutledge Church and graveyard, about a mile east of Kenansville, Duplin County, North Carolina. The James family originally came from Wales to Maryland, where Owen James, Henry James, William James and John James were Dutch-English traders sailing from the Chesapeake Bay country as early as 1635. The family followed the emigration to Long Island, and from here they followed the emigration to Southern New Jersey and the Delaware peninsula, thence returning by way of the Susquehanna to Chester County, Pennsylvania, and then to the Delaware country again, from which they came among the early settlers to the Welsh settlement on the northeast branch of the Cape Fear River in North Carolina. Children:—

1. James Pearsall, born 1750. Chapter 46, Section 3.
2. Jeremiah Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 19.
3. Edward Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 24.
4. Dorothy Pearsall. See Y, this Section.
5. Catherine Pearsall. See Z, this Section.

The will of Edward Pearsall is found in Deed Book E, page 20, and reads as follows:—In the name of God Amen. I Edward Pearsall being weak in body but of sound and perfect memory praise be God therefore do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner following, first and principally I recommend my soul to God who gave it and as to the temporal estate it hath pleased him to bestow upon me I give and dispose as follows first I will that all my lawful debts be paid and discharged of my executors and extx hereinafter mentioned. Item. I give and bequeath all my lands to my two sons James and Edward to be divided by the main branch that runs through my land as far as ye fork and from thence to ye head of my land to be divided by and at ye discretion of my Exectrs. Item. I give and bequeath to my well beloved son James ye plantation and buildings and all my land on that side said branch to him, his heirs and assigns forever in consideration of which he must pay to my well beloved son Jeremiah thirty pounds Prov. money when he is eighteen years of age. Item. I do give and bequeath unto my beloved son Edward all my land on the other side said branch to him his heirs and assigns forever. Item. I do give and bequeath all my estate real and personal to my well beloved wife during her widowhood and one third part of my movable estate to her heirs forever. Item. I do give and bequeath all the remaining part of my movable estate to be equally divided between my beloved sons and daughters and do hereby appoint and ordain my beloved wife Catharine executrix with Benjamin Evance and Jonathan Evance exectrs, to this my last will and testament and I do hereby disannul and make void all former wills and testaments by me heretofore made. In witness whereof I have set my hand and seal at St. James Parish, in New Hanover County, North Carolina, in the year of our Lord God 1762. The words to him his heirs and assigns forever, between the eleventh and twelfth line interlined before ye ensealing and signing of these presents. Edward Pearsall. Witnesses, Jeremiah Hand, William Orr, Ann Evans. Proved November 10, 1762.

The act of 1749 creating Duplin County enacted that the boundary line between the new county should begin at the mouth of Rockfish Creek on the northeast branch of the Cape Fear River thence running east to Onslow County. The census of 1790 names David Evans as living in New Hanover County with his wife and three sons, one of them over sixteen years of age, and one daughter. Which would make it appear that the location of the property was not very far south of the town of Washington and west of Exeter. It could of course have been farther south. In any event it was in the triangle between the northeast branch of Cape Fear River and Black River. This brought it within the territory of the Willet Tract where the Welsh settlement was located, many of whom came from Chester County, Pennsylvania, and from the Welsh settlement on the Delaware. This deed also makes it evident that James Pearsall and Edward Pearsall, the sons of Edward Pearsall, located within the bounds of Duplin

County after 1762 and before 1778; probably they came in 1776 at which time James Pearsall bought land from McCullough which he held at the time of his death.

The home of Thomas Rutledge, who married the widow of Edward Pearsall, was situated in Duplin County on the old Presbyterian Road, or the road by which the non-conformists came from Virginia and the north to North Carolina. As early as 1755 there were twenty organized Presbyterian churches along this road, besides a great many other preaching places. By this time there had come in large emigrations of Irish Presbyterians who had landed either at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, or Charleston, South Carolina. The emigration from Pennsylvania began before 1745 and they were known as Scotch Irish Presbyterians. It was not long before they began to invade the Welsh Tract. In 1755 the Presbyterians in the Welsh Tract felt strong enough to join with their Duplin County brethren in the support of a minister. It was this congregation that in 1755 called the Reverend Hugh McAden, who was born in Pennsylvania. He was not the first Presbyterian minister who preached in North Carolina, for the pioneer of all of these was William Robinson, famous in the annals of Virginia churches, of whom the Reverend Samuel Davies says that the success of William Robinson astonished him whenever he reflected upon it. This eminent missionary passed through Virginia to North Carolina and spent a part of the winter of 1742-43 among the Presbyterian settlements twelve years before Mr. McAden came to North Carolina, which exactly coincides with the date when the Welsh Presbyterians emigrated from New Castle County, Delaware, to the Welsh tract on the northeast branch of the Cape Fear River in North Carolina. Samuel Davies was, as we have seen, first cousin to Dorothy Davis, the mother of Edward Pearsall. Another remarkable incident concerning the settlements along this road, and which was true both as to the Irish and the Welsh, was that those who came from Pennsylvania all had resided in Chester County, or nearby counties in Pennsylvania, or had lived across the line in Delaware, before coming to North Carolina. In fact so many came from Pennsylvania that the people in this locality were said to have the airs and manners of that colony. [North Carolina Colonial Records, vol. 5, pages 1193, 1223, 35, 1199, 1198.]

Y. DOROTHY PEARSALL married William Hall of Hallsville, North Carolina.

The census of 1790 names Dorothy Hall as living in Onslow County with three sons and a daughter. The sons were *1. Nicholas Hall, who married Catherine Kinnear. Children:—1. Thomas Hall, who married Mary Bryan McGowan. No children. 2. Nellie Hall, married Rev. James Sprunt of Kenansville. 3. Susan Hall, married Edward Armstrong. No children. 4. Elizabeth Jane Hall, married Edward Armstrong. Children:—1. Nicholas Hall Armstrong. 2. Thomas Armstrong. 3. Barbara Armstrong. 4. Mary Susan Armstrong. 5. Ellen Armstrong. *2. Edward Pearsall Hall, married Mary Brown. Children:—1. Eli Hall. 2. Edward P. Hall. *3. Thomas Hall.

Z. CATHERINE PEARSALL, married Robert Dickson, son of John Dickson.

Children:—*1. John Dickson; born circa 1765. *2. Ann Dickson, born circa 1767. *3. Pearsall Dickson, born 1762. *4. Edward Dickson. *5. Catherine Dickson. *6. Mary Dickson. *7. Elizabeth Dickson.

William Dickson, in his celebrated letters, says that Robert Dickson moved his property into the back parts of Virginia when Cornwallis went through Duplin County, and returned in July, 1781, to move his family there also but his wife died the very day of his return and left him an infant child a few days old, which he put to nurse and returned to Virginia again. But not liking to settle there he returned home as soon as the enemy left Wilmington, and being resettled, he married another wife. He is a frugal industrious man, has a number of children, lives very well and plentiful, and has as good credit as any man in the country.

SECTION 3.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 2; born 1750; died November 12, 1812, aged 62 years; his gravestone is in the old Rutledge graveyard near Kenansville; resided at Duplin County, North Carolina. His farm, on the separation of Sampson County, became the location of the county seat and was called Kenansville. He married first, Zylpha Uzzell of Lenoir County. She is buried in the old Rutledge graveyard; her tombstone reads Zilpha Pearsall, wife of James Pearsall, Sr., and daughter of Thomas and Catherine Uzzell. He married second, Faraby Whitfield, daughter of Constantine Whitfield of Lenoir County. She died between March 28 and August 1795. He married third, Anna Dickson, born July 23, 1877; died November 4, 1837; oldest child and only daughter of Joseph Dickson of Duplin County who lived midway between Kenansville and Warsaw. Children of first marriage:—

1. James Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 4.
2. Edward Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 10.
3. Polly Pearsall, married William McGowan.

No children of second marriage.

Children of third marriage:—

4. Jeremiah Pearsall, born January 21, 1800. Chapter 46, Section 14.
5. James C. Pearsall, died in infancy; gravestone in old Rutledge Cemetery.
6. Joseph Dickson Pearsall, died unmarried.
7. Hugh Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 17.
8. William Dickson Pearsall, born November 12, 1812. Chapter 46, Section 18.
9. Anne Pearsall, married John Oliver.
10. Lucy Jane Pearsall, married David Gillespie. No children. William Dickson in a letter dated March 13, 1818, says Nancy Pearsall has a daughter named Lucinda. This must refer to Lucy Jane.
11. Feraby Pearsall, married David Gillespie. No children.

James Pearsall was High Sheriff of Duplin County from 1784 to 1791 inclusive; he was also a member of the House of Commons of North Carolina 1791-93.

William Dickson Pearsall in a letter dated February 17, 1892, says:—My father James Pearsall first settled where the Town of Kenansville now stands. Duplin County then embraced all of Sampson and the Court House was located three miles West of Warsaw on the road to Clinton. After Sampson was cut from Duplin the site for a New Court House was selected at the Cross Roads two miles South of Kenansville, that being the most central. Father proposed to the Commissioners to give a few acres of land for public buildings if they would locate the

Court House on his farm, and that the spring of cold, soft and healthy water there would be a great public convenience, and a blessing to all settlers. His proposition was accepted, the Court House was built near the spring, which is still flowing its limpid stream for the delight of all the inhabitants of Kenansville, and the thousands of visitors there for business and other purposes.

SECTION 4.

JAMES PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 3, resided at Duplin Co., North Carolina; married Ann Carr, daughter of James Carr and his wife, Susannah Powell. Children:—

1. Susan E. Pearsall, resided at Duplin Co., North Carolina; married James M. Larkin. Children:—*1. Jane Larkin. *2. Catherine Larkin. *3. Robert James Larkin. *4. William Larkin.
2. Mary Ann Pearsall, married Clem Gillespie.
3. Edward Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 5.
4. Twins, died in infancy.
5. Joseph Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 13.
6. Zylpha Pearsall, married D. B. Nicholson.
7. Catherine Pearsall, married D. J. Middleton. Children:—*1. David Middleton. *2. Oscar Pearsall Middleton.
8. Lucy Jane Pearsall, married first, J. L. Nicholson. Married second, D. J. Middleton. Child of first marriage:—*1. J. L. Nicholson. Children of second marriage:—*2. W. H. Middleton, married Kalesta Carlton. *3. Leonidas Middleton, married first, Clarissa Bowden; married second; Beavie Kennedy. *4. Katie Middleton, married Fred G. Horget. *5. Charles M. Middleton, married Sadie Moore. *6. Edwin L. Middleton, married Mary Register. *7. Theodore Middleton, married Lizzie Crump. 8. Herbert D. Middleton, married first, Mattie Henderson; married second, Lela Gillespie.
9. Melinda Pearsall, married first, Wright Boney; married second, Luke Powell.
10. Martha Pearsall, married Henry Rhodes.

Mrs. Eliza Miller Hicks of Goldsboro, North Carolina, writes, April 27, 1917. At the age of six or seven years I commenced going to school at the Hannah More Academy and will tell you all I know about it. Mr. James Pearsall, so I have heard, gave the land conditionally; if the school was not kept up it was to return to his estate. It was a building with four rooms, two large ones with a chimney between with fireplaces in each room. One side of the chimney had a partition of plank, the other side had the teacher's desk elevated so that it had to have two steps with a passage way between the two rooms and the teacher seated at the desk could look over both rooms. One of the large rooms was the school room; the other the drawing room with a long desk with drawers to contain the drawing materials. Then there were two small rooms, one containing a piano was the music room and the other had a chimney and fireplace and was occupied by the large boys and on rainy or cold days was used to eat in. In pleasant weather we carried our lunch baskets out of doors.

I do not know who was the first teacher but I think it was Miss Lucena Clark of Elmira, New York. She taught there several years, then married my Uncle Stephen Miller and they moved to Tallahassee, Florida. Her sister Miss Mary Clark, then took the school and she married Dr. Sullivan of Kenansville and they moved to Vicksburg, Mississippi. My Uncle died soon after going to Florida and his widow who had no children sold the slaves he gave her and returned to New York and married again a Mr. Johnson. My Aunt and Uncle John Miller, in Florida during the Civil War, heard by some means that Mrs. Johnson went to Vicksburg to get her sister's children, Mrs. Sullivan having died, but the military authorities in charge would not let her go into Vicksburg. Her son Mr. Johnson went to Florida after the war and called on my aunt and my father. Uncle John had died and they asked him if the story was true; he said yes his mother was so smart and shrewd looking they took her for a Yankee spy and would not let her enter Vicksburg. It was before Vicksburg fell.

All the people in the neighborhood took boarders and my mother had a young lady with her who was Miss Mary Jarman and she afterwards became the mother of Senator Simmons who is still one of the bright men in Congress. She carried me to school with her my first session. Miss Mary Jarman's mother was a Davis and there are some of the Davis descendants living in this town. (It seems remarkable how the Davis, Jarman and Pearsall families continue as neighbors, first in Virginia, then in Long Island, then in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, and now we find them in North Carolina near neighbors to each other.)

SECTION 5.

EDWARD PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 4; born December 28, 1812; died 1871; resided at Duplin Co., North Carolina; married January 2, 1840, Margaret McGowan, born May 1, 1819. Children:—

1. John Wesley Pearsall, born September 16, 1841. Chapter 46, Section 6.
2. Benjamin Franklin Pearsall, born July 3, 1843. Chapter 46, Section 7.
3. Annie Elizabeth Pearsall, born August 2, 1846; married I. C. M. Loftin.
4. Edward Dickson Pearsall, born February 6, 1848. Chapter 46, Section 8.
5. Joseph Fletcher Pearsall, born October 9, 1850. Chapter 46, Section 9.

SECTION 6.

JOHN WESLEY PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 5; born September 16, 1841; resided at Duplin County, North Carolina and Roanoke, Virginia; married first, October 12, 1865, Lucy L. Sullivan; born October 3, 1844; died June 25, 1874; married second, Ann E. Ervin. Children of the first marriage:—

1. Claudia Pearsall, born August 3, 1866.
2. Charles Wesley Hill Pearsall, born September 6, 1868; died December 27, 1896.

Children of second marriage:—

3. Edward Franklin Pearsall.
4. Mary Corinne Pearsall, married A. G. Moseley.
5. Paul James Pearsall.
6. Annie McGowan Pearsall.

John Wesley Pearsall writes:—From your letter you wish to get the war service of our family. At the beginning of the Civil war in 1861, I volunteered when twenty years old, and went in the army of Northern Virginia, Robert E. Lee, commanding, in Stonewall Jackson's Corps, A. P. Hill's Division, and W. D. Pender's N. C. Brigade. I was engaged in some very heavy-fought battles, viz.: I was wounded in the first day's fight at Gettysburg. I was engaged in those three hotly contested battles, viz.: Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania Court House; also around Richmond and Petersburg. My health was good. We did some heavy fighting in Robert E. Lee's army, and I was in the battle from 1861 to 1865, and was with the army at the surrender at Appomattox Court House. We were outnumbered, cut off from supplies, and General Lee acted wisely to surrender. Brother Frank Pearsall was with me in the army and was a courier for our Brigadier-General Alfred M. Scales. A short distance from where we were heavily engaged in battle was a two-story rock or brick building, in the rear of which a good number of our wounded soldiers—for safety—were temporarily conveyed or carried. When I reached this building, wounded, I found the ground in the rear almost covered with the wounded. A short time afterwards the wounded were conveyed to the general hospital for treatment, and among the large number of wounded I found cousin Leonidas Pearsall; he told me that he was badly wounded in the hip joint, that the bone was broken. I did not see him again as I was sent to Chambers Hospital in Richmond, while he was captured and sent to New York City, where he died. [This refers to Gettysburg.]

SECTION 7.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 5; born July, 1843; resided at Roanoke, Virginia; married December 18, 1877, Flora Loftin; born November 15, 1853. Children:—

1. Samuel L. Pearsall, born November 30, 1880; died April 4, 1900.
2. Edward H. Pearsall, born November 1, 1882; died October 2, 1915.
3. Maggie Pearsall, born July 16, 1885; died October 4, 1886.
4. Eugene A. Pearsall, born August 28, 1888; married October 1, 1912, Bessie Saunders; born June 23, 1886.
5. Benjamin Franklin Pearsall, born November 1, 1891; married December 15, 1914, Louise Southerland; born December 12, 1895.

SECTION 8.

EDWARD DICKSON PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 5; born February 6, 1848; died September 26, 1913; resided at Rocky Point, Pendar Co., North Carolina; married May 11, 1876, Barbin L. Armstrong; born May 29, 1848. Children:—

1. Edward Hall Pearsall, born February 17, 1877; died August 1, 1877.
2. James Alderman Pearsall, born May 29, 1878; died August 1, 1906.
3. Thomas Polk Pearsall, born September 18, 1880.
4. William Wilson Pearsall, born March 22, 1883.
5. Robert Dickson Pearsall, born March 6, 1886.
6. Norwood McGowan Pearsall, born November 22, 1888.
7. Martha Ann Pearsall, December 23, 1891.

SECTION 9.

JOSEPH FLETCHER PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 5; born October 9, 1850; died December 9, 1911; resided at Richmond, Virginia; married October 1, 1885, Minnie Bryan Fennel; born October 6, 1860, daughter of Robert James Fennel and his wife, Ruema Jane Kirby of Sampson Co., North Carolina. Children:—

1. Kirby Fennel Pearsall, born August 24, 1887; married July 17, 1911, Virginia Harrison Slaughter; born March 27, 1892.
2. Robert Edward Pearsall, born May 18, 1894; married June 3, 1916, Ona Floyd, born December 19, 1897.

SECTION 10.

EDWARD PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 3; resided at Mount Olive, North Carolina; married Margaret ——. Children:—

1. John H. Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 11.
2. William Dickson Pearsall.
3. Joseph Dickson Pearsall.
4. Edward Oliver Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 12.

SECTION 11.

JOHN H. PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 10; resided at Duplin Co., North Carolina; married Mary ——. Children:—

1. George W. Pearsall; married Sarah Padgett. Children:—*1. Mary Pearsall. *2. L. F. Pearsall. *3. Albert C. Pearsall, born August 12, 1858; married November 27, 1879, Violet Louise Dunhouse, born January 1, 1863; died August 24, 1905. Children:—1. Mittie Ann Pearsall, born January 9, 1881. 2. Charles J. Pearsall, born December 5, 1882.
2. William Edward Pearsall. See X, this Section.
3. Luther Giles Pearsall. See Y, this Section.
4. John Hancock Pearsall. See Z, this Section.

X. WILLIAM EDWARD PEARSALL, married twice. Children:—

1. George Pearsall.
2. John Luther Pearsall.
3. James Buchanan Pearsall, married ——. Children:—*1. J. F. Pearsall. *2. Edgar Pearsall. *3. Buchanan Pearsall. *4. L. A. Pearsall.

Y. LUTHER GILES PEARSALL, married Virginia Peacock. Children:—

1. Franklin L. Pearsall, died June 10, 1898; married 1888, Margaret Smith.
2. James Oscar Pearsall, died 1902; married Emma ——.
3. Cora L. Pearsall, died 1889.
4. Anna M. Pearsall, died 1906.
5. Gideon R. Pearsall.

Z. JOHN H. PEARSALL, died 1891; resided at Duplin Co., North Carolina; married Ripsey Grady; died 1900. Child:—

1. John D. Pearsall, resided at Jacksonville, Florida; married August 10, 1875, Lucy Pender.

SECTION 12.

EDWARD OLIVER PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 10; resided in Duplin Co., North Carolina; married Mary, widow of Jones. Children:—

1. William Dickson Pearsall. See Y, this Section.
2. John D. Pearsall. See Z, this Section.
3. Susan Pearsall.
4. Rachel Pearsall.

Y. WILLIAM DICKSON PEARSALL, resided in Duplin Co., North Carolina; married May 15, 1836, Mary Ann Outlaw, daughter of James Outlaw and his wife Rachel Whitfield. Children:—

1. James Edward Pearsall; married Lou Codgell. Children:—*1. Emmett Gorden Pearsall. *2. Hubert Pearsall. *3. Vida Alma Pearsall. *4. Bert Pearsall. *5. Pearl Pearsall.
2. Elizabeth Pearsall, unmarried.
3. Dickson Morgan Pearsall; married Sarah Watkins.
4. Annie Susetta Pearsall, born December 26, 1874; married December 26, 1900, Eben James Britt.
5. Albert Samuel Pearsall, born June 24, 1875; married July 2, 1902, Mattie Elizabeth Felton; born January 19, 1884.
6. Elbert Pearsall, born June 24, 1875; married Nora Winstead.

SECTION 13.

JOSEPH PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 4; resided in Duplin Co., North Carolina; married Barbara ——. Children:—

1. Susan Ann Pearsall, married Kedar Bryan. Children:—Three sons and three daughters, including *1. James Bryan. *2. Joseph Kedar Bryan. *3. A daughter who married Pyatt and had children:—1. Sudie Pyatt. 2. Kedar Pyatt.
2. Olivia Pearsall, married R. A. Cox.
3. Cora Pearsall, married Stephen W. Wells.

SECTION 14.

JEREMIAH PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 3; born January 21, 1800; died August 5, 1871; resided Duplin Co., North Carolina; married first, July 10, 1821, Katherine Middleton, born December 25, 1805; died December 5, 1851; married second, February 10, 1857, Jemina Haywood Middleton, born December 18, 1834. Children of first marriage:—

1. Robert J. M. Pearsall, born May 27, 1822. Chapter 46, Section 15.
2. David Moulton Pearsall, born May 18, 1834. Chapter 46, Section 16.
3. Joseph Dickson Pearsall; born December 8, 1829. See Z, this Section.
4. Julia Pearsall; married Needham Herring. Children:—*1. Evander McNair Herring. *2. Jeremiah Pearsall Herring. *3. Catherine Middleton Herring.
5. Louisa Pearsall, married Adolphus Moseley. Children:—*1. Hugh Moseley. *2. Adolphus Moseley. *3. Annie Moseley. *4. Catherine Moseley.
6. Annie Pearsall, married Matthew Faison. Children:—*1. Jeremiah Faison.

- *2. William Faison. *3. Frank Faison. *4. Susie Faison. *5. Kate Faison.
7. Frances Pearsall, married W. Pitt Baldwin. Children:—*1. W. Pitt Baldwin. *2. Frank Pearsall Baldwin.
8. Bettie Pearsall, married Douglas Smith. No children.
9. Kittie Pearsall, died aged 5 years.
10. Susan Pearsall, married D. Edward Ward. No children.
Children of second marriage:—
11. James Pearsall, born November 27, 1857; married December 18, 1889, Adna McKay, born 1869; died March 27, 1905. Children:—*1. William McKay Pearsall, born December 18, 1890. *2. Jeremiah Pearsall, born November 14, 1892. *3. Robert James Pearsall, born February 24, 1895.
12. Kate Middleton Pearsall, born May 20, 1861; died August 2, 1909; married Robert Williams. Child:—*1. James Henry Williams.
13. Clara Pearsall, born April 11, 1864; died April 29, 1885; unmarried.

SECTION 15.

ROBERT J. M. PEARSALL, son of Jeremiah Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 14; born May 27, 1822; died October, 1895; resided at Kenansville, North Carolina, and Sampson Co., North Carolina; married Ellen T. Bryan; born October 8, 1824; died September, 1896. Children:—

1. Jeremiah James Pearsall, born October 7, 1844; resided at Dunn, North Carolina; married July 11, 1872, Eliza H. Moseley; born October 6, 1854; died October 27, 1911. Children:—*1. Robert M. Pearsall, born July 2, 1873; married Roberta Smith. *2. Lucy E. Pearsall, born April 2, 1875; died August 11, 1903; married Ransom M. Pearsall. Chapter 46, Section 16. *3. Allie L. Pearsall, born May 27, 1877; married Myrtle Shaw. *4. Eleanor B. Pearsall, born November 6, 1882; married Joseph L. Hatcher. *5. Eliza H. Pearsall, born November 6, 1882; married Archie D. Brooks. *6. Molly M. Pearsall, born February 16, 1892; married Paul C. Hood.
2. Emma Pearsall, born July 4, 1846; married A. Ferdinand Johnson.
3. Lucy Pearsall, born October 24, 1848; died January, 1917; married October, 1866, James S. Evans. Children:—*1. Robert Pearsall Evans. *2. Victoria Evans. *3. Elizabeth Evans, married Lister. *4. William Augustus Evans. *5. Eleanor Evans, married Jones. *6. Emma Evans, married Gerloch. *7. James Evans. *8. Lucy Pearsall Evans, married July 10, 1908, W. O. Todd. *9. Isabelle Evans, married McAllister. *10. Jeremiah Pearsall Evans.

SECTION 16.

DAVID MOULTON PEARSALL, son of Jeremiah Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 14; born May 18, 1834; died June 4, 1894; resided Duplin Co., North Carolina; married October 23, 1860, Rachel J. Middleton; born November 2, 1837. Children:—

1. David Moulton Pearsall, married Addie L. Blizzell.
2. Ransom Middleton Pearsall, born February 6, 1863; married Lucy Pearsall.
3. Joseph Dickson Pearsall.

4. Julia Haywood Pearsall, died in infancy.
5. Leon Fillyaw Pearsall, born May 2, 1870; married Mary E. —.
6. Annie Faison Pearsall, born October 3, 1873; married John Charles Clifford.
7. Walter Douglas Pearsall.

SECTION 17.

HUGH PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 3; resided in Duplin County, North Carolina; married Margaret Maxwell. Children:—

1. James Dickson Pearsall, married 1855, Martha Ellen Whitaker; born 1837. Children:—*1. Allie B. Pearsall, born July 1, 1858. See A this division. *2. Sidney Pearsall, born 1860. *3. Ida Pearsall, born 1856. *4. William Pearsall, born 1862.
2. John Henry Pearsall, married Lucy Morris. Children:—*1. Margaret Pearsall. *2. Fanny Pearsall. *3. Charles Pearsall.
3. William F. Pearsall, married Cordelia Ann —.
4. Sarah Ann Pearsall.

SECTION 18.

WILLIAM DICKSON PEARSALL, son of James Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 3, born November 12, 1812; died April 2, 1892; resided on Goshen Swamp and in Kenansville, Duplin County, North Carolina; married 1841, Sarah Whitaker of Raleigh, North Carolina; born 1827, died May 16, 1897. Children:—

1. Leonidas Pearsall, born January 3, 1843. See X, this section.
2. Anna Pearsall, died unmarried.
3. Cora Pearsall, married 1871, Richardson.
4. Oscar Pearsall, born April 9, 1849. See Z, this Section.
5. Lucy Pearsall, resides in Georgia.
6. Harriet Pearsall, married Herring.
7. Philander Pearsall, born April 6, 1855; married June 9, 1892, Mary Moore Brown.
8. Irena Pearsall, married J. W. Marsh. Child:—*1. Alma Marsh.
9. Mittie Pearsall, married Junius Scroggs. Children:—*1. Mittie Pearsall Scroggs. *2. Junius Scroggs.

Oscar Pearsall writes:—William Dickson Pearsall and Sarah Whitaker Pearsall lived in the fertile and at that time most prosperous part of Duplin County, about six miles eastward from the County Seat, called the Goshen Neighborhood. Southern country life in those days was not what many prefer now, but had its charms for those who enjoyed it, notwithstanding there have been attempts by some public men, prejudiced perhaps, to criticise what they term plantation manners. I venture the assertion any man who would publicly attempt to reflect on the people of this section of the country in this manner was a stranger to the polite manners and hospitality that pertained to Southern life before and since Civil War time—when Southern gentlemen were more properly, in their intercourse, Civil Cavaliers in their estimate of and gallantry to ladies, and even toward other men whom they considered gentlemen. If the Southern ante-

bellum life is at all to be criticised it is for the estimate placed upon slaves; there was a sentiment (unwritten), then in existence, yet it was extant—that one's social position depended largely upon the number of slaves owned by the family, which in itself is sufficient justification in the minds of disinterested persons for criticism. The descendents of large slave owners admit the abolition of the slaves was Providential and has proved a blessing to the South, yet as they represented largely the assets of those holding them, there was also equity in the proposition that slave owners should be reimbursed for some nominal value that might be agreed upon, but that question has long since been thrashed out, and will never be successfully revived again. The freedom of the negro has cost the country all they were worth, and the South who resisted, much of the best blood of the South. The difference being while a good many men north of Mason and Dixon's line of the northern and western states have also died in the Civil War, the proportion of natives is much less because many foreigners came to this country and served on the Federal side.

Concerning Leonidas Pearsall:—Without entering into controversy between North Carolina and Virginia troops at the Battle of Gettysburg it is said by an officer of high rank, of another division of the army, Pender's Brigade took and would have held part of the breastworks of the enemy except for the falling back and retreating of Pickett's Division when they needed the support. Two of the Lieutenants in my brother's company told the writer since the Civil War, they surrendered their swords inside the enemy's breastworks, and that it was necessary for the few who reached this point to either fight their way back or surrender. Another hero of that battle has said this was the first and only time that Pender's Brigade ever failed to take and hold what they undertook to do.

We know our brother was in all the battles fought in Northern Virginia from Manassas to Gettysburg, and that he never had but one ten day furlough during his services in the army. During that memorable charge of the afternoon of July 3rd he was among those who fell, with his right thigh broken near the hip joint by a Minié ball, and was carried behind a barn which was the best available protection. As the Southern army fell back he became a wounded prisoner of war. We could never learn how long he remained without attention, nurse or physician, but we can imagine the pain, agony and suffering entailed by removal from the Battle of Gettysburg to water transportation thence to the war hospital on Davis Island in New York Harbor. For a time he lingered and suffered. It is reasonable to suppose he would have survived had it been possible to give him prompt medical attention.

A schoolmate who lived in another county visited my father's family after the close of the war and related the incident and circumstances under which he last saw my brother. As the army had a long march, and all knew they were approaching the enemy there was a seriousness that prevailed in the entire army, and Mr. Richardson of Bladen County serving in another section of the army desired to see his friend, and told the writer of this sketch, knowing that serious fighting was ahead, and nobody knew who would come out of it safely, he got consent to ride ahead knowing the formation of the line of march of the army—my brother's regiment and company, he rode ahead of the line of march and found

H. Camp W. Hospital
David's Island New York

11 Aug 12. '62.
My dear Father.

I arrived on this island
19th July: with new regts. - these taken
by a Minnie Ball - in the action at
Gettysburg July 1st. My health
is doing very well. The boys are
joining quick, & the Doctor thinks I
will have a good leg. My general
health is good. I am very
impatient: and receive every
letter that I could receive.
Please write soon to the above
address, and give your letter you
pay C. postage.

Your affectionate son
Leonidas Pearsall

W. D. Pearsall

Kenansville. Duplin Co. N.C.

him without any difficulty a few miles before they reached the Potomac River. His brigade was the First Division of the army and his Regiment the head of the Brigade, and Co. A in lead of regiment and brigade. He led the army across the Potomac. This was an incident interesting to us hearing him tell of the last time he saw his friend. After exchanging greetings and good wishes for a safe return he parted and is still living, but his friend, the subject of this sketch, met a very different fate, bringing to a sad and painful close the life of one who had a good physical development and but for war, the prospect of a useful life.

Z. OSCAR PEARSALL, born April 9, 1849; resided at Fernside near Wilmington, North Carolina; married May 21, 1872, Rachel Whitfield Herring; born 1851; died 1901. Children:—

1. Anna Dickson Pearsall, born February 28, 1873.
2. Fred L. Pearsall, born September 30, 1874, married Mary McA —.
3. Elizabeth Pearsall, born September 10, 1876; married H. L. Hunt.
4. Florence Pearsall, born September 3, 1881; married R. M. Sheppard.
5. Horace Pearsall, born September 11, 1886; married Melva Carr.
6. Melzer Pearsall, born March 9, 1888.
7. Oscar Pearsall, Jr., born November 24, 1889.
8. William Victor Pearsall, born June 27, 1892.
9. Rachel Pearsall, born October 16, 1894.
10. Grace Vidan Pearsall, born March 4, 1883; died March 26, 1886.
11. Norwood Pearsall, born January 16, 1885; died April 2, 1886.
12. Sallie Virginia Pearsall, born June 12, 1878; died December 23, 1891.

SECTION 19.

JEREMIAH PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 2; resided at Duplin County, North Carolina; moved to the Western District of Tennessee and later to Courtland, Alabama; married first, Patience Molton; married second, Hannah Johnston, daughter of Benjamin Johnston. Children of the first marriage:—

1. Sarah Pearsall, resided at Texas; married Nathan Gregg. Children:—
 *1. Edward Gregg, resided at Marshall, Texas. *2. John Gregg, married Mollie Garth; resided at Decatur, Alabama.
2. James Moulton Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 21.
3. Dorothy Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 22.
4. Edward Pearsall, born November 16, 1785; Chapter 46, Section 20.
5. Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 23.

Jeremiah Pearsall was a member of the Senate of North Carolina from Duplin County, 1822-23.

Jeremiah Pearsall settled on the hills overlooking Goshen Swamp about six miles north of his brother Edward. He sold his plantation to his brother James who owned the adjoining plantation. These two plantations have never passed out of the hands of the Pearsall family. After Jeremiah Pearsall removed to Alabama he and his wife were charter members of the first Presbyterian Church in Courtland, Alabama.

SECTION 20.

EDWARD PEARSALL, son of Jeremiah Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 19; born November 16, 1785; died June 3, 1853; resided at Duplin County, North Carolina, and Tuscumbia, Colbert County, Alabama; married 1816, Parthina Sharon; born March 12, 1800; died December 12, 1872. Children:—

1. Nathan Gregg Pearsall, born 1836. See Z, this Section.
2. Elizabeth Pearsall, married Samuel Elliott. Six children including Mrs. W. I. Baker of Trinity, Alabama.
3. Nancy Pearsall, died in infancy.
4. Lucy Pearsall, died in infancy.
5. Jeremiah Pearsall, born November 15, 1820; died September 20, 1840; unmarried.
6. Edward Pearsall, born 1827; died 1848; unmarried, buried at sea.
7. Katherine Pearsall, married John W. Rand.
8. Letitia Pearsall, born June 1, 1834; died November 1, 1893; resided at Tuscumbia, Alabama; married John D. Rather, born January 7, 1823; died March 4, 1910. Children:—*1. Henry Chambers Rather, born January 12, 1857; died August 4, 1912; married ——. Child:—1. John D. Rather. *2. Ella Pearsall Rather, born September 6, 1859; married December 14, 1886, James T. Kirk; born April 7, 1858. Child:—1. Mary Wallace Kirk, born July 26, 1889. *3. John Taylor Rather, died at five years of age. *4. Anne Eve Rather, married June 30, 1891, John Bedford Weakley; born November 6, 1863. No children; resided at Birmingham, Alabama. *5. Jennie Rather. *6. Charles Courtney Rather. *7. Pearsall Rather. *8. Mary Wallace Rather.
9. Anne Pearsall, resided at Augusta, Georgia, and San Marcos, Texas; married Joseph Clarke Eve, who was a captain in Confederate Army. Children:—*1. Edward Pearsall Eve, born April, 1857; resided at Von Ormy, Texas; married Ruth Winans. Children:—1. Joseph Edward Eve, born June 10, 1908. 2. Mark Page Eve, born June 27, 1912. *2. Thomasella Nina Eve, married E. P. Via, resided at Columbus, Texas.
10. Thomasella Pearsall, married J. B. Moore; they had two daughters who were killed in a tornado November 23, 1874.
11. Ella Pearsall.

Nathan Gregg Pearsall, Jr., says:—Grandfather, named Edward Pearsall, emigrated to Alabama in 1812, when Alabama was a territory, where he bought land from the Federal Government and lived and died a cotton planter, and from all accounts was a most remarkable man. There is a history of Alabama called Crawford's Early History of Alabama, where you will find quite a lot of honorable mention of the Pearsalls. My grandfather's nickname was Honest Ned; he acquired the name as follows: in the early days of the settlement of Alabama there were no banks, and it was the practice of one neighbor to endorse notes for the other; my Grandfather endorsed notes for a man named McCray for over a hundred thousand dollars. Mr. McCray failed, my grandfather was called on to pay the note; he stated to the attorneys, that there was his property,

and if they saw fit to take it, but if they would give him a chance he would pay the note. The attorneys told him to go ahead, so he paid the note. I never saw my grandfather, but was told the above by an old attorney who was in the case when he was a young man, in the forties. Grandfather died a rich man for those times, in 1850.

Z. NATHAN GREGG PEARSALL, born 1836, died 1900; resided at New Orleans, Louisiana; married August, 1854, Louisa Sharon; born 1840; died 1876. Children:—

1. Nathan Gregg Pearsall, born 1855; married November 11, 1891, Grace Cowles, born 1865. Children:—*1. Lansing Gregg Pearsall, born 1894, died 1915. *2. Nathan Cowles Pearsall, born December 4, 1899.
2. Mary Gertrude Pearsall, born 1857.
3. Letitia Pearsall, born 1860.
4. Sallie Gregg Pearsall, born 1862; died in infancy.
5. Elisabeth Pearsall, born 1865; died 1876.
6. Lula Pearsall, born 1868; died 1873.

Nathan Gregg Pearsall writes that referring to the writer's request for some incidents relating to his father:—My father married very young, and I was his oldest child, and only about twenty-two years younger than he was; he was a farmer and I was his daily companion from the time that I can remember, until I left the farm to enter the railroad service in 1879. Therefore you must pardon much that I state for the reason that it is from a son who almost worshiped his father. My first remembrance of my father was the day he returned home from the Southern Army in April, 1865, about the last part of the month. In some way that I do not remember my mother and I knew that he should arrive that day. I was at the gate for a long time waiting for him; at last he came in the company of his bunkie that was with him in the army and who was also a near neighbor; they parted at the gate and I remember my father saying to this neighbor, Jim I wish this had happened a month sooner so we could have planted a cotton crop. His farm was a ruin, fences all gone, his stock had been stolen, his labor was gone. He was not a citizen of the state of his birth, and a general indescribable condition existed that no human being can imagine, unless it had been experienced. However, the next day my father and I began to build fences, and in a few months we had the farm in going condition; then he, or rather my mother, had a few acres of wheat that she in some way had saved, that enabled us to live until a crop could be made. Notwithstanding this terrible condition my father was cheerful and worked day and night to retrieve his former condition; he never complained, although before the Civil War he was what was called an old line Whig, and that party was opposed to secession and the war. He was a very handsome man, and a strong man physically, and it was my ambition to be able to do as much work as he could on the farm. In character he was kind and lenient to a reasonable extent, but when his patience had been exhausted he could be very severe and positive. He was a very sensitive man, and quick to become offended at the slightest fancied offence; I used to laugh at him about that trait of his character, he would only smile and say nothing, as he was

not a great talker. The attorneys of the county would never accept him on a jury as they said he would do justice, and that was the one thing that one side did not want. They said he would decide a case on the evidence and no argument could change him, he often served on the grand jury and then the wrongdoers knew that they would be dealt with according to their offence. I never heard him tell a joke in my life; in fact it fretted him to hear jokes, and he would walk off when any kind of nonsense was talked in his presence. He was a very devout man and had the greatest regard and respect for the church and the ministers of the church; while he was a Presbyterian he was broad and had no prejudice against other denominations. My father entered the Civil War to follow his state in 1861, in the 4th Alabama Cavalry, and fought under Forrest, came home to find his property ruined and gone; and debts that were not any thing when he went in the army, to be a very serious matter with his property gone; but he refused to take the bankrupt law, and paid his debts. He was elected a magistrate as soon as came home, but he could not take the oath of office until his disabilities were removed by General Grant. I had the message from General Grant a long time but do not know where it is now. All of the Pearsalls that I have known are rather touchy about their honor, and as high-tempered as can be; I used to laugh at my father about those traits of character. We in this country are Presbyterians, and I married into a Presbyterian family that originally came from Connecticut, named Cowles. My grandfather and father married into the Sharon family of North Carolina and Tennessee.

SECTION 21.

JAMES MOULTON PEARSALL, son of Jeremiah Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 19, died of yellow fever, 1853; resided at Columbus, Arkansas, Natchez, Miss., and New Orleans, Louisiana; married Maria Elizabeth Mayers, of Staunton, Virginia, and Lagrange, Alabama. Child:—

1. Anna Jane Pearsall, married first, Captain A. J. W. Johnson, who was killed at the siege of Vicksburg. Children:—*1. Pearsall Johnson. *2. Edward Gregg Johnson. *3. Lulu Johnson; married G. T. Mays of Memphis, Tennessee. Child:—1. Helena Pearsall Mays, born 1890. Anna Jane Pearsall, married second, Col. Williamson, son of Dr. Samuel Williamson; he died November, 1907. He commanded in the Confederate Army at Day Gap and shortly after lost his leg at Resaca, Georgia. His father was for fourteen years president of Davidson College, North Carolina. Children:—*4. Annie Williamson, married Ford Johnson; resided at Hope, Arkansas. *5. Mary Pearsall Williamson, married W. F. Hamilton; resided at Memphis, Tennessee. *6. Samuel Williamson. *7. James Adams Williamson.

SECTION 22.

DOROTHY PEARSALL, daughter of Jeremiah Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 19; resided at Nashville, Tennessee; married Metcalf de Graffenreid. Child:—

1. Dorothy Catherine James de Graffenreid, born November 3, 1822; married first, January 12, 1842, Powhatan Perkins, son of James W. Perkins and his

wife Eliza Tennessee Edwiston; born January 9, 1821; died June —, 1852; married second, January 25, 1855, John Heil Ervin.

SECTION 23.

BENJAMIN PEARSALL, son of Jeremiah Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 19; resided at Tuscumbia, Alabama; married first, — Camp; married second, Widow Clayton. Children of the first marriage:—

1. John Johnson Pearsall, died December, 1861; married November 29, 1860, Mary A. Goodnight; born September 27, 1826; died March 5, 1905. Child:—
*1. Jacqueline Pearsall, born October 5, 1861; married Monroe Hall.
2. James Pearsall, died unmarried, aged 21 years.
3. Sarah Pearsall, married Madison Wheeler of Mississippi. Children:—
*1. Sue Mary Wheeler, married John Benson. *2. William Camp Wheeler, married first, Lou Smith; married second, Georgia Madison. *3. Ellen Patience Wheeler, married Joseph W. Dean.
4. Mary Pearsall, married James Wheeler. Child:—*1. Madison Wheeler.
5. Hannah Pearsall, married John Parker. No children.
6. Ellen Pearsall, married John Kinney. Child:—*1. Patience Kinney.
Child of the second marriage:—
7. Margaret Pearsall.

SECTION 24.

EDWARD PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 2; resided in Duplin County, North Carolina; settled on the north side of Grove Creek; married — Johnson. Child:—

1. John Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 25.

[William Dickson Pearsall in a letter to his son Philander, dated February 17, 1892, says that Edward Pearsall married a Miss Johnson and had only one son, who became one of the few college-bred men in Duplin County. The writer of this family history has however had letters from the Regent of the State Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution from which it appears that there are families in North Carolina who claim to be descended from the daughters of Edward Pearsall. This information came to hand just as the record was being made ready for the printer and unfortunately there was not time to give the subject the investigation it deserved.]

After the death of Edward Pearsall, second, who married Catherine James, his wife married Thomas Rutledge, who was prominent in politics and afterwards served in the American Army. It has always been an undisputed tradition of the Pearsall family in North Carolina that the three sons of Edward Pearsall, namely James, Edward and Jeremiah, served in the American Army in the Revolution, probably in the militia of Duplin County, and were conspicuous soldiers. While they were in the army, the British under Lord Cornwallis passed through Duplin County and camped for several days either on the farm of Edward Pearsall, or on that of his step-father Thomas Rutledge. Some of the British soldiers were insulting to Mrs. Rutledge, one going so far as to strip a ring from her finger tearing the flesh. News of this came to Lord Corn-

wallis who relieved her of the presence of the objectionable soldiers by making his headquarters on the lower floor of her home and moving the family upstairs. Her own slaves were allowed to serve her though they were required to serve Lord Cornwallis and staff as well.

In 1780, the British changed their plans by attacking the southern states, which were numerically weak and divided in sentiment. They were also well removed from the main sources of American troops and from the supply stations that had been developed during the preceding five years of war. By May of this year the British had captured Charleston, South Carolina. The British command in the Carolinas was now intrusted to Lord Cornwallis. He began to push into the interior and to march northward along the old Presbyterian Road by which he ultimately reached Yorktown. It was not long before he had completely broken the remnant of the American southern army. But Marion and Sumter, with militia and other irregular troops and guerillas, kept the field and everlastingly annoyed the British.

Cornwallis attempted to establish a loyalist government and to enlist troops for his army. This led to a fearful condition of partisan warfare. Congress sent Gates to take command and reorganize the American forces, but he was soon compelled to run away because of the utter rout of his troops. By this time Cornwallis had control of North Carolina where he wintered. Washington sent Nathanael Greene to take command in the south and acting under his directions Marion, Henry Lee and Morgan soon defeated the British and forced Cornwallis, after the battle of Guilford, to fall back to the coast at Wilmington, in New Hanover County, which then included what is now Duplin County. William Dickson in one of his letters has most graphically described the warfare in the neighborhood where he and the Pearsalls resided. He says—that in a previous letter he had begun a Historical Account of the War as far as concerned us and our families in the vicinity of Carolina, which I have found from the commencement of the War down to the Battle of Guilford in North Carolina, which happened in the Spring of the year 1781, from which Lord Cornwallis returned to Wilmington to recruit and repair his Damages, etc., before he could proceed to Virginia, and Gen. Greene marched his Army to South Carolina to dispute the Dominion of that State with Lord Rawdon, who then commanded the Garrison at Cambden. There I concluded my last letter in which you'd find none of our families concerned except my oldest brother Michael who had his share both of good and ill fortune. Having thus brought the War to our own door I shall now give you some account of its operations here and how much it affected us and our families.

About the 25th January, 1781, Maj. Cray arrived on Cape Fear River and landed at Wilmington with about 450 veteran troops with which he garrisoned the town and detached a party up the North East River to the great bridge about 12 miles above the town and there demolished the bridge, seized and burned some public store ships and their contents which had been run up the river for safety, and also destroyed some private property and returned back to the town and Major Cray immediately fortified the garrison. The militia of three counties were then immediately ordered down to take post at the great bridge, and

that pass was fortified by us in order to prevent the enemy from making excursions into the country. We had been there about three weeks with about 700 militia when Major Cray marched out upon us in the night with his main force and some field pieces, surprised and dispensed our piquet guard and displayed his artillery across the river upon our dirt works, but without any effect. The enemy finding their attempt entirely fruitless after staying and viewing us across the river two days returned in the night time to Wilmington.

On the 28th of April, General Lillington discharged all the militia except one company to guard the artillery and stores. The militia thus discharged, we had not the name of an army in North Carolina. Every man was now to look to himself. The next day after being discharged we returned home, Cornwallis' army was then in the middle of our country, encamped at my brother Robert Dickson's plantation, the whole country was struck with terror, almost every man quit his habitation and fled leaving his family and property to the mercy of merciless enemies. Horses, cattle and sheep and every kind of stock drove off from every plantation, corn and forage taken for the supply of the army and no compensation given. Houses plundered and robbed, chests, trunks, etc., broken open. Women's and children's clothes, etc., as well as men's wearing apparel and every kind of household furniture taken away. These outrages were mostly committed by a train of loyal refugees as they termed themselves—whose business was to follow the camps and under the protection of the army to enrich themselves on the plunder they took from the distressed inhabitants who were not able to defend it. We were also distressed by another swarm of beings (not better than harfangs). These were women who followed the army in the character of officer's and soldier's wives. They were generally considered by the inhabitants to be more insolent than the soldiers. They were generally mounted on the best horses and side saddles, dressed in the finest and best clothes that could be taken from the inhabitants as the army marched through the country.

Our family were all obnoxious to the enemy although none of the brothers except myself had actually taken arms and joined the army. I will now give you some account how we all fared while the enemy was in our neighborhood. My brother Robert had left his place and removed his family and property. The enemy encamped one day and night at his plantation and destroyed some of his stock which he had not got off. The same day my brother Joseph was surprised in his own house by the Dragoons; but being determined he would not surrender, fled into a thicket or swamp, and although pursued made good his escape. The enemy plundered his house, took all his corn, his horses and his wife's clothes and side saddle, etc.

The same day another party went to my brother James' house and not finding him at home plundered his house of every thing they could find in it, took off two of his slaves and all his corn, etc., and compelled his wife and a neighbor woman who was there to deliver them the rings off their fingers and the buckles out of their shoes. The same day my sister's husband, Wm. McGowan, was found driving some stock out of their way. He was made a prisoner and after being some time under guard was compelled to pilot their light horse to his own and

several of his neighbor's houses where they took all the corn and forage, all the horses, cattle, etc., they could get. The night following they detained him under guard and went and plundered his house of everything they found in it worth carrying away; broke every lock, ransacked every chest and trunk, took away all the bedding, etc., all the apparel, even the baby clothes, stripped the rings off my sister's fingers and the shoes and buckles off her feet, choaked the children in order to make them confess if their father had not hid his money and to tell where it was, etc., and many of the neighbors were treated in the same brutish manner.

The day following the army encamped near my house and notwithstanding I was not at home they went away peaceably and took nothing from me which I thought very strange for sundry of my neighbors were plundered of almost everything they had. The enemy being destined to Virginia made but a very short stay in our neighborhood, but immediately after they were gone came on our greatest troubles, for the Loyalists, or as we term them, the Tories, began to assemble and hold councils in every part of the state, and thinking the country already conquered, because the enemy had gone through us without being checked, they were audacious enough to apprehend and take several of our principal leading men prisoners and carry them down to Wilmington, and deliver them to the Guards. There were numbers of our good citizens thus betrayed, perished on board of prison ships and in their provors. This so alarmed the inhabitants that none of us dared to sleep in our houses or beds at night for fear of being surprised by these blood suckers and carried off to certain destruction. In the meantime the governor of the state, and several others of the first character, were surprised in this manner by some who had been personally acquainted with him and carried and delivered to the guards in Wilmington, notwithstanding the attempt of sundry parties of the militia who attempted to rescue him. Matters being thus in confusion there was no subordination amongst men, but every popular or leading man raised and commanded his own little party and defended themselves as they could. At length we got collected about 400 men together under Colonel Kenan in Duplin and about 200 under Colonel Brown in Bladen, the adjunct county. Colonel Kenan's militia had not made a stand more than ten days when Major Craig marched his main force with field pieces, defeated and drove us out of our works and made some of our men prisoners (here I narrowly escaped being taken, or cut down by the dragoons) the enemy stayed several days in Duplin county (this being the first week in August, 1781), the loyalists gathered in very fast, we were now reduced again to the utmost extremity, the enemy were now more cruel to the distressed inhabitants than Cornwallis' army had been before. Some men collected and formed a little flying camp and moved near the enemy's lines and made frequent sallies on their rear and flanks while others fled from their homes and kept out of the enemy's reach. Major Craig marched from Duplin to Newbern, plundered the town, destroyed the public stores, and then immediately marched back to Wilmington to secure the garrison. The Loyalists, or Tories, in Duplin and other counties now thinking the day entirely their own, became more insolent than ever, but Craig, being again returned to Wilmington, the Whigs again resumed their courage and determined to be revenged on the loyalists, our

neighbors, or hazard all; accordingly we collected about 80 light horsemen and equipped them as well as we could. They marched straight into the neighborhood where the Tories were embodied, surprised them; they fled, our men pursued them cut many of them to pieces, took several and put them instantly to death. This action struck such a terror upon the Tories in our country that they never attempted to embody again and many of them in a short time came in and submitted and were pardoned.

SECTION 25.

JOHN PEARSALL, son of Edward Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 24; resided at Duplin County, North Carolina, and also in Wilmington, North Carolina, and Tennessee; married Elizabeth James. Children:—

1. Jeremiah Pearsall, born 1810; died 1882. Chapter 46, Section 26.
2. Hannah Pearsall, married Thomas Wright.
3. William I. Pearsall.
4. Thomas Pearsall.

SECTION 26.

JEREMIAH PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 46, Section 25; born 1810; died 1882; resided at Mississippi; married — Chestnut. Children:—

1. Robert C. Pearsall.
2. Ellen Adams Pearsall, married William Lewis Barr; resided at Clay County, Mississippi. Child:—*1. Mary Elizabeth Barr, born May 19, 1859; married Richard Dexter.
3. Joseph Pearsall.
4. Madison Pearsall, died 1907; resided at Atlanta, Mississippi; married 1863, Martha Summerall; died, 1899. Children:—*1. W. E. Pearsall, born October 31, 1864; married June 20, 1900, Sallie O. Cleland, born 1876. *2. Cannie B. Pearsall, born 1870; died 1905. *3. Pearl Pearsall, born 1885; died 1914.
5. A daughter, married W. M. Flaherty.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

ABRAHAM PIERSOL
of Chester County, Pennsylvania

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

ABRAHAM PIERSOL, son of John Piersol, Chapter 45, Section 35; resided in Chester County, Pennsylvania, near Bangor Episcopal Church. He married ——. Children:—

1. Liday Piersol, married January 19, 1786, Jason Cloud.
2. Phyllis Piersol, baptized May 27, 1792.
3. William Piersol, Chapter 47, Section 2.
4. Benjamin Pearsall, born 1752. See Z, this Section.

Abraham Piersol subscribed to the building fund of the new Bangor P. E. Church in 1765; he had purchased a pew in the old church in 1754.

Z. BENJAMIN PEARSALL born 1752; resided in Fayette and Westmoreland Counties, Pennsylvania, and in Ohio Township, Monroe County, Ohio; married Catherine —, born 1765. Children:—*1. Nancy Pearsall, born circa 1800.
*2. John Pearsall, born circa 1804.

Benjamin Pearsall enlisted July or August, 1776, served in the Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment of the Continental line during the Revolutionary War, under Colonels Enos McCoy and Daniel Broadhead. He was in Captain Moses Carson's company. He enlisted in July or August, 1776, for three years. He was in the battles of Brandywine, Paoli, etc., and was discharged at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, as an invalid soldier. He was granted a pension under the act of Congress, the original application for which was filed August 22, 1818, and is supported by the testimony of Thomas Sampson who was a fellow soldier and discharged at same time. Anthony Evins also supported the application (see original record U. S. pension office S-40251).

SECTION 2.

WILLIAM PIERSOL, son of Abraham Piersol, Chapter 47, Section 1; resided in Fayette County, Pennsylvania; married March 5, 1781, Grace Cope, at the Bangor P. E. Church, Churchville, Chester County, Pennsylvania. She was the daughter of John and Mary Cope. Children:—

1. John Piersol, born July 4, 1782; Chapter 47, Section 3.
2. Sarah Piersol, born February 24, 1785; married May 3, 1803, Richard Osburn, who died November 3, 1857. Children:—*1. William Osburn, born 1804. *2. John Osburn, born October 4, 1806. *3. Mary Osburn, born April 24, 1810. *4. Hiram Osburn, born May, 1814. *5. Elizabeth Osburn, born April 3, 1817. *6. James Osburn, born June 4, 1820.

3. Jeremiah Piersol, born March 4, 1787, Chapter 47, Section 5.
4. Samuel Piersol, born July 24, 1789, Chapter 47, Section 6.
5. Mary Piersol, born December 17, 1792; married Nicholas Beal. Children:—
 - *1. Jeremiah Beal, born July 17, 1811. *2. Hiram Beal, born July 3, 1813.
 - *3. Elizabeth Beal, born 1815. *4. Prudence Beal, born November 19, 1817.
 - *5. Sharpless Beal, born November 21, 1819. *6. William Beal, born September 10, 1821.
 - *7. Benjamin Beal, born 1825. *8. Rachel Beal, born 1827.
 - *9. Isaiah Beal, born October 5, 1832. *10. Mary Ann Beal, born 1834.
 - *11. Curtis Beal, born 1837.
6. Elizabeth Piersol, born December 7, 1794; married 3 mo. 18, 1818, Samuel Sharpless. He was born 2nd mo. 25, 1793; died 6 mo. 25, 1846. Children:—
 - *1. Elma Sharpless, born February 10, 1820; married April 22, 1841, William Johnston.
 - *2. Edith N. Sharpless, born 1 mo. 10, 1822; she married 5 mo. 31, 1843, J. Newton Craft.
 - *3. William P. Sharpless, born 3 mo. 9, 1834.
 - *4. Louisa Sharpless, born 5 mo. 1, 1826; died 8 mo. 20, 1846.
 - *5. Minerva Sharpless, born October 21, 1828; married 5 mo. 1859, John Cook of Williams County, Ohio.
 - *6. Jonathan Sharpless, born December 30, 1831; married 11 mo. 19, 1857, Maria Hazen, who was born 12 mo. 4, 1833.
7. William Piersol, born May 4, 1797, Chapter 47, Section 7.
8. James Piersol, born May 29, 1799, Chapter 47, Section 8.

It will always be a question why William Piersol should have settled in Fayette County, Pennsylvania. It was like going to Maryland or Virginia. [History of Fayette County, Pennsylvania, page 667.] The natural place for him to have gone would have been Westmoreland or Allegheny County, a district settled largely by emigrants from the eastern and southern tier of Pennsylvania counties. To the mind of the writer it is an evidence of the continued acquaintanceship and close relationship of the several branches of this family. They were also and had for a long time been, closely allied with George Washington who had acquired large land holdings in Fayette County. The war for independence had not only developed Washington as a historical character but had the more strongly cemented the old friendships of his pre-war friends. It was therefore no accident that made William Piersol make this out of the way migration. But it was the result of the well formed plan by the family to locate in southwestern Pennsylvania.

SECTION 3.

JOHN PIERSOL, son of William Piersol, Chapter 47, Section 2; born July 4, 1782; resided in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, Stark County, Ohio, Trumbull County, Ohio, Mercer County, Pennsylvania; married, August 30, 1804. Anne Morrison of Fayette County, Pennsylvania; born September 1, 1786; died September 15, 1854. Children:—

1. Joseph Morrison Piersol, born February 8, 1806; married Jane Osburn. See Y, this Section.
2. Grace Piersol, born Sept. 17, 1808; married April 17, 1834, Michael Courtney.
3. William Piersol, born September 26, 1810; died July 15, 1815.
4. Richard Osburn Piersol, born January 19, 1813; married Rebecca Chalfont.
5. Jane Piersol, born December 3, 1815; married William Lowry.

6. Samuel R. Piersol, born January 11, 1818, Chapter 47, Section 4.
7. Sarah R. Piersol, born November 27, 1819; married Jacob A. MacKenzie.
8. Mary Ann Piersol, born March 11, 1822; married John Beal.
9. Elizabeth Piersol, born April 9, 1824; married John S. Allen.
10. William G. Piersol, born June 11, 1826; married Angeline Flick.
11. Edith Piersol, born September 20, 1828; married John MacKenzie.
12. Nancy Louisa Piersol, born November 1, 1830.

SECTION 4.

SAMUEL R. PIERSOL, son of John Piersol, Chapter 47, Section 3; born January 11, 1818; resided at Rock Island County, Illinois; married Eliza Jane Thompson. Children:—

1. Joseph M. Piersol, born July 18, 1843. See Z, this Section.
 2. Cornelius T. Piersol, born October 28, 1845; married ——. Children:—
*1. John Piersol. *2. Neil Piersol.
 3. Mary Ann Piersol, born September 8, 1848; married Samuel Maynes. Child:—*1. Elizabeth Maynes; married —— Simpson.
 4. Elma Piersol, born June 7, 1852; married Frank McCartney. Children:—
*1. William McCartney. *2. Charles McCartney. *3. Martin McCartney.
*4. Maud McCartney; married Hellar. *5. Clarence McCartney. *6. Herbert McCartney. *7. Emma McCartney. *8. Alta McCartney, married Shickley. *9. Delbert McCartney, died young.
 5. John Piersol, born August 10, 1858; married Mattie Finister. Children:—
*1. Charles Piersol, died 1918. *2. Ray Piersol. *3. Letta Piersol, married Wellman. *4. Ida Piersol. *5. Pearl Piersol. *6. Cora Piersol.
 6. Edward Piersol, resided at Oxford, Colorado; married ——, no children.
- Z. JOSEPH M. PIERSOL, born July 18, 1843; resided in Nebraska; married Sarah Elizabeth Wilson. Children:—
1. Minnie Piersol; married Owen Wright. Children:—*1. Eunice Wright, married James. *2. Helen Wright, married Berg.
 2. Lucy Piersol; married James Miller. Children:—*1. Earl Miller. *2. Morrison Miller. *3. Alvin Miller. *4. Blanche Miller. *5. Marie Miller. *6. Bertha Miller. *7. Darrell Miller.
 3. Esther Piersol; married Charles Lyon. Child:—*1. Frederick Lyon.
 4. May Piersol; married Archibald Houchin. Children:—*1. Gertrude Houchin, married Gifford. *2. Marion Houchin. *3. Ruth Houchin. *4. Pauline Houchin.
 5. Lewis Piersol; married Ella J. Miller. Children:—*1. Roy Piersol, married 1917, Louise Elizabeth Domeier. *2. Harry Piersol. *3. Harold Piersol. *4. Donald Piersol. *5. Eva Piersol. *6. Edith Piersol. *7. Hazel Piersol.

SECTION 5.

JEREMIAH PIERSOL, son of William Piersol, Chapter 47, Section 2; born March 4, 1787; died November 29, 1870; resided at Menallen Township, Fayette County, Pennsylvania; married Mary Beal. In his diary George Washington records that on October 20, 1770, when he was in Fayette County,

Pennsylvania, viewing the lands he had there acquired, he together with Dr. Craik, Captain Crawford, William Harrison, Robert Beal and others, with some Indians, proceeded down the Ohio in a large canoe.

Children:—

1. Elizabeth Piersol, born 1811; married 1854, James McGlaughlin.
2. Samuel Piersol, born 1813; married Marie Radcliff.
3. Isaac Piersol, born 1815.
4. Jeremiah Piersol, born July 19, 1825; married Nancy Malvina Frasher. See Y, this Section.
5. Benjamin Piersol, born 1819.
6. Sarah Piersol, born 1821, married Henry Frasher.
7. Ann Piersol, born 1824; married Jacob Grant.
8. William Piersol, born 1826; married Catherine McKay.
9. Levi Piersol, born 1828.
10. Uriah Piersol, born 1830; married Dettie Swayne. See Z, this Section.
11. Mary Piersol, born 1833.
12. Grace Piersol, born 1834; married John Moxley.

SECTION 6.

SAMUEL PIERSOL, son of William Piersol, Chapter 47, Section 2; born July 24, 1789; died January 26, 1876; resided at Fayette Co., Pa.; married November 11, 1819, Sarah Smith, daughter of Micajah and Esther Smith of Redstone, Fayette Co., Pa.; born July 2, 1801; died May 10, 1882. Children:—

1. Lewis Piersol, born August 20, 1820; married November 25, 1859, Rhoda Blair. See Y, this Section.
2. Mary A. Piersol, born October 14, 1825; died July 4, 1857.
3. James Brady Piersol, born December 29, 1832; married October 2, 1856, Mary Diana Wolf. See Z, this Section.
4. Ewing Piersol, born July 19, 1842; died January 3, 1848.

SECTION 7.

WILLIAM PIERSOL, son of William Piersol, Chapter 47, Section 2; born May 4, 1797; died January, 1861; buried in the Friends Center Meeting; resided at Fayette County, Pennsylvania, and Guernsey County, Ohio; married July 9, 1826, Edith N. Sharpless, daughter of Jonathan and Edith Sharpless of Fayette County, Pennsylvania. After her husband's death she removed to Indianapolis, Mahaska County, Iowa. Children:—

1. Jesse J. Piersol, born May 12, 1827; married January 6, 1851, Martha Collett. See Z, this Section.
2. Jonathan S. Piersol, born December 12, 1828; died May 14, 1833.
3. Jeremiah Piersol, born November 24, 1830; died April 29, 1833.
4. Edith S. Piersol, born August 21, 1833; died February 2, 1865; married Jonathan M. Waggener.
5. William Sharpless Piersol, born June 6, 1835; died May 7, 1908; married first, 3rd mo. 25, 1858, Anna M. Denny; married second, August, 1899, Alice Garrett.

6. Eli C. Piersol, born April 4, 1837; married April 22, 1865, Margaret Brown, born August 11, 1844.
7. Elizabeth J. Piersol, born August 21, 1839; died May 19, 1877; married October 9, 1862, John Shaw.
8. Jasper C. Piersol, born May 22, 1841; died November 9, 1859.
9. Grace Cope Piersol, born March 14, 1846; married October 9, 1862, William Gaddis, born August 6, 1840.
10. Sarah Mary Piersol, born January 4, 1852; died young.

SECTION 8.

JAMES PIERSOL, son of William Piersol, Chapter 47, Section 2; born May 29, 1799; resided at Fayette County, Pennsylvania and Guernsey Township, Ohio; married June 29, 1823, Elizabeth Gue, daughter of Joseph and Mary Gue of Perry Township, Fayette County, Pennsylvania; born October 2, 1806. The census of Virginia for 1684 gives the name of John Gue as living in Amherst County, which means that the family came from the east of the Blue Ridge in Virginia on the waters of the James River. Children:—

1. John Piersol, born June 10, 1825. Chapter 47, Section 9.
2. Mary Jane Piersol, born December 2, 1827; married October 18, 1847, Patrick Watson.
3. James Allison Piersol, born February 5, 1830; married December 28, 1854, Lydia Ann Arnold. See Y, this Section.
4. Sarah Piersol, born February 6, 1832.
5. Joseph Piersol, born July 4, 1834; married Rebecca Leightly.
6. Emaline Piersol, born February 2, 1837; married Freeman Cooper.
7. Edith S. Piersol, born March 17, 1839; married Benjamin Hazen.
8. Nancy B. Piersol, born March 6, 1842; died 1876; unmarried.
9. Jacob Lindley Piersol, born November 25, 1851; married Elizabeth Blair. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 9.

JOHN PIERSOL, son of James Piersol, Chapter 47, Section 8; born June 10, 1825; resided at Guernsey County, Ohio; married first, February 28, 1850, Martha Watson, daughter of Thomas Watson and Mary, his wife, of Perry Township, Fayette County, Pennsylvania. She was born October 15, 1829; died 1864; married second, Sabina Kerr of Franklin Township, Fayette County, Pennsylvania. Children of first marriage:—

1. Nancy J. Piersol, born February 11, 1851.
2. Albert Piersol, born February 16, 1854; married Margaret Homell. See Y, this Section.
3. Mary Louise Piersol, born August 10, 1856; married Robert Cooper. Children of second marriage:—
4. Norman C. Piersol, married Martha A. Martin. See Z, this Section.
5. Grace C. Piersol.
6. Annie H. Piersol.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

JOB PEARSALL
of Fort Pearsall, Hampshire County, Virginia

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

JOB PEARSALL, son of John Pearsall, Chapter 45, Section 35; resided at Nantmeal Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, and Fort Pearsall, Hampshire County, Virginia; also at Patterson's Creek, Hampshire County, Virginia. He married Bithia Bull, daughter of Thomas Bull of Nantmeal Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. It is very possible that some of her family came along with Job Pearsall to Virginia as the census of 1783 contains the name of Samuel Bull as living in Shenandoah County. Children:—

1. John Pearsall. Chapter 48, Section 2.
2. Benjamin Pearsall. Chapter 49, Section 1.
3. Eleanor Pearsall, resided at Hampshire Co., Virginia; married Daniel Hale.
4. Rachel Pearsall, resided at Hampshire County, Virginia; married first — Berkeley, who was a son of William Berkeley who resided in County Stafford, Virginia, in 1728 as is shown by the following Fairfax grant recorded in Book C, page 141: February 27, 1728, Right Hon. Thomas Lord Fairfax of Leeds Castle, County of Kent, and Baron Cameron, Scotland, and William Cage of Milgate of Barnshead in said county, the devisees in trust and sole executors of the last will and testament of the Right Hon. Catherine, Lady Fairfax, deceased, proprietor of the Northern Neck of Virginia, convey to William Berkeley of the County of Stafford, land in said county on Awotonick and Williams branch, bounded by Dennis MacCarty, Colonel Mark, Thomas Crasseley.
5. Margaret Pearsall. See Z, this Section.
6. James Pearsall, killed in the Revolutionary War, served in the 4th Virginia Regiment [Virginia Magazine, vol. 1, page 206], Yorktown, April 15, 1778. 4th Virginia Regiment, one month's pay from March, 1778, James Pearshall. Pay Roll for detachment of different regiments on their march to headquarters under command of Captain Berkeley and Lieutenant Samuel Gill, April 14, 1778. Number 28 on the list James Parthall, private.
7. Richard Pearsall. Chapter 52, Section 1.

In colonial times there were a number of manors, or great landed estates, granted under the then existing laws of England, to persons of note and quality in Virginia and in some of the other provinces. Holders of such estates enjoyed special rights and privileges. Manors were formerly called baronies and entitled the rightful possessor to lordships, and such lord or baron was empowered to hold domestic courts for redressing misdemeanors and nuisances and settling disputes.

among tenants. Among the manors of limited privileges in Virginia may be enumerated the manor of Greenway Court, with a domain of 10,000 acres. The great manor of Leeds, which has figured so extensively in the courts of Virginia, contained 150,000 acres within the counties of Culpeper, Fauquier and Frederick. The South Branch manor, in Hampshire County, embraced 55,000 acres; Paterson Creek manor, in Hampshire County, 9,000 acres. There were still other manors in different parts of the state. In New York there were several manors created; under the Dutch the baron or proprietor of the manor lands was called the patroon. [Washington's Journal, 1747-8, by J. M. Toner, M. D., page 39-40.]

Job Pearsall was vested with the manor of South Branch of the Potomac and was the mesne tenant and as such he exercised the rights incident to a lord of an English manor. Among the rest he held a court and he seriously objected to any one assuming to bring suit against him in the regular county court of Winchester. This of course did not meet with general approval, hence we find many attempts to annoy Job Pearsall by obtaining judgment against him in the Winchester court, which judgments Job Pearsall promptly settled.

The Land Records of Hampshire County, Virginia, disclose:—Deed Book 1, page 107, deed dated July 29, 1761, wherein Samuel Earl and Elizabeth, his wife, of Frederick County, convey to Job Pearsall of Hampshire County, land on the South Branch on the River Potomac, County of Hampshire, being part of the survey for which Samuel Earl obtained a deed from the proprietors of the Northern Neck, May 5, 1749.

Deed Book 1, page 111, deed dated March 10, 1762, wherein Job Pearsall and Bithia, his wife, convey to Bryan Brian of Winchester same land as above on the Great South Branch of the Potomac.

Deed Book 1, page 199, Power of Attorney, John Hopkins, County of Anson, Province of North Carolina, to Job Pearsall of Hampshire County, Virginia, to make a deed to Thomas Cresap of Frederick County, Province of Maryland, land in Hampshire County, on the Great South Branch of the Potomac, witnessed by Enoch Floyd, Lambeth Hopkins and Enoch Innis.

Deed Book 1, page 200, deed dated December 12, 1763, wherein Job Pearsall, attorney for John Hopkins of North Carolina, conveys to Thomas Cresap of Frederick County, Province of Maryland, land described in the Power of Attorney; witnesses, Samuel Dew, Enoch Innes. The latter is a very interesting signature in view of the part that Colonel James Innes of North Carolina was at this time playing in the history of this section of Virginia.

As to the grantee in the deed, he was the son of Colonel Thomas Cresap, the founder of the family in America, who was born in Skipton, Yorkshire, England, in 1694, and who at fifteen years of age came to America, where he located at Havre de Grace, Maryland. This Thomas Cresap, Jr., was the second son of the first marriage of the founder.

It will be recalled that Thomas Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, charges Captain Michael Cresap with being infamous for his many Indian murders, and particularly for murdering Logan's family in cold blood. While Doddridge adds the further charge that Cresap was the cause of Dunnmore's war. It is a fact that Dunnmore rewarded Cresap by giving him a Captain's commission in the

militia of Hampshire County, Virginia, notwithstanding that at the time he resided in Maryland. Thomas Cresap was a brother of the historical Captain Michael. In view of the latter's appointment in the Virginia militia it would be easy to work out that this deed from Job Pearsall was therefore an important link in the chain of events leading to the Dunmore war. Thomas Cresap, Jr., was killed in battle with the Indians on Savage mountain. His brother Michael became the first captain of the Maryland Rifle Battalion in the Revolutionary War, in which he lost his life, and is buried in Trinity Churchyard, New York City. The father and grandfather of Job Pearsall had been closely associated with Captain Thomas Cresap in the war between the Penns and those who claimed under Lord Baltimore the title to the lands south of the fortieth parallel, in what is now the State of Pennsylvania, particularly in Chester and Lancaster counties. The reader will no doubt have read of the same in Chapter 45, Sections 24 and 35.

Deed Book 1, page 345, deed dated November 10, 1766, wherein Job Pearsall and Bithia, his wife, convey to Luke Collins, land on the south branch of the Potomac. (Washington in his journal notes that on November 9, 1749, he surveyed a tract of land for Luke Collins on Cacaphehon bounded by Barnaby McHandry. Collins had come over the York road, from York County, Pennsylvania. His ancestors had located in Maryland long before 1670, and in 1685 they were in Talbot County.)

County court held at Frederick, August 6, 1767, Job Pearsall as assignee of Thomas Bull sued Charles Smith on an overdue promissory note for which he obtained judgment. Thomas Bull lived in Nantmeal Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. He was the father-in-law of Job Pearsall, hence the assignment of the overdue note and the suit brought by Job Pearsall. The ancestor of Thomas Bull had first settled in Delaware, where he had married the sister of Samuel Lucas. He removed to Maryland, where he died in 1668. They were Maryland Quakers. His son, Thomas Bull, came to Nantmeal Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania, where he was a member of the Friends Meeting on the Trego farm. It was his son Thomas who was the father-in-law of Job Pearsall.

The Records of the Land Office of Virginia at Richmond, Virginia, disclose, Patent Book P, page 31, patent dated April 20, 1771, by Thomas Lord Fairfax, etc., etc., which recites:—whereas the late Job Pearsall of Hampshire County did before his decease inform my office of a certain tract of land, part of a large tract formerly granted to Joseph Hamlin by deed from said office dated June 7, 1749, and known and distinguished by the name of Lot No. 1, situate on Pater-sons Creek in the said county, and that the said Joseph Hamlin died intestate without any known heirs, and having made no legal disposal of said part, whereby it escheated to me as lord of the fee, etc., and the said Job Pearsall having entered the same as escheat, and an advertisement having been issued from my said office which appears by certificate from under the hand of Samuel Dew, Deputy Clerk of said county, and have been set up at the court house of the county aforesaid three several court days, agreeable to the usual and accustomed method in my office, and recovery of said part having been made and a plat thereof re-

turned from under the hand of John Moffett, and John Pearsall, heir-at-law of the said Job Pearsall, having applied for a deed for the same, it appeared that Caveat had been entered by Ann Purcell and Henry Begley on behalf of some infants, and the day having been appointed for determining the dispute the matter being fully heard and determined by me in favor of the said John Pearsall. The land conveyed is Lot No. 9, on Pattersons Creek bounded by Henry Begly.

The lands on the South Branch did not settle as fast as was expected, hence the payment of the rent for the whole tract became a heavy burden to Job Pearsall so much so that there were several parcels from time to time taken from the original fifty-five thousand acres, until in 1760 Lord Fairfax and Job Pearsall made a final and mutual release of the Manor, which resulted in Job Pearsall obtaining the fee simple title to a large part of the manor lands and to some lands which were originally included in the Manor of Pattersons Creek. This necessitated the laying out of a town to be the county seat.

In the history of Hampshire County, Virginia, it appears that Romney, the county seat, was laid off by Lord Fairfax and established by law in the month of November, 1762. His lordship laid off fifty acres into streets and half acre lots. The town improved very slowly; it did not contain more than fifty families in 1833. The town of Romney lies on the northwestern turnpike which runs from Winchester to Parkersburg and is located forty-three miles west of Winchester on the South Branch of the Potomac River; southwest of the town, about half a mile, is a bluff overlooking the South Branch valley called Fort Hill. On this hill you can see plainly where the old fort stood. The old tumble-down chimney shows plainly. This is the site of the celebrated Fort Pearsall. The flat on the bluff overlooking the river, on which the town of Romney stands, was one time called Pearsall's Flat. It got this name because it was part of the land which was included in Job Pearsall's manor of South Branch. And just southwest of this flat is the other flat called Fort Hill because it was the site of Job Pearsall's home.

Job Pearsall continued to live at Fort Pearsall for several years after this but the town across the river, with its claims to be the seat of the county government, was always an eye-sore as well as a disturbing influence to this old baron and therefore sometime shortly before his death he removed to his holdings on Patterson Creek. Here he did not feel so crowded in by newcomers as in his old home on the South Branch which overlooked the county seat. Prior to the breaking up of the Manor of South Branch, Job Pearsall was its tenant militis, holden of Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax of Cameron in the Kingdom of Scotland and proprietor of the lands on the Potomac and Rappahannock in the Northern Neck of Virginia in America. This was the rank and station of Job Pearsall, and no chief lord of a manor, either in England or America, ever held his fee in a more lordly manner or had to yield greater military service for the same.

All this recital sounds very strange as to happenings in American history, but so far as Job Pearsall was concerned it was nothing more than a to be expected incident in his life story, specially moving, in the first instance, from his desire to get away from Pennsylvania where his father and grandfather had been among the last of those who having settled in the country just south of the forty-first parallel of latitude had continued to support the title of Lord Baltimore against

the claims of the Penns. But that he came to the South Branch of the Potomac was due entirely to the persuasion of Lord Fairfax, who specially wanted him to be tenant of the Manor and assume the responsibility of protecting this frontier against Indian depredations. That Lord Fairfax should select him for this service was due to the inter-related history of the Fairfax and Pearsall families.

At the foundation of these statements there is a very interesting and delightful historical story to which, although it may seem like a digression from the main story, the reader's attention is specially invited, as being of more than family interest; largely because it centers in the warm friendship and long association of Lord Fairfax, George Washington and Job Pearsall at a critical period of American history.

The reader will recall that Margaret Peshall, daughter of Sir John Peshall, the first Baronet, had married Richard Brent, son of Richard Brent and Elizabeth Reed. That Margaret Brent, her sister-in-law, and Giles Brent, her brother-in-law, had come to Maryland where they had become associated with Thomas Pearsall in maintaining the Kent Island on the Chesapeake as a trading post. The larger bulk of the tobacco trade was, nevertheless, in 1639, transferred to New Amsterdam, particularly to Long Island. That in 1638 the brothers George, Thomas, Henry and Nicholas Pearsall removed to Hellgate Neck where they started the town of Pearsall, later called Hellgate Neck, and later called an outlying connection of the town of Middleburg. That Thomas Pearsall, their father, remained in Virginia and Maryland, placing his youngest son Samuel Pearsall in charge of the Talbot County or Kent Island place. It will serve to clearness in reference to the history of the sons of Job Pearsall, if we say that several of the descendants of Samuel Pearsall were also contemporary with Job Pearsall in Hampshire County, Virginia, as the reader can more readily determine by referring to Chapter 54.

The Brents continued for several generations to be prominent in Maryland and Virginia; during this period the troubles incident to Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia caused the English king to appoint Thomas, Lord Culpeper, Governor of Virginia. His first act was to declare full and unqualified indemnity to all for their conduct in Bacon's Rebellion and to allow reparation to those who should be reproached for their conduct upon that occasion. This popular act, added to the pleasing and conciliatory manner of his lordship, so won upon the good nature and simplicity of the Assembly that they passed an act which made the import and export duties perpetual instead of annual. And they made the same henceforth subject to his Majesty's sole direction and disposal. The king was so delighted with this acquisition to his power that he greatly added to the salary of Lord Culpeper and gave him an annuity, while the Assembly gave him a tonnage duty on every vessel trading to Virginia. Lord Culpeper thereupon proceeded to England to enjoy his new wealth. It was at this time that George Brent, son of George Brent and Marianna Peyton and grandson of Richard Brent and Elizabeth Reed, was induced by Lord Culpeper to come to America, where he was on May 2, 1683, appointed by the Governor and Council, Receiver General north of the Rappahannock. He was also partner in the practice of the law with William Fitzhugh. [Virginia Historical Magazine, vol. 17, page 309.]

Lord Culpeper, however, desired greater wealth, so he began to intrigue for a large grant of land in the western parts of Virginia, and to accomplish this he joined with several others who were then basking in the king's favor. In 1684, King Charles II issued letters patent to Ralph Lord Hopton, Henry, Earl of St. Albans, John Lord Culpeper, John Lord Berkeley, Sir William Morton, Sir Dudley Wyatt, and Thomas Culpeper, their heirs and assigns forever for all of the territory or parcel of land situated within the heads of the rivers Rappahannock and Potomac, and bounded by the courses of these rivers. There is now no complete copy of this letters patent in this country but it is recited in an act of the Virginia House of Burgesses, passed in 1736. The region thus granted has been known ever since as the Northern Neck of Virginia. It was after this and some time prior to 1687 that George Brent, along with Richard Foote and Robert Stafford of London, merchants, and Nicholas Hayward, also of London, received from the proprietors of the Northern Neck of Virginia a patent for a large tract of land which was subsequently confirmed by special grant from King James II, dated February 10, 1686/7. This grant had been under consideration for some time as, April 27, 1664, Governor Charles Calvert writes to his father, Lord Baltimore, we hear nothing as yet of the patent which some Bristol merchant has of that neck of land betwixt Rappahannock and Potomac. Lord Culpeper bought other large blocks of land along the waters of the Potomac and the Rappahannock. All his lands were carefully selected by his agents who acted under the direction of George Brent, his lordship's agent. This brought the families of Brent, Culpeper, Fairfax, Baltimore and Pershall-Pearsall into close business relation. [Virginia Historical Magazine, vol. 17, page 309. Virginia Report Hist. & Archives, vol. 1, page 191.]

Referring again to the patent for the lands in the northern neck of Virginia. Years passed away and in time Lord Hopton, Lord Culpeper, Dudley Wyatt and Thomas Culpeper died. The first having before death transferred his interest to John Trethaway, who surrendered his interest to the king, that his Majesty might issue new letters patent therefor to him and his associates, Sir William Morton, John Lord Berkeley and Henry Earl of St. Albans. These proprietors sold their interest to Thomas Lord Culpeper, to whom the title was confirmed by King James II. This vast estate descended in 1719 to his daughter Catherine, who wedded Thomas, the fifth Lord Fairfax, and the proprietary passed to their eldest son Thomas who became the sixth Lord Fairfax. He never married, but later came to Virginia and assumed the management of the estate. [West Virginia Report History & Archives, vol. 1, page 192.]

Charlotte Culpeper, another daughter of Lord Culpeper, married John Pershall, Esq., the last male descendant of Sir John Pershall, the first Baronet, as has been more fully set forth in Chapter 26. The daughter of this, the last Sir John Pershall, married the third Earl of Breadelbane, and she and her sister were contemporary with their first cousin, the sixth Lord Fairfax. This family relationship between Fairfax and Pearsall explains much that would otherwise be impossible of comprehension concerning the events which subsequently grew out of the close relationship between Job Pearsall, Lord Fairfax and George Washington. Lord Fairfax must be given credit for being an exceptionally good judge of men, specially young men. The settlements then being made by Fairfax called for a

especially good person of administrative ability, of great courage, a brave fighter and one filled with that diplomacy which would secure peace with the Indian even though his hunting grounds were being taken by the white settlers. It is to the credit of Lord Fairfax that it can be said that of all who in the history of our country were called upon to rule the frontier, Job Pearsall stands pre-eminent.

Exploration and settlement of the Shenandoah valley had preceded the coming of Fairfax by more than ten years. Morgan ap Morgan locating as early as 1726 on Mill Creek. In 1732 Joist Hite with a large party came from Pennsylvania, cutting their road from York, and crossing the Potomac about two miles above what later came to be called Harpers Ferry. This road at York connected with the road to Lancaster, thence to Philadelphia, thence to New York. This whole stretch of road in the history of Western Virginia became known as the York road, and it was the way by which most of the settlers came to the Northern Neck of Virginia. In the same year Alexander Ross came along this road to Virginia accompanied by a number of Pennsylvania and Maryland Friends. They settled on Opequan Creek, a branch of the Potomac, where they soon had meetings and by 1735 had a quarterly meeting at Hopewell. This emigration was largely promoted by the Powells and other families of Tuckahoe Meeting in Talbot County, Maryland, who had established meetings for the New England refugees at Tred Haven in Maryland, and at Trego farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania, which latter place adjoined a Pearsall farm. Thus we see that these Friends were all old neighbors and friends of Job Pearsall. He married Bithia Bull, as we have already stated, a Chester Quakeress, and it is likely that some of these settlers were related to his wife. All these early emigrations were primarily induced by the unsettled land titles in Pennsylvania caused by the fight between the Penns and the Baltimores as to the Proprietorship of that section. This quarrel was taken advantage of by Virginia where the House of Burgesses of Virginia did much to encourage the infant western settlement in the Northern Neck. In 1734 it was enacted that for the encouragement of all the inhabitants already settled west of the Shenandoah river, and all who shall settle there, that they shall be free and exempt from public, county or parish levies for the space of three years, and all who settle there within said three years shall be exempt for the remainder of the said period. [West Virginia Report Hist. & Archives, vol. 1, page 194; Jones, Quakers in American Colonies, page 296.]

The boundary lines between the grant of Lord Fairfax and the lands of Virginia were not determined, so there were settlers who no doubt innocently settled on the South Branch as early as 1735. When it was determined that this was within the bounds of the Fairfax holdings some of these settlers made satisfactory arrangements with Job Pearsall as tenant in chief of the Manor of South Branch. There were others who refused to acknowledge the rights of Job Pearsall and these he summarily ejected. The names of Coburn, Howard, Walker and Rutledge are preserved by the local historians as being among those whom Job Pearsall compelled to vacate because they were not willing to acknowledge that these were not the lands of Virginia.

At first the Virginia lands of Fairfax were in the management of an agent appointed by Lady Catherine Fairfax. There had been considerable ill feeling aroused in the mind of Lord Fairfax at the way his inheritance in England had been managed by his mother and this caused him to distrust her American agent. Lord Fairfax therefore wrote to William Fairfax, Esq., his father's second son, who held at that time a place of considerable trust and emolument under the government of New England, requesting him to remove to Virginia and take upon himself the agency of the Northern Neck. With this request Mr. Fairfax readily complied and as soon as he conveniently could he removed with his family to Virginia and settled in Westmoreland County. He there opened an agency office for the granting of the proprietary lands. Shortly after this Lord Fairfax determined to go himself to Virginia and to visit his estate and the friend and relation to whom he was so greatly obliged. Accordingly, in the year 1739, he embarked for America and on his arrival in Virginia he spent twelve months at the home of Mr. Fairfax in Westmoreland County. Here he became so captivated with the climate and the beauties and produce of the country, that he formed a resolution that after he had settled his family affairs in England he would return to Virginia and spend the remainder of his life upon his vast and noble domain there. It was before this time that Job Pearsall, by request of Lord Fairfax, removed from Chester County, Pennsylvania, and settled on the South Branch manor of which he was made a Tenant in Chief by Lord Fairfax. The best view, however, of this matter is that the manor was first granted to John Pearsall, who later released the same to his son Job Pearsall. John Pearsall then, or at least very shortly thereafter, returned to Chester County, Pennsylvania.

Job Pearsall, upon arriving on the South Branch of the Potomac, put up a temporary fortification in the form of a log house built so as to be capable of being defended against Indian attacks.

Lord Fairfax returned to Virginia in 1746, at which time he changed some of his plans concerning the large manors he had set aside on the head waters of the Potomac River. He did not, however, change his plans concerning the South Branch manor except to somewhat reduce its size. The manors of Fairfax and Patterson he did away with entirely. He opened a land office first in Fairfax County, later in Frederick County, and began to make regular deeds for his lands. The records of his land office are now in the Land Commissioner's Office of Virginia in the capitol at Richmond. The earliest grant concerning Hampshire County bears date 1747, while most of the grants in the first volume are dated 1749. [Kercheval, History of Valley of Virginia, page 66.]

On his return Lord Fairfax went to Belvoir, which was only a short distance below Mount Vernon. Here Lord Fairfax remained for several years. Among all the gay folks at Belvoir there came rather unwillingly, induced by his widowed mother, a shy lad, George Washington by name, to make his first timid plunge into society. There had been a great deal of discussion among the Washingtons as to what to do with this son. Mr. Fairfax had used influence to procure for him a position in the English navy but his mother would not hear of it. Laurence Washington, a half-brother of George Washington, had, in 1743, married Anne, eldest daughter of William Fairfax of Belvoir. As a consequence Job Pearsall and

George Washington both stood toward Lord Fairfax in the light of a distant relation by marriage, but not by blood. Lord Fairfax bound these two men to him so firmly that their association makes one of the most interesting chapters in American history.

Finding that his young cousin, George William Fairfax of Belvoir, was quite as full of unemployed energy as George Washington, Lord Fairfax despatched them upon an expedition to explore his immense possessions beyond the mountains. Fair as the promised land, and watered by a river so beautiful that the Indians called it Shenandoah, Daughter of the Stars. Their task was to survey and make maps of this vast tract of wilderness, and with eager zeal the two friends set forth. If we follow the traditions current in Hampshire County, then it was at this time that Job Pearsall, under the direction of George Washington, built the stockade fort on the South Branch manor. By this we are to understand that it was not a public fort, large enough to hold a garrison, but was the largest and highest type of private fortification. It consisted of a large double log house with an entry or passageway between, and two stories in height. At some distance from its walls a stockade was formed by setting on end firmly in the earth, a line of strong posts or logs called palisades, in contact with each other, thus forming a barrier or defensive fortification ten or twelve feet high. The enclosed space in which the house stood was the stockade. The house itself was sometimes called a palisade fort. The upper story of the house was provided with loop holes for rifle firing upon an enemy outside of the stockade wall. There were heavy gates made of puncheons for ingress and egress. The stockade fort was built at a different location than that occupied by the first building that Job Pearsall erected.

Washington kept a journal in which he enumerates the names of about two hundred men for whom he surveyed lands, or who were connected in some way with the surveying operations. This journal discloses quite clearly that his work on the South Branch was confined, so far as surveying was concerned, to the Fairfax manor. The South Branch manor was not opened to general settlement until some time later, when it was surveyed by James Gunn. [History of Hampshire County, page 330.]

Lord Fairfax remained at Belvoir, but this proving very inconvenient to the majority of the settlers who, coming in by the York road, traveled west of him, he therefore determined to remove to a fine tract of land on the western side of the Blue Ridge in Frederick County, where he built a small neat house which he called Greenway Court, and laid out one of the most beautiful farms consisting of arable and grazing land, and of meadow two or three miles in length, that had been seen in this quarter of the world. Here he lived the remainder of his life in the style of an English country gentleman. He was a friend and father to all who held and lived under him. At this time the county of Frederick included the manor of South Branch. As the country became better settled new counties were organized in order that the inhabitants might have convenient access to the place where taxes were collected, public functions performed and justice administered. By the Act of the House of Burgesses passed in November, 1753, the county of Hampshire was formed. It then included all of the present county, all of Mineral County and parts of Morgan, Hardy, Grant and Tucker Counties of the present

state of West Virginia. The county seat was located at Fort Pearsall. [Burnaby's Travels in N. A.; Report of Hist. & Arch., West Virginia, vol. 1, page 195.]

We have now come to a period of wars which affected this section of Virginia very severely. From the coming of the first white settler, in 1724, to that part of the Northern Neck of Virginia included in Hampshire County, for a period of nearly thirty years, the white man and the Indians lived together in peace and harmony. The Shawnees had their wigwams at Old Town, Maryland, and other points on the Potomac. They also had a town at Shawnee Springs, in Frederick County, which is the site of the present town of Winchester. On the South Branch they had a town at the Indian Old Fields near the head of the stream. The Tuscaroras were on Tuscarora Creek where now is the city of Martinsburg, Berkeley County. In 1753 emissaries from the western Indians came among the valley Indians inviting them to cross the Allegheny Mountains. In the Spring of 1754 the Indians suddenly and unexpectedly moved out entirely from the valleys formed by the streams tributary to the Potomac. This movement was caused by the western and northern Indians acting for the French, and was the beginning of the alliance between that nation and the Indians. The object of the French was to control the Ohio valley, upon which the English were now beginning to encroach. [Ibid., page 201; Kercheval, page 88; Hadden, Washington and Braddock, page 8.]

Although a lucrative business had been carried on for some years by Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia fur traders with the Indians of the Ohio valley, no systematic effort on the part of the English colonists had been made to establish settlements west of the Allegheny Mountains. George Washington had pushed his travels so far west, and had talked with so many adventurers who had penetrated to the Ohio, that he carried to his home the most glowing accounts of the possibilities of the country which was now a wilderness, given over to the Indian for his hunting ground. As a result of his representations, in 1748, Thomas Lee, president of the Virginia council, associated with himself twelve others, among whom were Robert Dinwiddie, Laurence and Augustine Washington, brothers of George Washington, and John Hamburg a wealthy merchant of London. They formed themselves into a company known as the Ohio Company. They received a royal grant in March, 1749, for a tract of 500,000 acres of land lying on the south side of the Ohio between the Monongahela and Kanawha Rivers. The company was to build a fort and maintain a garrison sufficient to protect its settlers.

In 1751 the Ohio Company built a small store-house which was later known as Fort Ohio. This was a block house situated on the site of the present town of Ridgeley in Frankfort district, Mineral County, West Virginia. This was opposite both to Wills Creek and what was later called the Nemaquin trail. It was not long afterwards until a fort was built at the mouth of Wills Creek, so that the fort of the Ohio Company has been overlooked by most of the historians. This trail however was then the only means of reaching the forks of the Ohio. The next year Colonel Thomas Cresap, who then lived at Shawnee Old Town, was employed by the Ohio Company, of which he was also a member, to cut a road from Wills Creek to the mouth of the Monongahela. He selected for his assistant

a Delaware Indian by the name of Nemacolin who resided at the mouth of what is known as Dunlaps Creek on the Monongahela River. They followed the old trail and hence both the road and the trail acquired the name of the Indian who helped to lay out the road. [West Virginia Rep. of Hist. & Arch., vol. 1, page 200.]

Prior to the grant to the Ohio Company, and before their effort to open up the same by laying out the Nemacolin road, the way to the Ohio and to the country both north and south of that river and of the Potomac River led past the Fort of Job Pearsall on the Manor of South Branch. At this place the main road and the great trail crossed so that the travel to the west continued on across the mountains coming to the Ohio River at about where Parkersburg, West Virginia, is located. The travel to the north and south followed the Catawba Trail which extended from the Great Lakes in New York to the Gulf of Mexico. After the opening of the Nemacolin Road the travel to the Forks of the Ohio went north from Job Pearsall's along the Catawba trail, crossing the Potomac at Cresaps, and then continued along the new road which began at Wills Creek, now the city of Cumberland, Maryland. Thus we see that for a time all movements of travel or warfare in Virginia's north-west country, as well as on this frontier, passed by Job Pearsall's fort. As a consequence he was so well situated strategically as to command a very large territory and to be able to give the greatest amount of protection to the settlers on the lands of Lord Fairfax. But at a very early date a more direct road, called the New Road, was opened from Winchester to Wills Creek.

The Ohio Company's grant was for lands situated between the Monongahela and Kanawha Rivers and bordering on the Ohio River. The success of their venture would open up a territory far northwestward of the then frontier of Virginia. At the time this grant was made it was believed to be entirely within the bounds of Virginia, but later, on the extension of Mason and Dixon's line for its full length, it was found that part of the grant was within the bounds of Pennsylvania, which accounts for this and some Virginia patents being located within the limits of Pennsylvania.

Prior to the departure of the Indians from the valleys of the Potomac, the French began active measures to secure to themselves the Ohio valley by erecting a cordon of forts, to extend from Lake Erie down the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers. This news soon reached the ears of the governor of Virginia, who in the fall of the same year despatched George Washington to demand of the French an explanation of their design and warn them off. He started on his journey October 30, 1753; he soon reached Greenway Court where he met and talked with Lord Fairfax; from here he passed on to Job Pearsall's on the manor of the South Branch where he tarried a while.

The French Indians had just prior to this made a raid into the South Branch district but were driven off. Not, however, without the loss of a white lad whom the Indians captured and carried with them when they retreated. Washington, in his diary under date of November 25, 1753, records among the incidents of meeting the Indian Chief, Half King, that the Indians inquired what sort of a boy it was who was taken from the South Branch for they were told by the Indians that a party of French Indians had carried a white boy by the Kuskuka town towards the lakes. Kuskuka was Shanapins town of the Six Nations just above Fort

Duquesne on the Allegheny River. Washington after he left Fort Pearsall passed on over the Catawba trail and traveled to the Ohio Company's warehouse, where he arrived November 14; from here he followed the Nemacolin road and after passing Gist's new settlement he reached the Monongahela. He continued his journey until he arrived at Fort Venango in northwestern Pennsylvania, on December 4th, and found the French flag flying over the log house from which Fraser, the English trader, had been driven. The French officer in command refused to discuss the questions involved in the remonstrance of Virginia, but stated that he intended to hold his position by force of arms. His mission fulfilled, Washington started back. On January 6, 1754, he arrived at the forks of the Ohio. From here he proceeded as steadily as possible towards the settled parts of Virginia. He stopped at Job Pearsall's only long enough to tell that experienced Indian fighter and far-sighted man the result of his trip to the French, and to urge him to keep in touch with all the movements of the French and Indians upon the frontier. On the 16th of January he had reached the governor at Williamsburg and made his report. [Washington's Diaries by Fitzpatrick, vol. 1, page 50.]

Before Washington had returned from his mission to the French forts, the Ohio Company had appealed to Governor Dinwiddie for government protection at their fort, already begun at the forks of the Ohio. In compliance with this request, early in January, 1754, William Trent was commissioned a Captain and he was, at the time of Washington's return, engaged in erecting a strong log storehouse at the mouth of Redstone Creek on the Monongahela River. John Fraser was commissioned as Lieutenant and Edward Ward as Ensign of the same company, and they were directed to proceed with one hundred men to the forks of the Ohio where they were to finish and garrison the fort already begun. Ensign Ward reached the forks of the Ohio on February 17, hoping that he would have it completed and be reinforced before the arrival of the French forces. [Hadden, Washington and Braddock, page 15.]

In the meantime the authorities in the east were not idle. The intentions of the French being now understood, the governor of Virginia acted with energy to resist their encroachment. A regiment was raised in Virginia under the command of Colonel Joshua Fry, with George Washington as second in command. The latter was directed to advance at the head of two companies of this regiment and he reached Winchester in good time. With his usual carefulness Washington kept an accurate diary of his movements. It is odd, but nevertheless true, that only one place is mentioned by name in this journal; namely Job Pearsall's on the South Branch of the Potomac. From a memorandum of his expenditures it has been determined that when he marched from Winchester he proceeded to Edwards Stockade on the Great Cacapahon Creek, thence he marched to the Stockade Fort of Job Pearsall on the South Branch. The record in his journal covering this occasion reads as follows:—April 19, 1754, met an express who had letters from Captain Trent at the Ohio demanding reinforcements with all speed, as he hourly expected a body of eight hundred French. I tarried at Job Pearsall's for the arrival of the troops, where they came up the next day. When I received the above express I despatched a courier to Colonel Fry to give him notice of it. [Washington's Diaries, by Fitzpatrick, page 73.]

What a day and a night and a day again. Historical and momentous, yet only a gathering of friends of the young surveyor whom they had learned to love during the time when in the employ of Lord Fairfax, he was free to come, welcome to stay as long as he liked, and to go when he pleased. In after years how this meeting must have stood out in the remembrance of this family. Every male person present except Job Pearsall and his son Benjamin Pearsall, who died in Dunnmore's War, even the lad Richard Pearsall, then only thirteen years of age, lived to take part in the Revolutionary War on the side of the American Colonies. The three daughters also married men who became Revolutionary soldiers. What excitement there must have been about the old manor house, and how its living room, with its great fireplace and its walls covered with the trophies of the chase, must have been crowded with visitors. The roaring log fire must have taken off the chill of the mountain air of early springtime. And in the night by its light wonderful things must have been said. Then all the while mother Bithia, busy with the duty of providing food for all this company, must have marshalled her maids and daughters so that the meals were like the feasts of the Norsemen, so heavily were the tables laden with food.

Although the country was new, their acquaintance of less than a decade, and it had only been a short while since they had seen each other, nevertheless, old times must be talked about and anxious inquiries made concerning one's absent friends of the locality. Then a year or two makes lots of difference in the maturity of a boy or girl; hence at this opportunity his acquaintance with the young folks had to be renewed.

But what a change in the visitor. He was the young man who before this came in the garb of the pioneer carrying surveying instruments. Now he came appareled as a mounted warrior, whose steed was bedecked with military trappings, while he now graced the uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel of militia, with sword at his side and pistol in his belt. Then he seemed like an overgrown youth, now he was a man entrusted with the greatest responsibility that can come to a human being, that of leading his regiment into battle. His duty was more than that. The Colonel commanding had sent him in advance to prepare the way and gather reliable information concerning the enemy and his movements.

Job Pearsall commanded a domain far beyond the bounds of his landed ownership. His influence was potent over a field as large as a state, and his means of keeping informed concerning the happenings within his territory, were the perfection of well organized detail. But first the boys had to have a chance to tell their stories. Then they were off, as were the other runners, to bring in the neighbors who could possibly have information concerning the trail that led to the forks of the Ohio. All the afternoon and all night the runners kept coming and going, and it was little sleep that Washington got. By the light of the fireplace he listened to recitals and obtained information which the modern man would not think could have been so accurately gathered. Then there were Job Pearsall's especial Indian friends who had hurried to tell him of the doings along the north-west trail and of the bodies of armed men that journeyed on the way to the forks of the great river. Then there were those who had come hurriedly over the Catawba trail, all the way from the great waters of the north, where their red masters, the

cruel Six Nations, were holding war dances and singing of the expected victory over the Englishmen. Then there were the long talks between Washington and Job Pearsall, when the latter imparted information concerning men and places of which he alone had knowledge. No wonder that all this stood out so vividly in the mind of Washington that the only place he named in his journal was that referring to this visit. Speaking of this occasion in the very mildest terms, one would be compelled to say that at the least this was a historical event of the utmost importance in subsequent American history. The mutual trust and confidence this day and night cemented, as we shall presently see, gave this country the great leader in the Revolution by which she won her freedom. For had not Job Pearsall been one in whom could be placed unmovable dependence, and who was as firm as a foundation built upon a rock, the conspiracy which later developed against Washington would most likely have succeeded and he would not have had the opportunity, in the French and Indian War, to have gained the confidence of the American people.

On the second day, being joined by the forces under Captain Adam Stephens, Washington marched down the South Branch of the Potomac, crossed at Cresaps, and then continued up the Potomac to Wills Creek. On his way down the South Branch he learned for the first time that Ensign Ward had surrendered the half-completed fort at the forks of the Ohio to the French. Two days later, Ensign Ward arrived at Wills Creek, bringing the intelligence which confirmed the surrender of the works at the forks of the Ohio. The military expedition under Washington was soon thereafter ended. There were two battles May 28, 1754, and July 4, 1754, at Great Meadows. At the latter Washington surrendered on condition that the garrison should march out with the honors of war and be permitted to retain their arms, and march unmolested into the inhabited parts of Virginia. By July 9 the army was back at Wills Creek, from whence it proceeded by way of Fort Pearsall on the South Branch to Winchester. What a sad day that was to Job Pearsall and his associates, but these frontier folks were accustomed to the varying changes of warfare. To them defeat meant only preparation for final victory. The oncoming hordes of French and Indians did not find Fort Pearsall unprepared for their attack. As a consequence this little fortification stands out as the one rock-like place which could not be dashed to pieces by the exultant Indians. It was here that the tide of French aggression lost its force, although it did sweep by its flanks towards Winchester. But the fact that Fort Pearsall stood unconquered, made the movement by the enemy against Winchester abortive. When Washington arrived at Winchester he left the troops and more hurriedly proceeded to Williamsburg, where he made a full report and received a vote of thanks from the House of Burgesses, after which he returned to Mount Vernon. [History of Hampshire Co., page 213.]

In September following, Colonel James Innes of North Carolina marched the same troops to the mouth of Wills Creek where he constructed Fort Mount Pleasant, the first regular fortification on the frontier of Virginia. Colonel James Innes was a Scotch-Irishman, resident of New Hanover County, North Carolina, where he was a near neighbor to and friend of Edward Pearsall, cousin of Job Pearsall. In 1754, at the beginning of the war, Innes had been placed at the head

of a regiment of North Carolina Militia, raised to cooperate with Virginia against Fort Duquesne. He marched to Virginia where he joined the forces of that province. He had not proceeded far before it was discovered that Virginia had entirely failed to provide quartermaster and commissary stores for this part of the expedition. His regiment was thereupon disbanded and returned to North Carolina, but Colonel Innes remained to hobnob with the governor, who as we shall presently see finally appointed him to succeed Washington in command of the forces in the Northern Neck of Virginia. [Moore's History of North Carolina, vol. 1, page 66.]

The next year the name of the fort at the mouth of Wills Creek, at the request of General Braddock, was changed to Fort Cumberland, by which name it has ever since been known. Braddock's expedition did not march past Fort Pearsall, as he opened a new road up the valley to the Potomac, and then along the river to the mouth of the South Branch, where he joined the old road that led to the fort at the mouth of Wills Creek, crossing the river at Thomas Cresaps. The opening of this road proved to be one of several unfortunate military projects carried through by Braddock, and which all seemed to be filled with trouble-making opportunities for his successors. It is not to be thought that he had defeat in mind when he marched from Winchester, building this road as he progressed towards Fort Cumberland, but after his defeat this road left the country open to the attacks of the French and Indians as far east as Winchester. Instead of having to go down the South Branch passing Fort Pearsall to reach Winchester, the Cumberland road made an easy way for the enemy from where the Catawba trail crossed the Potomac to Winchester. This as we shall presently point out, was to have an important and controlling influence upon the history of this locality during the rest of this war.

Braddock's disastrous expedition ended July 18, 1755, with the arrival of the survivors, under the command of Colonel Dunbar at Fort Cumberland. While here he was met with earnest requests from the governors of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia that he would post his troops on the frontier so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants. To all these entreaties he turned a deaf ear and continued his hasty march through the country, not considering himself safe until he arrived at Philadelphia. Thus by the defeat of Braddock, and the withdrawal of his army, the borders of Virginia's back country were protected by Fort Cumberland, where a garrison was stationed commanded by Colonel James Innes, and Fort Pearsall on the South Branch of the Potomac, which was manned by Job Pearsall, his sons and his neighbors. For some reason or other the Indians had a wholesome respect for Job Pearsall and his fort was never invested by them.

The defeat of Braddock aroused the colonies, but, unfortunately, there was for some time a want of unity of action. On the 4th of August the Assembly of Virginia decided to act alone and granted a large sum for the defense of the province. Washington was given the command of all the forces raised and to be raised in Virginia, with the privilege of raising his own field officers. He immediately established his headquarters at Winchester and made a tour of inspection of all the stockades and block houses on the frontier, including the stockade of Job Pearsall. The number of troops was totally insufficient for the protection of the

settlers. The country was open to the French and Indians who penetrated almost to Winchester. Braddock, as we have seen, opened a new road between the latter place and Cumberland, and the enemy passed in armed bodies openly along this highway. They did not pass by Fort Pearsall on the old road. The Indian hordes which came from the country to the north killed and despoiled at their pleasure. They were not at all restrained in their depredations, as they were acting under the strong incentive of their French allies. Their incursions were everywhere stained with blood and slaughter, and devastation marked the inroads of these cruel and merciless savages. Every planter of name or reputation, except Job Pearsall, seems to have become an object of their insidious designs. As to Job Pearsall, for some reason of other they had a marked respect for his ability, not only to defend himself, but to strike back in greater measure than he received. It is difficult to comprehend this as the little stockade of Job Pearsall stood on the outermost angle of the three points of frontier defense, but nevertheless, while the French and Indians freely passed by Cumberland and strongly threatened Winchester, they avoided Job Pearsall's; in fact they seem to have made no serious attempt to pass this stockade fort. The Indians well knew that with a repulse of the army at Braddock's field there was no protection for the frontiers of Virginia except such as the settlers themselves could provide. One of the first settlements to receive a visit from the savages was that of Job Pearsall, where their attack was met in force, with the result that while one man of Job Pearsall's force was wounded, ten of the Indians were killed and many more were wounded, so that they speedily drew off and did not again attack this fort; everywhere else the war was carried on relentlessly and it is estimated that three thousand Virginians lost their lives at the hands of the French and Indians at this time.

The advance of the enemy upon Winchester was followed by so many disasters to the settlers that the most serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Lord Fairfax and the family of Greenway Court, which was located over forty miles farther east than Fort Pearsall. In this crisis, importuned by his neighbors to retire to the inner settlements of Virginia for security, Lord Fairfax is said to have addressed his nephew in the following manner:— [History of Hampshire County, page 38.]

The danger we are exposed to, which is undoubtedly great, may possible excite in your mind apprehension and anxiety. If so, I am ready to take any step that you may judge expedient for our common safety. I myself, am an old man, and it is of little importance whether I fall by the tomahawk of an Indian or by disease and old age; but you are young, and, it is to be hoped, have many years before you. I will therefore submit it to your decision, whether we shall remain where we are, taking every precaution to secure ourselves against the outrages of the enemy, or abandon our habitation and retire to the East to the country within the mountains, that we may be sheltered from the danger to which we are at present exposed. If we determine to remain it is possible, notwithstanding our utmost care and vigilance, that we may both fall victims. The whole district will immediately break up and all the trouble and solicitude which I have undergone to settle this fine country will be frustrated and the occasion perhaps irrecoverably lost. After a short deliberation they decided to remain. No greater comment

could be made concerning the perils of those at Fort Pearsall at this time than that Lord Fairfax seriously considered the advisability of retiring to the settled parts of Virginia. Nevertheless at no time was there any thought given by the occupants of Fort Pearsall as to the necessity of abandoning this fort and retiring to the settled and more protected parts of Virginia. Job Pearsall instead made the Indians respect his ability to defend this place and consequently they left him alone. The road that ran west from Winchester through Fort Pearsall remained open during most of the time, for Captain Thomas Cocke's journal in 1755 says he marched from Winchester September 8, reached Piercehalls on South Branch on the eleventh, lay there the twelfth, and marched to Hedges on Patersons Creek on the thirteenth. [Johns Hopkins University Studies, volume 43, 1925. *The Virginia Frontier 1754-1763* by Louis K. Koontz, page 138. *Burnaby's Travels in N. A.*]

Washington was deeply affected by the scenes he witnessed at this time, and overcome by his want of means to alleviate the sufferings of the people, so he addressed a letter to the governor of Virginia in which he said: I see their situation, I know their danger and participate in their sufferings, without having it in my power to give them further relief than uncertain promises. In short I see inevitable destruction in so clear a light, that, unless vigorous measures are taken by the Assembly, and speedy assistance sent from below, the poor inhabitants now in forts must unavoidably fall, while the remainder are flying before the barbarous foe. In fine, the melancholy situation of the people, little prospect of assistance, the gross and scandalous abuses cast upon the officers in general, which is reflecting on me in particular, for suffering misconduct of such extraordinary kind, and the distant prospect, if any, of gaining reputation in the service, cause me to lament the hour that gave me a commission, and would induce me, at any other time than this of imminent danger, to resign, without one hesitating moment, a command from which I never expect to reap either honor or benefit; but, on the contrary, have an almost absolute certainty of incurring displeasure below, while the murder of helpless families may be laid to my account. The supplicating tears of the women, and moving petitions of the men, melt me with such deadly sorrow, that I solemnly declare, if I know my own mind, I could offer myself a willing sacrifice to the butchering enemy, provided that would contribute to the people's ease. Washington finding himself in this emergency without the means to act in a strong and warlike manner towards the enemy, had recourse to the only thing that he could do at this time and under these circumstances. He took his available force out to Job Pearsall's and rebuilt his stockade so that it became a fort suitable to hold regular troops. Job Pearsall found the means to do this, and Washington found the men to do the work. Here he had a tried friend in whom he could rely in any emergency who was competent to wage successful Indian warfare and outwit the French. It was manifestly for the good of the inhabitants that this man should be given the means whereby he could hold the country until Virginia authorities were ready to act efficiently to expel the enemy. [Howe's Virginia, page 100.]

In April, 1756, when the Assembly met at Williamsburg, Washington hastened thither to mature plans for defense on the frontier. Here at least there was a desire to do the right things. Money was voted and the militia forces increased. In May an act was passed which recited:—whereas the frontiers of this country

are in a very defenseless situation and openly exposed to the incursions and depredations of our cruel and savage enemies, who are daily destroying the lives and estates of the inhabitants of that part of the colony, and it is necessary that forts should be erected in these parts to put a stop to these violent outrages of the enemy and to protect the inhabitants in their lives and property. Be it enacted that a chain of forts shall be erected to begin at Henry Enoch's on Great Capecon, in the county of Hampshire, and extend to the South Fork of Mayor River in the county of Halifax. [Henning's Statutes of Virginia, vol. 7, page 25.]

Washington hastened back to Winchester where a council of war was held at Fort Cumberland, July 10th, 1756, Colonel George Washington, President, Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Stephan, Captain Christopher Gist, Captain Thomas Cocke, Captain George Mercer, Captain Henry Woodward, Captain William Bronaugh, Captain Robert McKenzie, Captain David Bell, Captain Henry Harrison. The President having informed the Council that the General Assembly had resolved upon building a chain of Forts for the protection of frontiers—To begin at Henry Enoch's, on Great Capecon, and extend in the most convenient line to Mayoriver—the building of which forts was not to exceed two thousand pounds—and as the fixing upon the places judiciously was a matter of great importance to the country—he desired their advice thereupon: and put the following Questions . . . Sixthly—Are the forts built by Captain Waggener upon the South Branch to be deemed in the chain intended by the Assembly. The forts built by Captain Waggener have had the desired effect—the inhabitants of that fertile district, keep possession of their farms; and seem resolved to pursue their business under cover of them.—They are therefore to be looked upon in the chain intended by the Assembly.—The Council are of opinion that it will be found necessary to maintain a Blockhouse at Pearsalls, to secure that difficult pass, and keep the communication open. [Hamilton, Letters to Washington, vol. pp. 301-304—omitted by Ford and Sparks, cited from Johns Hopkins University Studies, vol. 43, 1925. The Virginia Frontier, 1754-1763, by Louis K. Koontz, p. 157. Howe's Virginia, page 100.]

Notwithstanding all that he had done for the defense of the frontier Washington later found that he had become the victim of base calumnies which were being circulated against the army, and indirectly against him as commander-in-chief, and which seemed for a while to gain public credence. By degrees, says Sparks, the plot was unraveled. The governor being a Scotchman was surrounded by a knot of his Caledonian friends who wished to profit by this alliance and obtain for themselves a larger share of consideration than they could command in the present order of things. The discontented, and such as thought their merit undervalued, naturally fell into this faction. To create dissatisfaction in the army and cause the officers to resign from disgust, would not only distract the councils of the ruling party but make room for new promotions. Colonel Innes, the governor's favorite, would ascend to the chief command and the subordinate places would be reserved for his adherents. Hence false rumors were set afloat and the pen of detraction was busy to disseminate them. The artifice was easily seen through and its aims were defeated by the leaders on the patriotic side who looked to Washington as a pillar to support their cause.

WARRANT OF ARREST OF GEORGE PEARSALL AND OTHERS FOR TRESPASS AT COW NECK

This was the first test of Washington, both as a commander-in-chief of many separate armed forces all working in harmony to a desired end, and also of him as a statesman, having to meet the plots of his adversaries. It soon became evident that he was a capable military commander, and fortunately, his plans for the defense of Virginia at once commanded confidence because of their unity of purpose and perfection of details. The results obtained disclosed that Washington had for military problems a far reaching conception of the difficulties to be overcome as well as of the sequence of his adversary's actions. As to the disturbing conditions caused by the conspiracy against him, he overcame these by being true to his friends and loyal to his duty, while at the same time ignoring his enemies. Here you have a summary of the steps by which Washington rose to the highest eminence in history, and came to be known as first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. The author of these famous words might have added, first in the malignant designs of his enemies. In all these movements, both military and political, Fort Pearsall was the key to the situation and Job Pearsall was the controlling factor, for so long as the latter and his fort were working loyally with Washington it was not in the power of his enemies to thwart his plans. The reasons for this statement will more clearly appear as this story proceeds. The hotbed of the conspiracy against Washington was at Cumberland where Innes, the Scotchman from North Carolina, was in command. Washington upon his return to the frontier built a fort at Winchester which was named Fort Loudon, where he had his headquarters, and there he was near his old friend and faithful supporter, Lord Fairfax. He prior to this, as we have seen, personally superintended the enlargement of the stockade at Pearsalls into a first class fort to hold a garrison. This was a place where his friends were also in supreme control. By erecting these two forts he made Fort Cumberland entirely harmless as a place where the conspirators could render only half-hearted execution of his commands. In fact by reason of Braddock having opened a road between Cumberland and Winchester, Fort Cumberland was now so badly located with reference to the general defense of the province, that Washington recommended its abandonment, or rather a removal thereof, to a better military situation.

Fortunately, so important an event in our family history is not the subject of conjecture but is sustained by the testimony of both George Washington and Job Pearsall. In the journal of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1766-69, page 101, appears the petition of Job Pearsall, of the county of Hampshire, setting forth that in the year 1756 a large fort was erected on his land by Colonel Washington of the Virginia regiment and a great quantity of his timber cut down and used, as well by the inhabitants as by those of the garrison, until the end of General Forbes' campaign in the winter of the year 1758. This is confirmed by Washington in the map he made at the time, and in his letter dated from Winchester April 24, 1756, to John Robinson, Speaker of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, wherein he says [Sparks' Washington, vol. 2, page 152]—A strong fort is to be erected at this place [Winchester] for a general receptacle for all the stores and a place of residence for the commanding officers, which may be garrisoned by one company for the security of the stores, serving also as

escorts for wagons, that are going higher up. It is the most public and convenient post for intelligence of any in the country, and approaches nearest to the parts that will ever be attacked by numbers. I have found by experience that being just within the inhabitants is essential, in giving orders for the defense of the people; and that Fort Cumberland is of no more use towards that purpose, than Fort George at Hampton [that is a fort on the Atlantic seaboard], for the people, as soon as they are alarmed, immediately fly into it; and at this time there is not an inhabitant living between this place and Fort Cumberland, except a few settlements upon the manor [South Branch], around a fort [Fort Pearsall] we built there, and a few families at Edwards', on Cacapehon River, which makes this very town [Winchester] at present the outermost frontier.

At Fort Cumberland I would have one company garrisoned to secure the place to procure the earliest intelligence and cover the detachments that may be sent towards the Ohio, which is all the use it can ever be put to. In the next place, I would propose that a good fort should be erected between this and Fort Cumberland, in a line with the chain of forts across the country and garrisoned by two companies.

This interesting letter of Washington's also discloses that the first fort constructed by Washington at this time was Fort Pearsall and that he had finished it and stationed a garrison there before the Assembly had authorized this work to be done. This agrees with Job Pearsall's statement in his petition to the House of Burgesses that he was never paid for the same, not even for the destruction of his timber caused by the construction of the fort. On the other hand the fort at Winchester never was entirely finished. John Pinkerton who visited it in 1760 records that it was then not only unfinished but not likely to be finished as the Assembly felt that with Fort Pitt in possession of the English the fort at Winchester was not needed.

The third fort utilized by Washington was known as Fort Edwards. [West Virginia Report Hist. and Arch., vol 1, page 208.] It was a stockade or private fort already erected and situated on or near the site of the present village of Capon Bridge in Bloomery District, Hampshire County, on the land of David Edwards and his brothers. Washington records in his journal that he surveyed the lands here for David Edwards November 11, 1749, and for Thomas Edwards March 30, 1750, and for Joseph Edwards a certain tract of waste land adjoining that of David and Thomas Edwards. It was not long after the fort was occupied by the Virginia Militia before it was attacked by the French and Indians. April 18, 1756, Captain John Mercer, with one hundred men of Washington's own regiment, sallied forth from the fort in pursuit of a body of French and Indians that were operating in the vicinity. The Virginians were ambuscaded and Captain Mercer, together with a large part of his men, was killed and scalped. Lieutenant Rutherford bore the sad tidings to Colonel Washington at Winchester, and then rode to Williamsburg bearing messages from Washington, who at the same time wrote Lord Fairfax, County Lieutenant of Frederick County, urging him to order out the militia for the defense of the border settlements, and telling him that unless ammunition could be gotten into Fort Edwards that night the remainder of the troops and inhabitants that are there will more than

probably fall a sacrifice to the Indians, as the fort was surrounded and an assault expected at once. The reader will notice that this engagement occurred six days before the date of Washington's letter to John Robinson, and discloses that at this very time the enemy had control of the road down the Potomac almost to Winchester, and that Washington was powerless to reach even to Fort Edwards without further reinforcements. This left Fort Pearsall many miles within the enemies' lines. This engagement was however the high water mark of the invasion of the Northern Neck of Virginia by the French and Indians. It was the movement of the forces at Fort Pearsall against the rear of the enemy that so materially aided Washington in pushing them back beyond the South Branch of the Potomac.

August 14, 1756, Washington was able to write to Governor Dinwiddie that his forces had built some forts, and altered others, so that the enemy was confined to the South Branch as far as any settlers had been molested, until there only remains one body of inhabitants, at a place called Upper Tract, who needed guard and thither he had ordered a party. Shortly before this Washington had erected a fort on the west of the South Branch in Mill Run District, now Pendleton County, West Virginia, which he named Upper Tract and had garrisoned with sixty men under the command of Captain Waggener. At this time the fort at Upper Tract was able to stand off the enemy but on April 27, 1758, it was attacked by French and Indians who captured and burned the fort at which time Captain Dunlap who was in command and some sixty others were killed. There was another fort farther down on the South Branch situated at the Indian Old Fields in what is now Morefield District, Hardy County, West Virginia. This was called Fort Van Meter after the name of the man upon whose property it was erected. In this year of 1756 the battle of the Trough was fought within sight of this fort. It is said to be the bloodiest battle ever waged between the white and the red man in the valley of the South Branch. The garrison from Fort Van Meter, then called Fort Pleasant, were nearly all slaughtered. [History Hampshire Co., page 196; West Virginia Report Hist. and Arch., vol. 1, pages 214, 215.]

By reason of its position Fort Pearsall became, in 1756, the chief depot of supply in Virginia for all the advance operations on the south side of the Potomac River, and enabled Washington to so handle his forces as to confine the French and Indians to the country around the forks of the Ohio.

The movements of Washington were so successful that they proved to be very disconcerting to the Scottish clique associated with the governor, so the latter determined to completely undo the plans of Washington. This he purposed accomplishing by securing the countermand of General Lord Loudon, then in command of his English Majesty's troops in America, and by issuing such orders as would practically dismantle Fort Loudon at Winchester and make it impossible for Washington to adequately handle the forces at Cumberland. This expedient was to be accomplished by an order to have all the garrisons on the South Branch repair to Fort Pearsall. [Sparks' Washington, vol. 2, page 208.] No doubt the authors thought that Washington would disobey this order and then he could be removed by the governor. In this they were entirely mis-

taken as Washington at once proceeded to execute the Governor's command. Among the orders given at this time by Washington was one to Captain William Bronaugh on the South Branch, dated Fort Loudon, 17 of December, 1756, Sir:—You are strictly required, immediately upon receipt of this, to transmit your provisions and stores to Captain Waggeners fort [Upper Tract], and there leave them. Then march your company to Pearsalls in order to escort a quantity of flour to Fort Cumberland where you and your whole company are to remain. I expect you will pay due regard to this order and put it in execution with the utmost alacrity, as it is in consequence of the express direction from the Governor and council. I heartily commiserate the poor unhappy inhabitants left by this means exposed to every incursion of a merciless enemy, and I wish it were in my power to offer them better support, than good wishes will afford. You may assure the settlement, that this unexpected and, if I may be allowed to say, unavoidable step, was taken without my concurrence or knowledge; that it is an express order from the Governor, and can be neither evaded nor delayed. Therefore any representations to me of their danger, and the necessity of continuing troops among them, will be fruitless; for, as I have before observed, I have inclination, but no power left, to serve them. It is also the Governor's order, that the forts be left standing for the inhabitants to possess if they think proper. Orders in the same terms were likewise sent to the commanders of the several other forts and a copy of this order was immediately transmitted to the Governor, who saw at once that he had assumed a great responsibility and had shifted the blame for inevitable failure from Washington to himself, so the order was promptly countermanded.

Other commands were given at this time by the Governor which were equally foolish. [Sparks' Washington, vol. 2, page 211.] It is no wonder, says Sparks, that Washington should complain as he often did of the confusion and inconsistency of his orders. The Governor at one time ordered him to march from Fort Loudon to Fort Cumberland more men than he had under his command at the former post, and still leave a number sufficient to keep up the garrison at the former fort and continue the work. When this order was countermanded as absurd and impractical, another was issued calling in all the men at the stockade forts, sending one hundred to Fort Cumberland and retaining the same number at Fort Loudon, by which means the smaller forts essential for the defense of the people would be evacuated and a large number of men left unemployed. A third order was necessary to remedy the blunders of the other two by trusting the matter to the discretion of Washington. The Governor's settled determination to sustain Fort Cumberland betrayed him and his council into a series of hasty resolutions and wild mistakes.

In the meantime General Lord Loudon had fallen in with the suggestion of Governor Dinwiddie and had written to the Governor:—As to the affair of Fort Cumberland, I own it gives me great uneasiness, and I am of the same opinion with you, that it was very material to have supported that fort this winter and after that we could easily have made it a better post than ever it has been, from what I hear of it. I cannot agree with Colonel Washington in not drawing in the posts from the stockade forts in order to defend that advanced one; and I

should imagine much more of the frontier will be exposed by retiring your advanced posts near Winchester, where I understand he is retired, for, from your letter, I take it for granted he has before this executed his plan, without waiting for any advice. If he leaves any of the great quantity of stores behind, it would be very unfortunate, and he ought to consider that it must lie at his own door. This proceeding, I am afraid, will have a bad effect as to the Dominion [Virginia], and will not have the good appearance at home.

From this extract it is manifest that Lord Loudon, who was then in New York, and had never visited Virginia, had no accurate knowledge of the transactions in question and that he had been misled by the Governor's letters. It is extraordinary that the Governor should have sent such statements to Lord Loudon knowing their inaccuracy and foreseeing that Colonel Washington would discover on the face of them an unfair attempt in some quarter to prejudice him in the mind of Lord Loudon.

The Governor was nonplused by Lord Loudon's want of action in the matter as it imposed upon the Governor the duty of communicating to Washington the commanding General's criticism of his actions. The Governor consequently felt called upon to add a palliative by assuring him that Lord Loudon's criticisms were entirely confined to Fort Cumberland. He was afraid you would evacuate and dismantle that fort before his letter reached me. Nor can you think that he either prejudices or has any bad opinion of your conduct. This evasive reply was not only unsatisfactory and suspicious but it at once disclosed the source of the secret opposition that was attempting to thwart Washington's well thought out plans. It also disclosed that so far as the frontier was concerned there were opposed to this faction only the personal friends and adherents of Washington, Fairfax and Job Pearsall. The position of the latter was peculiar in that he commanded the fort which was admittedly the key to the whole situation and although he was intimately acquainted with the family of Colonel Innes, and had acted as attorney in fact for North Carolina folks akin to him, nevertheless Job Pearsall did not waver a moment in his loyalty to Washington. It was this support that so completely upset the plans of the clique that were cooperating with the Governor to discredit Washington, for no doubt they had counted on the support of Job Pearsall which would have made it impossible for Washington to have so placed his forces as to nullify the secret opposition of Colonel Innes and his friends.

Washington replied to Governor Dinwiddie under the date of December 19, 1756, from which we make the following extracts:—In consequence of your letter I despatched orders immediately to all the garrisons on the South Branch to evacuate their forts, repair to Pearsalls, where they would meet the flour from this place and escort it to Fort Cumberland. I fear the provisions purchased for the support of these forts and now lying in bulk will be wasted and destroyed, notwithstanding I have given directions to the assistant commissary on the branch and to Waggners company to use their utmost diligence in collecting the whole and securing them where his company is posted [Fort Pearsall]. * * * I should have been exceedingly glad if your Honor and the Council had directed in what manner Fort Cumberland is to be strengthened; that is, whether it should be made cannon proof or not; and that you would fix the sum beyond which we

shall not go, for I must look to you for the expense. It is interesting to note how anxiously both sides were seeking at this time the support of Job Pearsall. The movement directed by Washington to concert all the outlying forces at Fort Pearsall, while in exact accord with the directions of the Governor, was so entirely opposite in its effect to what the latter had hoped for that it seems as though Washington and Job Pearsall had arranged the movement for the very purpose of bringing about the discomfiture of the Governor and his military clique. Washington in his letter to the governor further said:—I have read that paragraph in Lord Loudon's letters, which you were pleased to send me, over and over again but am unable to comprehend its meaning. What scheme it was, that I was carrying into execution without waiting advice, I am at loss to know, unless it was building a chain of forts along our frontiers which I not only undertook conformably to an act of Assembly and by your own orders, but with respect to the places, in pursuance of a council of war. If, under these circumstances, my conduct is responsible for the fate of Fort Cumberland, it must be confessed, that I stand upon a tottering foundation indeed. I cannot charge my memory with either proposing, or intending, to draw the forts nearer Winchester. The garrison of Fort Cumberland, it is true I did wish to have removed to Cox's which is nearer Winchester by twenty-five miles; but not farther from the enemy, if a road were opened from thence to the little Meadows, which place is about twenty miles distant and the same from Fort Cumberland, and more in the warriors' path [the Catawba Trail] * * * His lordship, I think, has received impressions tending to my prejudice by false representation of facts, if I may judge from a paragraph of one of his letters to the Governor, on which is founded the resolve to support Fort Cumberland at all events. [Sparks' Washington, vol. 2, page 209.]

On the same day, December 19, 1756, Washington wrote to John Robinson:—You are no stranger I presume to the late resolutions the consequence of which I meditate with great concern. We are ordered to reinforce Fort Cumberland with one hundred men, and to enable me to carry that number thither, all the stockade forts on the Branch are to be evacuated and in course all the settlements abandoned, except what lie under the immediate protection of Captain Waggeners Fort [Fort Pearsall] the only place exempted in their resolve. Surely his Honor and the Council are not fully acquainted with the situation and circumstances of the unhappy frontiers, thus to expose so valuable a tract as the [South] Branch, in order to support a fortification in itself of very little importance to the inhabitants of the colony. This has the object in view Fort Cumberland and, to maintain it, the best lands in Virginia are laid open to the mercy of a cruel and inhuman enemy. The civil and military authorities who were located on the Atlantic sea-board could not get the view that the enemy was really the Six Nations of Indians located in central New York, together with their allies, the Indians of the Ohio and Southern country, acting in conjunction with the French from Canada. This made the north and south trails of extreme importance. The Catawba trail which they used crossed the Potomac and went on down the South Branch, which was blocked from the lower country by Fort Pearsall, while Fort Cumberland was west of this trail from the north, where it reached the Potomac River. The latter fortification was therefore in a military sense useless so far as

the main object of defense was concerned and this Washington tried to impress on his superiors in the east. [Sparks' Washington, vol. 2, page 214.]

Fort Cox, referred to by Washington as one of the defensive places to succeed Fort Cumberland, was a stockade situated on the lower point of land on the Potomac at the mouth of Little Cacapon River where on April 25, 1750, he had surveyed a tract for Friend Cox. The difficulty with the location of Fort Cumberland was, as we have said, that it did not block all the regular trails used by the Indians, but left open one of the very best ways the Indians had for reaching the Potomac from the north. Thus their war parties could entirely ignore Fort Cumberland in their expeditions through the Shenandoah valley. As a consequence Washington maintained Fort Cumberland and Forts Edwards and Cox thus completely disarming the opposition to his plans and still making them effectual in defending the country against the French and Indians. Cox's Fort was erected in pursuance of the orders issued by Washington May 23, 1756, to Lieutenant-Colonel Adam Stephen and it was furnished by supplies from Fort Cumberland. It was not much more than a settlers' fortification and very quickly disappeared after the close of the war. Washington on his journey to Ohio in 1770, visited the spot, where all signs of the fort had disappeared. [West Virginia Report of Hist. and Arch., vol. 1, page 210.]

Thus we see that in this year of defensive warfare, Fort Pearsall was the one place which not only stood like a rock against the encroachments of the enemy, but it was a vital part of the general defense. It is remarkable the respect that the Indians always seem to have had for this fortification. It is true that there was at all times a respectable command of soldiers maintained at this place. But as to them the enemy would have paid no more respect than they did to the larger force at Cumberland; that is, to ignore them. It was the presence of Job Pearsall and his force of Indian fighters that commanded the Indians' everlasting respect. It is a pity that we cannot have a complete record of those who served under Job Pearsall. The nearest approach to this is to be found in the list of claimants for payment for supplies furnished at this time to this fort. While the army supplied its own wants, claims were allowed for other commissary supplies, principally meat, furnished by the following, who lived either at or neighbor to the fort:—Job Pearsall, George Parker, John Dickson, John Kirkendall, Sarah Decker, John Foreman, William Buffington, Margaret Snider, Mary Snider, Nathaniel Kirkendall, Henry Van Meter, Thomas McGuire, Benjamin Kirkendall, David Gummery, James Fowler, Abraham Hite, Joseph Edwards, David Edwards, Jeremiah Smith, John Walker, John Crouch and Benjamin Rutherford. This list, of course, does not include the name of every neighbor of Job Pearsall, but it affords a glimpse as to the personnel of the band of patriots who supplemented the regular militia stationed at Fort Pearsall. As Maxwell and Swisher, the historians of Hampshire County, say: Washington's letters are a glowing picture of Hampshire County as it existed in the darkest hour of the French and Indian war. When Washington drew that picture he did it with all the facts before him. Only two small clusters of families were between Winchester and Cumberland; one of these was seeking protection at Fort Edwards at Cacapon, the other at Pearsalls Fort on the bluff overlooking the present bridge across the South Branch of the Poto-

mac, about half a mile south of Romney. It is no wonder there is a blank space in the court records of Hampshire County, from June 11, 1755, to the end of 1757, as nobody was left in the county to hold a court. [Journal of House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1752-58, pp. 378 and 450. History of Hampshire County, page 332.]

In March, 1757, Washington attended a meeting at Philadelphia of several governors and principal officers summoned by Lord Loudon to consult upon a comprehensive and united plan for the next campaign. It was decided against Washington's advice that the principal effort should be made on the lakes and Canada border while the southern and middle colonies were to be left on the defensive. This made the history of 1757 in Virginia a repetition of the previous years' Indian hostilities. May 16, 1757, Governor Dinwiddie instructed Washington to station a garrison of forty-five men under Captain Robert McKenzie at Fort Pearsall.

The full text of the instructions reads as follows:—You are, so soon as you arrive at Fort Loudoun, to inform the Officers that the Assembly having consider'd the great Expense the Virg's Regim't has cost the Country from the No. of Companys it has consisted of, and those Companys not half compleat in proportion to the vast Charge of Officers, It is resolv'd, for the better saving of Expenses and establishing a proper Regulation, that the said Regim't shall consist only of ten companies of 100 Men each; that all the Captains but seven be reduc'd. Those I have thought proper to continue are Captains Mercer, Waggoner, Stewart, Joshua Lewis, Woodward, Spotswood, and McKenzie. To those discontinued in the Command of Captains (not from any particular Misconduct or Demerit imputed) You are to offer Lieutenants, and compleat the No. of Lieut'ts to 20 out of the eldest Subalterns, unless there be some whose Conduct does not entitle 'em to the Preference. The Ensigns for the Regim't are to consist of 10, and to be fill'd up in the same Manner, having regard to their Character and Behaviour. After the Companys are form'd You are to occupy the following Posts in the following Manner till y'r Numbers are increas'd, Vizt.:

At Fort Loudoun, 100 Men, commanded by Yourself. At Maidstone, 70 Men, commanded by Capt. Stewart. At Edwards', 25 Men, commanded by a Subaltern. At Pearsall's, 45 Men, commanded by Capt. McKenzie. In the Neighborhood of Butter Milk Fort, 70 Men, commanded by Capt. Waggoner. At Dickinson's, 70 Men, commanded by Maj'r Lewis. At Vass's, 70 Men, commanded by Capt. Woodward. You are to remain at Winchester, and there use your utmost Diligence and Care in forwarding the public Works w'th all possible Expedition. [From Johns Hopkins University Studies, volume 43, 1925; The Virginia Frontier, by Louis K. Koontz, page 107.]

At the same time he named the forts which then constituted the main defense of the frontiers of Virginia. Of these forts Loudon, Pearsall and Edwards have already been referred to. On the South Branch he names Fort Buttermilk, a stockade situate about three miles above the present town of Morefield in South Fork District, Hardy County, West Virginia. Here Washington was ordered to station a force under Captain Thomas Waggener. He also names Fort Maidstone which was situate on the bluff at the mouth of Great Cacapon River now in Bath District, Morgan County, West Virginia. Here Washington was directed to

station a force under command of Captain Stewart. Kerchival, in his history of the valley, mentions without name a fort on the fourth branch of the Potomac seven miles above Romney, and another fort about eight miles above the first named. It was at this fort that the only recorded incident of Indian depredations occurred in 1757. Two Indian boys made their appearance near the fort and some of the garrison went out with the intention of taking them. It was simply a ruse for the purpose of leading the Virginians into an ambushade and the result was that several of the garrison were killed. These were probably the Forts, Dickinson and Vass, named in Dinwiddie's order. [Virginia Historical Society Collections, vol. 4, page 622; West Virginia Report Hist. and Arch., vol. 1, page 209.]

The only special incident relating to Fort Pearsall, in 1757, is told by the following despatch:—Fort Cumberland, June 14, 1757, Sir: Six Cherokee Indians who just now came from Fort Duquesne say that six days ago they saw a large body of troops march from that garrison with a number of wagons and a train of artillery and by their route must intend an attack upon this garrison. I am your most humble and obedient servant, Jno. Dagworthy. P. S. Two days afterwards these Indians saw the army on their march on the side of the place where Braddock was defeated. James Livingston forwarded this letter to Washington, stating that he had written to Mr. Baker to detain these Indians at Pearsalls until they hear from you. But am afraid it will not be in his power as they are fully bent to see the great man that is come from King George and expect presents. They staid but four hours after the letter was explained to them. Washington upon the receipt of this communication wrote to the Governor as follows:—Fort Loudon, June 16, 1757, Sir: This moment the enclosed letters came to my hands, I have not lost a moments time in transmitting them to you as I look upon the intelligence to be of greatest importance. [Archives of Maryland, vol. 31, page 229.]

The third year a concerted action of the colonies under General Forbes resulted on December 25, 1758, in his army taking peaceable possession of Fort Duquesne or rather of the place where it had stood as the enemy had burned and abandoned it the day before. While this closed the white man's war so far as it related to this section, it by no means took away the danger from the Indian allies of the French. It is true that men began again to farm and clear the wilderness but always there was the overshadowing danger from the lurking savage and everywhere they had to depend upon the protective care of the nearby fort.

The close of the French and Indian War did not put an end to the Indian troubles but greatly increased their force. The peace of 1763 by which the provinces of Canada were ceded to Britain, was offensive to the Indians, especially as they very well knew that the English government, on the ground of this treaty, claimed the jurisdiction of the western country generally; and as an Indian sees no difference between the right of jurisdiction and that of possession, they considered themselves as about to be dispossessed of the whole of their country, as rapidly as the English might find it convenient to take possession of it. The Indians had to choose between the prospect of being driven to the inhospitable regions of the north and west; of negotiating with the British government for continuance of the possession of their own land; or of taking up arms for its defense. They chose the latter course. The plan resolved on by the Indians for the prose-

cution of the war, was that of a general massacre of all the inhabitants of the English settlements in the western country, as well as of those on the lands of the Susquehanna, to which they laid claim. Never did military commanders of any nation display more skill or their troops more steady and determined bravery, than those red men of the wilderness in the prosecution of their gigantic plan for the recovery of their country from the possession of the English. It was indeed a war of utter extermination on an extensive scale. This war raged violently in western Pennsylvania and in the Northern Neck of Virginia. [Kercheval, Virginia, page 259.]

Here again we are called upon to notice that the tide of battle passed by Fort Pearsall. Even under these circumstances the Indians either had a fear of Job Pearsall or he may have commanded the allegiance of so many of their individual members that they could not organize an expedition against him. Which is all the more remarkable as Job Pearsall was very active in his pursuit of the war against the Indians in their depredations against other fortified places all around him. An instance thereof is recorded by Kercheval who says:—in June, 1764, information of Indians having been seen on the South Branch, Major White went in the afternoon to warn the people of their danger, who set out for the nearest fort. But one party found night coming along when they had reached Mr. Lloyds. They concluded to stay there all night. In the morning, as soon as day appeared, they resumed their journey but before they were out of sight of the house the Indians attacked them and killed, wounded or took prisoners twenty-three persons. The Indians with their prisoners encamped the first night at a spring on what is now the Romney road between the North River and Little Cacapon. The next day they stopped on the banks of the South Branch, near where Romney now stands, to eat their dinner. While thus engaged a party who were stationed in Fort Pearsall, lower down the river, and who had just returned from a scout, discharged their guns in order to clean them. This alarmed the Indians and they hurried over the river, with their prisoners. [Kercheval, Virginia, page 259.]

Job Pearsall in his petition to the House of Burgesses of Virginia says—that in the year 1763 the Indian war began at which time your petitioners plantation was a second time pitched upon for a garrison and said fort repaired at the further expense of the said timber which continued to the winter 1764. He further shows that he was ever willing to promote the service of his country and did many times pilot the officers and parties to different places and was obliged to return by night for security and in every inclement season by which his constitution is impaired to that degree that he is rendered physically incapable of supporting himself and a numerous family. The petition was presented in 1766; the matter drifting along to 1769 when it was ended by Job Pearsall's death. Job Pearsall during the later years of his life was confined to his chair with rheumatism. It must have gone hard with the old fighter to be dependent upon others for all his personal wants. He was however a rich man and his son John Pearsall ranks among the richest men in his day in Hampshire County. [Journal of House of Burgesses, 1766-69, page 101.]

The historians of Hampshire County say—George Washington fully appreciated the character of the people on the western frontier when he said in the most

discouraging season of the Revolution; that if driven from the lower country by overwhelming force he would retreat to the mountains and raise the standard of liberty there and hold that rugged country for freedom. No doubt he had Hampshire County among other mountain regions in mind when he spoke. No county along the range of mountains was better known to him than was Hampshire. He had walked over its hills and camped in its valleys before the county was formed and before he was known to fame. He knew that Hampshire pioneers refused to be driven from their country by the Indians but held out at the Forts at Pearsalls, and on Cacapon, when all the rest of the country between Winchester and Cumberland had been given up to pillage. These things no doubt he called to mind when he seriously considered what he would do if driven from the lower country by the overwhelming forces of the British. It should, however, be remembered that at the time referred to, when Washington obtained this high estimate of western character, one of the preeminent leaders of this country was Job Pearsall, and the one place that at all times stood solid and impregnable was Fort Pearsall on the South Branch, and that the one true faithful friend, especially at a time when he needed a friend, was Job Pearsall, tenant militis of the manor of South Branch, holden of Thomas Lord Fairfax of Cameron, in the kingdom of Scotland, and proprietor of lands on the Potomac and Rappahannock in the Northern Neck of Virginia. [History of Hampshire County, page 348.]

Z. MARGARET PEARSALL, resided at Frederick and Hampshire Counties, Virginia; married Richard Jackson. Children:—*1. William Jackson. *2. Thomas Jackson.

The Jacksons are descended from Anthony Jackson of Lancashire, England, who emigrated to Ireland in 1649. Isaac Jackson, son of Anthony, born 1665, married Ann, daughter of Rowland Evans of County Wicklow and removed to near Ballytown. They were married at Old Castle 2nd mo. 29, 1696, O. S. Their children were Rebecca, born 1, 25, 1697; Thomas born 11, 9, 1698; Isaac born 7, 1, 1701, died 12, 5, 1701; Alice born 8, 29, 1706; William born 2, 24, 1705; Mary born 2, 24, 1705; James born 2, 10, 1708; Isaac born 5, 3, 1710, died 8, 13, 1710; John born 10, 16, 1712; Isaac born 1, 13, 1715.

Isaac and Ann Jackson, with their surviving children, excepting Thomas the eldest, who remained in Ireland, and Rebecca who came a few years before her parents, emigrated to America in 1725. They settled in London Grove, Chester County, Pennsylvania. Richard Jackson was the grandson of Isaac Jackson of Chester County, Pennsylvania. According to the Steere genealogy he was the son of Isaac Jackson, who, with his sons Josiah and Richard, was living in Frederick County, Virginia, before 1745.

The Jackson family made a deep impression upon the history of the Northern Neck of Virginia. They built Fort Jackson which was situated on Ten Mile Creek, in what is now Sardis District, Harrison County, West Virginia. It was erected in 1784 in the valley of this creek and here were enacted some of the most horrid scenes of the border wars. This is now the town of Clarksburg, the county seat of Harrison County, West Virginia. They also built Fort Jackson within the present boundaries of Pennsylvania, the site of which fort is now Waynesburg, the county seat of Greene County, Pennsylvania. Samuel Jackson, a

descendant of the same common ancestor, married Rebecca Dickson, 1, 15, 1749-50, daughter of John and Rebecca Dickson, and they removed from Chester County, Pennsylvania, to Redstone, Fayette County, where he and Jonathan Sharpless built and operated the first paper mill west of the mountains. Thus bringing all branches of the Jackson family into this southwest section. It is from this ancestry that General Stonewall Jackson of the Confederate army was descended. Some of the members of the Peirsol family in West Virginia insist that he was descended from Margaret Peirsol, and said that they had personal mementos of him which had come to them because of their relationship.

SECTION 2.

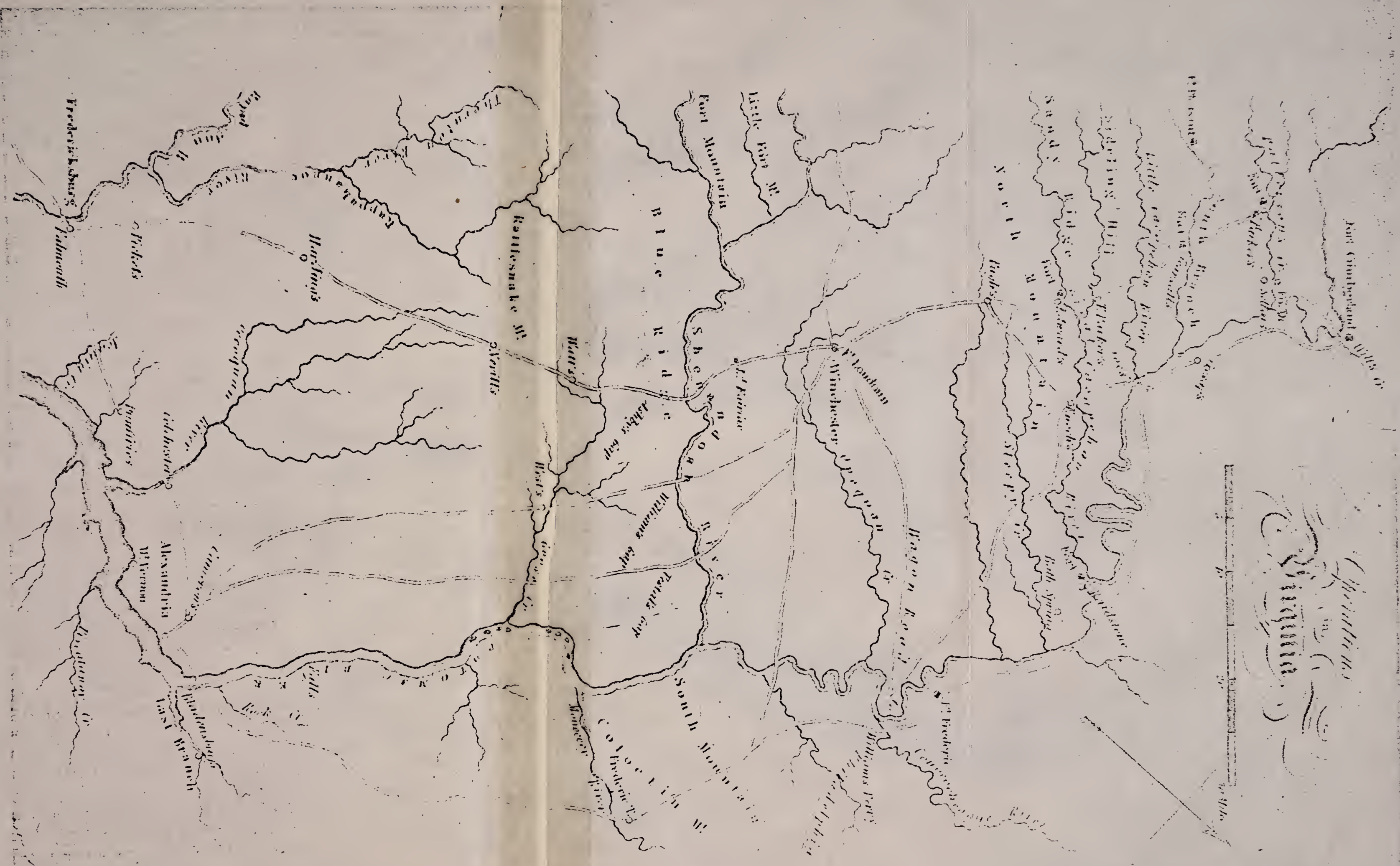
JOHN PEARSALL, son of Job Pearsall, Chapter 48, Section 1; resided at Fort Pearsall and Pattersons Creek, Hampshire County, Virginia; married Hannah Lyons. Her family were among the early settlers in Hampshire County. They originally came from Maryland where they were situated before 1670 and gave their name to Lyons Creek in Ann Arundel County. Later John Lyons was found in Talbot County a member of Fishing Creek Friends Meeting and connected with the Powells, who contributed so heavily to the Friends Meeting on the Trego farm in Nantmeal Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. No children. They adopted a child, Neomy, who later married Ebenezer McNary.

The Records at the Land Commissioner's Office, Richmond, Virginia, disclose: Patent Book M. 174, page 32, Patent dated August 30, 1762, wherein Thomas Lord Fairfax Baron etc., granted to John Pearsall of Hampshire County, land on the North Branch of the Potomac. Confirming the settlement made between Job Pearsall and Lord Fairfax concerning the ending of the Manor of South Branch.

According to the Pennsylvania Archives, 1765, in 1774 there was a Virginia Regiment, including a Pennsylvania Sergeant, located at Fort Pearsall during Dunmore's War, although by this time the tide of emigration had carried the frontier much farther west and the active operations of the war were confined to the country drained by the waters of the Ohio River and its tributaries.

Map of the Shenandoah

Scale 1/2 inch = 1 mile



COPY OF MAP MADE BY GEORGE WASHINGTON
SHOWING FORT PEARSALE UPPER LEFT CORNER

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

BENJAMIN PIERCEALL

of Hampshire County, Virginia, and Washington County, Pennsylvania

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

BENJAMIN PIERCEALL, son of Job Pearsall, Chapter 48, Section 1; resided in Hampshire County, Virginia, and Washington County, Pennsylvania; married Rebecca Babb, daughter of Jacob Babb. The Babbs came from Goshen Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. Children:—

1. John Peirsol. Chapter 49, Section 2.
2. Sampson Peirsol. Chapter 50, Section 1.
3. Benjamin Pearsall. Chapter 51, Section 1.
4. Samuel Pearceall. Chapter 49, Section 11.

The Indian war which followed upon the close of the French and Indian War was at an end in 1766 and this closed a period of hostilities which had lasted during a period of twelve years. Immediately upon the termination of danger from Indian depredations the frontier of the Northern Neck of Virginia advanced along the Braddock road towards Pittsburgh and the settlements began to multiply in western Pennsylvania. Probably not less than fifty houses constituted the town of Pittsburgh at the commencement of 1774. From Fort Pitt far up the Monongahela and along many of its branches were settlements. Upon the eastern tributaries of the Ohio and down that stream for more than a hundred miles, were to be seen cabins of frontiersmen but not a single settler had yet ventured across that river. Small cultivated fields broke in on the monotony of the wilderness for a short distance up the east side of the Allegheny from the forks, while toward the mountains Forbes' road, or the road by Fort Ligonier over the mountains to Bedford, was, in general, the northern limit of civilized habitations. No sooner had these settlements began than there came about a conflict between Virginia and Pennsylvania concerning their common boundary west of the Youghiogeny.

Pittsburgh had become the center of the Indian trade, and of those who came out many began to take up lands, more especially along the military routes, in the valleys of the Monongahela and Youghiogeny, and in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. The Ohio Company, too, revived its claim, and settlers moved on to the territory embraced within its grant. In general it may be said that the settlers were, for the most part, from Virginia, while the Indian traders were Pennsylvanians; and that while it was to the interest of the former to drive the natives back, exterminate or get rid of them by any means, and the more summary the better, the latter wished, on the contrary, to cultivate friendly relations with them. This gave rise to a conflict of interests; and, though the Virginians seemed to have the better of it in the possession of the lands, the Pennsylvanians held the center of trade and

population with its celebrated fort, which commanded the water courses, a matter of the greatest importance in those early days.

Major Edmondson, who commanded the little garrison of Fort Pitt, received orders from the commander-in-chief, in October, 1772, to dismantle the fort and withdraw. There at once started a condition of civil warfare with the Virginians on one side and opposed to them were the traders and Indians. It is of course well known that the dispute between the states was finally settled by continuing Mason and Dixon's line westward for the full five degrees of longitude and recognizing the Virginia titles when they were older than the Pennsylvania warrants. [History of Allegheny County, page 62.]

Benjamin Pearsall was among those who came from Hampshire County, Virginia, and settled in the country south of the forks of the Ohio but west of the Monongahela. He located on Chartiers Creek in what is now Washington County, Pennsylvania, near Fromans Fort. Colonel Aeneas Mackay and others wrote to Joseph Shippen, secretary to the governor of Pennsylvania, from Pittsburgh, July 8, 1774, that since our memorial to his honor the governor on the 25 of June, accompanied by some notes, there has several occurrences of so extraordinary a nature happened that we hope no apology is necessary for giving you this trouble. The traders who were coming by land are all come in safe. Captain Whiteyes is returned with the strongest assurances of friendship from the Shawanees, Delawares, Wyandottes and Cherokees with whom he had been trading on our behalf. Upon his return he found his house broken open by the Virginians and about thirty pounds worth of his property taken which was divided and sold by the robbers at one Fromans Fort on Chartiers Creek. [On the historical map of Pennsylvania this fort is set down as having been located opposite to Canonsburg.]

The Pennsylvania authorities unfortunately were slow in attending to the defense of the traders so they took the matter of reprisal into their own hands and stirred up the Indians against this particular party of Virginians. It happened that the Indians did not discriminate between the peaceable settlers and the guerilla-like partisans of Virginia. To the Indians all Virginians were equally guilty. Hence one day when Benjamin Pearsall was working in the field with his grandson Jacob a band of Indians came suddenly upon them from the cover of the underbrush and while Jacob hurried to the house for assistance his grandfather stood his ground against the red men. Although he killed several of them they were too many for him and before his sons could come to his relief he had been killed and scalped. The family tradition is that his granddaughter, Anne, rode bareback with her hair streaming down her back to warn the neighbors of the Indian outbreak. [Pennsylvania Archives, vol. 4, page 540. Pioneer Forts of Pennsylvania, page 427.]

SECTION 2.

JOHN PEIRSOL, son of Benjamin Pierceall, Chapter 49, Section 1; resided in Washington County, Pennsylvania; married Sarah Custard, daughter of George Custard and sister of Noah Custard of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. They were Shenandoah Valley folks having settled quite early in Rockingham County, Virginia. Children:—

1. Jacob Peirsol. Chapter 49, Section 3.
2. Anne Peirsol.
3. Rebecca Peirsol.

The Pennsylvania Archives, disclose:—Washington County Rangers of the Frontier, 1778-1783, John Parcell.

Tax List for Mifflin Township, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, 1791, John Pierceall. Washington County Militia depreciation pay Continental Line John Piersall. Soldiers of the Revolution, John Pearsall, Private. John Peirsol First Corporal, Captain G. Wigton's Company, 18th Section of Riflemen, commanded by Colonel Thomas Humphrey, located at Camp Dupont November 12, 1814. John Peirsol served in Captain Hood's Company which was part of the forces recruited in 1782 in the counties of Allegheny, Westmoreland and Washington for a special expedition against the Indians. County of Washington, Company of Captain Zadok Wright, Militia of the Fifth class, ordered rendezvous June 14, 1782, ordered out for the campaign August 19, 1782, and in 1784 in the Seventh Class of Captain James Archer's Company. 4th Battalion Militia, Allegheny County, 7th Company, Tuesday May 1, 1792, Ensign John Persall.

John Pearsall served in the company of Captain Andrew Hood in the expedition under Colonel William Crawford against Sandusky. This was part of the old warfare between the settlers of the country west of the Alleghenies and the Indians of the six nations and their allies. The outbreak of the Revolution had found the frontier pushed back to the country adjacent to the forks of the Ohio River and the burden of holding these Indians in check was placed on the inhabitants of this section which inter alia included the counties of Allegheny, Washington and Westmoreland in Pennsylvania. With these frontiersmen it was really a hard and continuous war of self preservation. The Sandusky campaign began in a series of depredations in March and April 1782 upon the frontiers of Ohio, Washington, Youghioghany and Westmoreland Counties, which means the country from the Kanawha north to the lakes and in very much the same manner as had been the constant practice of the western Indians ever since the commencement of the war between the United States and Great Britain.

In consequence of these predatory invasions the principal military and militia officers of the above named counties tried every method in their power to set on foot an expedition against the towns of the Wyandot Indians which they found they could effect in no other way than by giving all possible encouragement to volunteers. The plan proposed and which brought the force together, was as follows:—Every man furnishing himself with a horse, a gun and one month's provisions, should be exempt from two tours of militia duty. Likewise every one who had been plundered by the Indians should, if the plunder can be found at their towns, have it again, proving it to be his property, and all horses lost on the expedition by unavoidable accident were to be replaced by horses taken in the enemy's country.

The time appointed for the rendezvous or the general meeting of the volunteers was fixed to be on the twentieth of May, 1782 and the place the old Mingo Indian town on the west side of the Ohio River about forty miles below Fort

Pitt by land and about seventy-five by water. Colonel William Crawford was chosen to command the expedition. The volunteers had not all crossed the river before the twenty-fourth and they then distributed themselves into eighteen companies among which was that of Captain Andrew Hood in which John Pearsall joined as a private. The captains were chosen by vote. The force was then organized with one colonel commandant and five majors. There were four hundred and sixty-five that voted. The force however never became a military unit and each individual acted more or less as it pleased himself. There were some companies which became military units but they could not act as they might have done owing perhaps to the inability of the commander to secure the cooperation of all the forces in his plans.

They began their march on Saturday, May twenty-fifth, 1782, making an almost due west course and on the twenty-ninth they reached the Old Moravian town upon the Muskingum about sixty miles from the Ohio River. The march had been too rapid at the start and some of the men who had lost their horses on the night preceding started back home. How many there were thus forced to return is not disclosed by the records. The march continued and on Tuesday, June fourth the column arrived at the spot where the old Indian town of Sandusky formerly stood. The inhabitants had moved eighteen miles further down the creek nearer the lower Sandusky. This caused the Americans considerable surprise as neither of their guides had been aware of the removal. They therefore concluded that there were no Indian towns nearer than the lower Sandusky which was at least forty miles distant. This put a damper on the whole expedition and a number of the men expressed a desire to return, some of them alleging they had only five days provisions left, upon which the field officers and captains determined in council to proceed that afternoon and no longer. Just as the council had decided to close the campaign there arrived a messenger from a scouting party of light horse, who communicated the intelligence that they had seen a large body of Indians running toward them. It was not long before an engagement ensued in which the advantage was with the Americans. Night coming on found both sides holding their own with the Indians receiving heavy reinforcements. The action continued all of the next day, the Americans remaining in their entrenched position. Early on this day the field officers assembled and agreed, as the enemy were every moment increasing and the Americans had already a number wounded, to retreat that night. The whole body was to form in three lines keeping the wounded in the center. The casualties had been four killed and twenty-three wounded. Just as the troops were about to form several guns were fired by the enemy whereupon the men became alarmed and said that their intention to retreat had been discovered by the Indians who were firing alarm guns. Upon which those in front hurried off and the rest immediately followed and it became a case of every one taking care of himself. Notwithstanding the irregularity of the retreat there were but few casualties among those who remained with the body of the troops who were regular Indian fighters and who with competent officers should have made a better showing against the red men. The records show that John Pearsall remained with the expedition until the end and that he was carried on the records as having given full and satisfactory service. [Pennsylvania Archives, Sixth series, Vol. 2, page 363.]

SECTION 3.

JACOB PEIRSOL, son of John Peirsol, Chapter 49, Section 2; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, in the village of Harmony; married Elizabeth Savage. She is said to be the daughter of George Savage of Chester County, Pennsylvania. The family originally came from Maryland where Edward Savage and William Savage were in Dorchester County, before 1672. Children:—

1. Mary Ann Peirsol, married George Hinds. Child:—*1. Naomi Hinds.
2. John Peirsol, born February 13, 1801. Chapter 49, Section 4.
3. Samuel Peirsol. Chapter 49, Section 8.
4. Sarah Peirsol, married Jesse Moor.
5. George Peirsol, married — Donaldson.
6. Elizabeth Peirsol, married Samuel Cookson.
7. Ruth Peirsol, married Joseph Bannon.
8. Sampson Peirsol. Chapter 49, Section 9.
9. Jacob Peirsol. Chapter 49, Section 10.

The Pennsylvania Archives disclose:—Receipt Roll of a company of Militia commanded by Captain Armstrong Grennon of the First Battalion, 26th Regiment of Pennsylvania Militia, commanded by Major Andrew Jenkins, doing duty at Erie under the orders of Major General Meade, dated February, 1814. Commencing on the 15 of February and ending 22 March, 1814. Jacob Peirsol, Private. And also the receipt roll for the said pay signed by Jacob Peirsol.

SECTION 4.

JOHN PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 49, Section 3; born February 13, 1801; died June 5, 1875; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania; married May 26, 1825, Naomi Mace, daughter of Jacob Mace and his wife Elizabeth Heath; born July 24, 1801; died February 27, 1883. Children:—

1. Elizabeth Peirsol, born February 26, 1826; married Detmer B. Shanor.
2. Mary Ann Peirsol, born September 1, 1827; married first, James Burns; married second, Phillip Lides.
3. Sarah Peirsol, born September 6, 1829; married William Humes.
4. Margaret Peirsol, born August 6, 1831; married James Noonan.
5. Jacob Babb Peirsol, born May 1, 1833. Chapter 49, Section 5.
6. Samuel Heath Peirsol, born April 13, 1835; died unmarried April, 1852.
7. Sampson Harrison Peirsol, born September 30, 1836; married Mary Henderson.
8. George Wesley Peirsol, born November 25, 1839. Chapter 49, Section 6.
9. John Nelson Peirsol, born November 25, 1841; married Margaret J. Parks. Children:—*1. Mary Peirsol, married Sheldon. *2. Ida Peirsol. *3. Myrtle Peirsol, married Davenport. *4. Iva Peirsol. *5. Harry Peirsol.
10. James Kastor Peirsol, born September 21, 1843. Chapter 49, Section 7.

SECTION 5.

JACOB BABB PEIRSOL, son of John Peirsol, Chapter 49, Section 4; born May 1, 1833; died February 19, 1913; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, Lenntown, Nebraska, and Lineville, Wayne County, Iowa; married Feb-

ruary 26, 1860, Eliza Pieschy Smith of Logansport, Indiana; born 1839; died February 18, 1912. Children:—

1. Naomi Sarah Peirsol, born November 13, 1861; died August 5, 1863.
2. James Nelson Peirsol, born November 28, 1863; married February 23, 1893, Ida B. Linney; born May 13, 1873.
3. Margaret Peirsol, born April 19, died September 24, 1871.
4. John Calvin Peirsol, born April 19, 1871; married 1905, Mary Willsey, born 1876.
5. William George Peirsol, born November 16, 1868.
6. Erwin Harrison Peirsol, born December 18, 1873; died April 17, 1874.
7. Jacob Stanley Peirsol, born March 31, 1875.
8. Eliza Cornelia Peirsol, born May 12, 1880.
9. Mettie May Peirsol, born November 7, 1882; died January 23, 1895.

SECTION 6.

GEORGE WESLEY PEIRSOL, son of John Peirsol, Chapter 49, Section 4; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, Wood County, West Virginia, and Courtland, Trumbull County, Ohio; married first, Agnes Jackson; married second, Catherine Melissa Thompson. Children of first marriage:—

1. Lulu Peirsol, married Boales.
2. Jennie Peirsol, married Aiken.
3. Herbert Jackson Peirsol, resided at Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania; married November 25, 1895, Lillie May Bryer.
Children of second marriage:—
4. Edna Peirsol, married Willard.
5. Lillian Peirsol.
6. Grace Peirsol.

SECTION 7.

JAMES KASTOR PEIRSOL, son of John Peirsol, Chapter 49, Section 4; born September 21, 1843; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, Oakland, Alameda County, California, and Fort Bragg, Mendocino County, California; married May 30, 1867, Marietta Cope; born December 11, 1844; died October 26, 1884. Children:—

1. Howard John Peirsol, born October 26, 1868; married 1911, Mamie L. Little, who died August, 1916.
2. Frank Clayton Peirsol, born October 31, 1870; married July 23, 1897, Edith Kinzie.
3. Alice May Peirsol, born August 30, 1874.
4. Florence Naomi Peirsol, born January 18, 1881; married July 5, 1906, Fred M. Weber.

It is an unusually distinguished honor to be placed upon the Government Medal of Honor Roll. The act which brought this distinction to James Kastor Peirsol undoubtedly ranks among the bravest and most reckless recorded in the history of the war with the South.

During the first years of the rebellion James K. Peirsol was attending college at Mount Union, Ohio. After the disastrous peninsular campaign of McClellan in 1862 emergency men were called for and James K. Peirsol was among the first to enlist in a company of college students, and served three months in the mountains of West Virginia, taking part in all the movements of the 86th Regiment O. V. I. At the expiration of this service he returned to school, but in February, 1864, he enlisted again in Company F, 13th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, as a private and was at once promoted to sergeant. Their regiment was assigned December 24, 1864, to the 3rd Brigade, 2nd Division, Cavalry Corps, when it took up duty of picketing and scouting on the left of the Army of the Potomac and taking part in the battles of Stoney and Hatcher's Run February 5-7, 1865.

On the afternoon of April 5, 1865, when at Farms Cross Roads, General Davies' Brigade having captured a wagon train and a battery of artillery, the enemy made desperate efforts to retake the battery and pressed the little brigade so hard that the 3rd Brigade went to his assistance. The enemy continued to push this combined force back towards Jetersville, when the 13th Ohio Cavalry was ordered to make a charge. The Confederate cavalry were in line advancing through an open field, their left on a wagon road that ran parallel with the Richmond and Danville railroad. Their right was well up toward Flat Creek, a tributary of the Appomattox River, while their infantry was coming down from the direction of the Amelia courthouse. The 13th Ohio Cavalry deployed into the open field, its right flank moving up the wagon road. James K. Peirsol was at this time acting as sergeant-major of the regiment.

Amid a hail of bullets and yells of the enemy Colonel Clark's ringing voice called Draw sabres! Forward 13th! Charge! With a cheer the boys dashed at the enemy's line bearing it back into and beyond a piece of woods from which it had emerged. Several rallies were made by the enemy but the 13th with sabre and pistol pressed on the disorganized line, running down and capturing many.

Sergeant Peirsol while getting through the timber captured a Johnny and sent him to the rear. Then seeing a group of the enemy, one of whom carried their battle flag, fleeing over a fence, Sergeant Peirsol together with three other comrades started after them. Two of the Union men could not keep up the pace and fell behind. The other sergeant, Samuel Bond of Company B, lost control of his horse in jumping the fence that the Confederates had just cleared. This left the field to Sergeant Peirsol except that Hiram Platt, a lieutenant of the 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry, had obliqued over from the wagon road. The enemy observing their infantry coming to their aid, as they reached the brow of the hill, halted. Sergeant Peirsol was now almost alongside of the flag-bearer and as he dashed up the hill the group of Confederates was yet in great confusion and did not seem to realize that a Yankee was so near. A sharp quick decisive encounter ensued between Sergeant Peirsol and the flag-bearer and in less time than it takes to tell the flag of the 2nd Alabama Cavalry was in the hands of Sergeant Peirsol who, shaking it at the Confederates and with a yell, spurred his horse down the hill to gain the cover of the woods before an attempt was made to recapture the flag. The confusion and excitement of the enemy were so great that although a lively fusillade was kept up they all missed Sergeant Peirsol and he got away safely.

SECTION 8.

SAMUEL PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 49, Section 3; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania; married Hannah Cheney. Children:—

1. Ann Peirsol (the records of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Archives call her Elizabeth), married Thomas Boggs.
2. Mary S. Peirsol, married William Vezy.
3. Hannah Peirsol, married Daniel Campton.
4. Sarah Ruth Peirsol, married William Cochran.
5. William C. Peirsol.
6. Nancy Jane Peirsol, married James Cotton.
7. Jacob Peirsol, died in the army 1861-64.

SECTION 9.

SAMPSON PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 49, Section 3; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania; married Nancy Allison. Children:—

1. William Peirsol, married Martha A. ——. See Y, this Section.
2. James B. Peirsol, married Margaret ——. See Z, this Section.
3. Annie Peirsol.
4. Elizabeth Peirsol, married James Wordman.
5. Amanda Peirsol, unmarried.

SECTION 10.

JACOB PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 49, Section 3; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania; married Eliza J. Hill. Children:—

1. Sarah Peirsol, married Frank McCracken.
2. Nancy Peirsol.
3. Elizabeth Peirsol, married John Brewer.
4. George Peirsol.
5. William J. Peirsol.
6. Samuel Peirsol.
7. Hiram Peirsol.
8. Mary Peirsol.
9. Cynthia Peirsol.

SECTION 11.

SAMUEL PEARCEALL; son of Benjamin Pierceall, Chapter 49, Section 1, born circa 1765; resided in Washington County, Pennsylvania; married ——. Child:—

1. Samuel Piersall. See Z, this Section.

Samuel Pearceall was a private in Captain Cunningham's Company 1782-85 and served on the frontier. A return of the Militia officers of the Fourth Regiment of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, Monday, August 19, 1793, gives the name of Samuel Pearceall as Captain. (Pennsylvania Archives.) The Pension Rolls of pensioners under the act of 1831 for the relief of Revolutionary soldiers disclosed the name of Samuel Piersol who served in the Pennsylvania Indian spy service as living in 1834 in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, and being at this time 69 years of age.

Z. SAMUEL PIERSALL, born 1798 (aged forty July 19, 1838); died September 2, 1865; married first, Anna Miller, March 19, 1823. He married second, May 18, 1837, Mary Ann White. She was born October 13, 1821. Children of first marriage:—

1. Jeremiah Piersel, born July 19, 1825; died September 1, 1878.
 2. Harriet Piersel, born December 16, 1827; died March 20, 1865.
 3. Anliza Piersel, born May 22, 1829; died June 16, 1906.
 4. Levi B. Piersel, born January 23, 1831; died September 5, 1904; married July 8, 1860, Isabella Houghton who was born at Vernon, Vermont, March 12, 1838; died October 10, 1903. Children:—*1. Everett Samuel Piersel, born October 1, 1864; died January 14, 1907; married July 31, 1900, Emma Elizabeth Knollman, daughter of Henry Knollman and his wife Charlotte Kahle of Cincinnati, Ohio. *2. Alba Chambers Piersel, born November 25, 1867; married January 1, 1896, Blanche Smith, born May 16, 1865.
 5. Amanda Piersel, born April 14, 1832; married February 12, 1889, William Pollock.
 6. Lusetta Piersel, born April 17, 1834; died March 3, 1837.
 7. Samuel Piersel, born March 6, 1836; died September 21, 1836.
- Children of second marriage:—

8. Sarah Melvina Piersel, born March 31, 1838.
9. Joseph Newton Piersel, born June 20, 1840; died 1912; married first, Elizabeth Baker; married second, Rebecca ——. Children:—*1. Myrtle Piersol. *2. William Piersol. *3. Estelle Piersol. *4. James S. Piersol.
10. Mary Jane Piersel, born September 15, 1843; died May 23, 1899; unmarried.
11. John Piersel, born March 29, 1845; died April 1, 1898.
12. Hannah Ann Piersel, born June 18, 1848; died July 25, 1848.

CHAPTER FIFTY

SAMPSON PEIRSOL
of Beaver County, Pennsylvania

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

SAMPSON PEIRSOL, son of Benjamin Pierceall, Chapter 49, Section 1; born circa 1764; resided at Beaver County, Pennsylvania; married Susannah _____.
Children:—

1. Jacob Peirsol. Chapter 50, Section 2.
2. Ruth Peirsol, married David Shanor.
3. Ann Peirsol, married Michael Nye. Child:—*1. Sampson S. Nye.
4. Elizabeth Peirsol, married Joshua Buris. Child:—*1. Sampson Peirsol Buris.
5. Susannah Peirsol, married William McGaw. Children:—*1. James McGaw.
*2. Sampson McGaw.
6. Tobias S. Peirsol, died unmarried.

The Pennsylvania Archives disclose:—The tax list of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, 1791, Sampson Peirsol, Washington County, Pennsylvania, Soldiers of the Revolution, Sampson Peirsol. List of Officers belonging to the Brigade of Militia of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, First Regiment, 4th Company, Tuesday, May 1, 1792, Lieutenant Sampson Peirsol, and in 1794 promoted to Captain. Sampson Peirsol in Captain Hood's Company, recruited in 1782 in the counties of Allegheny, Westmoreland and Washington. [Pennsylvania Archives in the expedition against Sandusky. See Chapter 49, Section 2.]

March 24, 1822, Andrew Pettit of the city of Philadelphia guardian and trustee of Theodore Pettit, Robert Pettit and Henry Pettit minors appointed Sampson Peirsol his attorney in fact to lease certain lands on Brush Creek in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, patented in the name of Thomas McKean.

Among the papers of Sampson Peirsol appears a yellow time-worn sheet of which the following is a copy:—We whose names are hereunto annexed do agree to be members of a Bible class to be entitled the Mount Pleasant Bible Class to be conducted by Jonathan Drews. We agree to study the portion of Scripture which he may assign to us from time to time and to attend these meetings as far as it may comport with our circumstances—March 20, 1830. Sampson P. Barris, Joshua Barris, Elizabeth Barris, Susan Peirsol, Ruth Peirsol, Sampson Peirsol, Tobias S. Peirsol, Eliza Alleman, Susan Barris, Eleanor Wilson, Catherine Delaney, Isaac B. Barris, Nancy Barris, Andrew A. Nye, Eli Micklem, James McGaw, Susannah Nye, Susannah McGaw, Michael M. Nye, Ann Nye, Charles Camerford, Jairden Nye, Sampson McGaw, William McGaw, Sampson Stilly Nye, Rachel Nye, Elizabeth Ann Thompson, Eliza Micklem.

In his will Sampson Peirsol directed that he was to be buried in the graveyard or burying ground of the Mount Pleasant church situated on his farm in the township of North Sewickley. James Kastor Peirsol writes concerning this that Sampson Peirsol donated several acres of land on a sightly knoll for a church and graveyard. I can remember the church building about 1850. It was a small frame structure and was then in a dilapidated condition not used as a meeting place and soon thereafter disappeared entirely. The portion of Sampson Peirsol's farm surrounding the church and graveyard passed into the hands of German emigrants soon after Sampson's death. One of the subsequent purchasers afterward laid claim to a portion of the graveyard which lay between the fenced portion and the public road, but some of the descendants got together and built a new fence enclosing the disputed ground with the other part of the graveyard.

Sampson Peirsol located in Allegheny County on the Connaughquenessing Creek. Here he was neighbor to quite a few of the grandchildren of the neighbors of his grandfather, Job Pearsall, in Virginia and Pennsylvania. To describe Sampson Peirsol as a leader among these people would not fairly represent their relationship to him and to each other. For Sampson Peirsol was as much a lord of the manor to them as Job Pearsall had been in the manor of South Branch, or his ancestors had been in Staffordshire and Shropshire, England. The land belonged to the Hon. Benjamin Chew and the Hon. William McKean, well known historical characters in Pennsylvania history. It is interesting to read their letters to Sampson Peirsol wherein they defer entirely to his judgment as to the disposition of their vast domain in Beaver County. At the death of William McKean he devised certain of these lands to Andrew Pettit of Philadelphia, who, and his children also, depended upon the advice and assistance of Sampson Peirsol. No doubt there were many men who under similar circumstances could have directed the settlement of a wilderness, but there are very few who could have retained the friendship and confidence of the settlers to the same extent as Sampson Peirsol. For as long as he lived he was father, counsellor and advisor to the whole community which radiated from his farm. In a well-worn book found among his papers he records the names of over fifty of his neighbors for whom he was practically transacting all their business. Sampson Peirsol performed this duty for very little remuneration, in fact it seems to have been thrust upon him by the insistence both of great landed proprietors and by those to whom they sold their lands. The relationship to the proprietors continued until 1834 when it was closed by the Pettit heirs.

The booming of land sales in Pennsylvania made one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the early settlement of our country following the Revolutionary War. All of the curious things done elsewhere in Pennsylvania, were repeated in Allegheny and Beaver Counties. To have patiently and persistently followed the changing plans of the great proprietors should have commanded the highest sort of pay for the service. It is doubtful however if Sampson Peirsol looked upon this duty in any other manner than as an opportunity to do good to his neighbors. For after all this branch of the family had not outgrown the thought that they were mesne lords of the manor, charged with the duty of promoting the happiness of their people. A few words as to the land promotion of

those days will prove interesting. The settler if he so pleased could buy a leasehold with a right in seven years, on paying a certain sum, to have a deeded title. Having obtained this lease he would go on the land and begin to make improvements in which effort he was helped by Sampson Peirsol. Even as late as the above letter of 1834 he records having had two houses built in this way upon the proprietor's land. The lessor having made his title good by reason of these improvements, then possessed what was called a settlement, which could be bought and sold. Some times a desirable property would pass through several hands before a deed would be asked for from the proprietor. As a result there would be difficulty between the then holder of the land and the proprietor to make it clear that the possessor of the land had the right to the deed. In such controversies Sampson Peirsol would be the referee, for which he would receive the magnificent sum of one dollar, simply to make it legal and binding as the folks thought.

These properties were sometimes leased to thriftless fellows or to those who were trouble makers. The peace and prosperity of the community demanded that such be moved along. It is interesting to read of Sampson Peirsol's methods of ridding the community of a generally objectionable fellow and yet send him away entirely satisfied. But the proprietors were also to be reckoned with at such times and it appears that they were sometimes fearful that perhaps after all Sampson Peirsol might be making a rakeoff. So they promised to pay him one dollar for each ten dollars that he might still further reduce the price to be paid to the person whom they were getting rid of. His books show that Sampson Peirsol always stood by the bargain he had made. And there does not appear a single instance when he played false to the confidence reposed in him even by the man who knew that he was gently and quietly, but firmly, being made to move on. It is not difficult to understand that Sampson Peirsol was a diplomat, but he depended upon kindness, truthfulness and the exercise of the utmost good faith.

One of the great difficulties these large land proprietors labored under was in paying taxes on their unoccupied lands. The correspondence among the papers of Sampson Peirsol constantly refers to this trouble.

In one of his letters Mr. Benjamin Chew speaks of the Beaver and Ohio portage canal as being of great advantage to Beaver County. In several letters he speaks of Swiss, Italian and other European emigrants coming to settle in Beaver County so that his agent must have been required to speak several languages.

Another letter Mr. Chew closes with a request that Sampson Peirsol will give the writer's best wishes and regards to the good people on his land if they should inquire about him. He also requests that Sampson Peirsol shall tell them that he and his son are frequently thinking of them and of the means of rendering them and the country every good that may be in their power, although he is getting to be almost too old to expect to see them but that he considers the promotion of their comfort and prosperity and that of the country as intimately connected with the writer's own interest.

The letters were written in the days before envelopes were used and addressed to Sampson Peirsol, Esq., at the Forks of the Beaver and Harmony and Stoneville roads, Beaver County, near Harmony, Pennsylvania.

It is a rather interesting coincidence that Benjamin Chew was descended from John Chew from Somersetshire, England, who came to Virginia in 1620 where he was not only counted among the ablest merchants but was closely associated with the Dutch-English traders. About 1644 he removed to Annapolis in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, and settled where he could have a share of the old Kent Island trade. His oldest son, Samuel Chew, married Ann Ayres, sole daughter and heir of William Ayres. There is quite weighty evidence that this William Ayres was son of Christopher Ayres, who was one of the executors of the last will, dated March 26, 1629, of Edmond Pearsall, citizen and grocer of London, along with our ancestor, Thomas Pearsall the youngest son of said Edmond. Samuel and Ann Chew were the parents of Benjamin Chew, who married Elizabeth Benson, daughter of Dr. Samuel Benson of Annapolis, Maryland. Their son Benjamin Chew was of Cliveden Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and is the person above referred to. There was also a John Chew of this family who was connected with the old Dutch-English traders who resided at Hempstead, Long Island, New York, before 1665. [Virginia Historical Magazine, vol. I, pages 87 and 197; Hempstead Town Records, vol. I, page 218].

SECTION 2.

JACOB PEIRSOL, son of Sampson Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 1, born October 16, 1785; died 1850; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania; married June 21, 1810, Rachel Stillie of Peters Creek; born November 14, 1785; daughter of Tobias Stillie. She is descended from Olaf Stillie, who was one of the original Swedish colonists of the Delaware Peninsula, as his passport or certificate of character bears date December 2, 1634. Children:—

1. Sampson Peirsol, born March 24, 1818; Chapter 50, Section 3.
2. Jeremiah S. Peirsol, born March 13, 1827; died August 6, 1883; unmarried.
3. Scudder Hart Peirsol, born January 1, 1828; Chapter 50, Section 7.
4. Samuel Peirsol, born February 18, 1832; died August 30, 1868.
5. Joseph Peirsol, born March 15, 1835; Chapter 50, Section 8.
6. Benjamin Peirsol, born October 29, 1836; Chapter 50, Section 9.
7. Susannah Peirsol, born March 26, 1815; died 1913; married December 23, 1830, George W. Alleman, born August 30, 1811.
8. Ruth Peirsol, born December 16, 1813; died August 8, 1814.
9. Ruth Peirsol, born December 4, 1816; married Sampson S. Nye.
10. Rachel Peirsol, born August 15, 1821; married Michael Nye.
11. Rebecca Peirsol, born May 2, 1824; died 1890; married — Walker.
12. Jacob Peirsol, born October 19, 1825; died August 31, 1865; Chapter 50, Section 10.
13. Elizabeth Peirsol, born March 17, 1823; died 1882; married E. Swesey.
14. Uriah Peirsol:
15. Tobias Stille Peirsol, born July 4, 1820; died August 9, 1847.
16. David Peirsol, born August 23, 1830; died December 7, 1836.
17. Anna Peirsol, born September 28, 1838; died August 2, 1847.

SECTION 3.

SAMPSON PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 2; born March 24, 1818; died 1891; resided in Wood County, West Virginia, and Beaver County, Penn.; married 1840, Harriet Newton, who was born February 22, 1824; died 1896. Children:—

1. Sampson H. Peirsol, born 1841; died 1904; Chapter 50, Section 4.
2. Jacob Peirsol, born 1845; Chapter 50, Section 5.
3. Harriet Peirsol, born 1848; died unmarried.
4. Jeremiah S. Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 6.
5. Lucinda Peirsol, born 1851; married W. D. Newbanks.
6. Rachel Peirsol, born 1851; married Burge.
7. Rebecca Peirsol, born 1854; married L. M. Boone.

SECTION 4.

SAMPSON H. PEIRSOL, son of Sampson Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 3; resided in Wood County, West Virginia; married Marie L. Shear. Children:—

1. Charles B. Peirsol.
2. Curtis Peirsol.
3. Marvin Thurman Peirsol.
4. Elizabeth Peirsol, married Hogsett.

SECTION 5.

JACOB PEIRSOL, son of Sampson Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 3; born May 23, 1845; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, and Parkersburg, Wood County, West Virginia; married 1869, Alzanah Grant, born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, August 1, 1851. Children:—

1. Robert Stille Peirsol, born September 12, 1870; married Susan Nowrey. See Z, this Section.
2. Alice Peirsol, born April 12, 1873; married 1894, James H. Cain; born August 29, 1875.
3. Harriet Susannah Peirsol, born August 29, 1875; died February 22, 1891.
4. Rebecca Peirsol, born January 26, 1878; married 1897, F. Hunter Cain.
5. Sampson Peirsol, born June 26, 1880; married 1898, Lydia Shreve.
6. Adelia Peirsol, born Sept. 10, 1883; married March 24, 1905, F. B. Brown.
7. Nancy A. Peirsol, born June 29, 1885; married 1904, E. O. Wilson.
8. Lester J. Peirsol, born April 10, 1888; married 1906, Cora Dawkins. Children:—*1. Sampson Peirsol. *2. Dorothy Peirsol.
9. Lorraine Peirsol, born August 20, 1891; unmarried.
10. Loretta Peirsol, born May 29, 1894; married 1913, Harley Morris.

SECTION 6.

JEREMIAH S. PEIRSOL, son of Sampson Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 3; resided in Wood County, West Virginia; married Fanny Wells. Children:—

- *1. Abigail Peirsol. *2. Elizabeth Peirsol, married Fred Smith. *3. Balser Peirsol, married Margaret Nowery. *4. Karl Peirsol. *5. Clyde Peirsol. *6. Ethel Peirsol. *7. Earl Peirsol.

SECTION 7.

SCUDDER H. PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 2; born January 1, 1828; died December 29, 1903; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania; married first, Elizabeth Weaver, died 1870. Married second, 1876, Mary Maxwell Chambers, who died 1902. Children of the first marriage:—

1. Joseph Peirsol, born September 15, 1857; died January 1915; married December 10, 1884, Mary Victoria Roessler; born January 1, 1859. Children:—*1. Agnes Laura Peirsol, born February 8, 1886; married August 4, 1903, William Henry Bell; born June 24, 1883. *2. Alma Peirsol, born September 1, 1891. *3. Joseph Peirsol, born August 27, 1893. *4. Louis Peirsol, born July 23, 1896.
2. Sue Peirsol; married R. J. Marshall.
3. Fannie Peirsol, married Frank W. Neeley.
4. George W. Peirsol.
5. Kate Peirsol, born December 15, 1862; married August 16, 1897, Sampson Alleman; born October 14, 1844.
Child of the second marriage:—
6. Scudder Hart Peirsol, born July 2, 1880; married 1907, Fannie Edith May.

SECTION 8.

JOSEPH PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 2; died October 9, 1909; resided at North Sewickley, Beaver County, Pennsylvania; married Frances A. —, who died January 9, 1917. Children:—

1. Daisy N. Peirsol, resided at Ambridge, Pennsylvania; married David Angel. Children:—*1. Hazel Angel. *2. Mildred Angel. *3. Audrey Angel. *4. J. Derwood Angel.
2. Abbie Peirsol, married Hinkle. Children:—*1. William Hinkle. *2. Susan Hinkle. *3. Frances Hinkle, married Frank McCue.
3. Vera Peirsol, married Smith. Child:—*1. Frederick Smith.
4. Annie Peirsol.

SECTION 9.

BENJAMIN H. PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 2; resided Beaver County, Pennsylvania; married Emiline E. Shanor. Children:—

1. J. R. Peirsol, married Anne Thomas.
2. William C. Peirsol, married Anna Maria Doty.

SECTION 10.

JACOB PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 2; born October 19, 1825; died August 31, 1865; resided at Parkersburg, West Virginia; married first, Nancy McDaniel, daughter of Smith McDaniel and his wife Nancy Delaney of Beaver County, Penn.; married second, Mary Ann Crantz, born January 19, 1828; daughter of James Crantz. Children of the first marriage:—

1. Jacob G. Peirsol, born circa 1849; died January 13, 1902, Chapter 50, Section 11.
2. Smith Peirsol, died young.

3. Agnes Ann Peirsol, born December 28, 1851; married first, James Boyer; married second, Joseph Johnson, who died May 30, 1908.
4. Rachel Minerva Peirsol, born September 13, 1853; married first, Miner Sargeant; married second, Manor Hascall.
5. Tobias Peirsol, born December 11, 1855; died August, 1911; married July 23, 1883, Mary Grimm; died May 4, 1894. Children:—*1. Cyrus W. Peirsol, born May 1, 1884, unmarried. *2. Estella V. Peirsol, born October 29, 1885; married May 4, 1908, Richard Beggs. *3. Stilly T. Peirsol, born October 26, 1886; died February 8, 1890. *4. Charles F. Peirsol, born April 20, 1889. *5. Edith Peirsol, born September 24, 1890; married — Pride. *6. Joseph Peirsol, born July 20, 1892; died October 23, 1908.
6. Aurelia Peirsol, born August 16, 1860; married Charles V. Bartlett.
7. Charles Fremont Peirsol, born March 22, 1861; Chapter 50, Section 12.
8. Julius David Peirsol, born February 28, 1865; married Ella Wuest, born March 11, 1868; daughter of Bernhard Wuest of Germany. Children:—*1. Charles Peirsol, died in infancy. *2. Louise Peirsol, died in infancy. *3. An infant died unnamed. *4. Agnes Peirsol, married Robert Staples. *5. Ralph Peirsol. *6. Bernard Peirsol, born February 22, 1896.

SECTION 11.

JACOB G. PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 10; resided at Parkersburg, West Virginia; born circa 1849; died January 13, 1902; married November 29, 1873, Mary E. Wharton; born February 17, 1855; daughter of Daniel Wharton and his wife Nancy Hoy of Wood County, West Virginia. Children:—

1. Minor Theophilus Peirsol, born September 13, 1874; married Amanda Brown.
2. John Rowland Peirsol, born December 26, 1876; died September 17, 1912; married Etta May Deams. No children.
3. Edgar Leon Peirsol, born February 18, 1879; died March 1883.
4. Nancy Eldetta Peirsol, born May 27, 1878; married Joseph Clinton Carpenter.
5. Edna Virginia Peirsol, born December 19, 1884; married Clinton Garfield Park.

SECTION 12.

CHARLES FREMONT PEIRSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 50, Section 10; born March 22, 1861; resided at Parkersburg, West Virginia, and Columbus, Ohio; married November 2, 1881, Emma Elizabeth Renner, daughter of Edward Renner and his wife Deniza Guinn of Parkersburg, West Virginia; born May 14, 1859; died December 6, 1917. Children:—

1. Nettie Edith Peirsol, born October 24, 1883; married Frank Wardwell.
2. Jessie Anna Peirsol, born January 14, 1886.
3. Charles David Peirsol, married Neva Harrison. See Z, this Section.

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

BENJAMIN PEARSALL

of Allegheny and Washington Counties, Pennsylvania.

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

BENJAMIN PEARSALL, son of Benjamin Pierceall, Chapter 49, Section 1; resided in that portion of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, taken from Washington County. Married ——. Children:—

1. Peter Peirsol, Chapter 51, Section 2.
2. Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 51, Section 5.
3. Benjamin Peirsol, Chapter 51, Section 8.

Benjamin Pearsall lived in Washington County, Pennsylvania, near Wells Fort which was built on the land of Alexander Wells at a place called Mayfield, on the waters of Cross Creek, near the junction of North and South Forks, in Cross Creek Township. Besides being a refuge for the families of the settlement it was also a defense for the mill which stood a few rods west of it which was one of the earliest mills built in that part of the county, Mr. Wells having settled there in 1773. In April and May, 1782, the inhabitants in the vicinity of Wells Mill petitioned General William Irvine, Commander of the Western Department at Fort Pitt, to send a few men to help garrison this fort and defend the mill as there were eight or ten forts or block houses and posts dependent on the mill for their supplies of flour. They wrote—Sir: The dangerous situation that our frontiers at present seem to be in obliges us your humble petitioners to beg for your assistance at such a difficult time as it now is. Our case is such as follows: namely: We the inhabitants near Mr. Alexander Wells mill are very unhandy to any other mill and daily open to the rage of a savage and merciless enemy, notwithstanding the great care that hath already been taken for our safety by placing guards on the river. The inhabitants that live near enough the mill to fort there look upon themselves not of sufficient force to guard the mill and carry on any labor to support their families. They will therefore, undoubtedly break off unless your excellency will please to grant them a few men to guard the mill. Unless this is done we must also break ground as the mill is not only our main support in regard to bread for our families but likewise in furnishing us with flour for every expedition that we are called to go upon. Their going off will expose us to another front side open. Therefore, we your humble petitioners pray that if it is in your power to help us at such a difficult time you will not be negligent in doing as much as possible. This petition was signed by Samuel Teter, Henry Nelson, James Scott, Phillip Doddridge, Charles Stuart, John Comley, Walter Hill, Benjamin Pearsall, Morris West, Thomas Shannon, John Marical, Michael Howe, Sr., John Carpenter, James Newell, William McClimans

and Aaron Sackett. [Pioneer Forts of Pennsylvania, by T. L. Montgomery, page 421].

Benjamin Pearsall survived the dangers of the Revolutionary War and his name appears in the Census of 1790, as living in that part of Allegheny County which was taken from Washington County with three sons under sixteen years of age.

J. E. Peirsol of Tulsa, Oklahoma, writing under the date of August 31, 1917, says, My Father told me that my Great-Grandfather was killed by the Indians at old Fort Duquesne, the present site of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. It is more than probable that this tradition was meant to refer to the great-great-grandfather of the writer. It is, however, also within the range of possibility that it may have been his grandfather, as in the letter of Captain Denny, written from Pittsburgh, June 1, 1792, to John Harmer in Philadelphia, he says: We have alarms here hourly. The savages begin to show themselves. The settlements north of the old Pennsylvania road are all abandoned and the people fled across the Monongahela. The militia is entirely well employed. A strong guard mounts every evening from which there are constant patrols all night, besides they are frequently out on a scout, for one, two, three days at a stretch. This condition continued for quite a long time and it might very well be that during this period of Indian depredations Benjamin Peirsol may have lost his life at the hands of the Indians. [Denny's Journal, page 462.]

CHAPTER 2.

PETER PEIRSOL, son of Benjamin Peirsol, Chapter 51, Section 1; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, and Holmes County, Ohio; married Sarah Lutton, widow of Hines and daughter of Robert Lutton, and near neighbor of Benjamin Peirsol in Allegheny County. Children:—

1. Joel Peirsol, born May 22, 1804; Chapter 51, Section 3.
2. Elizabeth Peirsol, born January 29, 1803; Chapter 51, Section 4.
3. Prudence Peirsol, married Harrison Rigdon. Child:—*1. Peter Peirsol Rigdon; married ——. Children:—1. John Rigdon. 2. Emma Rigdon, married Earl.
4. Nancy Peirsol, married Stephen Adkins. Child:—*1. Hannah Adkins.
5. Sally Peirsol, married Asa Munn. Child:—*1. Sampson Munn.
6. Ann Peirsol, married Jefferson Luke. Children:—*1. David Luke. *2. B. F. Luke. *3. John P. Luke. *4. Jane M. Luke, married Wheeler. *5. Charles Luke.
7. Sampson Peirsol; married — Bell. Child:—*1. Jasper Peirsol, died 1877.
8. John H. Peirsol, born 1821; died February 17, 1856, married Ann Fraser. Children:—*1. Ann Peirsol, married Clinton Ufford. *2. Margaret Peirsol, married Conn Durrell.
9. Hannah Peirsol, married Hilman Otis.
10. Mary Peirsol, married John Russel.
11. Peter Peirsol; married, 1853, Martha Guernsey. Children:—*1. Willard G. Peirsol. *2. James Madison Peirsol.

The Land Records of Beaver County, Pennsylvania, disclose:—Deed Book E, page 226, deed dated December 10, 1817, wherein Peter Peirsol and Sarah, his wife, formerly Sarah Lutton of Beaver County, Pennsylvania, convey to Samuel White land on the Big Beaver bounded by John Fulton and Benjamin Chew, of the city of Philadelphia. The Land Records of Holmes County, Ohio, disclose:—Deed Book 4, page 469, deed dated September 14, 1836, wherein Peter Peirsol and Sarah his wife, convey to John Simpson of Columbiana County, Ohio, land in the county of Holmes, bounded by J. B. Kock, and John Piersol. Deed Book 1, page 380, deed dated December 28, 1836, wherein Charles Rigdon and Amy, his wife, of the county of Holmes, convey to Peter Peirsol, of same, lands located in the Virginia military district.

SECTION 3.

JOEL PEIRSOL, son of Peter Peirsol, Chapter 51, Section 2; born May 22, 1804; died March 23, 1876; resided in Holmes County, Ohio, and Lee Township, Fulton County, Illinois; married July 1, 1828, Catherine Emry, who died 1852. Children:—

1. Sarah Peirsol, born April 8, 1829; married Luther Curtis.
2. Luther Curtis Peirsol, died unmarried.
3. Nancy Peirsol, born September 19, 1830; married James Bennett. Child:—
*1. May Bennett, who married Charles Learned.
4. Mary Peirsol, born January 2, 1832; married November 12, 1851, Walter Giles. Child:—*1. James E. Giles.
5. Peter A. Peirsol, born November 9, 1833; died 1910; married first, 1867, Mary Hurlbert, who died 1876; married second, Mary E. Allison.
6. Catherine E. Peirsol, born September 23, 1835; married 1855, John Cunningham.
7. Jacob A. Peirsol, born March 14, 1838; married 1862, Susan Elizabeth Clark.
8. Joel E. Peirsol, born 1843; married Ella Clark. Children:—*1. Joel Peirsol, resided at Tulsa, Oklahoma. *2. Ethel Peirsol, married Umholtz.
9. John C. Peirsol, born May 16, 1846; married Lue H. Loomis. Child:—
*1. Robert C. Peirsol, born March 12, 1873; married Jennie L. Yancey.
10. Tamar Peirsol, born 1844; died 1851.
11. Twins, Caroline and another, died a few weeks after birth.
12. Martha E. Peirsol, born 1848; died aged 16 years.
13. Ann Peirsol, born 1851; died aged 2 years.

SECTION 4.

ELIZABETH PEIRSOL, daughter of Peter Peirsol, Chapter 51, Section 2; born January 29, 1803; died November 1, 1852; resided in Holmes County, Ohio; married December 16, 1823, Julius Pomerene, son of Julius Pomerene and his wife Magdalene Heller of Lancaster County, Pa.; he was born February 9, 1792; died October 11, 1863. Children:—*1. Henry Pomerene, born January 19, 1825. *2. Joel Pomerene, born September 7, 1826. *3. Annie

Pomerene, born February 17, 1828. *4. Elizabeth Pomerene, born October 13, 1829. *5. Peter Peirsol Pomerene, born September 18, 1832. *6. Julius C. Pomerene, born June 27, 1835.

SECTION 5.

JACOB PEIRSOL, son of Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 51, Section 1; resided in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, and southern central Ohio; married —. Children:—

1. Peter Pearsol, Chapter 51, Section 6.
2. J. Smith Piersall, Chapter 51, Section 7.

SECTION 6.

PETER PEARSOL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 51, Section 5; born 1800; died 1888; resided at West Elizabeth, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania; married Sarah Donaldson, born 1802, died 1881. Children:—

1. John Pearsol, born 1825; married —. Child:—*1. Sarah Pearsol, married Goff.
2. David Pearsol, born July 27, 1827; died August 11, 1879; married 1849, Lucinda Howard; born 1828, died December 12, 1902. Children:—*1. George Washington Pearsol, born 1850; died 1850. *2. John O. Pearsol, born May 10, 1852. *3. Austin B. Pearsol, died June 18, 1864. *4. Mary M. Pearsol, born February 8, 1856. *5. Charles F. Pearsol, born March 9, 1858. *6. Wesley H. Pearsol, born 1861. *7. Elizabeth J. Pearsol.
3. Elizabeth Pearsol, born 1829.
4. Frank or Francis B. Pearsol; married Samantha —.
5. Holecraft Pearsol; died October 15, 1898; married Rachel —. Children:—*1. Elizabeth Pearsol; married Drennen. *2. Annie P. Pearsol, married Austin.

SECTION 7.

JAMES SMITH PIERSALL, son of Jacob Peirsol, Chapter 51, Section 5; born at Marietta, Ohio; came to Mount Kisco, Westchester County, New York, when he was ten years old; died March 27, 1890; his gravestone is in Oakwood Cemetery, in Mount Kisco, Westchester County, New York; resided at Bedford, Westchester County, New York; married first, Esther Anne, who died August 11, 1867, aged 49 years, 4 months and 10 days; married second, Sarah, widow of Vandevear; she died November 1, 1887, aged 72 years. Children of the first marriage:—

1. Agnes Almira Piersall, born October 13, 1838.
2. Mary Elizabeth Piersall, born February 9, 1840.
3. George W. Piersall, born February 12, 1842; died August 18, 1858.
4. William Henry Piersall, born March 21, 1843. See X, this Section.
5. John Wesley Piersall, born March 19, 1844. See Y, this Section.
6. Esther Ann Piersall, born February 17, 1847; married Benjamin G. Sutton.
7. James Smith Piersall, born March 28, 1849.
8. Charles Elbert Piersall, born January 17, 1851; married Adelia Brundage. See Z, this Section.

9. Ethelwidge Pearsall, born January 9, 1854; married June 11, 1871, Theodore Curtis Wright; born November 16, 1848; son of Nathaniel C. Wright and his wife Sarah Jones of Chappaqua, New York. Children:—*1. Nathaniel Curtis Wright, born March 7, 1872. *2. Isaac Edward Wright, born December 26, 1874; married 1899, Ida Johnson. Children:—1. Walter Edward Wright, born June 16, 1900. 2. Robert Wright, born April 28, 1906. 3. Edward Wright, born November 4, 1908. 4. Maud May Wright, born June 29, 1910. *3. Maud May Wright, born May 12, 1877; married Bradley. *4. Charles Elbert Wright, born July 10, 1886.
10. Sidney Piersall, born January 9, 1854; resides Patterson, N. Y.
11. Emma Piersall, born August 16, 1857.
12. George Washington Franklin Piersall, born January 13, 1859; went to California.
13. Flora Piersall, born August 26, 1862; resided at Chappaqua, and Brooklyn, New York; married Charles Bouton. Children:—*1. Emma Bouton, married Ferguson. *2. Maud Bouton, married De Forest Tompkins. *3. Florence Bouton. *4. Esther Ann Bouton, married Sutton. *5. Elizabeth Bouton.

There were no children of the second marriage.

- X. WILLIAM HENRY PIERSALL, born March 21, 1843; resided at Mount Kisco, Westchester County, New York; married first, March 19, 1865, Abigail Castle, who died January 13, 1897; married second ——. Children of the first marriage:—
1. Florence Piersall, died October 1, 1867, age 6 months and 19 days.
 2. Clarence Piersall, born July 5, 1868.
 3. Napoleon Bonaparte Piersall.
 4. Garfield Arthur Piersall.
 5. John Wesley Piersall.
 6. Leonard Raymond Piersall.
 7. Wallace Piersall.
- Y. JOHN WESLEY PIERSALL, born March 19, 1844; died April 15, 1914; married Mary E. Llewelyn, she died October 17, 1897. Children:—
1. Uel Piersall, born June 25, 1869; married Catherine Elizabeth Brown.
 2. Nettie Letitia Piersall, born May 12, 1871; married July 3, 1905, H. Arthur Crabbe.
- Z. CHARLES ELBERT PIERSALL, born January 17, 1851; died July 29, 1887; resided at New Castle, Westchester County, New York; married Adelia Brundage, daughter of Joseph L. Brundage and his wife Mary Barnes of North Castle, who was born May 31, 1854, and died 1907. Children:—
1. Edward Piersall, born November 11, 1871; died November 27, 1871.
 2. George Franklin Piersall, born August 13, 1873; married Hattie Robbins.
 3. Charles Piersall, born July 3, 1874; died July 28, 1887.
 4. Edith May Piersall, born April 17, 1876.
 5. Charles Smith Piersall, born February 4, 1883.

SECTION 8.

BENJAMIN PEARSALL, son of Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 51, Section 1; resided in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania; married first, Isabella Mills; married second ——. Children:—

1. Benjamin Pearsall, born September 15, 1815, Chapter 51, Section 9.
2. Andrew Pearsall, born April 2, 1825, Chapter 51, Section 10.
3. Jacob Pearsall, married Elizabeth Crossit.
4. Mary Jane Pearsall, married William Holmes.
5. ——— daughter married Barme.
6. Phebe Jane Piersall, died January 26, 1873; married March 9, 1845, John Asahel Tyler of Shartonsville, Ohio; born May 21, 1821; died August 24, 1871. Children:—*1. George Durant Tyler, born March 9, 1847. *2. William Asahel Tyler, born September 12, 1848. *3. Adeline Tyler, born January 21, 1850, died an infant. *4. Mary Ellen Tyler, born February 10, 1853; married first, February 21, 1877, William Muhs; married second, December 14, 1885, George Muhs; no children. *5. Amelia Eveline Tyler, born August 3, 1855. *6. Charles Edwin Tyler, born October 2, 1861. *7. Harry Franklin Tyler, born June 23, 1864. [See page 1168.]
7. Job Pearsall, married Sarah Ogg; they resided in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. Child:—*1. Sarah Pearsall, died in 1884; married 1848, Isaac McCamic, born 1828. Children:—1. Mary Ann McCamic, married William McCamic. 2. Frances McCamic, married William Morris. 3. Nathan Stanton McCamic, married January, 1874, Frances P. Dowden, daughter of Thomas B. Dowden and his wife Elizabeth Drummond of Cadiz, Ohio. Children:—1. Charles McCamic, born December 4, 1878, married April 9, 1902, Anna Smith. 2. George McCamic, born December 29, 1876, married July, 1902, Minnie Welden. 3. Frances McCamic, born July 7, 1879. 4. Harry E. McCamic, born May 21, 1886, married November, 1916, Gladys Conawy. 5. Louis H. McCamic, born June 24, 1888, married October, 1914, Cynthia Wood. 6. Sarah McCamic, born April 14, 1890, unmarried. 7. Jay T. McCamic, born July 1, 1894. 8. Joseph Earl McCamic, born January 20, 1881, died October 19, 1882. 9. Jessie McCamic, born December 27, 1883, died October 21, 1895. 4. Edward McCamic, married Barbara Shney, who is deceased. 5. Isaac McCamic, died. 6. Charles McCamic, died. They resided Barnesville, Ohio, and Wellsburg, West Virginia.

SECTION 9.

BENJAMIN PEARSALL, son of Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 51, Section 8; born September 15, 1815; died February 11, 1871; resided at Canal Winchester, Ohio; married first, Mary; married second, Sarah Leathers; born September 26, 1822; died October 13, 1905. Child of the first marriage:—

1. Lucinda Pearsall, born March 26, 1841.
Children of the second marriage:—
2. Charles C. Pearsall, born June 24, 1843; died young.
3. John A. Pearsall, born March 22, 1844; died young.

4. Mary Melissa Pearsall, born November 23, 1848; died October 8, 1911; married August 31, 1865, John Shaffer, born June 20, 1839; died August 22, 1888. Children:—*1. Henry Shaffer, born September 6, 1886. *2. William Shaffer, born November 20, 1883; died unmarried. *3. John Shaffer, born November 20, 1866; died February 11, 1869. *4. Benjamin Shaffer, born April 7, 1873. *5. Margaret Shaffer, born August 6, 1868; died May, 1878; married William Smith; resided at Tulsa, Oklahoma. *6. Amanda Shaffer, born December 25, 1875; married February 28, 1893, Frank B. Tarbert, born September 6, 1850. *7. Ellen Shaffer, born March 4, 1881; married Robert Taylor, born May, 1872. *8. Catherine Shaffer, born February 14, 1878; married December 22, 1913, Owen Kramer, born February 27, 1883.
5. Frances A. Pearsall, born January, 1854.
6. Jeremiah A. Pearsall, born September 23, 1857; died June 25, 1885.
7. William Edward Pearsall, born June 6, 1861; married Elizabeth Barbara Morton. See Z, this Section.

SECTION 10.

ANDREW PEARSALL, son of Benjamin Pearsall, Chapter 51, Section 8; born April 2, 1825; died August 26, 1895; resided at Lancaster, Ohio; married first, Lydia Spitler, who died 1863; married second, May 17, 1864, Harriet J. Dunlap; died August 26, 1895, age 70 years. Children of the first marriage:—

1. Clara Pearsall, born 1857; married January 8, 1879, John D. Kerr.
2. Laura Pearsall, born 1849; died age 12 years.
3. Ibba Jane Pearsall, married September 22, 1880, David A. Jackson.
4. Minnie Bell Pearsall, born 1863, married Albert McClellan.
5. Albert Clinton Pearsall, born August 23, 1849; resided at Tiffin, Ohio; married Charlotte Lucinda Burnett. Child:—*1. John Edward Pearsall, born October 1, 1883; married Enid Marjorie Williams, February 11, 1911. Children of second marriage:—
6. Cora Bell Pearsall, born March 11, 1869; married Frank Snyder.
7. Myrtle Louise Pearsall, born August 19, 1871; married December 11, 1899, Joseph Porter.
8. Daniel Wilson Pearsall, born May 20, 1874.
9. Myra Elzina Pearsall, born March 27, 1882; married July 1, 1906, Frank Dilsover.
10. Maud Essie Pearsall, born November 30, 1883; married — Morgan.
11. Mary Ella Pearsall, born September 26, 1885; married July 3, 1907, Loring Murphy.
12. Fayette Clyde Pearsall, born July 18, 1887.

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

RICHARD PIERSALL

of Washington County, Pennsylvania, and Green County, Kentucky

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

RICHARD PIERSALL, son of Job Pearsall, Chapter 48, Section 1; born 1741; resided Washington County, Pa., and Green County, Kentucky; married ——. Children:—

1. John Washington Piersall, born May 6, 1778, Chapter 52, Section 2.
2. Samuel Pierceall, Chapter 52, Section 11.
3. Zachariah Piersol.

The settlement of the southwest corner of Pennsylvania furnishes one of the most interesting historical events of colonial and revolutionary times. Here the Virginia planter with his slaves met the Pennsylvania trader with his commodities and his peltry. Here the two provinces fought out a boundary dispute as interesting in its detail of events public, private, and social, as any in all American history, and it is well known that border difficulties have been an endless source of war. In this controversy our family were deeply concerned, and as it was a strife of states of the same general government it degenerated into civil warfare with the usual result of sharply cleaving family lines. Two of the sons of Job Pearsall settled in this disputed territory. It is an interesting geographical observation that if one would draw a straight line northward from the mouth of Cross Creek in Washington County to the mouth of Coaquenesing Creek in Beaver County, this line would not only nearly follow the valley of Chartiers Creek, but it would be close to the farms of these brothers and to those of their sons, and this territory was considered by them as being in the state of Virginia. The greater part of the lands in the present counties of Washington and Green were taken up on Virginia certificates, but the reverse was the case in the territory which is now Fayette County, Pennsylvania. Here nearly all the settlers took title from Pennsylvania, and but few Virginia certificates are found. The reason for this was that prior to the close of the Revolution many, and probably the greater part, of the people believed that the state line would eventually be established on the Monongahela River, giving sole jurisdiction east of that river to Pennsylvania and all west thereof to Virginia. [History of Fayette County, page 65.]

By far the largest settlement of Virginians was along Chartiers Creek under land entries made between 1769-79. By the compromise of the latter year between the two states these Virginia entries were recognized as equally good as Pennsylvania warrants. This agreement was not ratified however by Virginia until June 23, 1780, and by Pennsylvania until September 23, 1780. In the meantime, on March 1, 1780, the latter state had placed on its records an act

for the gradual abolition of slavery. The passage of this law was very offensive to most of those who had come into this region with their servants from the other side of the line run by Mason and Dixon. It has been said, but with how much truth is not known, that General Washington was greatly displeased by this enactment and the story even goes so far as to assert that he regarded it as a personal affront and that this was the cause of his disposing of his real and personal property in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, which he had acquired under Pennsylvania warrants. This part of the story, however, cannot be true, as George Washington held Fayette Co. lands at the time of his death, which lands his executors subsequently sold. It is probable that as a Virginian and slaveholder, Washington's sympathies were with his old friends of the Northern Neck of Virginia who had followed him into this wilderness only to find that they must again move on. For it was largely through Washington and his influence with the settlers on the lands of Lord Fairfax, that so many of the sons and daughters of these people, including Benjamin and Richard Pearsall, sons of Job Pearsall, who settled on the waters of Chartiers Creek, came into the Panhandle of Virginia. There never was any question as to their loyalty to the American cause. The luke-warmness of the Quaker element, which predominated the sentiment of eastern Pennsylvania, was entirely absent in this western district of that province. In proportion to population the largest number of Pennsylvania Revolutionary soldiers came from west of the Allegheny Mountains and south of the Ohio River and the Pittsburgh, Greensburg and Bedford Road. [Hist. of Allegheny Co., 1889, page 61. Ibid., page 73. Hist. of Fayette Co., Pa., page 127. Washington and Braddock's Expd., by Haddon, page 57. Hist. of Greene County, Pennsylvania, page 16.]

The settlement of the boundary line dispute was generally accepted as a measure tending to the unity of the American forces. The Virginians were nevertheless greatly surprised to learn of this emancipation legislation. The first ebullition of contempt that manifested itself was the preparation of those that were foot-loose to immediately depart for Kentucky, which was now in its turn the new Eldorado of the West. This interference with what they pleased to call their domestic rights, was immediately visited upon the devoted heads of the Quakers in the old counties of Philadelphia, Bucks, Chester, etc., until the curses were loud, long and bitter. Discontent and alarm also, existed almost everywhere with reference to the final result of the revolutionary war. Cornwallis was not as yet overthrown. A Quaker government was much better adapted to a condition of peace than one of war. [Hist. of Greene County, Pa., page 16.]

Richard Piersall was among the first to remove to Kentucky; he was a soldier and a follower of Washington, so he at once removed to the territory governed by Virginia. He had been a lad of thirteen when Washington spent the eventful day and night at his father Job Pearsall's fort on the south branch of the Potomac, and from that day until the end of his life he never ceased to be a follower of his boyhood hero and friend, George Washington.

In the list of Virginia soldiers of the Revolutionary War appears the name of Richard Pierceall, under the list of the names of those upon the pension rolls

of other states who had served in Virginia commands, Secretary of War report, 1835, pension rolls 3 Ky. 98. Statement for Green County, Kentucky, Richard Pierceall, private, annual allowance \$20.00, amount received \$60.00, served in Virginia Militia, placed on pension roll April 25, 1833. Pension to commence May 4, 1831; aged 90 years.

SECTION 2.

JOHN WASHINGTON PIERSALL, son of Richard Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 1; born May 6, 1778; died June 1, 1834; resided Clark County, Ky.; married first, March 29, 1805, Nancy Wills who was born June 13, 1788; married second, November 8, 1821, Margaret Frances Stevenson. Children of the first marriage:—

1. Isaac Piersall, born March 9, 1806, Chapter 52, Section 3.
2. Phebe Redmond Piersall, born November 29, 1807; died January 2, 1892; married September 28, 1832, William Page Allen.
3. John Piersall, born December 20, 1809. See Z, this Section.
4. Polly Piersall, born November 9, 1812; married — Wills.
5. Lukkus Hood Piersall, born September 15, 1813.
6. Sinthia Ann Piersall, born February 23, 1815.
7. Nancy Piersall, born December 21, 1815; married — Jones.

Children of the second marriage:—

8. Samuel Stevenson Piersall, born July 11, 1823, Chapter 52, Section 9.
9. Elizabeth Piersall, born October 12, 1824.
10. Margaret Mariam Piersall, born June 5, 1826; married December 16, 1847, Reuben Clark Wilson, who was born October 28, 1824.
- ✓ 11. Thornton Wills Piersall, born October 16, 1827, Chapter 52, Section 10.
12. Frances Piersall, born April 15, 1830; married Aaron Crostweight.

It was fortunate for these early pioneers that game, especially deer, was very plentiful. The man who was able to provide well for his family was necessarily a good hunter. Among those who were famous as huntsmen in this section of Kentucky, says Benjamin Franklin Piersall, was my grandfather. He once challenged another famous hunter, Mr. Luke Hood, the grandfather of General Hood, of Confederate fame, to go hunting, the wager being a new pair of moccasins. The challenge was accepted and Mr. Hood arrived in the middle of December, 1823. The weather was very cold and in a state of blizzard. Mr. Hood taking the waters of Clear Creek for his hunting ground and my grandfather taking Caney Creek as his hunting ground. They arrived back home at sunset, both calling to grandmother for cold water in which to bathe their feet, as they were badly frozen. After they had been thawed out, my grandfather asked Mr. Hood how many deer he had killed; he replied that he had killed and hung up in the woods eight bucks. He then asked grandfather how many he had killed, and he said that he had gone one better.

Z. JOHN PIERSALL, born December 20, 1809; resided in Clark County, Ky.; married Rachel —. Children:—

1. George Washington Piersall, born July 4, 1837; died September 9, 1907; married Sarah Simpson. Children:—*1. Sarah Piersall, born October 15,

1860; married first, in 1876, Peter Price. She married second, M. Crutchfield who was born in 1855; died 1903. *2. George Piersall, born March 22, 1862; married Theodosha Shears. *3. R. S. Piersall, born April 12, 1866; married Ora Chapman. *4. Martha Piersall, born September 17, 1869. *5. Emma Piersall, born May 29, 1871; married first, — Boydston; married second, Louis F. Witt, born February 5, 1873. *6. James Simpson Piersall, born May 3, 1877; married first, Rose May Houston; married second, Sallie Barbara Beard.

2. John Piersall.
3. Samuel Piersall.
4. Eli Piersall.
5. William Piersall. See b, this Division.

SECTION 3.

ISAAC PIERSALL, son of John Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 2; born March 9, 1806; resided in Clark County, Kentucky; married November 26, 1827, Melissa Bruce, daughter of Byron and Lucy Bruce of Clark County, Kentucky. James Bruce of Accomac, Virginia, was a Dutch-English trader resident there and connected with Kent Island before 1648. Some of the family passed over into west Nantmeal, Chester County, Pennsylvania, thence to Hampshire County, Virginia, and from there to Allegheny and Washington Counties, Pennsylvania; thence they emigrated to Kentucky. Children:—

1. John William Piersall, born May 5, 1830, Chapter 52, Section 4.
2. Thomas Barnett Piersall, born October 14, 1832, Chapter 52, Section 5.
3. Martha Ann Piersall, born April 27, 1835; married Benjamin E. Wills.
4. Jesse Ray Piersall, born October 9, 1837, Chapter 52, Section 8.
5. Mary Frances Piersall, born March 13, 1840; married William Tanner.
6. Archibald Cooper Piersall, born March 31, 1843, Chapter 52, Section 6.
7. Lucy Piersall, born January 28, 1846; married Landon Parrish.
8. Nancy Elizabeth Piersall, born August 18, 1848; married John E. Sousley.
9. James Franklin Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 7.

SECTION 4.

JOHN WILLIAM PIERSALL, son of Isaac Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 3; resided in Clark County, Kentucky; married February 14, 1861, Frances Vivian Lowe, born July 7, 1841; died April 7, 1887; daughter of Frederick Lowe and his wife Mary Vivian of Clark County, Kentucky. Those of the name of Lowe in this section of the country are descended from Seth Lowe who came from the parish of Denly, England, and resided in Talbot County, Maryland, before 1674. Here he was a Friend interested in the Quaker meeting founded by the Talbot County Friends on the Trego Farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania, which adjoined the Piersall homestead in Nantmeal, now Honeybrook Township. Here some of the descendants of Seth Lowe settled and from here the family spread along the York road into western Virginia, thence to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, from here they emigrated to Monongalia County, Virginia, and thence they came to Washington County,

Pennsylvania, from which place they joined the emigration of Virginians to Kentucky. Children:—

1. Mary Lee Pearsall, born February 28, 1862; married Basil D. Hardesty.
2. Nancy Lowe Piersall, born January 24, 1865; married Graham Taylor.
3. John Milton Piersall, born May 12, 1868; married Nina Thompson.
4. Carrie Belle Piersall, born April 16, 1871; unmarried.
5. Chelsea Piersall, born July 8, 1876; married first, Ethel Flynn; married second, Lillian B. Thornton.
6. Frederick Lowe Piersall, born August 26, 1880; unmarried.

SECTION 5.

THOMAS BARNETT PIERSALL, son of Isaac Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 3; resided in Clark County, Kentucky; born October 14, 1832; died September 13, 1901; married April 29, 1862, Mary Sanford Bruce, daughter of Sanford Bruce and his wife Martha Ann Rout; she was born March 24, 1845. Children:—

1. William Sanford Piersall, born February 1, 1864; died March 13, 1894; married first, Julia A. Black, daughter of James Black and his wife Martha Watts; married second, her sister Sarah Black. Children of first marriage:—
 *1. Anna Lee Piersall, married George Rupard. Children:—1. Thomas Rupard. 2. Nelson Rupard. 3. Garner Rupard. *2. Charlotte Piersall, died young. Child of second marriage:—*3. William Sanford Piersall, married Lura Sweatman. Child:—1. William Sanford Piersall.
2. Lela Earl Piersall, born October 15, 1865; married Dilarce Gordon.
3. Jessie Nora Piersall, born December 2, 1868; married Rowland D. Ramsey.

SECTION 6.

ARCHIBALD COOPER PIERSALL, son of Isaac Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 3; born March 31, 1843; died November 27, 1917; married August 27, 1880, Mamie Weldon, born May 19, 1860; daughter of William D. Weldon and his wife Sallie A. Noe. No children. The family in Virginia called themselves Welton. Washington in his journal records that on April 5, 1750, he surveyed for William Henry Welton a tract of land in Frederick County, Virginia, on Cacaphon bounded by John Woodfine and William Hughes, Junior; the survey is signed by John Welton, probably a son. As late as the census of 1782-84 the family was still represented in Hampshire County although they had branched out into Fayette County, Pennsylvania, and thence had emigrated to Kentucky.

SECTION 7.

AMES FRANKLIN PIERSALL, son of Isaac Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 3; resided in Clark County, Kentucky; married first, Mary Sumpter; married second, Gracie Ruppert; married third, Delia Hunly; married fourth, Gertie Piersall, daughter of John Piersall of Salt Lick, Kentucky. Children of first marriage:—

1. James Oden Piersall, born May 10, 1872; married Ann Thompson.
2. Thomas Chester Piersall, born September 30, 1882; married Emma Faulkner.

Child of second marriage:—

3. Paul Piersall, born July 27, 1890; died January 25, 1917.

No children of third marriage.

Children of fourth marriage:—

4. Isaac Piersall, born May 20, 1907.
5. John Edward Piersall, born May 20, 1911.

SECTION 8.

JESSE RAY PIERSALL, son of Isaac Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 3; died August 21, 1911; resided at Winchester, Kentucky; married Cynthia Ann Jones. Children:—

1. Emma Piersall, married J. G. Parrish.
2. Mary O. Piersall.

SECTION 9.

SAMUEL STEVENSON PIERSALL, son of John Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 2; resided in Bath County, Kentucky; married June 4, 1849, Mary L. Young, daughter of Reuben Young. Children:—

1. Marquis Young Lafayette Piersall, born March 18, 1850; died March 19, 1864.
2. Reuben Young Piersall, born December 16, 1857; married July 17, 1879, Mary Clayton, who was born July 21, 1846.
3. John Hicks Piersall, born November 18, 1853; died August 11, 1854.
4. Nancy Ann Piersall, born September 21, 1865.
5. Thornton W. Piersall, born November 15, 1858; married —.
6. Elizabeth Catherine Piersall, born January 17, 1860.
7. Mary R. Piersall, born February 21, 1862.
8. Infant son born and died June 13, 1864.
9. Sallie Florence Piersall, born May 13, 1868.
10. Anna Hestella Piersall, born July 8, 1872.
11. Merriam Piersall, born July 2, 1874; married May, 1896, Thomas Satterfield, born September 18, 1873.

SECTION 10.

THORNTON WILLS PIERSALL, son of John Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 2; born October 16, 1827; died March 13, 1879; resided in Bath County, Kentucky; married November 2, 1857, Catherine Boyd Young, born June 9, 1842; died December 18, 1914; daughter of Reuben Young and his wife, Nancy Warner. Children:—

1. Benjamin Franklin Piersall, born September 12, 1860; married first, July 22, 1890, Jaqueline Armitage; died September 13, 1891; married second, June 9, 1901, Minnie May Cartmill. Children:—*1. John Thornton Piersall, born August 23, 1902. *2. Laura Ellen Cathaleen Piersall, born July 17, 1904; died March 26, 1905. *3. Isa B. Piersall, born March 5, 1906; died December 5, 1909. *4. Iva Nora Piersall, born July 22, 1908. *5. Eva May Piersall, born February 22, 1910. *6. Clara Gertrude Piersall, born April 25, 1912. *7. Sallie Wills Piersall, born June 20, 1914. *8. Tamie Alice Piersall, born June 30, 1917.

2. John Eli Piersall, born April 12, 1862; married Laura Hobbs. Children:—
 - *1. Gertrude Cokley Piersall, born March 3, 1884; married James Franklin Piersall.
 - *2. Ollie Fassett Piersall, born January 10, 1886; died December 16, 1900.
 - *3. Howard Van Piersall, born February 3, 1888; married Mattie Haggert.
 - *4. Glen W. Piersall, born September 15, 1890.
 - *5. Wayne McVeigh Piersall, born October 8, 1892.
 - *6. Thornton Oliver Piersall, born October 6, 1895.
 - *7. Garrett Dow Piersall, born June 7, 1898.
 - *8. Everett Crooks Piersall, born April 25, 1902.
 - *9. Iva Catherine Piersall, born December 13, 1905.
3. Son not named, born February 16, 1864.
4. Iva Morton Nora Piersall, born September 26, 1865; married William Clayton, Jr.
5. Tandy Allen Piersall, born April 28, 1868; married Mary Margaret McClain. Children:—
 - *1. Carl Warwick Piersall, born May 15, 1890; married Ethel Scott.
 - *2. Burchett Druid Piersall, born May 3, 1892.
 - *3. Louis Trail Piersall, born April 7, 1895.
 - *4. Nina Allen Piersall, born March 20, 1897.
 - *5. Russell Tandy Piersall, born January 18, 1901.
 - *6. Stevenson Rhodes Piersall.
 - *7. Nellie Belle Piersall.
6. Charles Thomas Piersall, born August 13, 1870; married November 14, 1891, Catherine Goodin. Children:—
 - *1. Olive Burnell Piersall, born November 12, 1892; married Gaylord Cook; resided at Protection, Kansas.
 - *2. Jessie Dean Piersall, born February 23, 1895.
 - *3. Anna Nora Piersall, born July 23, 1897; died October 15, 1900.
 - *4. Archie William Piersall, born October 7, 1899.
 - *5. Charles Thornton Piersall, born August 21, 1902.
 - *6. Grace Piersall.
7. Son not named, born December 3, 1875.
8. William Miller Piersall, born December 31, 1876; married Miranda Crooks Botts, who died May 28, 1913. Children:—
 - *1. Berun Piersall, died July 30, 1917.
 - *2. Iva Clayton Piersall.
 - *3. William Lawrence Piersall.
 - *4. Thomas Johnson Piersall.
 - *5. Omer Sherman Piersall, died October 16, 1910.

SECTION 11.

SAMUEL PIERCEALL, son of Richard Piersall, Chapter 52, Section 1; resided in Clark County, and Montgomery County, Kentucky; married Polly ——. Children:—

1. Samuel Piersol. Chapter 52, Section 12.
2. Richard Piersall.
3. George Washington Piersall, born November 19, 1819; Chapter 52, Section 13.
4. John P. Piersall, married Nancy ——; lived in Barren County, Kentucky.
5. Andrew Piersall, married; lives in Indianapolis, Indiana. Children:—
 - *1. James Piersall.
 - *2. Richard Piersall.
 - *3. Andrew Piersall.
 - *4. John Piersall.
 - *5. Betsey Piersall.
6. Mary Piersall.
7. Malinda Piersall.
8. Elizabeth Piersall, married John Stephens. Children:—
 - *1. David Stephens, born February 14, 1850.
 - *2. Sarah Stephens, born 1852.

9. William Piersall, married Betsey ——. No children. They adopted a child whom they named John Piersall who still is living near Martinsville, Illinois.

SECTION 12.

SAMUEL PIERSOL, son of Samuel Pierceall, Chapter 52, Section 11; resided in Kentucky; married Elizabeth; died 1889, aged 82 years. Children:—

1. Ignatius Clementine Piersol, born in Kentucky, 1833; moved to Missouri and then to Jonesboro, Illinois; died April 16, 1895; married Eleanor Kaly, daughter of William and Melissa Kaly of Jonesboro, Illinois; she died 1879.
2. Joshua B. Piersol, Chapter 52, Section 14.

SECTION 13.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PIERSALL, son of Samuel Pierceall, Chapter 52, Section 11; born November 19, 1819; died April 30, 1882; married August 9, 1850, Mary A. Myers, born March 28, 1820; died January 19, 1896. They resided in Barren County, Kentucky. Children:—

1. William Henry Piersall, born May 5, 1851; died February 9, 1926; married November 28, 1876, Alzina Fontenot, born January 6, 1849.
2. Mary Elizabeth Piersall, married Taylor Lowell Passmore.
3. A daughter who died young.
4. George Washington Piersall, born December 17, 1855; died circa 1925, Clark County, Illinois; married December 22, 1880, Florence W. Ryan.
5. Rebecca Ann Piersall, born March 4, 1858; married September 22, 1880, Perry Kimilin.
6. James Samuel Piersall, born September 30, 1860; married December 24, 1881, Isadora McDaniels.

SECTION 14.

JOSHUA B. PIERSOL, son of Samuel Piersol, Chapter 52, Section 12; born February 16, 1837; died June 20, 1917; resided at Billings, Missouri; married Frances E. ——, who was born August 1, 1841. Children:—

1. George M. Piersol, born in Iowa, September 13, 1858; married March 16, 1876, Permelia Jane French, who was born April 2, 1855, in Jefferson Co., Iowa. Children:—*1. Paul Du Chilleau Piersol, born November 10, 1877. *2. Ivy Piersol, born March 28, 1881; died June 10, 1881. *3. Jessie J. Piersol, born June 10, 1882; died August 23, 1891. *4. Helen Jay Piersol, born June 22, 1885; married October 2, 1905, Harry Ancil Kennedy. *5. Hilda Armilda Piersol, born October 23, 1888.
2. John B. Piersol, born February 3, 1860.
3. Clara H. Piersol, born August 31, 1861.
4. Laura I. Piersol, born February 23, 1863; died April 13, 1865.
5. Susie A. Piersol, born January 31, 1867.
6. Willis R. Piersol, born October 15, 1868.
7. Ottie Piersol, born August 20, 1876; died April 7, 1882.

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

NICHOLAS PEARSALL
of Flushing, Long Island, New York

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

NICHOLAS PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall, Chapter 27, Section 1; resided at Pearsall's on Hellgate Neck, and Flushing, Long Island, New York; married Sarah ——. Children:—

1. Sarah Pearsall, married Robert Embree. Child:—*1. Robert Embree.
2. Mary Pearsall, resided at Flushing, Long Island, New York; married John Thorne, son of William and Sarah Thorne of Flushing, Long Island, New York; the license to marry was issued March 9, 1664-5. He died 1709. Children:—*1. William Thorne. *2. John Thorne. *3. Joseph Thorne. *4. Mary Thorne, who married William Fowler. *5. Elizabeth Thorne, who married Frederick Schuerman, born 1667, died age 43 in 1710. *6. Sarah Thorne, married Joshua Cornwell, son of John Cornell and his wife Mary Russell. *7. Hannah Thorne, born 1678, died 1756; married 1701, Richard Cornell, born 1st mo. 26, 1678, died in Scarsdale, New York, 4th mo. 15, 1757; son of John Cornell and his wife Mary Russell. Child:—1. Phebe Cornell, born 3rd mo. 6, 1715; died before 1754; married 9th mo. 13, 1735, Ebenezer Haviland, born 1702; died 1749. They had a daughter Hannah Haviland, born at Purchase, Dutchess Co., New York, 4th mo. 1738; died 7th mo. 5, 1758; married 11th mo. 21, 1754, John Griffen; born 1733, died 1807. They had a son, John Griffen, born in Purchase, New York, 12th mo. 16, 1755; died 9th mo. 3rd, 1826; married at Purchase Friends' Meeting, New York, 10th mo. 22, 1777, Esther Cornwell, born 1st mo. 1, 1760; died 6th mo. 11, 1832. They had a son Edmond Griffen, born North Castle, Westchester Co., New York, 2nd mo. 29, 1796, lost by drowning in Lake Erie, 8th mo. 10, 1841; married 8th mo. 15, 1821, Abigail Field, born 5th mo. 3rd, 1798; died 1st mo. 7, 1879.

Nicholas Pearsall was constable of Flushing, appointed December 24, 1664.

The Land Records of Queens County, New York disclose:—Deed Book A, page 43, deed dated March 16, 1686-7 wherein Nicholas Parcell of Flushing and Sarah his wife convey to William Fowler of the same place a salt meadow on Trues Neck bounded by William Lawrence and David Roer.

Deed Book B. 1, page 163, deed dated March 27, 1689-90, wherein Nicholas Parsell of Flushing conveys to Daniel Whitehead land in Flushing on south side of the Kills, witnesses Thomas Oakley, John Everett, and Daniel Denton, Jr.

Nicholas Pearsall witnessed and took part in the warfare in the Chesapeake Bay country which finally resulted in his being captured, along with his brothers

and others on the Delaware River, and being carried as prisoner of war to New Amsterdam before Governor Van Twiller, only to be released and brought by De Vries to Virginia. But this did not happen without Nicholas Pearsall and his brothers thoroughly spying out the land around New Amsterdam and making friends among those who were the most trustworthy in that community. So favorable was their report upon their return to Virginia that the movement of the Dutch-English traders to Long Island, in 1639, completely changed the course of the tobacco trade in America, and hence in the world. Nicholas Pearsall settled at the town of Pearsall along with his brothers; the next year he removed to the open plains and joined with those who had founded the town of Hempstead as a great cattle and farming venture. Nicholas Pearsall had no love for the New Englanders who in 1644 proposed to join in patenting a town of Hempstead. He did not look with favor upon the proposition to bring in such a large number of Puritans as would enable them to control the policies and politics of the town, so he returned to Hellgate Neck, as soon as he saw that the negotiations were going to result in these accessions to the town's population. There were others who thought as he did, and the year after the patent was issued for the town of Hempstead, they formed a more congenial company who moved across the creek on Hellgate Neck and founded the town of Flushing. Unfortunately there is not much left of the history of this most interesting movement by the Dutch-English traders as the town records were long since destroyed.

It is probable that the most interesting event in the history of Flushing was the introduction of Quakerism. Here Fox found a flourishing meeting when he came to America, and here he delivered several of his most memorable speeches while in America. Long before this the authorities in New Amsterdam had tried to suppress this new sect by the most drastic laws, which were enforced in the most cruel manner against the peace-loving Friends. This was more than these Dutch-English traders in Flushing could stand for, so they courageously remonstrated against the law concerning Quakers, and the subsequent proceedings by the government against the Quakers and others favoring them, saying that if any of these said persons come in love vnto vs wee cannot in Conscience lay violent hands vpon them but give them free egresse and regresse into our Towne and howses as god shall perswade our Conscience and in this wee are true subjects both of Church and State for wee are bounde by the law of god and man to doe good vnto all men and evill to noe man and this is according to the Pattent and Charter of our Towne giuen vnto vs in the name of the States Generall which wee are not willing to infringe and violate but shall houlde to our pattent and shall ramaine your Humble Subjects the inhabitnats of Vlishing written this 27th of December in the yeare 1675 by mee Edward Heart Clericus, Tobias Feake, William Noble, William Thorne, Wm. Thorne, Junior, Edward Tarne, John Storer, Nathaniel Hefford, Benjamin Hubbard, William Pidgeon, George Clere, Elias Doughtie, Antonie Feild, Richard Stocton, Edward Griffin, Nathaniell Tue, Nicholas Blackford, Micah Tue, Philipp Udall, Edward Ffarington, Robert Ffiled, senior, Robert Field, junior, Nick Colas Parsell, Michael Milner, Henry Sawtell, Edward Heart, John Mastine, John Townesend. First of January 1658.

The foregoing remonstrance delivered to his Honor, the Director-General, by the Schout, Tobias Feake of Vlissingen, on the 29th December, having read, his Honor immediately ordered the Fiscal to arrest the said Schout, which was done.

On the first of January 1658, summoned by their Honours, the Director-General and Council, appeared Edward Farrington and William Noble, two of the Magistrates of Vlissingen, who likewise signed the foregoing remonstrance, and were immediately arrested. It was further resolved, to summon also the Clerk of the said village, Edward Hart. Date as above.

Thursday, the 3rd of January, 1658, they were tried before the Council, composed of his Honor, the Director-General Petrus Stuyvesant, and the honorable Councillors Nicasius de Sille and Peter Tonneman.

When it appeared from the testimony that the remonstrance had been adopted at a town meeting and that Nicholas Pearsall and many of the others had signed the same at this meeting the officers of the town were convicted and imprisoned. [New York Historical Records, vol. 14, page 402, 562; also vol. 2, page 789.]

Nothing more is known concerning Nicholas Pearsall until 1664 when he was appointed constable of the town of Flushing. The following being a copy of his certificate of appointment:—Whereas I have approved of William Hallett and William Noble to be the present Magistrates, Nicolas Passall to bee Constable of the Towne of fflushing upon long Island. These are in his Majesties name to require all Persons, Inhabitants of the said Towne, and Precincts, that they do take notice thereof, and that they obey the said William Hallett and William Noble as the Magistrates, and Nicholas Passall as Constable of the said Towne of fflushing, & Precincts, and (if occasion bee) that they bee ready to give their utmost Aid and Assistance unto them in the Execution of their respective Offices, hereof they are not to faile, as they will Answer ye contrary at their perills. Given under my hand at ffort James in New Yorke this 24th of December 1664. Richard Nicolls. To the Inhabitants of the Towne and prcincts of fflushing.

Flushing was not overlooked by the English Governors in their anxiety to collect fees for new patents to the towns on Long Island. February 16, 1666, a patent of confirmation, drawn in the usual form, was obtained from Governor Nicolls and made to the following persons, to wit: "John Lawrence, alderman of the city of New York; Richard Cornhill, justice of the peace:—Charles Bridges, William Lawrence, Robert Terry, William Noble, John fforbush, Elias Doughty, Robert ffield, Edmund ffarington, John Maston, Anthony ffield, Phillip Udall, Thomas Stiles, Benjamin ffield, William Pidgeon, John Adams, John Hinckman, Nicholas Parcell, Tobias ffeeks, and John Bowne, patentees for, and in behalf of themselves and their associates, the freeholders, inhabitants of the town of Flushing, their heirs, successors, and assigns for ever, all that certain town in the north riding of Yorkshire upon Long Island, called by the name of Flushing, situate and lying and being on the north side of the said island; which said town hath a certain tract of land belonging thereunto, and bounded by Flushing Creek, Tews Neck, Matthew Garretsons Bay, Hempstead and Jamaica.

August 12th 1667, the following Persons of fflushing presented themselves to the Governor & gave in their names to be ready to serve his Majesty under his

honors Command upon all occasions: William Noble, George Wright, Edward Griffin, Thomas Sadler, Aaron fforman, Nicholas parcell, George Tippetts, Jonathan Wright, John Thorne, John Elce, William Bishop, Richard Long, Joseph Thorne, Joseph Hedger. [New York Historical Records, vol. 14, page 598.]

Nicholas Pearsall survived all his brothers. Samuel Pearsall the youngest brother was the first to die. Thomas Pearsall the oldest brother was the next; he left a family of half grown sons; these, Nicholas Pearsall took under his guardianship during their minority. There is no finer eulogy that can be made concerning Nicholas Pearsall than that he was a good and faithful father to these fatherless boys. Every one of the sons of Thomas Pearsall named a son Nicholas and thereby so fastened this name upon the descendants of Thomas Pearsall that for several generations it was the distinguishing characteristic of this branch of the family, to have a son Nicholas. This they adhered to although they wandered far away from the style of Thomas Pearsall in writing their family name. Thus we see that although Nicholas Pearsall had no sons of his own to continue his line, these sons of Thomas remembered him and continued his name for many generations.

The marriage of the daughter of Nicholas Pearsall to the son of William Thorne will afford a parting opportunity to again consider the close family relationships that existed amongst the leading Dutch-English traders before they came to America in connection with the tobacco monopoly. The ancestors of William Thorne came from Shropshire-Staffordshire where Thomas Thornes was proprietor of the manor and estate of Thornes, in the parish of Shenstone, temp. Edward IV., in which reign he built a mansion at Thornes. In the History of Shenstone, by the Rev. Henry Sanders, B.A., published in 1794 [Vol. ix, No. 4, 2061, among the collection of Miscellaneous Antiquities in the British Museum Reading-room], it is said that this was a manor in the parish of Shenstone, and belonged to a family of the name of Thornes, in the reign of Henry VI., who most likely purchased lands here from the lords of the manor, and, as was usual in those days, and earlier, took the name of Thornes from the place. The Thomas Thornes mentioned by Sanders had issue, Thomas, who, in 1470, let Thornes on lease to one Richard, of the Ruddings. This lessor is described as of Salop, and from that period may be dated the settlement of the family at Shevlock. Members of the family had, however, been resident in Shrewsbury some ninety years previous to the letting and subsequent alienation of the manor of Thornes. The last-named Thomas Thornes married Mary, daughter of Sir Roger Corbet, of Moreton Corbet, Knight, and had issue Roger, who was grandfather of Roger Thornes, called The Wyse Thornes, who died in 1531. He was so named in Shrewsbury for that bothe toun and countrey repared to hym for advyse, whoe gyded this toun polytyckely, and lyeth buried in St. Mary's Church. This Shropshire worthy married a daughter of Sir Roger Kynaston, but, being himself descended from a younger son, he did not inherit Shevlock, and died without issue. Shevlock continued in the male line until 1670, when the last male heir, Thomas, the son of Francis Thornes, by Beatrix, daughter of Sir Andrew Corbet, of Moreton Corbet, died unmarried. Then we see that at the time of the granting to Edmund Pearsall of the tobacco monopoly, the Thornes and Pershalls

were relations by marriage to the same families in Staffordshire-Shropshire, specially the Moreton-Corbets, who were also tenants of the Pershalls. [Shropshire Notes and Queries, vol. 1-2, page 32.]

William Thorne of Flushing was the son of a Dutch-English trader from the Chesapeake Bay country, where the family were located on the Delaware peninsula, in the eastern shore of Maryland, in Somerset County. William Thorne was one of the party who, early in 1640, came from Hellgate Neck to the plains of Long Island where they founded the town of Hempstead. He had gone from Virginia to Lynne, Massachusetts, in 1638, where he located. The next year he joined the other Dutch-English traders on Long Island. He thereby acquired a right to the land and property under the terms of the agreement for the first own government. When the patent was granted in 1644, for Hempstead, he obtained a proprietary right which he appears never to have exercised in the distribution of lands except for the benefit of others to whom he sold.

He however retained his old holdings under the original town, which lands were subsequently, about 1677, occupied by his son, William Thorne. William Thorne returned to Hellgate Neck before Doctor Denton arrived at Hempstead with his associates from Stanford. Upon his return to Hellgate Neck, William Thorne settled on lands which were later to be organized as the town of Flushing, out which he named Thornes Neck. Waller in his history of Flushing says William Thorne acquired this property in 1642. But the sequence of events would make it nearly two years later before he occupied this neck of land. The next year, 1645, he was one of the original associators in founding the town of Flushing. Here he was early joined by Nicholas Pearsall, who was not one of the original incorporators. The records of this town were destroyed by fire in 1780, so that it is not possible to say definitely when Nicholas Pearsall removed from Pearsall, on Hellgate Neck, to Flushing. That he was at the latter place quite early is certain. And the few records that we have indicate that he was prominent in his government. John Thorne was with his father, William Thorne, in Flushing, where he remained after his marriage, and the records show that he there offered his services as a soldier in 1667. [New York Genealogical and Biological Register, vol. 19, page 153; Maryland wills, vol. 1, page 51; Hempstead Town Records, vol. 1, page 309; vol. 8, pages 292-397.]

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

SAMUEL PEARSALL
of England and Virginia

This chapter has been in part deleted. See Note, page 1041.

SECTION 1.

SAMUEL PEARSALL, son of Thomas Pearsall of England and Virginia, Chapter 27, Section 1; died 1643; resided in Isle of Wight County, Virginia, and Kent Island, Talbot County, Maryland. Married——. Children:—

1. John Pursel. Chapter 54, Section 2.
2. Arthur Pursall. Chapter 54, Section 18.
3. Tobias Purcell. Chapter 54, Section 19.

Feb. 16, 1649-50. Court and testamentary business 1649-50. Mark Pheypo administrator of Samuel Pursle late of Virginia, decd., demandeth of John Hallaway, 20'—bear due this 5 years and upwards to the estate of the decd., by bill and demanded damages of non-payment and damages of suit, warned to court, 4th Feb. Pell-Justice. [Court Proceedings of Virginia, page 95.]

Samuel Pearsall came to Maryland in 1635 with Margaret Brent and her brothers. The records relating to him have been set out so fully in Chapter 27 that they will not need to be repeated at this place. Being the youngest he remained with his father, when in 1639 his brothers emigrated to Long Island in New Netherland. And about this time, through the founding of the Swedish Colony upon the Delaware peninsula, there was a marked revival in the volume of trade handled through the Kent Island station. The Pearsalls, together with the Brents, kept their hold upon the trade of the Kent Island station.

The use of tobacco had increased enormously in Sweden from 1637 until 1643, and it was now a profitable business to smuggle tobacco into this kingdom. The ordinance of the government was not lived up to and tobacco, in large quantities, was secretly brought into the country by sea and land, so large numbers of Swedish vessels began to frequent the Delaware waters. There were also quite a few vessels of other nations who were engaged in the Swedish tobacco trade. The most convenient trading places being located on Kent Island and in Talbot County, Maryland. Tobacco was brought into Sweden by way of Norway and the Danish provinces south of Sweden. By sea most of the smuggled tobacco was brought in on the Crown's ships from Riga, Narva and Nyskants. These ships were not so well guarded or searched as other ships, and hence the opportunity of smuggling was greater on them than on the merchant vessels.

Tobacco was supplied to the merchants by smugglers to such an extent that the Swedish company could not find buyers for its large stores. In the beginning of 1643 matters were becoming impossible and something had to be done. The heaviest buyers from the company complained that they could not sell their

tobacco, since tobacco was brought in illegally and sold by everybody. In March, 1643, it was proposed to control the inland trade, and also all importation of the article, by allowing only certain persons in Stockholm and other cities to sell the tobacco, denying all others the privilege. Some time later it was ordered that the tobacco trade of the entire kingdom be given into the hands of a company, which should buy its tobacco from the New Sweden Company, and sell it through their representatives in all cities and places in Sweden, Finland and other provinces of the kingdom, and the New Sweden Company was obliged to sell its tobacco only to the Tobacco Company. Notwithstanding which, the smuggling continued and tobacco was imported illegally into Sweden, not only on certain merchant vessels, but also on the ships of the Crown, thereby over-filling the markets of the country with the article. In some cases the governors and magistrates played under cover with the transgressors, and it was impossible for the company to bring the offenders to punishment even though they had been caught openly violating the law. Hence for a time there was a remarkable increase in the amount of business done by Samuel Pearsall and his associates, in supplying with tobacco the Swedish traders who came to the Delaware. [The Swedish Settlements on the Delaware, page 290.]

In the early part of 1643, Samuel Pearsall died in Virginia and his estate in Maryland was administered by Mark Pheypo. Subsequently, upon a division of the estate, the sons of Samuel Pearsall divided his lands and business so that John succeeded to the Kent Island business, Arthur to the Isle of Wight, Virginia, location, and Tobias to the St. Mary's, Maryland, or Gloucester, Virginia, location. In the meantime the business was continued by the estate.

During the war of the Commonwealth in England, the Pearsalls and Brents were actively supporting the King. Claiborne and his associates joined the Parliamentary Party. He took this opportunity, in 1644, to regain possession of Kent Island. When Claiborne repossessed himself of the Isle of Kent, Mark Pheypo and John Genalles were made the commissioners from Governor Calvert to deliver the latter's writ to Giles Brent of the Manor of Kent Fort, and bring an answer if they may. The Brents had so many troubles of their own at this time that they could do nothing else than ignore the command to recover possession of Kent Island. [Bozman's History of Maryland, page 286. Maryland Archives Province Court Proceedings, vol. 1, pgs. 281-435-458-459.]

Giles Brent had about this time joined forces in a business way with Claiborne and the New England party although he was a royalist. Hence this marks the close of his connection with the trading station on Kent Island. The Brent interests being thereafter held by his sister, Margaret Brent, under a lease from Giles Brent her brother. Claiborne also obtained possession of St. Mary's, the seat of government, and forced Governor Calvert to flee for safety into Virginia. He kept control of the province of Maryland for almost two years. Towards the close of the year 1646, Calvert collected his scattered forces, and with the assistance of the loyal Virginians, succeeded in recovering his province. (See Chapter 27, Section 2.)

At this time Lord Baltimore was unable to do more than recover the possession of the island and restore domestic peace. He was evidently done with Giles Brent, so to insure the enforcement of the civil laws of Maryland and to guarantee the

inhabitants in the peaceful pursuit, as far as possible, of their usual daily advocations, he placed the civil and military government of Kent Island in the hands of a Commission in which Robert Vaughan, Thomas Bradnox, and Philip Conner represented the supporters of Cromwell, and William Cox, Edward Comins and Francis Brooke represented the supporters of the king. [Sharfe, History of Maryland, vol. 1, page 194, and records of Kent County, at Chestertown, Maryland.]

Mark Pheypo seems to have thought the controversy for the recovery of Kent Island was not worth so much fighting, so he removed the Pearsall business from St. Mary's to Gloucester County, Virginia, and the Kent Island factory to the mainland of the Delaware peninsula, just across the open water to the east of Kent Island. The record in the Land Office of Maryland reading: St. Michells Hundred—Pheypo's Forte—a Freehold Contayning 100 acres due to Marke Pheypoe for Transporting himself into this Province in Anno 1649. According to the Condicons bearing date at London 2 July &c., Anno 1649. Surveyed March 8th, 1658. Pattented the 14th March Anno Dom 1658. Held of his Lordships Mannor of Saint Marys. Under the yearly rent of two shillings Sterl of the full value &c. at ye Choyce of his Lopp &c., to be payd &c. at Saint Marys at our Lady day & Michas. [Rent Roll St. Marys, Charles, Calvert Counties and the Isle of Kent, folio II.]

It is probable that it was at this time that Capt. James Neale, the special representative of Lord Baltimore, became associated with the Talbot County branch of the tobacco business. This was a better location than the one on Kent Island, and the trade along the peninsula was maintained almost without interruption. They seem to have had the largest share of the Swedish tobacco trade, which thrived greatly during the period of the Civil War in England, as the colonies were very lax in collecting the imposts.

In the spring of 1649 the contract of the Swedish Tobacco Company expired, and in October the government of Sweden withdrew the privileges given to the Company and permitted a free importation and sale of tobacco by any person, whether Swede or foreigner, on the payment of duty. It soon became evident that unrestricted importation of tobacco into Sweden was not practical as tobacco was smuggled into the country in larger quantities than before the excise was materially reduced. It was therefore decided to restore the old order of things, and on the twenty-second of September, 1651, a patent for the tobacco trade was issued by the Queen, granting to the New Sweden Company the sole right to import and sell tobacco under any pretext whatever, and transgressors would be punished according to the Ordinance of 1647.

The new regulations did not improve matters. The mayors and magistrates of the cities interpreted the patent to suit their own interests. In some cases the agents of the Tobacco Company and others, sent to inquire into the condition of the trade and guard the interests of their employers, were attacked and ill treated. The company complained and, in 1652, another patent in five articles was published. But all efforts of the Crown and the company to regulate the trade and prevent smuggling were to no avail, and in April, 1653, the importation and trade of tobacco was again made free, the privileges granted the New Sweden Company being withdrawn. A duty was to be paid by the importer, when the herb was

loaded on a mounted Swedish ship, while a somewhat higher duty was imposed if imported on other vessels. But illegal importation continued.

It was as a fact no use trying to beat the Dutch-English merchants. They managed to control the market no matter what were the local regulations. Even though the Swedish colony obtained its supply across the free route made no particular difference, if it had to pay the royal taxes at home. It is impossible to follow up the interesting details of the Swedish tobacco trade; the reader will find it all in Amandeus Johnson's work on the Swedish Settlement in America. The details that there appear show how profitable was the business of the comparatively unimportant trading station on the Wye River, Talbot County, Maryland.

SECTION 2.

JOHN PURSEL, son of Samuel Pearsall of England and Virginia, Chapter 54, Section 1; resided in Talbot County, Maryland. He married long before July 15, 1606, Mary Stevens, sister of Symond Stevens of Talbott County. [Administration proceedings, Maryland at Annapolis, folio 13, page 376.] Children:—

1. John Pursel. Chapter 54, Section 3.
2. Thomas Pursel. Chapter 54, Section 7.

John Pursel on some of the records appears as John Peircesall.

Proceedings of the Assembly, 1678, whereas there hath been 825,979 pounds of tobacco expended layed out and dispersed by several of the inhabitants of this province in the late expedition against the Nanticoke Indians and others the necessary charges of the province therefore that the same may be satisfied and paid to those persons to which the same is due—be it enacted etc. To pay in Talbot County to John Pursell 300 pounds of tobacco, Kent County. And also to the same John Piercesall, 300 pounds of tobacco additional.

SECTION 18.

ARTHUR PURSALL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 54, Section 1; resided in Isle of Wight County, Virginia; married ———. Children:—

1. Arthur Pursall. See Y, this Section.
2. Thomas Pursall. See Z, this Section.
3. Isabella Pursall, married Arthur Whitehead. The records of Hempstead, Long Island, New York, show that Daniel Whitehead was one of the Virginia proprietors in 1644 of the patented town. He was a Dutch-English trader who had come from Virginia, and was an owner in the original town.

SECTION 19.

TOBIAS PURCELL, son of Samuel Pearsall, Chapter 54, Section 1; resided in Lancaster County, Va.; married ———. Children:—

1. Edward Purcell, resided Richmond County, Va.; married ———. Children:—
*1. John Purcell. *2. Edward M. Purcell.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

CLARENCE E. PEARSALL

Autobiography

Section 1, Childhood and Youth—Section 2, Exploring the Timber—Section 3, California Redwoods—Section 4, Central America—Section 5, More Recent Exploits.

SECTION 1.

In delving into the records of my ancestry I was surprised to learn that each generation was practically a repetition of the one which preceded it and so on back to the first Pearsall emigrant who came to America. And, as I extended my investigations along this line of inquiry, I found the same to be true, practically without exception, of all the families, with which I am acquainted, whose ancestry leads to the early colonial times. It has therefore seemed to me that it would be interesting and valuable to set down the history of a life that began before the present conditions and environments existed in this country, in order that it may be recorded how the early lumber people met the problems of their lives as they found them from day to day. This brief explanation will therefore serve to make plain why I have taken the trouble to set out so fully the happenings of my own life, which, as it will appear, began in the Pennsylvania wilderness of Jefferson, Elk, Clearfield, Forest, Clarion, and Indiana Counties, before the advent of the railroads, and while yet its virgin forest of pine and hemlock covered many a hill and mountain.

My life, which began in the lumber regions of Pennsylvania, has ever since been associated with lumbering. Hence, my earliest recollections are those of a child of a tree feller. I have followed the industry westward and until recently, when I retired from business, I have always been interested in the conquest of the forest-wilderness. In reading my recollections which follow it will be helpful to the reader if I say that the old lumberman was necessarily a far-seeing man of business whose calling it was to anticipate the march of emigration westward in the settlement of the country and to locate, examine, cruise, and acquire large tracts of timber so strategically situated as to be capable of profitable lumbering when the demand arose. Yet at no time did he permit the local demand to deprive him of the primary market which he had created on the Atlantic seaboard. First he used the Susquehanna, then the Ohio, and later the Mississippi, to reach this old market before the advent of the railroads, and today one of the largest classes of tonnage using the Panama Canal is that of the Pacific lumberman supplying the Atlantic coast market. Necessarily much of the lumberman's time was spent in the unbroken wilderness, far beyond the settled parts, spying out the land and valuing its forest. As the industry increased and just before it passed from the Middle West to the Pacific coast there came a time when the location of timber, and the investment in it, became a separate part of lumbering. It was a long way from the Mississippi valley to the Pacific coast and for a time it seemed as if

the lumber industry would never make the jump, at least not within the space of several generations. However, a few of us held to the old traditions, and we were brought face to face not only with the old problems of lumbering, but with the new problems growing out of years of search in the unbroken wilderness in the large timber of the Pacific coast, to be followed by the possibility of longer years of waiting until our anticipations were to be realized. As a fact, some of the timber I acquired forty years ago is now in the hands of operating lumbermen who probably have no intention of falling the same during the next twenty years.

On the 29th of January 1863, I began my earthly career and opened my eyes in this beautiful world for the first time, on father's farm, about three miles north of Brookville. My arrival in this world no doubt was as uneventful as that of millions before me, hence nothing remarkable can be attributed to my birth. The simple chronicle is that upon that day I was ushered into this world to play an unimportant part.

Before starting in on the story of my life, it might be helpful to add a few lines of explanation so the reader may not become perplexed as to why in many instances a lumberman was also a farmer or the owner of a farm. In early days, when the northwestern part of Pennsylvania was still largely a wilderness, with only a few settlers widely scattered and no railroads, it behooved the lumbermen to see that their camps were well supplied before winter set in. Confronted by the problem of obtaining hay and grain for the horses and oxen and other products necessary to carry on lumbering during the winter, they turned to farming during the summer. That is why grandfather John Pearsall, as well as father, both lumbermen, owned farms.

As to my babyhood I know nothing, but presume I, like other babies, caused my parents plenty of worry. My earliest recollection dates back to the time when I was about four years old. How well I remember those autumn days, when the trees in the old orchard on the hillside, above the house, hung laden with luscious red apples, while on the ground beneath were the green and yellow pumpkins. Some one told brother Elmer that these great, golden pumpkins were colt's eggs and that if we rolled them down the hill they would break open and all we would have to do, was to run and catch the colt. How disappointed we were when pumpkin after pumpkin had been rolled down, broken open, and no colts appeared.

At another time we amused ourselves by rolling an empty flour barrel down that same hill. Its leaping and bounding filled us with the greatest of glee and brother finally conceived the idea of taking turns in rolling down inside the barrel. Elmer made the proposition, so, being the older, he had the first ride. I held the barrel while he climbed in and when all was ready, I let it go. The barrel leaped and bounded into the air, then continued rolling until it struck uneven ground, swung around and bounded on down the hill, finally striking the corner of the house, demolishing the barrel and momentarily stunning brother. The next trip was to have been mine but fortunately for me the accident put an end to this sport.

The next important event in my life was our moving to town the following summer. Just how the family reached Brookville is beyond my recollection, but I was placed on a feather bed on top of a load of furniture. Well do I remember

that ride down the lane, out onto the county highway, that ended our days on the farm. The roads I presume were none too good, as once we came very nearly upsetting and I was almost thrown from my elevated position; later when the wheel of the wagon suddenly dropped into a mud hole, I lost my balance and pitched forward, but was prevented from falling by the driver. In the course of our travel, many houses were passed; more than I had ever seen. Then we crossed a river, that looked as large to me then as the Mississippi does now. On ascending Showalter's Hill, I was badly frightened by some pictures of wild animals posted on the fence, not comprehending that they were circus bills. Just how long we were travelling those three miles, I cannot remember. I only know that our progress was dreadfully slow. To me it seemed like an age and great was my delight when the driver finally halted in front of a little old-fashioned house on Main Street, Brookville, Pennsylvania. Father, having arrived before us, was there to help me down and as I went into the house, I was informed this was our new home.

Town life had its charms, and I was not long in adapting myself to my new surroundings. The first day I received a trouncing for crawling through a drain and soiling my new clothes. During that first week in the new home I received four whippings and I am not quite sure but what I regretted having left the farm with all its freedom, where one did not have to be always spick and span.

For some weeks or months, things ran along quite smoothly and peace might have reigned supreme with me for some time longer had father not insisted on my eating something I did not like. I refused, and he insisted; finally I lost my temper and threw my fork across the table, narrowly missing his head. He reached for me and I—well, I thought it time for me to leg it to the farm, and without further ceremony, ran out by the front door and down Main Street, with father in pursuit. By the time I had reached the top of Showalter's Hill, the race was on in earnest, with the goal more than three miles distant. The race promised to be a hotly contested one. I had a good two hundred yards the lead with everything in my favor, when father's sudden appearance at the brow of the hill, caused me to increase my speed until I fairly flew down the hill. Soon after reaching the foot I began to fag. Casually glancing over my shoulder, I saw that father was steadily gaining on me and as the farm was a good three miles away, I decided to give up the race and bolted up a little side street, passed the Lutheran Church and finally reached the alley back of our house where I crawled through a hole in the fence, ran into the house, hid under the bed, and implored mother not to divulge my whereabouts. But father, close on my track, soon located me, hauled me out and lighted on the seat of my trousers with a thorn rod, that he had stopped to cut while pursuing me. This incident of the chase, unobserved by me, explains why I was able to travel so far before capture.

For some time after the above escapade father and I understood each other perfectly—that is to say, I was a very much humbled little boy and for a while every thing was harmonious between us. But like all prolonged calms, it was followed by a storm.

My parents, being religiously inclined, always attended church Sunday evenings, leaving their little flock of four at home in care of my oldest sister, Idora

Upon one of these occasions, I was cautioned to be a good little boy and remember the Sabbath. I promised obedience and after my parents' departure, I proceeded to observe the Sabbath evening with services at home. My brother and two sisters constituted the congregation. I acted as minister and in the absence of a pulpit, I set to work and made one out of a set of new cane-bottom chairs by placing one on top of four. After the pulpit was completed, I climbed upon the topmost chair and began to deliver a sermon. After preaching a short time, my discourse was suddenly brought to an end as my brother Elmer hurled a pillow at me, narrowly missing my head. In dodging the pillow, I lost my balance and overturned the pulpit. The legs of the topmost chair were pushed down through the cane bottoms of the others and minister, pulpit and all were hurled in a heap on the floor. At this inopportune moment, my parents returned from church and upon beholding their new chairs in ruins, mother cried; but it was different with father. He immediately grasped the situation, guessed the culprit, and invited me to join him in the back room. He then proceeded with his trouser-dusting system that for thoroughness would put a modern vacuum cleaner to shame. The sermon that night put an end to my being called "Sonny" and "Bub" and gave me the dignified name of "Preacher," which followed me throughout my boyhood days.

Soon after this father was called to Philadelphia on business and, during his absence, I wandered at will and did pretty much as I pleased; climbed fences and porches and roamed over the neighboring housetops, very much as a stray cat might. Mother was good-natured and I soon learned to take advantage of her kindness. The neighbors all predicted that I would be killed if I were allowed to continue this wild climbing about, and the prediction came very nearly being fulfilled. One day in my endeavor to escape from mother, who was about to punish me, I crawled through an open window to an adjacent porch, from which I expected, through the help of a friendly maple, to make my escape to the ground. In some way, my feet slipped and I was left suspended in the air, hanging on by my finger tips. In crawling through the old-fashioned window, I accidentally knocked the prop out, letting the window down and so was unable to get back into the house, after losing my footing. Mrs. Pride, one of the neighbors, heard my call for help and instantly ran to my rescue. With her apron held out, she called to me to let loose and she would catch me. Afraid to trust the frail fabric of her apron, I hung on and yelled for mother. I thought she would never, never come and my fingers were just about to let go when she suddenly appeared, opened the window and rescued me from my perilous position. She cried and almost smothered me with kisses and immediately forgave me. I promised to be good, and never run away from her again, if she would not tell father upon his return, for I had by this time begun to dread father's systematic process of punishment.

For some time after this experience I remained close to the house, feasting on cookies that mother made in order to keep me home. I rather enjoyed life without father and grew to like the idea of no man in the house, for I had little fear of whippings from mother. Thus the days passed smoothly and serenely by. Aunt Jane came to live with us about this time and I was filled with joy, but my happiness was of short duration. Mother opened the door one evening and there stood a smooth-shaved, city-dressed stranger, who grabbed her in his arms and

began to kiss her. Mother tried to extricate herself from his embrace until he called her by name. Then he stooped to kiss me but I jerked away, kicked at him and used some choice language, evidently not intended for the parlor, that I had picked up on the street. The strange man grabbed me by the waist and hauled me into the back room, where he proceeded to give my trousers the best dusting they had had since the fork episode. There was something strangely familiar about this that reminded me of father. After a short time the stranger allowed his beard to grow, and in him I recognized father. From babyhood, I had been accustomed to seeing him with a beard. So it was not surprising that I failed to know him. Even the neighbors did not recognize him and many were the speculations and conjectures regarding the strange man living at Pearsall's while father was away. One neighbor even admitted that she had encouraged her daughter to set her cap for him.

My sixth birthday was celebrated at our home in the manner customary at that time; each member of the family participated in the celebration by pulling my ears, six times. By the time the last one had paid his respects to me, my ears were pretty well warmed up and I was delighted when the ordeal was over. After this part of the festivities, apples, nuts and raisins were passed. When on these occasions, apples were scarce, we had stick candy, and father often gave us a penny or two. In those days, parents did not indulge their children in extravagance as they do at the present time.

The money that I received on this birthday was the first I have any recollection of possessing as my own. Shortly after the birthday celebration, I found a corroded copper cent, which increased my possessions to three cents; then mother gave me a penny for being a good boy and I found myself the proud possessor of four cents. My, but I was rich. And like all ambitious people, when they once get a start in life, I kept right on accumulating wealth. One morning as I was going across Main Street to play, a stranger accosted me, asked me to hold his horse a few minutes, threw the reins to me and entered a store near by. I was somewhat afraid of the horse, but the stranger soon returned; tossed me a dime, leaped into the buggy and drove away. Imagine my surprise when I looked in my hand and saw that dime, more money that I had ever possessed. I watched the stranger as he disappeared and wondered who the rich man was who could throw away a whole fortune at one time. Then I took another look at the money to make sure that I had seen aright and rushed into the house and showed mother. I was the richest boy in the whole block and so elated over being a capitalist (owner of fourteen cents) that I would have been willing to compete with Jay Cooke for the financial supremacy of the world.

That first dime, to my mind, was the greatest sum of money I ever possessed, although in after years I managed to amass a considerable fortune. After I had become a capitalist, the next problem confronting me was what to do with my recently acquired wealth. A neighbor's boy possessed a toy wagon that appealed to me and, for a time, I contemplated investing my entire capital in a wagon of this kind, but found my finances insufficient to make this purchase, so decided to buy a red ball for ten cents and spend the remaining four in striped sassafras stick candy. But father, a strict advocate of economy, with a keen eye

for business, persuaded me to become a banker. To encourage me, he bought a small safe of real metal, with lock and key; a duplicate in nearly every respect of the larger ones in use at that time. My coins being deposited in this safe, through a slot in the top, I became a banker and from time to time added to my deposit, until I had nineteen cents. Then there came a lull in the banking business and fearing a failure, I decided to branch out, and invited my brother and sister to open a joint account with me. They readily consented. The depositing of their surplus coins caused the bank to flourish as it had never done before and in the course of time it was more than half full. The reserve now being very heavy, the bank was financially considered on as sound a base as the Rock of Gibraltar. Our system of banking was very simple. As we had no cashier, each depositor when desirous of drawing on his or her account to buy stick candy or licorice, took the safe, turned it upside down and violently shook it until a penny, or perchance a nickel or dime, was shaken out through the slot. This practice caused a heavy drain on the reserve, and at times, when the demands were greater than the deposits, it looked as if the bank would be obliged to suspend business. During one of these perilous times a circus arrived in town and a run was threatened on the bank. This, however, was narrowly averted by father, who came to the rescue, bought a ticket to the circus for each one of the depositors, and thus saved the bank from utter ruin.

As time passed, a dispute arose, wherein each accused the other of overdrawing his or her account. The bank might have withstood this, had the Fourth of July not been at hand. As it was, the desire for firecrackers and lemonade caused the final crash, and on the following day the bank closed its doors. Brother and sister made a demand for their balance, claiming that the bank owed them, and father was called in to adjust matters. The safe was opened and as the seventeen cents therein was inadequate to satisfy the demands, the bank was declared insolvent. The money was turned over to the creditors and I was left a bankrupt, penniless boy. Imagine how deeply I felt my ruin. I had not only lost my fourteen cents, but my entire fortune. There was however no ill feeling among the depositors. No one was to blame. We merely had a poor system. Thus ended my banking career.

During the warm spring days of '68, we moved to a three-story house on Mill Street, now Jefferson Avenue, that was built on the hillside with three stories in front and two in the rear. The stable, coal house and other outbuildings were in the back part of the lot, farther up on the hillside and next to the alley. My part of the work, while we lived there, was to keep the house supplied with wood and coal, which was not an uphill job in winter, for I put the buckets of coal on my sled and coasted to the house. I was not always successful in making my landing and sometimes had the misfortune to upset and spill the coal. We had two horses—old John, the family horse, and Billie, a high-spirited animal of blooded stock, which father drove. Elmer took care of the horses and we combined forces in caring for the cows.

Father had been accustomed to farming a little all of his life and did not like the idea of having no garden, so he had the back yard plowed and the ground prepared, that we might raise fresh vegetables for our family use. The ground

was very stony and father promised to buy me a little red wagon, like Jim Carrier's, when he went to Philadelphia to buy goods, if I would pick up the stones. I worked mornings and evenings until I had an enormous pile; more than a two horse wagon load. I looked forward to the arrival of that red wagon with as much pleasure as a boy of the present day would to an automobile. Imagine my disappointment when father returned from Philadelphia with no wagon. Never was a boy more crestfallen and miserable, nor more humiliated than I. I had promised all my playmates a ride, and many were the good times we had planned, with them as the horses and me as the driver. Father had forgotten all about the wagon while in Philadelphia, but he said that if I would carry the stones away he would buy me a pair of red-top boots with real copper toes. I spent several weeks, much to my disgust, carrying those stones away in a coal hod, when I had anticipated hauling them in the wagon; but in the end my feelings were somewhat alleviated for father bought the boots and also had me a suit made, with long trousers, the first I ever possessed. Oh, how proud I felt when dressed up in my new clothes and red-top boots. No general could have strutted more or felt prouder than I when I went to the photographer's and had my picture taken.

Shortly after this, I started to school, Miss Martha McCright, of whom I was very fond, being my first teacher. I had not attended school very long before I was taken ill with lung fever and for some time was not expected to live. During my convalescence, I was very happy with the thought of attending school again and looked forward with great pleasure to seeing Miss Martha. One day, while the nurse was absent, I slid off my chair, thinking that I could walk, but was too weak to even stand and suddenly fell to the floor. I cried for I thought that I would never be able to walk again but mother comforted me by telling me that I would soon be strong enough to go to school. Sometime after my recovery, an epidemic of measles broke out in the neighborhood and as our parents thought best for us to have all such diseases while young, we were sent over to Darrah's to get the measles. Our trip was a success; in a short time we all were down with them and for a while mother certainly had her hands full. Oh, but I was sick, and my eyes pained so that I was kept in a dark room for several days and could not understand mother's philosophy in wanting us to have such a dreadful disease.

Mother and father, being religiously inclined, did not tolerate profanity and whenever any of us indulged in this kind of language, mother usually washed out our mouths with soap suds. On the last occasion of this kind that I remember, it took the combined efforts of mother, sister Clara and Mittie, the hired girl, to hold Elmer and me while they washed out our mouths. Mother was a dear, good woman and hated to punish us, so after this struggle, she turned us over to father for correction. Father was a man who meant well, but his ideas did not always agree with ours, much to our distress. We were, however, pretty good friends and I often accompanied him on his Sunday visits to grandfather's. We usually travelled the path leading through the Dark Hollow forested by lofty white pine and hemlock, and then up the North Fork to Payne's Mill. From there on we walked over the old logging road that was used when father, as a boy, hauled square timber for grandfather, and oftentimes he pointed out the place

where he was frightened by the wild howl of the wolf, that caused the ox-team to run away with him.

During vacation and on Saturdays, like other boys, I flew kites, ran races and played ball and leap-frog. But the game that I was especially fond of was one we called Tippy Up. In this game, we drove a stake into the ground until it became firm, balanced a cross stick on top of this stake, and then placed a stone on one end of the cross piece and by hitting the other end a sudden blow, the stone was tossed high into the air. Sometimes a toad or frog, balanced on this cross piece, fell a victim to this catapult. How comical they looked as they flattened out on their descent.

Now and then a chipmunk was the victim. On these rare occasions, we usually went to the brink of the hill, near the river, where the fall would be greater. Sometimes we met with wonderful success, throwing the poor little creature into the river, from where, more dead than alive, he swam ashore. This little animal of the fur kingdom was not easily caught, for he usually had a place of retreat in the old pine stumps, where it was easy for him to dig a hole, leading from the ground up through to the top. When he was sitting on one of these old stumps, chirping with the very joy of life, we stealthily crept upon him and the little fellow, finding himself closely pursued, took refuge in one of these relics of the forest. One of us would then run a stick down the hole and force him out into the hands of another boy who was on the lookout for him. We usually paid dearly for this sport. The chipmunk did not submit gracefully and often retaliated on his captors by biting their fingers until the blood streamed from the wounds and they shrieked with pain. When our parents caught us enjoying this barbaric sport they punished us severely for our cruelties; a punishment well merited.

Another of our games, Grey Deer, in which we chased each other from tree top to tree top of the pine saplings that formed the dense forest, was very popular with us; but the one we liked best was the very dangerous one of Coon and Hounds, a game of my invention. In this game every boy insisted on being the coon and we had to count out to ascertain which one was to fill the desired place. The second place of importance in this wild and highly exciting pastime was the boy with the ax. These two having been chosen, it fell to the lot of the others to be hounds. Whereupon the hounds and axman closed their eyes, counting fifty, while the coon ran and climbed a nearby sapling pine tree. At the end of the counting, the chase commenced. The hounds were expected to catch the coon, and as he leaped from one pine sapling to another, the excitement ran high. Often the distance between the trees was too great for the coon to escape and he had to submit to his captors. He was then said to be treed, and the axman felled the tree; the coon was thus thrown to the ground, where the hounds all pounced upon him. The one who succeeded in first getting hold of him was chosen coon for the next chase. The game was a dangerous one, as occasionally, in the hurry and excitement to escape from the hounds, the top of the slender pines would break off and precipitate the coon some fifteen or twenty feet to the ground. It is remarkable that none of us were killed. We did not always escape injury, as sometimes an arm or leg was broken, or a shoulder dislocated. During one of these hilarious games, a tree broke with me, and I was hurled to the ground. For a few

seconds, I thought that my neck was broken, but I soon recovered. In the face of these drawbacks, and disregarding the remonstrances of our parents, we continued to play this hazardous and wonderfully fascinating game.

As I grew older we played what we called Sky Rocket or A Trip to the Moon, a much more dangerous game than the one just narrated. In this game we selected a more open place in the woods, where the slender white oak saplings grew thirty or forty feet tall. Six or eight of us climbed to the top of a strong sapling and bent it to the ground. The boy who had been selected to make the trip held fast to the topmost branches, and at the end of a given count, when the others let loose, the sapling flew suddenly back to its natural position and the lad was shot through the air like a skyrocket. This sudden rush through the air was a thrilling experience that I shall never forget and well worthy of the names it bore. The one who made this perilous trip had to cling on tightly, else when the tree reached its upright position, he would be hurled to the ground beyond, which in all probability would have meant instant death.

The woods, composed of second-growth pine and white oaks, where we liked best to play, lay between our house and the Litch mill pond. A path through these woods led to the upper part of the pond, our swimming pool. Above the swimming pool was an old abandoned log landing or rollway, as it was called. Still farther on, about half a mile distant, on either side of the river, were the Dark Hollows in which the virgin forest still remained. For some distance beyond this, the timber had been logged off. Just why this magnificent growth of pine and hemlock had been spared, I know not. Perhaps the owners had a certain pride in leaving this splendid timber until the close of their operations. A little stream or brook flowed through each of these hollows and along its banks were huge rocks. The caverns underneath, at one time had been the home of the wolf and the bear. Save a single path, everything was as nature had made it. A huge fallen white pine, spanning the brook, served as a foot bridge. The mere mention of this lonely dark hollow, where a murder had been committed, some years before, was sufficient to make the cold chills run down a boy's back. The path through these lonely woods was seldom used except by lumbermen in the spring, or by people desiring to take a short cut, to the upper waters of the North Fork. Many were the times that father and I travelled over this path to grandfather's. One day, during the latter part of June, I was sent to the Nigger Shanties, to look for the cows, that had preferred to remain out all night instead of returning home for a pail of good bran. On reaching our swimming hole, I found Evans Craig, Curt Larry and Jim Carrier, schoolmates of mine, in swimming and after some persuasion I joined them, but not until they first promised to go through the Dark Hollow with me. After our swim, we proceeded to hunt the cows. Upon entering the Hollow a most beautiful and surprising sight greeted us. The laurels, all in bloom, were laden with exquisite blossoms of delicate pink and white. Childlike, we stopped to gather some of these beautiful flowers and while thus engaged a huge black bear suddenly arose in front of us and with one terrific growl came towards me. I was so badly frightened that for a moment I thought my time had surely come, as bruin nearly upset me in his mad rush to pass on the narrow path and did not even stop to say, "Beg your pardon, Sir,"

but swiftly ran across the tree spanning the brook, and with a "Wah, wah, wah," disappeared in the laurel beyond, probably as badly frightened as we were. After emitting some terrific yells, we commenced to cry and flew home as fast as our legs could carry us, and told the folks of the terrible bear that had tried to devour us. Needless to say, my parents excused me for not continuing on after the cows.

As our barn had become infested with rats and mice that made havoc with the oats in the bins, father encouraged us to kill them by showing us how we could corner them in their runways. We delighted in waging war upon them, and by guarding both ends of the bins at the same time, we were successful in penning them in. The next step was to kill them, which we did by means of a stick, as the prisoners attempted to escape. Occasionally, a mouse in his efforts to save his life, would run up one's sleeve or trouser leg, in which case we would have to undress, but not until we had crushed the little rodent to death. Milton Brady, an older boy than we, who, to our great dislike, insisted on playing with us, was easily frightened, so the happy thought of playing a practical joke on him dawned upon us. We told him of the great fun we were having killing mice in our barn, but said never a word about their sometimes running up our coat sleeves or trousers. Milton, as usual, was delighted to join in our fun, especially when it was not very strenuous. So one day, when the mice were unusually plentiful, we invited him to join us in the battle that promised to be a hotly contested one. Armed with clubs and sticks we silently stole into the barn, surprised our enemies and fell upon them with great fury. Milton was placed at the end of the bins where, we had learned from past experience, the battle would wax the hottest. A few seconds after the charge was made, the battle commenced in earnest and Milton was enjoying the excitement hugely when all of a sudden he fell to the floor and rolled madly about, yelling lustily. We instantly guessed the cause of his alarm and excitement and shouted with laughter at his predicament. Three mice and a full grown rat, that had sought refuge up the legs of his pantaloons, were scratching him in their frantic efforts to escape. Milton howled with fright until we finally became alarmed and went to his rescue. The fun we had at his expense amply paid for the fright he gave us.

For some time after this, Milton shunned us and played with the older boys until they refused to have him. To his sorrow, he then fell back on us once more. On this particular day, while playing ball, we had accidentally discovered a yellow jackets' nest, in a box that had been built to protect a shade tree. When we saw Milton approaching us, we decided to make him the victim of our find and thus get rid of him forever. Upon his arrival we stopped playing ball, a game far too strenuous for him, and proposed Hide and Seek. In this we used the yellow jacket tree for base and Milton, in order to get into the game, was the first to remain at the base, while the rest of us hid. He was told to count fifty and kick the box with every count. He had not counted more than eight or ten when he let out a hair-raising war whoop, jumped up into the air, yelled at the top of his voice and slapping himself in a dozen places, started for home on the jump. I never knew a boy to run so fast, except myself, after encountering the bear. Milton had on cotton pantaloons and as he stood directly over the hole, the yellow jackets, in

endeavoring to reconnoitre, had a splendid opportunity to make their attack. Of course they wielded their deadly weapons as they went, and put up a good fight, as is usual with them, when molested. Milton was badly stung and we were not tormented with his company for some time. I was not sorry for him nor for the part I took in this, as it evened up an old score. He had persuaded me, at a previous time, to eat an Indian turnip, one of those innocent-looking little tubers with chain lightning in them that felt like a red-hot auger boring through my tongue.

In our neighborhood there was a goodly number of felines that often made the nights hideous with their caterwauling. One evening brother and I went out to the alley to chase away two cats that were uttering unearthly yells in their serenade. Upon our arrival, we found them engaged in a desperate battle; so intent were they in their efforts to tear each other up that they kept right on, ignoring us entirely. Elmer kicked the one, while I struck at the other with an old broom I had picked up on the way. This seemed only to infuriate them and they continued with more vigor than before. Finally, brother grabbed one by the tail and as I struck the other over the head, they gave up the fight and tried to make their escape from this more formidable enemy. Elmer was badly scratched but hung on to the cat's tail until the cat, in making a sudden lunge for a pile of edgings near by, upset brother, who let go to save himself, and thus the cat made its escape. It was hard to tell who fared the worst in this *mêlée*, Elmer or the cat.

We vowed then and there that if we ever caught that cat we would kill it and thus rid the neighborhood of at least one. Our opportunity soon arrived, for the very next day when we went to the barn to feed the horses, we spied our enemy of the previous evening. Elmer rushed back and closed the barn door and the cat, seeming to scent trouble, took refuge on a beam. Brother armed himself with a pitch fork; I grabbed the stick used in mixing the cow's bran, and we sallied forth to attack the enemy. Elmer made the first charge with his weapon and as the cat passed me on his way down stairs, I struck at him with my club. The cat, finding the barn door closed and his escape cut off, was soon driven to bay in the hay loft, where the battle began in earnest. When cornered, he jumped at us savagely, but as there were two of us, we had an unfair advantage and were able to defend ourselves from his vicious attacks. We fought all around the hayloft, upstairs and downstairs and the cat seemed never to tire. Finally, in dodging brother, he attempted to pass me and I struck him a fatal blow. As I had always been told that a cat had nine lives, to make sure that he was really dead, I hit him an additional eight times, for I felt positive that if we had eight more battles like this to fight, the cat would prove the victor. We buried him in the alley and daily examined the grave to make sure that he had not come to life and slipped away. At length when there was nothing left but the bones, we decided that there was at least one cat that didn't have nine lives.

Some time had elapsed after the bear episode before I was again sent up the North Fork to look for the cows. I was still afraid to go through the Dark Hollow alone, where my excited imagination pictured the bear with open mouth, awaiting me. I was told that if I did not go I would get a trouncing, the prospects of which somewhat allayed my fears, and I started out hopeful that I would be lucky

enough to find Curt Larry or some of the other boys at the swimming hole and coax them to accompany me. Upon reaching the woods, where we were accustomed to play Sky Rocket, I met Evans Craig, Jim Carrier, Wade Miller, Will Darrah and his brother Charles, busy trying to bend down a stout white oak. Boylike, they called out, "Where you going, 'Preach'?" I replied, "After the cows," and they promised to go with me if I would help them. As I was always in for a good time, I inquired what they were going to do and they replied, "Hang a homeless dog." Now killing cats was right in my line but when it came to hanging dogs I must confess that I did not relish the idea. I hesitated and the boys coaxed, finally ending with, "Come on, Preacher, you are not going to be a coward, are you?" I could never stand for a dare and as for being called a coward, I would rather have died first; so I accepted their invitation, with the understanding that they would go with me after the cows. After the sapling was bent, a noose of strong rope was put around the neck of the friendless old dog; he was tied to the topmost bough of the sapling and, when all was in readiness, we let loose and up went the poor fellow, old and friendless to be sure, but nevertheless as fine a dog as you ever saw. We left him hanging, his body barely clearing the ground, and busied ourselves nearby for an hour or so and then returned, cut the rope and buried him behind a fallen tree. My conscience smote me somewhat for the part I had played and I am quite sure that all the boys felt equally guilty of having done wrong.

After burying the poor brute, all but Charlie Darrah proceeded to the swimming hole, where we undressed and plunged into the water. We had not been in long, when we heard the well known call of Al Miller, second cousin of mine, and a minute later he arrived on the scene and proceeded to join us. Our swimming, as we called it, was merely paddling around in the water with one foot on the bottom. After half an hour's sport of this kind, we dressed and were making ready to go after the cows when we heard another familiar call, this time from the hillside, which proved to be Curt Larry. Then we doffed our clothes and all went in for another dip and were having a hilarious time striping each other with yellow clay to imitate savages, when all of a sudden, Miss Amelia Clark, our Sunday school teacher, and a class of girls on picnic bent, appeared upon the scene and stopped upon the mossy bank, near our clothes. Imagine our consternation when we saw those girls and realized the impossibility of recovering our clothes while they were there. We squatted down, waded ashore and disappeared in the brush. It seemed as if Miss Amelia and those girls would never go. To while away the time, we wandered farther down the bank and there played on the logs. As none of us could really swim, we were obliged to be very careful that the logs did not roll with us. I selected one that had been slabbed by mistake, and which I thought was a stick of square timber. Knowing that square timber would not roll, I became bold and venturesome and, with an edging, shoved out into deep water, clear of the other logs. I was having a grand time poling about when all of a sudden the log rolled with me. I lost my balance and was thrown into deep water. My companions rushed wildly about crying, trying to rescue me, but as they could find no edgings long enough to reach me, they had to give up. I went under, swallowed some water, and then came to the surface. For-

unately, I retained my presence of mind and when I came up, grabbed for the log but in trying to climb out, the log rolled and I went down again. When I came up the second time, I was within easy reaching distance of the log, so once more attempted to climb out, but my efforts caused the log to roll toward me. Fortunately, I finally discovered I could keep afloat by keeping the log rolling, and continued this performance until I suddenly felt my feet touch bottom and proceeded to wade ashore. A kind Providence in the shaping of that log, evidently saved my life, as every revolution of the log brought me nearer the bank. After my companions were satisfied that I was alive, we hurried back to get our clothes and to our great relief found that Miss Amelia and the girls had departed. We hurriedly dressed and scampered for home, so badly frightened that we never once thought of the cows. I swore the boys to eternal secrecy about my falling in, but in some unaccountable way my parents learned of the incident the next day. I was sick from fright, exposure and swallowing so much water, so my parents did not chastise me but cautioned me about going near the water again until father had time to teach us to swim.

Now that the chill of autumn was in the air, the swimming hole was forsaken for more vigorous sports like baseball and running races. Our race course was around a certain block, near by. Sometimes we ran abreast and sometimes in opposite directions, betting as to the winner. Our final race, before winter set in, was to decide the championship, which lay between Ed Barnes and me. Ed was a swift runner but some of my adherents claimed that I could beat him. To settle this argument and ascertain who was entitled to the championship, we ran three heats; the first was a tie. Ed won the second by about ten feet and I the third by about forty feet, and was proclaimed champion. The race, full of excitement for the spectators as well as the principals, was a hotly contested one. When it was over, our companions threw their hats up into the air and shouted with joy for the victor. Ed, mortified at his defeat and envious of my glory, claimed that I won the race unfairly; that I had jostled him and caused him to fall behind. This being a false assertion, I denied it, whereupon he called me a liar. This was something I would not take from any boy, large or small, and ordered him to take it back. He persisting in the charge, I sailed into him. For a time we fought desperately and as I was gaining an advantage, he showed the white feather and ran for home. I followed him in close pursuit. As he had about two blocks to run, I steadily gained on him and was pressing him quite closely when he bolted into the front room of his home through an open door. Nothing daunted me now; my honor had to be appeased. I rushed madly in after him and before he could make his escape into the back part of the house, I had him down and we were at it again. We fought all over that front room floor until his frantic yells finally brought his mother upon the scene. Seeing her offspring being roughly handled, she savagely sprang at me, much as a tigress might in defending her young. I jumped up and ran around the center table with Mrs. Barnes in pursuit. Round and round we ran, until she stopped to grab a broom that was standing in the corner and thus gave me a chance to make my escape. I rushed out the door and eat a hasty retreat, with Mrs. Barnes following, madly waving her weapon in the air. My companions all jeered at her and shouted with laughter. This com-

motion caused the neighbors to rush to the doors and windows to ascertain the cause of the excitement and Mrs. Barnes, realizing her situation, gave up the chase. My friends gave me a great ovation; looked upon me as a great hero and for a time fairly worshiped me. I was all puffed up with pride but not brave enough to go home for supper, for father had promised to punish me every time I fought with the boys. Someone was kind enough to inform him of the affair and he started out in search and was not long in locating me; and — well, I'll not say just what happened.

In the spring, John Mills, a neighbor, who was lumbering at Blue Rock on Little Toby Creek, borrowed our old horse, John, to visit the scene of his lumbering operations. After his arrival at the lumber camp he intended to float his rafts down the river to Pittsburgh to market his lumber; father consented to my accompanying him to drive the horse home. After driving twenty miles, ten miles of which was through hemlock forest, we arrived at the Camp, where I spent two nights, sleeping in a lumberman's bed. The first day after my arrival, Mr. Mills took me to the dam on Little Toby Creek where I watched the men roll the sticks of square timber into the water and raft them by placing twelve or fourteen sticks along side of each other. After which they placed small white oak or hickory trees, of from four to five inches in diameter, across both ends of the timbers, and fastened them together by boring holes on both sides of the small cross trees or lashings, into which bows made of white oak trees were inserted and both ends fastened by driving into the holes pins made from white ash. Three or four of these platforms placed end to end when lashed together formed a raft. Two short sticks of square timber were placed between these platforms which acted as hinges and prevented the raft from becoming stiff and unyielding, so that when they ran over the dams the raft would rise with the water, otherwise it would go to the bottom, lodge and form a gorge. On each end of the raft a thole pin, two inches or more in diameter, was inserted into a head block on top of the timbers upon which the sweeps or oars rested. Thus completed, the rafts were ready to be run to market when the spring freshets came. Each raft when completed was equipped with oars at each end, for steering purposes. Here, within a few miles of where father was born, thirty-eight years before, I had my first lesson in lumbering and as I watched the operations, I concluded that I would be a lumberman when I grew to manhood. Much of the hemlock forest at this time remained intact, as it was during the days of John and Deborah, but the trees were much larger and finer than those that grew among the white pine timber on the North Fork. On the morning of the second day, Mr. Mills hitched up old John, helped me into the buggy and started us towards Brookville. Father had always cautioned me never to drive a horse faster than a walk, up or down hills; but I, having had previous experience with John, was well acquainted with his temperament, and as the road was mostly up and down hill, I knew that I would never get home, if I obeyed father and let John have his own way, so I frequently used the whip by way of persuasion. Old John and I travelled all day through a drizzling rain, arriving home that night about dusk. In looking back, I often marvel at my parents trusting me to drive so far, alone.

As father had taught me to swim, I was now allowed to frequent the swimming pool. One day the thought occurred to me that it would be fine sport to swim in the turbulent waters that had passed over the old water wheel, in the tail race, back of Litch's grist mill, where the larger boys swam. With a "hip, hip, hurrah!" our hats were thrown high into the air; Al Miller turned hand springs and Curt Larry stood on his head. Then with a mighty war whoop, we were off for the old mill race, where we soon doffed our clothes and like so many muskrats, swam and dived in the whirling waters. Finally, weary of this sport, we rushed to get our clothes. Great was my surprise and consternation when I discovered that my shirt was missing. We looked in every conceivable place but apparently it was not to be found. As there had been no one else about we were greatly perplexed as to what had happened to this important and greatly needed part of my wearing apparel. When about to give up the search, we discovered a cow lying down, near by, peacefully chewing something that resembled a dirty rag, which upon closer inspection proved to be the tattered remnant of my missing shirt. She had evidently eaten the garment to get the little salt that it may have contained from perspiration. I thought I would get even with the cow, so jumped astride of her, expecting to have a ride, but she had a different thought which she quickly put into execution, by jumping up and running away with me into a thicket of nettles where she threw me. My, but that landing was a hot one! Having no shirt on, I was badly stung and paid dearly for the little fun I had. As we had not taken our coats with us on this memorable day, I was greatly worried how to reach home, unobserved. We finally decided to return by the back streets and were unobserved until we met some tittering, giggling neighbor girls. I felt so ashamed and embarrassed that I closed my eyes as we passed. On arriving home, mother came to my rescue and applied one of her numerous home remedies to my prickling flesh, which soon brought relief.

Our Circus days were pleasant ones, as I remember them now. Our tent, a large commodious one, that had been used at Camp Meetings, loaned to us by Mr. Darrah, father of one of the boys, was admirably suited for the circus business and was the admiration of all the neighborhood boys. We had played Circus so long that we had become quite proficient in our work and when we came into possession of the tent, we attempted all the feats of the shows that visited Brookville at that time. It was astonishing to see what we accomplished. Some of the older boys were excellent singers, banjo players and clog dancers, while others excelled in acrobatic work,—turning hand springs, somersaults, tumbling and forming human pyramids, two or three tiers high. I excelled in trapeze and contortion work and many a time made the flying leap from one bar to the other as they swung to and fro. Sometimes Jim Carrier took part with me in this dangerous act. In the contortion work, I imitated the serpent; lay upon the flat of my stomach and without any assistance, curled up backwards until I could lock my feet about my neck and then relaxing, resumed my original position, without the aid of my hands or arms, a trick I have never seen performed either in or out of the circus. In addition to this, I bent backwards and picked up handkerchiefs with my teeth from beneath my feet, and sometimes bent backwards over the back of a chair and picked up handkerchiefs, that had been placed underneath.

At slack rope walking, I was a failure. Amer McKnight, an enterprising young fellow, suggested that we have suits like the people in real shows, so mother made me one with pink and black striped trousers and a red cambric blouse. One day Amer took the responsibility of introducing girls into our show without the forethought of consulting their parents and proceeded to make them suits out of fancy-colored paper, which proved disastrous. The girls' suits were too frail to stand the strain required of them and the indignant mothers, remonstrating against the continuance of our shows, persuaded Mr. Darrah to take the tent from us; thus ended my circus days.

During vacations, I was usually sent to grandfather's farm. I do not know just why,—maybe I was unruly at home or perhaps father thought that the influence there was better for me than that of the town. Father could not have favored me more, for I dearly loved living with grandmother, for to me she was the dearest old lady in the world, except when she refused to let me have cream, which she insisted was poison when used with cherries and raspberries. I was always willing to take the chance but never had the opportunity. She also believed that tomatoes were deadly poison, and kept them only for ornaments in boxes among the flowers. The fresh bread and butter and brown milk toast that grandmother made had no equal. Delicious, too, were the wild strawberries that we gathered in the meadows, the kind I told grandmother that I could starve to death, eating. While in the country, chores seemed no hardship. It was a great pleasure to carry water from the old spring beneath the oak for grandmother, and a treat to accompany Uncle David to the bottomlands after the cows. How thoroughly I enjoyed listening to the tinkling of the bells as the cows slowly wended their way homeward. The myriads of fire flies that flitted about during the sultry evenings, afforded me great amusement. Many times I caught them and tried to discover their secret system of lighting, but all in vain. And how well I remember the melancholy notes of the Whippoorwill as he called from the red brush on the hillside, the tree tops in the old orchard or from the oaks down by the spring.

While on the farm, I amused myself and helped grandfather by picking up the stones as he plowed. On one of these occasions, we found a place where the stones were so unusually plentiful that at times he was obliged to stop the oxen and pull the plow back in order to get around the larger ones; in fact it was with great difficulty that the plow was kept in the ground. Grandfather was not a man usually given to comment, but with patience sorely tried, he stopped the oxen, dragged out the plow and said, "The devil's apron strings must have broken here and let him spill his load." This was the first time I had ever heard the expression and coming as it did, from grandfather, was a great surprise to me. Later on, while picking up stones in another field, I lifted a large flat stone, accidentally uncovering a bumblebees' nest, and in less time than it takes to tell it we were attacked and stung in numerous places. Grandfather did his best to protect me by fighting them with a piece of brush, but the oxen being badly stung also, ran away, so he was obliged to go in pursuit. I ran to the house, screaming with pain, and it was some days before the swelling went down and I recovered from the stings. Grandfather could not persuade me to return to the fields again to assist in picking up stones until he promised that every last bee had been killed.

Not long after this incident grandfather, having yoked up the oxen preparatory to going to the fields to plow, left me sitting on the sled and returned to the barn to get the gad used in driving them. Just what entered the heads of Buck and Bright, during his absence, causing them to run away, will never be known. They started down the lane at full speed with me hanging on for dear life, calling to grandfather with all my might. On reaching the end of the lane, they left the road and started for the woods, dragging the sled over the logs and fallen trees, and continued running until reaching a swale, Bright fell, and thus put a stop to their flight. Grandfather, on his way after the oxen, fished me out of the brush, where I had been thrown, as they jumped a fallen pine; then we continued on and finding Bright down with Buck standing astride of him, we proceeded to extricate them from their entanglement. Needless to say, the sled was demolished.

Occasionally on returning from the fields, after the day's labor was over, grandfather would haul in a drag of dead trees for fuel, usually selecting white oaks, that had been deadened for that purpose, and often allowed me to drive until we reached the yard where he took charge to land the drag. His wood yard, an interesting one to me, usually contained six or eight huge white oak logs at a time. These, the men of the family converted into fire wood for grandmother. When the gnats and mosquitoes were unusually troublesome, I had great fun gathering the oak chips and building a smudge fire, in an old iron kettle, to drive them away.

I thoroughly enjoyed driving the oxen, with grandfather sauntering along behind. The ten minutes devoted by him to his noonday nap seemed to me an eternity, so anxious was I to return to the fields.

When autumn came, Uncle David took me with him to gather chestnuts and taught me to watch the busy red squirrels, as they cut the chestnut burs from the trees, laying in their winter supplies. Many times we remained quietly beneath the chestnut tree, gathering up the nuts as they fell, until Mr. Red Squirrel, upon finishing his work, came down to gather in his harvest only to find that we had appropriated it. Uncle David and I found on the farm a number of Indian relics that seemed to have been hidden away. They consisted of some petrified nuts or fruit that resembled a peach, somewhat flattened, and a huge tooth or tusk about a foot long, that probably belonged to some prehistoric animal. As he gave these to me I was very proud of them. In after years they were exhibited at the Chicago Fair, and in 1906 were destroyed in the San Francisco conflagration, caused by the great earthquake, of that year.

My vacation days were usually joyous ones and I was always sorry when they came to an end and I was called home from grandfather's to attend school, although my school days, generally speaking, were pleasant ones. Great was my delight when I was promoted to the little old red brick school house on the hill, overlooking Litch's mill pond, and adjacent to the woodlands where I was accustomed to play. It was nearer home and, having caught up with many of the boys much older than I, who did clog dancing and tumbling in our circus, I was highly elated. Miss Corbet, who had an affliction that interfered with her walking, unfortunately was selected for our teacher. The older boys, being a rough set, were not long in taking advantage of her infirmity and soon became ungovernable. The disorder became an epidemic that affected the entire school,

girls included, and the pupils, to a certain extent, conducted the school pretty much to suit themselves. Miss Corbet endeavored to preserve order by telling stories, which served the purpose for a time. Childlike we enjoyed the stories more than our studies and often demanded an hour or more of this amusement by clapping our hands and stamping our feet. When at the blackboard, doing number-work, the older boys often danced a clog. Miss Corbet, unable to discipline them, sat down and cried, whereupon the boys promised to behave. Occasionally when a boy obtained permission to go to the stove to warm himself, he secretly placed a cartridge on the stove, or, if the teacher's back was turned, thrust a handful inside. The resulting bombardment often startled the pupils as well as the teacher and strange to say, no one knew who did the mischief. During the teacher's absence at the noon hour, the larger boys practiced shooting with their revolvers, using the blackboard for a target, and oftentimes went under the school house and fired up through the knot holes in the floor to frighten the girls. When the skating was good, they cut a large hole in the floor in front of the stove through which the scholars could sneak out and go skating. When tired of this pastime, we returned, crawled up through the opening, warmed ourselves and attended our recitations.

The notoriety of the school having reached our parents' ears, Mrs. Craig enquired of Evans what we were doing up there and he replied, "We are holding big meetings" (meaning Revival meetings). As time went on conditions became more deplorable. One day was made memorable by the boys building a fire under the school house and roasting a skunk, which necessitated a vacation of several days. On several occasions fires of mysterious origin were kindled on a beam beneath the floor, which fortunately were discovered before they had done serious damage; the climax was reached when they dug out the bricks from the corner of the building making a hole large enough for the boys to crawl into the school-room. Things had now reached a point not to be tolerated and the trustees and Superintendent were obliged to interfere. They tried for some time to locate the prime movers in the mischief but met with little success. They could not approach the school house without being seen by the guilty parties, so whenever they visited the school, we were all on our best behavior. Finally they succeeded in coercing one of the older boys into divulging the names of the guilty ones. They, having been warned of impending danger, were on the lookout for the Professor and when he arrived at our school, they bolted out the door-way and ran through the woods with the Professor, Ed Heichold and Mr. Galbraith in hot pursuit. They ran down the path through the pines to a lonely part of the woods near a spring, where they turned upon their pursuers, giving them such a severe beating that they were glad to escape with their lives. After this affair, the older boys were taken to the Academy and severely punished.

The rest of us still being unruly, Miss Corbet was forced to resign and was succeeded by Miss Ingram, a dashing young woman with fire in her eye. She had been well chosen. The first paper wad that I fired at Evans Craig, after she took charge, was my last. She caught me by the coat collar, jerked me out of my seat and proceeded to give me a sound thrashing. She punished Evans, too, but not so severely. In a remarkably short time she had good order and perfect

obedience; but the school was doomed. It was set on fire one Saturday night and burned to the ground and was said to have been fired by one of those older boys who had been so severely punished. Thus ended my school days in the little old red brick school on the hill.

When the low-grade division of the Allegheny Railroad, which was the second railroad to penetrate what was formerly known as the Wilderness of Pennsylvania, neared completion through Brookville, Phillip Taylor conceived the idea of forming a restricted residence district in that town and opened up his farm for that purpose. Father was among the first to build in this district and his residence was considered one of the finest homes in town. It seemed to me that there was black walnut and marble everywhere. Such luxury I had never known before, and for a time I felt lost in the spaciousness of the new home after having lived in the Shanghai, as we called our house on Mill Street. As the grounds were strewn with boards, scantlings and spalls from the stone that formed the foundation or cellar walls, father kept Elmer and me busy cleaning up and hauling it away. Without the assistance of faithful old John we could never have accomplished it. By the time snow commenced to fall, we had everything in order and the yard graded and set out to trees and shrubs.

The first winter spent in our new home was rather a lonely one as we had moved away from our old acquaintances and the deep snow and cold winter prevented an intimacy with our new neighbors, who were few and far between. The railroad was new to me, so I spent the greater part of my time watching the loading of lumber and the shifting of trains. Once, when jumping aboard a freight while in motion, I fell, barely escaping having my leg cut off, which somewhat cooled my enthusiasm for railroading.

One day at school, while reading about Darius Green and His Flying Machine, I conceived the idea of trying to fly and that afternoon, upon my return home, proceeded to take my first and only lesson in aviation. I selected for my airship a large, strong, green umbrella of the old-fashioned kind with whale-bone ribs that father had bought for family use. I climbed to the roof of the house from the cupola window, and after reaching the comb of one wing, eighteen feet or so from the ground, awaited a favorable blast of wind, from the north, raised the umbrella and leaped from the roof. Instead of soaring away through the air as anticipated, the umbrella collapsed, turning inside out, and like Darius, I fell to the ground in a heap, with the wrecked umbrella on top of me. Elsie and Mittie, our maids, having witnessed the whole affair, rushed out, picked me up and carried me into the house to mother where I was thoroughly examined for broken bones. Good fortune was with me, for aside from being badly shaken up, I was uninjured and limped off to school the next morning, a much sadder but wiser boy.

A short distance back of our home was a huge white oak that stood at the edge of a narrow strip of woods between Paddock's house and ours, where the girls of the neighborhood congregated to play. The girls wanted a swing and persuaded George Paddock and me to put it up for them. In order to fasten the cable to the desired limb, the tree had to be climbed and, as on former occasions, this task fell to me. I climbed the trunk of the tree about twelve feet, and gained the first limb, which was a dead one; hung on to the limb with my hands and with a

swing of the body threw one leg over it with the intention of righting myself and climbing higher. Unfortunately, while in this position, the limb broke and I fell head foremost. Providentially for me, the tree leaned; and in my descent, I struck with my shoulders and slid down the main body of the tree; my fall having been broken in this way, probably saved me from a broken neck. Suffering from nothing more serious than nose bleed, I was not discouraged by the accident and inspired by the presence of the girls, I climbed the tree again but was careful not to put any faith in dead limbs, even of a white oak. After reaching the selected limb, about thirty feet above the ground, I fastened the cable (an old piece of inch and three-quarter Manila which father had used in rafting but had discarded), slid down and we soon had the swing in good order. Many were the pleasant afternoons we spent in that old swing. Sometimes we twisted it up until it was impossible to twist any more and when we left go the excitement ran high. How that swing did jerk, first one way and then the other, gaining momentum with every twist, whirling and unwhirling, until sometimes we became nauseated and fell out.

It was while I played about the railroad that I became acquainted with John Long, father of James E. Long, father's partner in the hardware business. He was one of our nearest neighbors, and spent a good part of his time, during his declining years, watching the operations of the railroad. Mr. Long, a pioneer, who had always been a great hunter, took much pleasure in narrating his experiences of how he had killed wolves, deer and panther, and trapped the bear and otter. I was always a willing listener and was so deeply impressed that I decided to become a great hunter, like Mr. Long, when I was grown, instead of a lumberman. I sought his company at every opportunity and in time learned how to trap the different animals. Now that I had decided to become a great hunter, lumbering being a second consideration, I talked Tom Snyder, a schoolmate of mine, whose father was a blacksmith, into making a hickory bow and steel-pointed arrows for me, after which I frequented the woods for practice, shooting at birds and squirrels, until I became somewhat of an expert, and occasionally killed a chipmunk or a red squirrel. Aunt Elizabeth Collingwood, mother's sister, from Nebraska, paid us a visit about this time and presented me with a real Indian bow and half a dozen flint-headed arrows that had done actual service, which stimulated my desire for hunting. I continued using my steel-pointed arrows, not desiring to take chances on losing the flint ones, and later became quite successful in killing partridges (ruffed grouse), rabbits and sometimes a hawk, crow or an owl. After my efforts to snare rabbits had proved a failure, I persuaded father to furnish me with traps, which I used in trapping muskrats, mink, rabbits and coons on Sandy Lick Creek, near by.

Curt Larry came to play with me on Saturdays and holidays during the winter-time, and on these occasions we filled an old pant leg or coat sleeve with potatoes, took some salt and matches and hied ourselves to our favorite camp, in the solitude of a hollow beneath some huge hemlock trees, that, for some unknown reason, had been spared by the lumbermen. Upon our arrival at camp we usually kindled a fire, by striking our steel on a flint and allowing it to light on a piece of punk taken from the maple tree, as Mr. Long had taught me to do, and after putting our potatoes into the coals to bake, we started out to hunt a partridge or rabbit, often

stopping to cut our initials and title on the smooth bark of some hoary old beech tree,—C. E. P., the hunter; D. C. L., the cook, 1875. When we met with success in our quest for game, we returned, broiled the same over the coals, as Mr. Long had taught me, adding salt as it cooked; when done, we raked our potatoes from the ashes and sat down to a feast that to us seemed fit for kings.

At first I was not successful in killing rabbits. Father had told me that the smaller tracks were made by the rabbits' front feet, but neglected to tell me that in lighting, the tracks of the hind feet overlapped those of the front, so I had very poor luck finding the rabbits. In fact instead of following them, I had been back-tracking or going in the opposite direction. It was by merest chance that I discovered my mistake. While out hunting one day, I accidentally jumped a rabbit out of a clump of brush, watched him scamper away and upon examining his tracks, discovered how I had been misled. After this, I experienced no difficulty in tracking them to their hiding places, where they were easily caught or killed.

It was quite different with the partridge, as it was only with the most careful and painstaking precaution that one was able to surprise and kill this bird. After receiving my Indian bow, I prepared myself for partridge shooting in true Indian fashion by making moccasins; practiced walking in these and studied the habits of the bird until enabled to steal upon him as stealthily as an Indian. I imitated his peculiar drumming so perfectly that old hunters of this bird were often deceived. Intruders upon my hunting grounds were looked upon with disfavor and I took great pleasure in fooling them, especially George Turner. In hunting the partridge, I stole upon him as he drummed, remained perfectly quiet when he ceased and did not move until he resumed his drumming and in this way, step by step, crept up until close enough to shoot. When fortunate enough to topple the old cock off the log, I ran up and pounced upon him as he lay fluttering on the ground. On several occasions, I was successful in catching these birds alive when they had taken refuge under the branches of small hemlocks, during a rain or after a heavy snow. There was an old veteran in the woods, near home, that had outwitted me for an entire summer. Many hunters had tried to get him, but all in vain. Isaac Stiner shook his head and said that he had given up and would never try again; so one Saturday, having nothing in particular to do, I took my bow and cautiously proceeded down an old abandoned logging road, determined to surprise and kill this wily old bird, if it took the entire day. Realizing that there was great danger of being discovered, I stopped every now and then to listen and took every precaution lest I should be discovered; I had not gone far when I heard the old familiar, muffled sound of his wings beating against his body. His favorite haunt, an old mossy log in a hemlock thicket, down in the hollow was so well chosen that it was almost impossible to steal upon him. I was careful, however, to move only when he drummed and finally, when my going forward was likely to alarm him, I lay down and crept on my hands and knees as far as I deemed advisable, and then dropped down flat on my stomach, my bow in front and with the aid of my feet, forced myself ahead, inch by inch, until within twenty feet of him. The partridge seemingly grew uneasy, stopped his drumming and twittering as he went up and down, and walked down to the end of the log as if on inspection bent. Then, seeming to have cast aside all fears of any

lurking foe, he retraced his steps and was about to resume his drumming when all of a sudden he lowered his wings, as if in doubt that all was well, and made a second tour of inspection but finding everything apparently to his satisfaction, returned and again began to make his thunder-like noise. As he raised his wings to make the first few slow strokes that preceded the more rapid ones that were to follow, I drew back my bow and with well directed aim, shot at him; the arrow struck him squarely on the back where the neck joins the body and he rolled off the log and began beating the ground with his wings. I rushed up and grabbed him, that he might not recover and get away, and was greatly elated over my success in at last outwitting the old fellow. But, the joke was on me; when Elsie served the bird for supper that night, it proved so tough that none of us could eat it. He was a veteran sure enough and as tough as rubber. He was returned to the kitchen and Hannah, after boiling him all of the next forenoon and finding him still unpalatable, was obliged to throw him out.

After I had saved enough money to buy a rifle, killing partridges was easy enough and I sometimes killed eight or ten in a day. When the birds were not too far away, I usually shot them through the head or neck, and when unable to do this, let them go, rather than destroy the body. On the approach of a storm, the birds forsook the borders of the farm and the red-brush for the deeply wooded hollows, where it was not difficult to shoot them. Sometimes I hunted by moonlight when the snow was deep and the feed scarce, seeking a favorite wild clump of cherry, where the partridges budded. When the moon came up early in the evening, I was careful to keep these trees between the moon and myself, and when the birds were silhouetted against the moon, so that I could get better sight, fired, and was usually successful. Later in life, I degenerated into the use of the shot gun and, with the help of a dog, was able to bag fifteen or twenty in a single day and soon gained for myself the reputation of being a successful hunter of these birds, of which reputation I was not proud. I was greatly elated, however, over my skill with the bow and the rifle.

The evening of July 3, 1876, was a memorable one in Brookville. Never before had there been such extensive preparations for the celebration of the Fourth. Cannon that were used during the Civil War had been brought to Brookville and at midnight, boomed and belched forth their thunderous noise, echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill as they announced the hundredth year of our Independence. I had purposely avoided going home to supper that night for fear that I would not be allowed to return to witness the firing of those cannon. Never will I forget how I rolled up rags and paper wads for tamping, on this my first night out. The booming of the cannon fairly shook the earth and sometimes, when too close, I was caught unawares and thrown almost to the ground by the concussion. Towards dawn, the enthusiasm of the people began to lag and as the firing of the cannon became less frequent, I grew sleepy, went home and slipped into bed without father seeing me. I slept soundly and would have missed the parade had mother not awakened me. About twenty thousand people had gathered in Brookville for this, the Centennial celebration, and scarcely had the last of the parade passed down the main street when a tornado swept the town. It came up without any warning and the people were blown about like leaves from the trees.

Neither the sleepless night of the third nor the cyclone of the fourth sufficed to dampen my ardour for celebrating. On the fifth, Robert Brady, Fred Christ and I went down on the bottomland, back of Litch's grist mill, near the place where the cow ate my shirt, and proceeded to amuse ourselves by doing a little cannonading on our own account. Our cannon was a small one and had not been discharged many times before there was trouble. The firing iron had been applied but the cannon failed to go off and as Robert and I stooped over it to ascertain the cause, there was a terrific explosion, after which I knew nothing for some time. Upon regaining consciousness, I heard some one say, "He's dead," and thinking that they were alluding to Robert, opened my eyes and saw Fred Christ and a strange man bending over me. Robert was lying not far from me in a dazed condition. After he had sufficiently recovered, we were taken to the doctor's. Our faces were streaming with blood, but, aside from being knocked over and having our faces filled with burnt powder, we escaped further injury. The kind Providence that watches over children and fools, had certainly taken care of us. I was hurried to Dr. McKnight's office. After the blood and powder had been washed from my face, the good doctor set diligently to work, picking out the largest grains that had penetrated the skin before they became dissolved, or I should have been permanently marked. I was then taken home and mother and I worked with a sharp knife and needle for days until, at length, I began to look quite respectable again. We never succeeded in getting it all out, but the few remaining grains are [hardly] noticeable at the present time. Robert was less diligent and consequently his face was badly disfigured for life.

Late in the afternoon, one fall day, as I was returning home from Snyder's, where I had been watching them kill hogs, I took a short cut through Mr. Litch's fields. Mr. Litch was a wealthy gentleman, who kept blooded stock, among which was a ram of high pedigree with a widely known reputation for his butting propensities. While leisurely wending my way homeward, I stopped at a thorn bush to get some sharp, slender thorns to pin up the rent in my trousers that had been made that afternoon, while climbing an apple tree, to secure some luscious red apples. I had not noticed the ram on entering the field, and while engaged in pinning up the hole, I heard a pitapat, pitapat, approaching from the rear. Upon looking around, to my horror, I discovered him coming at full speed directly towards me. His horns had never looked so large before. I had no inclination to make the gentleman's acquaintance, so instantly sprang to my feet and started for the fence, some hundred yards away. The ram followed and I had the race of my life. I dared not look back for fear of losing time and expected every second that he would butt me. As I leaped over the fence, the ram struck it, knocked off a board, went through without stopping and was in the other field as soon as I. Seeing that he was accompanying me, I jumped back into the first field and ran along the fence with the ram following on the opposite side. I hurried past the open gate that connected the two fields, fearing that he would come through, but the ram, not noticing the opening, kept to his side. Finally, we reached the stone fence ahead, where the race ended.

Knowing of a large chestnut tree, loaded with burs, not far from home, I wandered out there one October day, while my parents were at church. I had

been watching this tree for some time with longing for some of those sweet brown nuts. Being early in the season, there had been no hard frosts to open the burs, so I decided to climb the tree and knock them off, inasmuch as the squirrels had begun to cut off the burs and store them for winter use. As it was the Sabbath, I hesitated for some time, but those huge bunches of burs proved too great a temptation. There was no one around to tell father, so I finally concluded that if I was to obtain those coveted chestnuts, I would be obliged to climb the tree, which was about thirty inches in diameter. This was a difficult undertaking. By clinging squirrel-like to the deep ridges of the bark, I managed to reach the first limb and from there on the climbing was comparatively easy. Upon reaching the higher limbs, I broke off the largest bunches of the big burs, but the choicest ones, as usual, hung just out of reach, so I was compelled to climb out onto a small branch, which broke with me. I fell for some distance, grabbing at limbs as I went; in my frantic efforts to save myself I finally hung up by the seat of my trousers on a snag of one of the lower limbs, long enough to catch hold with my hands. Had I fallen the remaining thirty or forty feet to the ground, undoubtedly I would have been instantly killed. Recovering somewhat from my fright, I crawled back on the limb, to the body of the tree and slid to the ground, congratulating myself on my narrow escape. Having gathered a hatful of fine, large chestnuts, I returned home, and upon my arrival was kept busy explaining just how I had torn my trousers. Sister Rose thought that I must have been in a mixup with The Ram. As my trousers were badly torn, I was compelled to change my clothes before dinner and it was some time later before I had the courage to tell my parents of the accident.

After the new ice had formed on Litch's mill pond most of the young people of the town congregated there to skate. Many were the enjoyable times we had after school and in the evenings. Ofttimes we built fires on the ice and skated until after midnight. We usually had our best times on Saturdays, playing, Fox and Geese and Shinny; the last being a game that all boys enjoyed. We took great delight in skating on Hickory Ice, as we called it; ice so thin that it bent beneath our weight as we passed over it. This of course was a dangerous pastime, as the ice occasionally gave way. After having played Shinny one bitter cold day, until weary of the game, Tom Snyder suggested that we skate around a dangerous hole and see who could skate nearest to it without breaking through. We had each skated around several times, getting a little closer each time, when Ed Steele skated close to me, out of turn; our combined weight caused the ice to give way and down I went into the cold icy water. Upon reaching the surface, I was horrified to find that I had been carried under the solid ice. Realizing my dangerous position, I pushed myself down again and struggled desperately to get back to the opening. At last I succeeded and as I bobbed up, among the broken ice, Tom Snyder threw me his shinny stick, and with this I clung to the solid ice until my coat sleeves froze fast which enabled me to climb out. I was almost frozen and lost no time in getting to Snyder's blacksmith shop, less than a quarter of a mile away, where I thawed out before leaving for home. Aside from a bad cold and being somewhat frostbitten, I was none the worse for the adventure.

I carried the chain for Mr. Taylor, when he surveyed his farm, and the money that I earned, together with what I had previously saved, amounted to twenty-eight dollars, the price of a rifle that I had long contemplated buying. After the cold blustering days of winter had come and our skating was spoiled, I spent much time at the gun shop of William McCullough, where my rifle was under construction. Billie, as we called him, was an excitable and eccentric character who took great delight in telling wonderful stories of his experiences of early days, which stories were all the more wonderful in that they were constructed without regard to harmony of time, fact, reason or season. Listening to these stories kept me interested until towards spring when the rifle, with its stock of beautiful curly maple, was completed. The first living object that I tried it on was a duck, peacefully swimming in Sandy Lick Creek. By keeping a large hollow pine tree, that stood on the bank of the creek, between the bird and myself, I slowly crept upon the unsuspecting bird, leveled my rifle, fired and toppled him over. I had always lived inland so consequently knew very little about ducks and was quite proud of my success. I took my game home and had Hannah scald it for me. Then I proceeded to pick it as one would a chicken. If you have never tried to pick a duck in that fashion, profit by my experience and do not try. Since then, having learned how to pick them properly, I have had many a good laugh thinking of how I labored over that first duck. While Hannah was cooking it, the fishy odor was so strong that no one was able to remain in the kitchen for any great length of time. When the bird was served it was found to have a strong flavor of fish and it was impossible to eat it. It was like trying to eat a rubber duck with a fish flavor. It belonged to the fish-eating variety, which explains itself. The next time, however, I was more fortunate for I killed two mallards with one shot, after waiting until they were swimming abreast of each other. I was well pleased with my success and had them dressed and served at home, but the folks, remembering their experience with the fish duck, declined to partake of them, and Elsie, one of our maids, and I had them all to ourselves. This time the joke was on the family.

For some time, I had contemplated building a shanty somewhere in the deep woods, where I could spend more of my time, if I were to become a great hunter. I looked about for a suitable location; one that was somewhat remote, yet near enough to be accessible on Saturdays and holidays. The woods not far from home and the heavily wooded hills to the south of Sandy Lick Creek would have been ideal had it not been that they were frequented by hunters. As the white pine forest up Five Mile Run was too far from home, the only place left was the dark hollow on the east side of the North Fork, almost opposite the one through which father and I travelled on our way to grandfather's. This secluded place, with its virgin forest of unusually large white pines, intermingled with numerous old hemlocks, with thickets of laurel (rhododendron) beneath, was almost impenetrable. Here the sun's rays never shone. Noonday was as dark and dreary as evening. A small stream, with a fork entering it from the north, flowed through this dismal hollow. It was on a prominence between these two branches that I selected my building site. As there was little game in this vicinity, save the hare that lived in the laurel thickets, I felt confident that I should not be disturbed for several years.

Greatly enthused with this ideal location, I cleared a small space of the laurel but when it came to erecting the cabin, I found that even the small hemlock logs were too heavy for me to handle, so I shared my enterprise with Tom Snyder. With his help, we soon had the cabin completed. The summer passed without any interruptions and many were the happy times we had dining on trout from the streams or squirrels and partridge from the vicinity of Sugar Camp Run.

One day, late in October, Tom and I crossed the North Fork to the dark hollow on the western side of the stream to gather chestnuts from a tree that never failed to bear an immense crop. Upon our arrival, we found the tree laden with large clusters of burs but were greatly disappointed to find that the first frosts had not been sufficiently severe to open the burs. It fell to my lot to climb the tree to whip them off. Tom gathered them up. Then we prepared to open them. On lifting a large stone, on which to crack the burs, I was greatly surprised to find the underside a mass of crystals. Boylike, Tom and I concluded they were diamonds. Elated over our discovery we lost interest in chestnuts and turned our attention to diamonds. We turned over numerous stones. On some, we found white crystals and on others, crystals of deep purple, blue or yellow. We broke off two or three handfuls of the larger ones and replaced the stones as we had found them so that no one would discover our hidden treasure. We hurried home with our gems but, strange to say, our parents were not greatly excited over our find and pronounced them merely crystals.

The first flurry of snow in early November found me up the North Fork setting my traps, snares and deadfalls. During the winter months, I made frequent trips to that locality and usually returned by way of the shanty where I stopped to skin the fox, muskrat, coon or mink that I chanced to catch. On one of these trips, I was greatly surprised to see the fresh tracks of three deer about two rods from the shanty. As no deer had been seen in that dark hollow for years, on account of its close proximity to town, I was at a loss to know whence they came and was greatly disturbed lest some hunter had chased them there from the forest on the upper waters of the North Fork or from Mill Creek and in tracking them would discover our retreat. But fortunately a fresh fall of snow obliterated the tracks and our cabin escaped detection.

After I had been in possession of my new rifle for some time, had killed a number of partridges, squirrels and rabbits, I felt equal to attempting a shot at something not much smaller than a deer or bear. When Tom Scott returned to school one Monday, the hero of the hour for having killed a wildcat up Mill Creek, I determined to try my hand at hunting wildcats in the hemlock forest on that stream, where the huge rocks, scattered about, made an ideal home for these animals. So on Saturdays, from midsummer until late in the fall, I frequented that lonesome part of the forest, situated about three miles from Brookville, without even getting a glimpse of one. But I had the good luck to kill an ivory-billed woodpecker, the first and only one I ever saw in Pennsylvania. After the snow had fallen, and the earth had been shrouded in a mantle of white for some time, while out hunting for partridge on Sandy Lick Creek, a mile or so above Bell's Mill, I came upon a wildcat's track which I followed for some distance. Greatly elated over my discovery, I decided to follow it, as I supposed, to its

haven of refuge, in some huge hemlock tree, spared by the lumbermen, that I should find standing along the banks of the stream, kill the animal, and get the bounty for the scalp. I followed the tracks for about a quarter of a mile, but was disappointed when I discovered that they led me among some large rocks where they disappeared in a cavern. For I had fancied I would see the animal sitting crouched upon a limb of an old hemlock tree, as Tom Scott had described finding the one he had shot.

As I looked into the hole, large enough to admit a bear, I was not a little reluctant of crawling in after the wildcat, until I thought if I was to become a mighty hunter, I must do as other hunters had done, and enter the cavern to kill the wild beast. Now this was all right when it came to reading about it in books, but when it was to be put into execution it was quite another story, so I gathered up all my courage, shoved my rifle into the hole ahead of me, lay down and began to crawl in, holding my breath, thinking that every second a wildcat was about to spring upon me. However, I had not far to crawl when the low narrow passageway of the hole led to a large chamber where I could stand erect, some six or eight feet in width. Here I looked about expecting to see its eyes glistening like two balls of fire, but in this was disappointed, for on reaching the farther end of the chamber, I found a low passage, not exceeding eighteen inches in height, and about two and one half feet in width, which led to where I did not know, but I was determined to find out, so crawled some little distance into this narrow passage through which there was a strong current of air blowing towards me. Presently I came to where there was a precipitous drop of an unknown depth, so I lighted a match and threw it into the abyss where it was extinguished by the strong current of air. As I could see nothing of the animal, I decided to back out, as it was impossible to turn in those narrow quarters, get some pitch-pine, make a torch, re-enter the cavern, explore its depth and locate the wildcat.

On returning and reaching the point where the precipitous drop had caused me to hesitate to go down, not knowing how far it was to the bottom, I lighted my torch as I lay on my stomach, and with my rifle cocked and ready to shoot the cat, with my other hand threw the flaming torch over into the cavern below. Presently the smoke began to be carried back into my face and for the time it was doubtful as to who would be smoked out first, the wildcat or me. I now found myself the victim of my own folly, as the smoke began to blow into my face in such volume as to begin to choke me and when I decided to beat a retreat, by backing out of my perilous position, in my haste to escape from being suffocated, I loosened a stone, directly beneath my stomach, which raised me up against the roof of the low passageway, held me fast and prevented my escape. This rock, on my first entering the cavern, had not caused me any trouble and no doubt was loosened by my attempt at a hasty retreat. When I moved forward it would roll into its former bed, but when I attempted to crawl backwards to escape, it would roll up out of its bed and pin me fast. While in this predicament and while trying to free myself from this obstacle and prevent suffocation, the wildcat, no doubt similarly affected, sprang out at me from some unknown recess, as if about to tear me to pieces. I struck at it the best I could with the gun, but was unable to harm it. Instantly a struggle ensued in which for a time I thought the cat would get

the better of me, when suddenly it slipped past me and escaped. No doubt its finding the passage closed was the cause of its attack, until it found an avenue of escape alongside of me. By this time the torch was burned out and I was left in total darkness. Still pinned fast I worked desperately to free myself by scratching away the ground about the loose rock, which fortunately caused it to roll back into its former place. Thus released, I reached the main chamber badly choked from the smoke, and supposed I was severely scratched by the wildcat, but strange as it may seem, I had received but few injuries. When I emerged from the cavern I found the cat's tracks led up the hill and across the country. I was determined to kill my antagonist and followed after it. Once I routed it from a clump of redbrush (young oak brush whose leaves turn red in the fall of the year and remain on the bushes all winter) and before I could get a chance to fire, the cat, after making several desperate leaps, disappeared amongst the dense brush. During the afternoon I again surprised and routed the animal, which in some mysterious manner eluded me and escaped. I followed until reaching the dense hemlock forest on Mill Creek, where dusk prevented my pursuing farther. Although I had not killed the animal, my encounter with the cat and the scratches that I received made me a greater hero than Tom Scott, in the eyes of my companions.

For some time I had coaxed father to allow me to visit Uncle James, who then lived in Clarington, Forest Co. Finally, in the early part of June, after much persuasion, he gave his consent and I, overwhelmed with joy at the prospect, was not long in making the necessary preparations and getting away on the stage. Upon my arrival in Clarington, I found Uncle James preparing for a day's fishing on Millstone Creek. As trout fishing was not altogether new to me, Uncle James invited me to accompany him, and boylike I was delighted with the prospect. Up early and well on our way by daylight, we passed through several miles of the finest hemlock, black cherry, poplar and beech timber I had ever seen. Young as I was, this splendid timber impressed me deeply. When Uncle James informed me that it could be purchased for six dollars per acre, I decided upon my return to Brookville to ask father to buy some of it for me.

Uncle James gave me some instructions relative to trout fishing and left me at what he called the first crossing on Millstone Creek. He told me to fish down the stream until he overtook me. Then he proceeded up an old, abandoned road that led to the upper crossing where he commenced to fish. Having fished for sun fish and black bass in Sandy Lick and Red Bank Creeks, and for brook trout in the streams adjacent to grandfather's farm, I had some knowledge of angling. I cut a pole from a ninebark tree on the bank of the stream, fastened an ordinary line and hook to the pole, baited the hook with anglegworms and started out. Following instructions from Uncle James, I was not long in acquiring the art of catching the speckled beauties. As the stream flowed through a dense forest of magnificent hemlock timber, with thickets of laurel on either side, I walked down the middle of the stream and allowed my line to float down ahead of me. Left alone, I thoroughly enjoyed the solitude of the forest, and thought that at some future time I would return to Forest County, erect a cabin and earn my livelihood by hunting and fishing. The day was an ideal one for angling and towards eve-

ning, greatly to Uncle James' surprise when he overtook me, I had almost as many fish as he. He was almost as well pleased as I with the result of my day's catch.

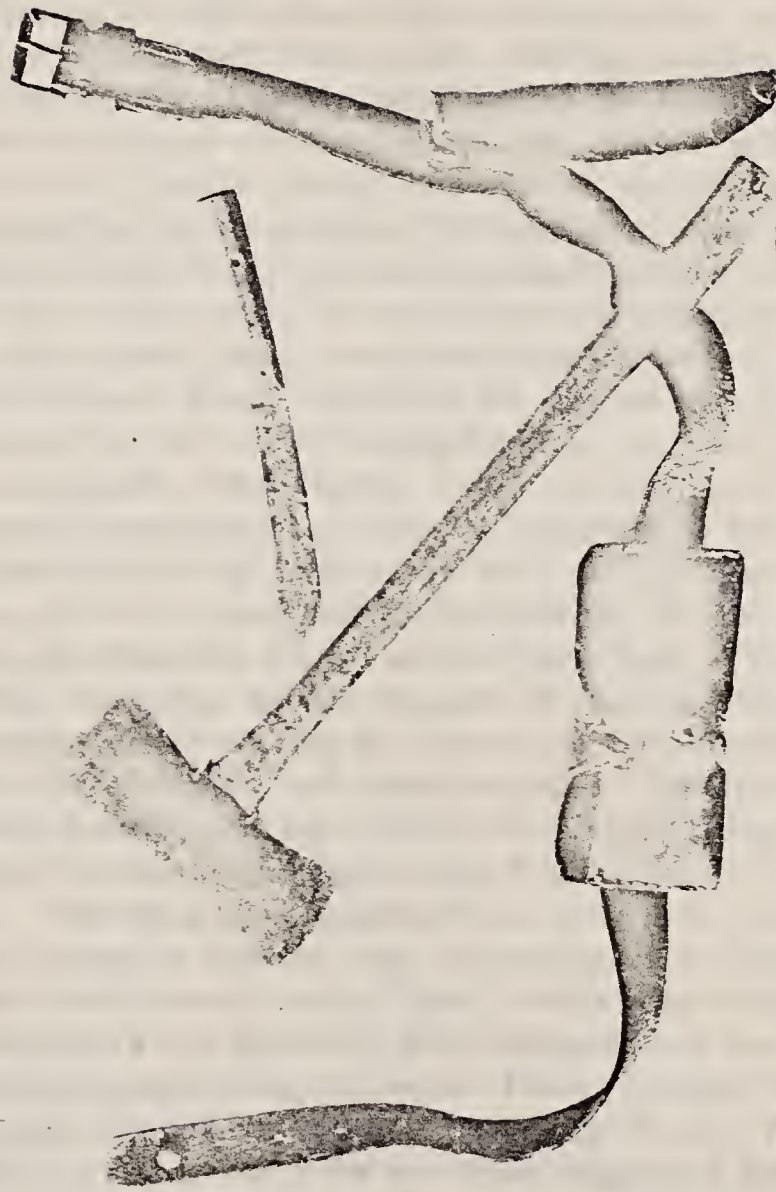
During my visit with Uncle James, we went out on the river several nights to spear fish. With the aid of pitch pine torch lights we were enabled to see and spear the fish as they quietly rested in the water. With a quick thrust we sometimes speared a pike but more often a sucker or black bass. We were usually successful but sometimes met with failure. After one of these unsuccessful nights at spearing, Uncle James, being in need of fish for the house, asked me to go to Mr. Champion's, who had a fish trap, six miles up the river, buy some fish and return on the stage. I had only an hour and ten minutes to make the journey, but by alternately walking and trotting, I arrived at my destination, bought the fish and was ready to return when the stage arrived. The fish were served on the table that evening and my uncle took great pride in telling, in my presence, of the feat I had performed. Strange to say, this praise did not in the least embarrass me. Thus far I had enjoyed my visit immensely. My time for returning home was now at hand, but as Uncle James had planned to take me with him to Spring Creek, where the trout were more plentiful than in Millstone, and had promised that we would watch a deer lick and perhaps kill a deer, I decided to prolong my stay and was looking forward with great pleasure to the coming trip. On Sunday morning, while sitting at the window, my conscience ill at ease for having failed to notify father of my intentions, I heard the quick steps of a horse trotting across the bridge that spanned the Clarion River at that point. The steps had a strangely familiar sound; I knew it was not old John but thought that it might be Lucie, father's fastest horse, and was not at all surprised when father drove up and stopped in front of the house. I explained to him why I had not returned home and he seemed satisfied. However, after dinner, he told me to get my belongings together and be ready to return home with him that evening. My visit had been a pleasant one but I was sorely disappointed in not being allowed to remain for the trip to Spring Creek. Upon my way home, that evening, I spoke to father about this wonderful timber that I had seen on Millstone but he seemed neither enthused nor interested. As my great-grandfather, my grandfather and father had all been successful lumbermen, father's attitude seemed strange to me. But, later, when I learned that father, anticipating the end of the white pine industry in Pennsylvania, had an eye for purchasing of white pine in Michigan, I readily understood his apparent lack of interest. The sawmills and the floating of square timber down the streams to market were fast denuding the hills and mountains of their splendid forests of white pine. Already, some of our lumbermen, Richard Arthurs, Robert Darrah, Paul Darling, Thomas K. Litch and others of Brookville, had obtained large holdings in the Middle West.

My acquaintance with Mr. Long, and a natural love for the forest, kindled in me a deep desire to become a great hunter and live in the woods; I spent part of my leisure time reading books on hunting and pioneer life. Reading of the countless buffalo roaming over the prairies, and of the deer, elk and antelope that were daily slaughtered for their hides, I became so full of enthusiasm that I was restless, and hardly able to control myself until the time should arrive when I would be

old enough to leave home and start out in the great world. The one book in our library that I enjoyed most was called "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Adventures." How well I remember the picture of the hunter, his rifle in one hand and his hunting knife in the other, drawn to protect his hunting dogs from the attack of a wounded bear. When I had my rifle made, I also ordered a bullet pouch and powder horn, closely resembling the ones in the picture. I had Mr. McCullough also make a small double-bitted axe and a hunting knife, with sheaths and belt to carry them.

About this time a circus, with its many attractions, came to town. Among these was Captain Bogardus, who did expert and fancy rifle shooting, breaking glass balls thrown up in the air. After witnessing this feat, I proceeded to imitate him. As glass balls were too expensive for me, I had to be satisfied with wooden blocks. George Paddock threw the blocks up in the air for me and I practiced shooting at them until I became proficient enough to hit four out of five. I also practiced at running shots until I was able to kill squirrels, rabbits or ground hogs on the run. By the time I had accomplished this, I felt quite capable of earning my own living. As father often repeated how he had earned his own living since he was a lad of sixteen, I took it for granted that he expected us to do the same. I had now passed my fourteenth birthday and thought myself quite old enough to start out and become a great hunter; so I talked the matter over with Tom Snyder, who thought himself badly abused by the amount of work his father imposed upon him. Tom was rather pleased with the idea and we immediately commenced to formulate plans for leaving home, unbeknown to our parents. Which way to go, we knew not. From all we could read and learn from books, Minnesota seemed to be a paradise for hunters, but the game there was fast disappearing owing to the settling up of the country. Wyoming Territory, the books said, still teemed with buffalo, deer, elk and antelope and so we decided to go there and become great hunters and trappers like Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Davey Crockett, and others.

For a short time we were very happy, but there was one very important item that we had overlooked, that of finances. Unfortunately, our combined wealth was only thirty-seven dollars, which was not adequate to reach that remote country, the land of our boyhood dreams. Giving up this trip until some future time when we were in a better financial condition, we decided to go to Forest County, on the Millstone, where Uncle James and I had fished, and hunt and fish. The deer and bear being plentiful in those regions we hoped in the course of a year or two to make enough money to take us to the distant hunting grounds of the Far West. I had been accustomed to seeing sled loads of deer brought to Brookville, year after year, so was perfectly justified in thinking that we could make a fortune hunting in Forest County. Our plans now being fully matured, the day finally arrived on which we were to take French leave of our parents. But our plans were frustrated. Mother, having observed my mysterious movements, spoke to father about it, and after he had finished his noonday meal he started out on a tour of investigation. I kept watch and when I saw that he had discovered my cache in the neighbor's barn, I knew that our secret was out. What to do, I knew not. Without awaiting further developments, I ran to the woods and concealed myself in a thicket where it would have taken a regiment of soldiers



FAITHFUL FRIENDS OF MY HUNTING DAYS
STILL IN MY POSSESSION

to have found me. I remained in hiding until evening. As darkness came on, I made my way to our log shanty in the dark hollow where I spent a miserable night lamenting over my seeming misfortune. The next morning, ashamed to meet my parents and at a loss as to what to do, I hung around the shanty hopeful that Tom Snyder would appear to help plan our future and make plans for our immediate departure for Michigan. But Tom failed to appear, so in the afternoon I ventured into town to look for him. After a short time, I met his brother, John, who informed me that Tom had been sent to work on his grandfather's farm in Clarion County. Upon my return home that evening without being detected, I discovered that father had confiscated our outfit and had taken our money that had been hidden in an unused part of the stable. Baffled at every turn, I spent the second night at our shanty. Greatly humiliated at the failure of my plans, I went over and over the situation while hunger gnawed at my vitals. At length, I resolved to return home, borrow money from mother and take the first train west that would go near the lumber woods of Michigan, where I could work in the lumber woods and earn enough for my trip to the famous hunting grounds of the Far West. With this in mind, I fell asleep. It was late the next morning when I awoke.

I remained at the shanty until I was sure that father had gone to the store, then started for home. When I broached the subject to mother, she cried and endeavored to show me the folly of leaving home so young and implored me to wait until I was eighteen, when father would probably give his consent. Mother's appeal caused me to somewhat relent. I brooded over the failure of our contemplated trip and kept out of father's way until one day I accidentally met him. Strange to say, he never mentioned the incident and invited me to accompany him to Pittsburgh where the State Fair was being held. There was something magical in that invitation for all thoughts of running away from home vanished. I was delighted with the idea as I would now have the opportunity to see the great Smoky City of which I had heard ever since I could remember. As we walked down Penn Avenue, after our arrival, I was greatly disappointed to see buildings only four or five stories in height where I had expected to see them at least eight or ten. The thing that impressed me most was the innumerable telegraph wires that formed a network over the streets. As I gazed at these I wondered how a boy could ever fly a kite there. Aside from the music by the great bands, the Mechanic's Fair made but little impression on me. My visit to the Smoky City proved a great disappointment. During our stay the sun never shone and the sky, grey and cloudy, had the appearance of rain. As we reached the outskirts on our way home, where the sun shone brightly, I learned that the dark atmospheric condition in the city had been caused by the smoke from the numerous manufacturing plants. When we arrived home, to my great delight father arranged for me to accompany Fulton Frampton and his brother Samuel on a deer hunt to Forest County. The anticipation of this caused my recent trip to Pittsburgh to sink into insignificance. About this time three runaway boys returned home, sadder but wiser, and it was reported that Sam Fuller, a young man whom I knew, also a runaway, had been captured by the Sioux Indians and was living with them in Montana. This last report discouraged me from further attempts at running away. In the meantime, father bought me a four-ounce

solid silver hunting case watch, which completed my happiness. The watch is still in my possession.

Grandfather Pearsall's corn fields usually suffered a great deal from ravages made on them by coons. As it was now the September moon, and the corn ripening, I persuaded John Snyder, who was older than I, to join me, coon hunting. Grandfather having no dog, we walked over to Uncle John Henry's and borrowed his famous hunting dog, Bogus. After getting the dog we returned to the corn fields and spent several nights waiting for the coons, but none making their appearance, we grew discouraged and were about to give up, when on the last night, Bogus let out a terrific yelp and was off. We followed as far as the fence, expecting the coon to run down the fence until he reached safety in the adjacent woods. We were not disappointed in our conjectures, as the supposed coon came down the old rail fence, but he passed us so quickly, with the dog in close pursuit, that we had no time to shoot. Presently Bogus stopped barking and a moment later began to bay. We knew then, for a certainty, that he had the animal treed in an old wild cherry that stood by the fence, near the edge of the woods. Fearing that the coon might jump down and escape, we hurried to the dog's assistance. As we were reluctant to spend another night in the chilly night air, John suggested that I climb the tree, shake the coon out and let Bog kill him. Immediately following the suggestion, I commenced to climb. When about half way up, John called out, "Look out, the coon's coming." I looked up just in time to receive a good scratching as the animal lighted in my face, spitting and hissing as he sprang to the old rail fence, beyond. Bog and John followed along the fence until they reached the woods where the animal made good his escape by taking refuge in a large white oak tree. Thinking that it would be folly to attempt to dislodge the animal in the darkness, we decided to build a fire beneath the tree and await morning. Knowing that Bog would be on the alert, John and I lay down and slept. At daybreak we were up looking for the coon. For a while we thought that he must surely have escaped during the night by jumping to the branches of some other tree. Presently, I discovered what looked like a bunch of leaves, but which I thought might be the coon; I told John to be ready to shoot if it attempted to run down the tree. Then I fired at the mysterious bunch overhead; something fell to the ground; the dog instantly grabbed it and gave it a lively shaking. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that I had not killed a coon but a wildcat. We continued our coon hunting night after night until we had rid grandfather's corn field of coons and had eight hides stretched on the barn to dry. If there were any more coons in that locality, they were probably frightened away. At any rate grandfather's corn was not molested any more than fall.

During the last of our hunting at grandfather's, I surprised a grey fox, quietly sleeping at the roots of an old pine stump. In raising the hammer of my gun, the click aroused him from his slumber and he instantly jumped up and ran away. To my utter astonishment, an old red fox that had been unobserved by me, sprang from the top of the same stump and followed after his grey companion. As they ran towards John, I called to him to be on the alert; but they passed so close to him, one on either side, that he was so excited and confused that he failed to shoot. Consequently, in the excitement, both escaped. Old Bog took up the chase and

we followed. The foxes made for Sugar Camp Run, where a small portion of the pine forest still remained. Upon our arrival in this part of the woods, we found the dog digging at a hole under a large pine tree. Naturally we became very excited at the prospect of capturing the foxes alive. We could not poke them out with sticks so decided to help Bog dig them out. I walked about a mile to Charles Anderson's and borrowed a mattock and upon my return we worked like beavers. We spent nearly half a day digging, Bog keeping ahead of us most of the time. At last we knew by his sniffing and barking, and the slight odor that reached us, that we were nearing our prey, so we worked more vigorously than ever. Now that we were about ready to capture the foxes, I watched at the end of the hole while John moved ahead about six feet, dug a new opening and scratched the dirt away with his hands. All of a sudden he felt the fur of the gray fox, as he supposed. When about to grab him, Bogus, always anxious to grab anything that came his way, jumped in ahead of John, pulled the animal out of the hole and shook it violently. Just then the atmosphere fairly seemed to turn blue. John rolled over backwards and I, scarcely ten feet away, ran for dear life, vomiting until I felt that I would surely give up my shoes next. By this time Bog had shaken the life out of a skunk, instead of a grey fox. The poor dog was frightfully sick and rolled over and over on the leaves and moss, trying to rid himself of the disagreeable odor. Just how the sly foxes outwitted Bogus has always been a mystery to me. We returned to grandfather's that night, but being in disrepute, had to sleep in the barn. When we went home the next day, our parents would not let us enter the house until we had changed our clothes and buried the old ones. Fully three weeks elapsed before we were entirely free from the unpleasant odor.

When the buckwheat was ripe in October and the wild pigeons (passenger pigeons) began their southward flight, we were up early and late, to shoot them as they entered the fields of newly ripened grain. At times these birds were so numerous that they destroyed whole fields of buckwheat. The farmers, naturally harbored an unkind feeling towards them, and gladly welcomed their destruction. The hunters generally used shot guns, which I despised, concealed themselves behind fences or stumps until a flock of these birds had lighted in the grain fields nearby, and as the birds arose to make their flight, bunching very much as black-birds, the hunters poured forth a volley of pellets, sometimes killing a dozen or more at one time. These birds were very swift on the wing and one had to be quick lest they escaped, unharmed. I used only a rifle, until later years, so had to be content with shooting individual birds, except when the opportunity presented itself of getting two or more in range at the same time, which quite frequently happened. When the fields were close to the woods, the pigeons sometimes lighted on the taller trees in such numbers as to break off many of the limbs.

I have seen flocks of these birds that extended to the horizon in all directions. Occasionally the flocks were broken up into numerous smaller ones. The flight of the pigeons continued for many days. In the spring when these birds returned to their nesting grounds, in the forests of the north, they were again assailed by their enemy, man, who caught them in nets and robbed the nests of their young, thus destroying whole flocks at a time. In those days, carloads of pigeons were shipped to the New York and Philadelphia markets. The hunters pursued them

with such relentless vigor that the day finally arrived when all of those countless millions became a thing of the past. The last one of this species of North American wild pigeon died in captivity about two years ago in the zoological gardens of Cincinnati, and today the once numerous and beautiful birds are extinct. The last ones that I saw were eating pokeberries along an old abandoned logging road in the woods back of our home. Creeping up carefully, I shot the male bird, and as he toppled over, his mate circled about and alighted in a tree to await him. In the meantime, I reloaded my rifle and, shooting at long range, took steady aim and fired. Upon picking up the bird, I found that she was so badly mangled that she was unfit for eating. Needless to say, I was sorry that I had not spared her life, and to this day I regret the killing of that lone pair of pigeons. Had I spared their lives, the famous passenger pigeon might not have become extinct.

When the hunting season for deer opened, I was comfortably and happily located in Frampton's log cabin, on the east branch of Millstone Creek. The cabin was a small one with a fireplace in one end; it was rather small for four hunters, but we managed after a fashion to be very comfortable there during our few weeks. Felt Frampton, as we were wont to call him, accompanied me on my hunting trips the first few days, and instructed me how to find my way about in the forest by showing me the old familiar landmarks and telling me what to do if I became bewildered or lost.

The first time I ventured out alone was after the first fall of snow. What a change! Instead of the dark, sombre, uninviting forest of the day before, it now assumed a more cheerful aspect, as if half of the forest trees had been removed. I scarcely knew the place, although I had grown quite familiar with it.

As I had become quite skilled in stealthily creeping upon the partridge, I was able to slip through the forest almost noiselessly. During my first day's hunt in the snow, I wandered aimlessly about, hoping that I would be fortunate enough to discover a deer and was greatly astonished when I almost stumbled upon one lying down behind a rock, asleep. The deer, no doubt, was as much surprised as I, for on awakening it sprang up and after a couple of jumps, disappeared in a laurel thicket near by, before I had an opportunity to fire. As it was yet early in the day, I decided to return to the cabin and get Sam Frampton to help me in locating it. We started out that afternoon. Sam seemed to know just where the deer would be most likely to seek refuge. With that idea in mind, we took a short cut across the hills to a small run where the laurel thickets were very dense. Knowing that the deer would be on the alert, Sam cautioned me to keep a sharp lookout. His judgment proved good, for upon our arrival at the thickets, the doe jumped out on the opposite side and started to run up the hill, in full view. Sam bleated like a fawn and as the deer stopped and threw up her head to listen, he whispered to me, to "shoot." I raised my rifle and supposedly took steady aim, but after I fired, the deer only shook her head and started to run. She had not gone far, however, before a well directed bullet from Sam's gun dropped her in the snow. On examining her, we found that Sam had shot her through the shoulder but there was no evidence of my having hit her at all. Sam took hold of the deer's ear and raised her head in order to cut her throat to bleed the carcass, and laughingly enquired, "What do you mean by piercing the deer's ear? Are you going to

buy earrings for her?" Sure enough there was the hole, a little larger than buck-shot, right through the center of the ear. Sam often told this story and never ceased teasing me about piercing the doe's ear.

One day, towards the close of the hunting season, we went to Loggy Run to look for a deer that, owing to its enormous size, had been termed Loggy Run-Buck. This deer was said to be of a larger species than the common Virginia deer of the country, with large horns instead of the small round ones, and with shorter legs and a heavier-set body. We hunted faithfully until the close of the season but never caught a glimpse of this monarch of Loggy Run, and the only deer killed by the quartette was the old doe. At first I was too timid to venture far into the depths of the unbroken wilderness, but as time passed I gradually grew bolder and roamed out into that forest of splendid hemlock, beech, wild cherry and bass wood that extended almost to the York State line. Deeply impressed by this fine body of timber that Mr. Frampton informed me could be bought for a nominal sum per acre, I decided to coax father to purchase some of it, so that when I grew up I could settle there and engage in lumbering.

I had been told that the best season for catching brook trout was in May when the dogwood trees were in bloom, so in the following spring arranged to go fishing on Millstone. After obtaining father's consent, I invited Ed Barnes (since our fight we had become bosom friends) and Lewis Long to join me on this trip. We could have gone to Clarington on the stage, but as it was the full of the moon thought it would be a greater novelty and less expensive to walk there by moonlight. Lewis Long's father loaned us a light push cart that was easily run, and into this we packed our fishing tackle, blankets, frying pan, two loaves of bread, some butter, flour and salt, our rations for a two weeks' outing. We started shortly after nightfall. As we were leaving town the moon came up and lighted us on our way and once, far out in the country, the melancholy notes of the whippoorwills, calling from the tree tops and brush, kept us company. We passed through Clarington shortly after midnight and continued on to the wooded hill beyond the town, where we built a fire and spread our blankets for the remainder of the night. We were tired and sleepy, but the whippoorwills disturbed our slumber and we were up at the break of day. After hiding our cart in the red brush, we took our luggage on our backs and started for Frampton's cabin on the east branch of Millstone, where we arrived about nine o'clock. The provisions in our commissary department being limited we decided to start fishing immediately. The call of the whippoorwills that rang in my ears all day, as I fished among the spooky hemlocks, seemed so real that at times I stopped to listen. Of course it was only an hallucination. After returning to the cabin towards night we rested a while and then proceeded to feast on trout. The next morning we were up early, expecting to make a record catch. The day being perfect, we were very enthusiastic and worked hard, fishing carefully and cautiously all day. Inasmuch as I had no fish basket, I cut a hole in my pocket and let the lining of my coat serve that purpose. Towards evening the weight of the fish made it very difficult for me to get over the logs that had fallen into the stream. Upon my arrival at the cabin I found that I had been very successful, having two hundred and eighty-seven fish, many of them ten inches or more in length. Ed and Lewis, having

never fished for trout before, were less fortunate. We dressed the fish, and after putting some in moss for immediate use, buried the remainder in the gravel, on a riffle, for future consumption. After dining sumptuously on these speckled beauties we had a fine night's rest.

Towards evening of the next day, weary of loitering about the cabin, I took my rifle and wandered through the forest to the top of the hill where Sam Frampton had killed the doe. I watched and waited for some time, planning that if I were successful in killing a deer we would smoke and dry some venison. As the shadows of night began to fall I reluctantly turned my steps towards the cabin, disappointed that I had not met with success, but had not proceeded far when I was startled by a strange call in the forests below. Thinking that someone had lost his way, I called back and while listening heard it again. When I answered the second time, the call was again repeated, this time from a closer quarter. I hurried down the hill to the cabin to get Ed and Lou to go with me in search of the lost man, as I supposed, but the boys having heard the strange call were frightened and refused to accompany me. Shortly after my return to the cabin we once more heard the call, this time it seemed to come from the hill where I had been; again I answered and entered the cabin; then we heard something crash into the brush, directly back of the cabin, as if someone had slipped off the old helmock that spanned the stream at that point. By this time the boys were almost petrified with fear and Ed begged us to return home when morning arrived. Being curious to know what had caused the crash, I took my rifle and went outside but caught only a glimpse of a large animal that gave a couple of terrific jumps and disappeared in the darkness. I had never seen a panther and concluded this animal must be one. During the remainder of our stay Ed could not be persuaded to leave the cabin; Lou was not so badly frightened, so between us we managed to pacify Ed until time for our return home. The next evening, as darkness approached, we heard the panther again and also his mate answering from the hill on the opposite side. They called to each other until they finally met; then all was quiet and we heard nothing further from them during our stay.

On our return to Clarington, I met father as per arrangement before I left home, and Ed and Lou continued their journey to Brookville. Father and I, with a party of father's friends, went to the west branch of Millstone to build a hunting cabin. Our first night out we camped on a small run between the east branch and the west branch, and spent the night in a downpour of rain. A more miserable and dejected set of human beings one never saw. It rained so hard that we were unable to keep our fire burning and sleep was almost out of the question. Towards morning, however, when our weariness was greater than our discomfort, we were suddenly awakened and brought to a sitting posture by a blood-curdling yell of some wild animal, near by, which father said was a panther. He had heard many of them during his boyhood and said there was no mistaking the sound.

That day we traveled to the place selected for the cabin site and camped there until its completion. A few days later, being in need of fresh meat, David Gourly and I took our rifles and went up the Millstone to watch a deer lick. Concealing ourselves beneath a rock, so that the unsuspecting deer would not discover us, we waited until late that afternoon. With nothing to break the monotony of

the stillness, we fell fast asleep. It is impossible to say just how long we might have slept had we not been suddenly awakened by a violent thunder storm, the worst that I had ever witnessed. The dreadful peals of thunder fairly shook the ground beneath us, and the angry twisting winds threatened destruction to the forest. Trees fell on all sides. We were soon drenched to the skin and our boots were rained full of water by the time we reached camp. Shortly after this, our cabin was finished and ready for occupancy, so we returned home.

After the completion of our cabin on Millstone, I accepted an invitation from my cousin, John Albert Pearsall, to accompany him on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Thomas Russell, who lived at Gitenville, Forest Co., where her husband was engaged in lumbering. Having heard a good deal of Thomas Russell's uncle, the famous Ike Russell, or Indian Ike, as he was sometimes called, I looked forward to this trip with great pleasure. I spent the night, previous to our departure, with cousin Albert and the next day we walked to Gitenville, a distance of thirty-five miles. Upon our arrival there I was not long in looking up Ike Russell, and shortly after making his acquaintance we went several miles through the forest to Blue Jay Creek to watch a deer lick and to fish for brook trout. At this time the country around Gitenville was greatly excited over a silver mine that Ike claimed to have found. He occasionally took small pieces of silver ore to the settlement but was shrewd enough not to divulge the location of his mine to anyone, excepting me. After showing me the mine, which consisted of several large pieces of quartz in the bed of Blue Jay Creek, he broke off a few small fragments and then proceeded to cover the remainder with gravel, thinking no doubt that I would not be able to locate the place again. At the time I thought that he had a world of wealth hidden there in the bed of the stream, until in after years, while in the West, I learned what really constituted a silver mine. Evidently Ike had come into possession of the quartz and had placed it in the creek, thus creating the mine himself, which no doubt served his purpose. He was peculiar and eccentric; wore his hair long and went bare-footed in the summer. On our return from Blue Jay to Gitenville we were compelled to travel a mile or so through a thicket of blackberry brush that cut and scratched my boots dreadfully. How Ike, after wading the stream for several days, ever walked through those briers, in his bare feet without complaining, has always been a mystery to me.

My reputation for walking had preceded me to Gitenville and when the day arrived for my return home, Albert made a wager with his brother-in-law, that I could walk to Brookville in eight hours. The distance being thirty-five miles, Tom Russell bet that it could not be done. As my reputation for walking or running was at stake, I determined to do my best. Dinner having been served early that day, I started on my homeward journey at twelve o'clock. I had practiced running and walking a great deal, and was in excellent condition, and with the prospect of an approaching thunder storm overtaking me at any moment, I increased my speed to the utmost. The first twenty-three miles was over a good clay road, favorable for making time, and at quarter of four I arrived in Clarington, ahead of the thunder storm. After talking with Uncle James Pearsall about fifteen minutes, I proceeded on my way. The last twelve miles were hilly and

more difficult to travel than the first twenty-three; nevertheless, I arrived in Brookville and was home before the clock struck eight.

The opening of the deer season, in the fall, found us back in our cabin between the east branch and the west branch of Millstone. The first fall of snow was late that year, which was unfortunate for us, as it was difficult to track the deer in the newly fallen autumn leaves that rustled beneath one's feet. Father and I, becoming restless and tired of waiting for the snow, went out one day just after a drizzling rain, looking for a deer. The leaves being wet enabled us to walk quietly through the woods. Shortly before reaching the laurel thickets, which the deer frequented, we discovered numerous deer tracks in the wet leaves. Following these tracks, we overtook the deer before they reached the west branch and as they started to run, father fired but missed them. Unfortunately, I was behind a large rock that prevented my seeing them, so, in order to get a shot at the fleeing deer, I started to run. Catching the toe of my moccasin in the trespshin, I fell headlong, butting the muzzle of my new breech-loading rifle against the rock. I lamented this damage until I discovered that it was of little consequence, as the muzzle escaped direct contact with the rock. After following the deer for about an hour, we jumped them again and once more father fired and missed. In my efforts to reach a point where I could see the deer, I stepped on a fallen hemlock, the bark of which had dropped off; my feet slipped, and I slid half the length of the tree as if on a toboggan slide, until I was stopped by a projecting limb. Had I failed to stop at this point, I would undoubtedly have been seriously injured as further on there was a huge knot, protruding from the tree. As it was, I was badly hurt but managed to limp back to the cabin where I remained several days recuperating. When able to be about again, I went hunting above the cabin, alone, following the cautious practice I pursued in partridge hunting. After wandering a short distance, I discovered a deer track in the leaves and followed it for about a mile, stealing quietly upon the unsuspecting deer. All of a sudden, on looking up, I was dumfounded to see a large buck watching me. While I was gazing at him in surprise he began jumping and leisurely ran away. I forgot to bleat like a fawn as Sam Frampton had taught me, and whistled as accustomed to doing in partridge shooting. The buck evidently did not understand the language of the partridge and failed to stop. Why I neglected to shoot is beyond my comprehension as I had never to my knowledge experienced so-called buck ague, unless this form of bewilderment was one of the symptoms.

After the snow began falling, I went in quest of venison for camp, hardly expecting to see anything on account of the blinding snow that was falling; I kept a sharp lookout, thinking that I might possibly find some stray deer wandering aimlessly about. Upon reaching the head of the run, I imagined that I saw something moving about but was uncertain. Finally I observed it the second time, and discovered it was a deer, quietly feeding on beech nuts. Steadying my gun, against a beech tree, to make my aim more certain, I fired, but as the snow was falling thick and fast, at the time, I was not certain of having hit my mark. Upon investigation, my spirits went soaring, for there lay the deer on the farther side of a hemlock log. After dressing it, I started for the cabin on the run to inform the hunters of my success. They doubted my story until they discovered

my blood-stained clothes, whereupon they laughed and jested about four grown men hanging around camp, while the boy, as they called me, furnished the first meat. From the size of the deer I thought that I had killed a doe, but when it turned out to be only an overgrown fawn, the joke was on me. When the hunting season was drawing to a close, the teams arrived to take us to our respective homes. After loading our luggage and deer on the sleds, we took our guns and walked ahead, thinking that we might possibly kill another but in this we were disappointed.

During the winters, after the deer season had closed, Henry Fritz and I hunted foxes by way of amusement. Henry always had a pack of good hounds so this hunting proved fine sport. The baying of the hounds as they chased the fox from hill to lowland and back to hill again, was sweet music to my ears. Occasionally we killed a fox but generally speaking they were too cunning for us. The red fox was much more difficult to outwit than the grey, as it was more cunning. After making a circle or two about the hills, they usually left the country for the forests on the upper waters of North Fork, where they made their escape, the distance being too great for us to follow. During one of the chases on Coder's Run, we started a sly old red fox that led the hounds a merry chase for an hour or more. Hearing the hounds baying in the hollow, we followed and upon our arrival found the fox tracks led to the stub of an old hollow pine on the bank of the run, where the hounds were hard at work, digging and gnawing in their efforts to enlarge the opening at the root of the old snag. We built a fire and tried to smoke reynard out, but being unsuccessful in this we resorted to cutting down the snag. I hurried to Blood's farm and borrowed an ax. When the old stub fell, it broke open and the dogs pounced upon it, after the fox, as we supposed. Imagine my surprise when, as Mr. Fritz fired, he shot a coon that attempted to make its escape from the fallen stub. When we finally succeeded in getting the dogs away, we discovered that they had killed the remainder of the coon family that had taken up their winter quarters there. We were greatly disappointed in not getting the fox, but after all reynard did us a good turn in deceiving the dogs; as by doing so, we secured the whole coon family. In fact the fox had purposely entered the hollow stub in order to deceive the dogs, and then had doubled on his track.

The old fox, however, did not make his escape so easily for the following morning, at break of day, we were back on Coder's Run. Mr. Fritz turned all of the hounds loose except Fanny, the fastest and surest of the pack. About eight o'clock the hounds began to give tongue and we knew they had started the fox. After circling the hills for several hours, the fox started for the North Fork with Mr. Fritz and me following, but contrary to his usual habit, stopped before gaining the forest and circled the hills about Red Lick Run. On hearing the earnest manner the hounds gave tongue that afternoon we knew the fox was being hard pressed and then we turned Fanny loose. In a very short time we heard her in the lead. The wily old fox circled around in the pine timber, where lumbering operations were in progress, until finding himself closely pursued he ran between the men and teams in his efforts to baffle the dogs, until failing in this he ran down the old log road in his mad efforts to escape. Fanny, familiar with this ruse, paid no

attention to the lumbermen and remained faithful to her task. As the fox passed near me I shot, and Fanny was right there to do her part shaking him.

When the winters broke up and the ice left the streams the lumbermen made preparations to float their square timber to Pittsburgh. My companions and I frequently walked up the North Fork a few miles to Payne's Mill and rode down on the rafts as far as Litch's mill pond. We thoroughly enjoyed this exciting and dangerous amusement and were overjoyed when the rafts dived to the bottom as they went over the dams. At times when the raft was entirely submerged we were obliged to hold on tight to a white oak post for safety, that had been put up as a place where the raftsmen tied their coats. Occasionally a raft broke its lashings, the sticks of square timber became separated, and sometimes a man drowned, but this did not deter us from this dangerous pastime. Sometimes we walked six or eight miles through the dense pine and hemlock forest to the big dam on the upper waters of the North Fork, in order to enjoy the thrilling experience of riding on a raft over those swift and turbulent waters. On these trips the lofty trees and dark gloom of the forest made a lasting impression upon me and I envied the boys who assisted their fathers in lumbering. I was exceedingly happy when old enough to be entrusted with the front oar of a raft. The day I held my first oar, going over Litch's dam, with father and some of my boy friends watching me from the bridge, was the proudest moment of my life. As the boys cheered, and shouted "Hold on, Preacher," I was standing waist deep in the water, clinging to the oar with all my strength, that it might not get away from me. With Malcolm Reynolds assisting me, and Clark, his father, as pilot, we dropped the raft safely to Coder's dam, two miles below Brookville.

More than fifty miles of swift and turbulent waters, by the winding of the stream, lay between us and the point of destination at the mouth of Red Bank Creek, where at any critical moment one step, or the loss of the sweep of the oar at the opportune time, was sufficient to stove one's raft on the rocks along the banks of the stream, or run afoul of other rafts that may have met with a similar mishap.

Full of anxiety as to our ability to deliver our raft whole at the mouth of Red Bank Creek, we were up early the next morning, and having loosened the cable by which the raft had been fastened to a huge hemlock tree that stood upon the left bank of the stream, we began to drift down towards the breast of the dam, somewhat anxious as to what success we would have in running over the chute or apron, the outlet of the dam to the stream below. To the raftsmen the running of this dam was a terror because of the sharp turn in the river below. Usually the raft dived to the bottom, unshipping the oar, and before it could be recovered and gotten into place again the raft would run on the rocks on the right bank in the turn. And perhaps a stringer or two of timber would be torn loose and would drift down the river where they would be lost. Mr. Reynolds, our pilot, warned Malcolm, his son, and me, who were in charge of the forward oar, to be constantly on the alert and to be ever ready to execute his commands, and that then he would have but little fear from what we lacked in weight and experience. As I was the taller of the two it naturally fell on me to take charge of the oar, while Malcolm became my assistant. As we took the chute or apron he stood at my

back and held on tightly to me to prevent my being washed from the raft should it dive to the bottom, which frequently happened to the raftsmen.

The raft took the breakers splendidly and, contrary to our expectation, instead of the raft diving to the bottom as we had expected, it shot through the rolling, boiling and surging waters below the dam in splendid style. And by a few pulls of the oar to the left, in answer to Mr. Reynolds' calls, we avoided the dangerous rocks on our right and continued to float down the stream; passed Puckerty and soon after entered the Baxter dam at Dowlingville, five miles below Brookville. Here the apron of the dam was short and steep, a condition much dreaded by the raftsmen. Mr. Reynolds' greatest fear was that should the front oar come unshipped, whether or not his son and I, being under weight, would be able to raise the heavy oar sufficiently high to get it over the thole pin and into place again. On approaching the apron Mr. Reynolds shaped the course of the raft for taking its dive over this dam, and Malcolm as before took his position behind me to be close at hand in case of need. Instantly the raft dived to the bottom and unshipped the oar, which drifted aside with me clinging desperately onto it, as its loss meant stoving the raft and much of its timber lost. Malcolm, whose hold had been broken by the force of the water, swam to my rescue, and when the raft gradually rose to the surface, assisted me in dragging the oar through the water almost into position. Before the raft had entirely risen to the surface, and with our united efforts, we were barely able to lift the great stem of the oar sufficiently high to clear the thole pin and reship it. Fortunately, in the meantime, Mr. Reynolds by the dexterous use of the rear oar prevented the raft from striking. The front oar once more in place, we plied it vigorously to the left and brought the raft into position, and after a run of about five miles we were again confronted with the same condition as at Baxter's, except that the apron to the carrier dam was badly out of repair, and again we encountered the same trouble as at Baxter's dam. But while the raft dived to the bottom, and our oar was unshipped, we were able with the assistance of the water to reship it without much trouble or loss of time. At Heathville, where we expected more trouble in running over the apron of the dam, we experienced little difficulty and soon after we were laboring desperately with the oar as we rounded Horse-shoe-bend, where one can almost throw a stone across the neck of land to where we had passed an hour before.

By eleven o'clock we reached New Bethlehem, where we stopped for dinner, having made more than half the distance. From here on the waters of the stream are much swifter and more dangerous for the running of rafts, as the turns and bends become more numerous and the banks more rocky. The running of the dam at New Bethlehem was much dreaded, for but a short way below the stream takes a sharp turn to the right, where the raftsmen was likely to pile up his raft on the rocks on the left, should misfortune overtake him in going over the apron of the dam. After two hours rest we were again cautioned by Mr. Reynolds to be ever on the alert, and, as the raft passed over the apron, on reaching rolling waters below it dived to the bottom, unshipped the oar, which was wrenched from my hands, and swung crossways of the raft. Malcolm and I rushed forward with the water up to our hips, but before we had time to get the oar into position the raft came to the surface, which it had been reluctant to do, bringing up a quantity

of mud and gravel on the left-hand side. The oar now lay crossways of the front platform; we did not have the help of the water to assist us as before, so we had to roll the oar round, shove it out over the end of the raft, and by the utmost of our strength we were barely able to lift the oar into place. Then by pulling desperately to the right, we, in answer to the call from our pilot, brought the raft about barely in time to save it from the rocks.

From here on, fortunately, there were no more dams to be run. We had only the sharp turns and bends to look out for. Later, when passing a sharp turn where the current seemed certain to carry us on the rocks, Mr. Reynolds called "Right," and by the vigorous use of the oar we cleared and pulled for the left just in time to avoid the rocks, but as we rounded this turn we saw the raft which preceded us crash into another which had stove on the rocks on the left bank in the next turn below us. The former broke her lashings and began to drift, while the later, having lost the use of her forward oar, swung across the stream and, before we could go ashore and get a line out around some tree to snub our raft, we were almost upon them. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. Mr. Reynolds saw that his only alternative was either to strike the raft ahead, or take the desperate chance of stoving his raft on the rocks of the left-hand bank while attempting to run the narrow channel that lay between the bank and the rafts. He chose the latter. Upon his call "Right," we exerted every ounce of strength in our bodies, and our oar blade bent almost to the breaking point so swift was the current. It seemed impossible to change the course of the raft, but fortunately it soon began to yield to the pressure of the oar and water, which enabled us to move to and fro across the platform at double-quick time. We narrowly escaped striking the rocks on the left, and passed swiftly by, whereupon we breathed more freely. Later in the day we passed Lawsonham and after making several sharp turns we came to the head of Upper Timber Island, where we narrowly escaped running into a gorge of ten or more rafts that almost choked the stream; then we passed through a stretch of two miles of water that the raftsmen called the devil's race course and about five o'clock we reached slack water at the mouth of Red Bank Creek, caused by the flood waters of the Allegheny River, where we tied up. Here the rafts, six in number, were lashed together two abreast and three in length, whereon a shelter was constructed for the accommodation of the men while running the fleet to market. The fleets were usually taken to Pittsburgh where the squared timber was manufactured into lumber.

The next day we returned to Brookville and sometime later we received pay for our services. The customary wages for an oarsman and his helper was five dollars each and expenses, and ten dollars for the pilot. We had accomplished all that experienced men could do, having delivered our raft safely to the mouth of Red Bank without losing a stick of timber, or breaking even as much as a bow; but my assistant and I were evidently not considered men, for we received but three dollars each, much to our disgust. Many rafts, navigated by experienced river men, were broken to pieces or piled upon the rocks, the day that we delivered ours, and I never could understand why we were not entitled to a man's pay.

Never since the days spent at the little old red brick school house, had I applied myself to study as diligently as I should. Nor do I believe that any of the

other children did much better than I. Our school system in those days was very poor and our teachers were nothing extra. In fact education was not very far advanced in the backwoods of Pennsylvania when I was a lad. Somehow I managed to drag along at school until I reached the higher grades and entered the academy. Here my school days were brought to an abrupt ending. My parents having given me permission to go home at the afternoon recess, I was excused by my teacher, Mrs. Dehaven. Frank Reed was excused at the same time for a similar reason. The following morning, upon my return to school, Mrs. Dehaven called me to her desk and enquired why I had left school without permission. I replied that she had excused me. This she promptly denied. I proved my point by Frank Reed but she refused to accept our statement and proceeded to punish me. Rather than quarrel with her, I submitted to an unjust punishment, then packed my books and went home. When father came to lunch that day, I informed him of the affair and told him that I was through with school. Father having acquired the interest of his partner, James E. Long, in the hardware business, put me to work in the store; first as general roustabout and later as a clerk. Here I faithfully tried to fulfill my duties until the fall of 1879, when I was nearing my seventeenth birthday. At that time, father contemplated a trip to Michigan to inspect the lumber operations, as the success of lumbering did not depend alone on cutting, falling and milling the timber or on floating square timber down streams to market but in the selection of timber, its location and access to the streams. It was a keen lumberman with good judgment that looked to this. But it was not always the man who manufactured lumber that made the greatest profit, for sometimes the rise in price of the standing timber far exceeded the profits of manufacturing. Many bought timber with this in view. Father invited his close friends Ben Smith, Eli Vastbinder, John Clark and his son Ran to accompany him. With a strong desire to go West and engage in the lumber industry, I persuaded father to allow me to accompany him to Michigan, where I hoped to make my start, and incidentally enjoy hunting deer during the open season. Before leaving home father purchased me a new forty-five calibre Marlin rifle—the first gun made from the new pattern, with set triggers and an extra long barrel—and with this and two hundred rounds of cartridges, I felt myself well equipped to join the expedition, and was overjoyed at the prospect of going West.

We left home the last of October and went to Cleveland where we took passage across Lake Erie on the steamer City of Detroit. That night a storm came up that threatened destruction to the steamer. Many of the passengers became badly frightened lest the steamer should founder, while others were too sick to care what happened. I was in the latter class. I was so seasick and weak that it took the combined efforts of father and Eli Vastbinder to support me when I was obliged to visit the rail and say, "Oh, my." We were due at Detroit early the next morning, but owing to the severe buffeting about in the storm did not reach there until towards evening. The next day we took passage on the steamer Keweenaw for Harrisville, Michigan. In passing up the Detroit River we noticed that the land on the Canadian shore was low, and the atmosphere being blue, as in the fall of the year, the country had a cold, uninviting appearance. In after years in referring to Canada we always spoke of it as Blue Canada. Towards

noon we passed through Lake St. Clair and later on entered Lake Huron, where in a short time the shore line faded entirely from view. Once out of sight of land, all seemed very strange to me. Before sailing on Lake Erie, I had never seen a body of water larger than the Allegheny River. There was at that time a cold, chilly wind blowing from the north, which made the lake quite rough. I dreaded another night of seasickness but, strange to say, when morning arrived I found that I had escaped. Shortly after daylight, I heard the welcome sound of the Keweenaw's whistle as she blew for port at Harrisville where we arrived about eight o'clock.

After landing we made arrangements to have our luggage forwarded to us, and then started our afoot for the lumber camps, twenty-eight miles inland. The roads were wet, muddy and slippery and at times a drizzling rain added greatly to our discomfort. For eight miles the country was wooded more or less with white birch, the bark of which the Indians formerly used in making their canoes. Beyond was the forest of white pine, unbroken save for small openings caused by forest fires that had swept through and killed the timber. Fortunately for us these open spots had grown up to wild blackberries which served to some extent to satisfy our hunger. Our lunch had been forgotten, each having left it for the other to provide. We arrived in camp late that night, hungry, wet and tired from our hard day's tramp. Throughout the day I had failed to see any white pine timber that equalled that of Pennsylvania, except in the vicinity of Twin Lakes, and even there the forest was not so dense, nor the trees so lofty. While father spent a few days looking about the lumber camps and logging woods, the rest of us moved to Wolf Creek and settled in the old abandoned logging camp that had been the scene of father's lumber operations the previous year. Here father joined us a few days later and we settled down to having a good time hunting deer. When I say hunting deer, I mean every word of it. The fall was an open one and the country was almost denuded of its forests, except in the cedar swamps where the cedar, balsam and tamarack grew along the stream or where an occasional Norway pine had been left uncut. Aside from this, the country was open and barren save the red brush and thickets of white pine saplings, that had begun to grow up in the choppings. We were usually up long before daylight and hunted until darkness overtook us, but with little success. As the country was open, the deer discovered us long before we were within shooting distance, and they were so wild that when we were fortunate enough to get within range, we were obliged to shoot them on the run. So as not to weary the reader with a recital of the usual hunting experiences of my day and because of the number of deer we killed, I shall only narrate a few of the extraordinary occurrences.

Being in need of fresh meat for camp, I started out one rainy morning to try my hand at killing a deer. I walked down an old abandoned supply road, keeping a sharp lookout for some stray deer that, like myself, was foolish enough to be astir, on this disagreeable October day. Not meeting with success, after several hours tramp, I decided to take a short cut back to camp, by way of an old abandoned logging road, across a deep ravine. As I rushed down the steep banks to get a good start on the upward slope of the opposite side, I suddenly came upon a dejected-looking old buck, standing under the shelter of a friendly cedar. For

several seconds we stood within twenty feet of each other, equally surprised. I never thought of my gun until after the object of my search had jumped into the cedar thicket and made good his escape.

The next time that I ventured out, the results were quite different. I jumped a fine buck in the opening and poured a volley of lead missiles after the fleeing deer, until I had exhausted the cartridges stored in the magazine of my gun. At that moment, Eli Vastbinder came running up almost out of breath, and enquired why in the blankety, blank, I was doing so much cannonading. After informing him what had happened, we went in pursuit of the deer. We found it lying by a clump of brush on the opposite side of a narrow cedar swamp, dead, but so badly mutilated as to render the flesh unfit for use. Even the hide was scarcely worth the labor of removing it, so we left the carcass as food for the turkey buzzards.

Later, while looking for deer not far from the scene of the story just narrated, I saw a pair of horns projecting above the tall fire weeds in the choppings near the edge of the cedar thicket. Nothing but the ears and horns being visible, I decided to take no chances and tried to break the buck's neck by aiming low. After the smoke had cleared, I discovered the deer still standing, apparently unharmed, with his head raised higher to locate his enemy before running away. I had evidently missed him, so I again took deliberate aim, this time at his head. After this shot, the buck disappeared. Knowing my aim to be certain, I rushed towards the place where I had last seen the deer, but before arriving there I stumbled upon the object of my search, dead. Upon dressing the deer and hanging it out of reach of the prowling varmint, I was somewhat perplexed and puzzled as to how I could have so far missed my objective mark. I had aimed at the head and the bullet had gone through the shoulders. There could be but two excuses, neither of which seemed plausible. Either I had shot wild and missed or the bullet had been deflected by hitting a twig, which sometimes happens. However, I soon discovered my reasoning to be faulty, for after walking about ten paces to the edge of the cedar swamp, I discovered, to my utter amazement, a second buck. This one was shot through the head. For an instant I could hardly believe my own eyes but there was no mistaking it. There lay the buck with the whole top of his head blown off. To this mystery there is but one solution. There were two deer instead of one. The first was shot through the shoulder and the second, hearing the report of the rifle, evidently rushed into view and the smoke blanking my sight caused me to mistake it for the same deer. I returned to camp that evening and related my successful adventures, but my companions, men of middle age and experienced hunters, could hardly credit my story. The day following they were convinced when they saw the pair of four-point bucks hanging within forty feet of each other.

Towards evening of another day, at the head of the cedar swamps I spied two small deer quietly feeding not more than sixty yards away. I know that they had not discovered my presence so decided to wait until the unsuspecting creatures stepped in line, that I might kill both with one shot, a feat I had once performed in shooting ducks on Sandy Lick Creek. My patience was sorely tried and I was about to give up and shoot one and let the other go, when suddenly the one in the lead turned about and stood in line with the other. I instantly fired, shooting

the foremost one just behind the shoulders and breaking the neck of the other that stood grazing on higher ground. I was very much elated as I had been in doubt as to the success of such a venture. I dressed the deer and hung one up on poles out of the reach of night-prowling animals, tied the feet of the other together, threw it over my shoulders and started for camp. I had gone scarcely a mile when suddenly a huge buck stepped out of the red brush and started to walk across the old abandoned logging road, just ahead of me. Perceiving that I had not been discovered, I quietly let the deer slip back from my shoulders, preparatory to firing at the buck, nearly losing my balance in the act. Raising my rifle, without attempting a steady aim, I fired and was not surprised to see the buck run away. As he was about a hundred yards distant I decided I must have missed him, for he failed to lower his flag by clapping it down, close to his body, as they invariably do when wounded. Relieving myself of the deer hanging on my shoulder, I started in pursuit, carefully examining the wet leaves that had been kicked up in his hasty retreat, to see if I could detect any trace of blood. After following for some distance, I lost the track and gave up. On returning I was most fortunate in discovering a small spot of blood on a white pebble which encouraged me to make a more diligent search. Following back on the tracks, I made a thorough search with no better results than before, so gave up altogether. Taking a short cut back to where I had left my deer, I stumbled upon the old monarch of Wolf Creek, dead, in a thicket of small white pine saplings. I was so pleased with my prize that I could hardly keep from shouting with joy. The horns, although but three points, had an immense spread with a very heavy beam, that to me seemed more like the antlers of an elk than those of a white-tailed deer. How to dress and hang up so monstrous a deer was quite a problem, but with the aid of my little double-bitted hunting ax that Billie McCullough had made, I solved the difficulty by cutting a small oak tree upon which to hang the deer and cutting two other forked ones with which to hoist it sufficiently high to dress it and be out of the reach of wolves. On opening the deer, I was astounded to find that I had shot it through the heart. I could hardly credit the fact that a deer thus wounded could run so far, about three hundred yards. Later, when the deer was taken to camp and stripped of its head, hide and feet, it weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. This was the finest and heaviest white-tailed deer I ever killed.

Another time while hunting, I surprised a buck that ran like a blue streak. I opened fire, the third shot wounded him and he bellowed like a calf; which somewhat astonished me as I had never heard a deer bellow before. After running a short distance, he ran afoul of a windfall of large pine trees. Finding his escape barred in that direction, he turned about and started towards me with head down, ears lopped and the bristles on the back of his neck standing. I permitted him to come quite close before I realized that the infuriated beast was actually bent on attacking me. His eyes were fairly green. I was not frightened, for, upon discovering his intentions, I put an end to his mad career and he fell at my feet. One evening when Rand Clark and I were returning to camp from an unsuccessful day's hunt, we spied a small deer some three or four hundred yards distant that started to run at seeing us. I fired and to my great surprise it fell. Upon approach-

ing the deer we expected to find it dead but were again surprised to see it jump up, and escape into the brush. As darkness was coming on and the deer had no more serious wound than a broken leg, we decided to continue on to camp and return the next morning and put the poor brute out of its misery. However, on our return we discovered the wolves had saved us the trouble.

The time was now at hand for father's return to Pennsylvania. I accompanied him as far as the lumber camps on the west branch of Thunder River. Leaving him there with Mr. Taylor, I returned to Wolf Creek where I continued hunting until the close of the season. While out hunting one cold blustery day, a severe wind storm came up. To escape the falling timber that had been killed by forest fires, we took refuge in a cedar swamp and remained there until the fury of the storm was spent. As winter approached and the snow began falling, we were jubilant because the deer could be more easily tracked and killed. After the snow had fallen to a depth of sixteen or eighteen inches and a heavy crust formed, it was more difficult to approach them, so we resorted to using a dog to drive them out of the cedar swamps where they had taken shelter from the cold bleak winds that swept the barrens. On one of these drives, hearing the dog yelping furiously, and realizing from the direction of the sound that the deer was making for the crossing at the farther end of the swamp, I started as fast as I could run, down the old logging road that paralleled the swamp, hoping to intercept the deer at the crossing. I had gone scarcely more than a third of the distance when, in a sharp turn of the road, I almost collided with the buck. The deer to avoid running over me, jumped aside and as he did so, I jerked my rifle up and fired at random, as I ran. I had not the slightest idea that I had hit him until I saw his tail flop down close to his body. Before I could fire the second shot he had run about a hundred yards and dropped dead. Upon examination I found that he had been shot through the heart. This being the second deer I had seen run some distance after being wounded in this way, I concluded that a shot of this kind did not necessarily mean instant death.

Returning from a hunting trip one day, we were surprised to find five Indians, who had called to pay their respects and incidentally obtain some provisions, if we had them to sell or rather give away. As there were no Indians in this part of the country of whom we knew, we were somewhat puzzled as to where they came from so unexpectedly. Upon Mr. Clark's making inquiry, we learned that they were part of a band of Chippewas from near Cherborgen, on the Upper Peninsula, who had come to this locality to hunt and had followed our wagon road into camp. They filed in with great dignity and stood about as silent as so many graven images, all save the spokesman, a man probably fifty-five or sixty years of age. These Indians, the first I had ever seen, dressed in their wild and savage hunting garb, were a great curiosity to me and filled me with awe. I could scarcely keep my eyes off of them. I observed that in passing they never allowed us to pass behind without turning around. Their snake-like eyes followed our every movement, lest we do them bodily harm. The spokesman, a dignified individual, did all of the talking, and when we tried to engage the others in conversation they merely grunted or ignored us entirely. After procuring the desired provisions and some tobacco, they filed out as solemnly and as silently as they had entered

and disappeared in the direction of Little Wolf Creek. I was deeply impressed with their stealthy movements and in later years, when travelling among the Western Indians, adopted their custom of never allowing an Indian or suspicious-looking character to pass behind me.

We had hoped our last day's hunt would be a record one, so were up long before daylight. Every one seemed possessed with the idea of hunting far and wide. Unfortunately, my duties were to procure wood and water and wash the dishes, so it was long after daylight before I left camp. Not knowing in what direction my companions had gone, I decided to stick to the old logging road by the head of the swamp where I was familiar with the haunts of every deer that frequented that vicinity. Towards noon the sun came out warm and as I had been unsuccessful, I sauntered leisurely back towards camp. I regretted that the two months of untold pleasure were now at an end and that on the morrow the teams would arrive in which I would take my departure for the lumber camps to enter upon the duties that were to prepare me to become a lumberman. As I approached the old hay field I discovered that a deer had crossed the road since I had travelled it earlier in the day. After following the tracks into the thicket a few rods I jumped the deer. As it crossed the road, I fired and it fell dead against the old rail fence within sight of camp. This was certainly a piece of good fortune. The deer being dressed and hung up, I continued on and at the corner of the field, within a hundred yards of camp, I jumped another that started to run towards our spring. I never saw a deer run so fast. It struck a fallen tree and glanced along its side in its efforts to escape. I fired and the deer fell headlong into the spring. Dragging the deer from the water, I hung it up. Deciding that good fortune had been kind enough to me for one day, I remained in camp and had a piping hot supper ready for the hunters when they returned, late that evening, greatly fatigued with the long day's tramp and discouraged with their ill luck. They were much disgusted on learning of my success.

The following morning, we decided to bring in the deer that had been left hanging a mile or two above camp, on Wolf Creek. We started out in the morning prepared to build a log raft of dead cedar trees on which to transport the deer to camp, that they might be more conveniently loaded on the sleds. On approaching the outlying deer, Rand Clark had the good fortune to kill a fine buck. The raft, when completed, was loaded with the deer hanging in that vicinity and then we floated down stream to pick up the other deer that had been left hanging a short distance from the creek. When opposite the latter, we succeeded in killing two old monarchs and a little farther on, another was added to the list. We arrived safely in camp that afternoon, with a cargo of nine deer which increased our total to sixty-one. Upon our return, we found that the teams had arrived during our absence. A busy scene followed, preparatory to an early morning departure. The next morning, shortly after daylight, we loaded our deer and our trappings and bidding good-bye to the many pleasant days spent on Wolf Creek, started on our way for the West Branch.

A cold wind that swept across the barrens fairly chilled us to the bone, and we were thankful when we crossed Little Wolf Creek and entered the sheltering pine forest. As we neared our lumber camps we came to a miniature lake, on the ice

of which eight little Indian children were skating in their bare feet. On the farther shore stood the wigwams of half a dozen Indian families, with the blue smoke curling up into the air from the openings in the tops of the wigwams. The children, upon discovering us, ceased playing and ran and concealed themselves behind the large white pines that studded the lake shore. They peered at us from behind the trees much as the grey squirrels did when I hunted them in Pennsylvania.

As the Indians were famous for their excellent tanning and the fine quality of their buckskin, we decided to cross the lake and if possible persuade them to tan some skins for us, among which was the hide of the monstrous buck. As we alighted from the sled there was a general scattering of little Indian children, who scampered into the lodges to escape the white men. On entering one of the lodges, constructed of bark and hides, we found the interior decorated with numerous skins, blankets and ornaments the handiwork of the Indians. In the center was a smouldering fire. In looking about I recognized the spokesman for the party of Indians that visited our camp at Wolf Creek, earlier in the winter. Later I became on intimate terms with this noted old chief, Broken Jaw, of whom I had often heard Mr. Taylor speak. He was now past middle age and had a son nearly my age. The son, Little Wolf, was so named because his cries reminded Broken Jaw of those of a puppy wolf he had killed on the day of the son's birth. Before the smouldering fire sat Broken Jaw's squaw, laboring vigorously, rubbing a deer-skin that was undergoing the tanning process. Being greatly pleased with the softness and flexibility of the finished hides, that reminded me of chamois skin, I inveigled Broken Jaw into taking a contract to tan three hides at a dollar each.

We then took our departure, arriving at the lumber camps in time to join sixty hungry woodsmen at supper. After my hunting companions had taken their departure for Pennsylvania, I moved to our upper camp, three miles up the stream. Our camp, like the general run of lumber camps in that part of Michigan, consisted of a long, low building constructed of logs, with a roof fashioned out of logs that had been split in twain and hollowed out, which gave the building the appearance of having a wooden tile roof. The logs, however, were not cut and placed in sections as tile, but each log ran the entire length of one side of the roof. In one end of this building stood a stove and a grindstone, and in the other end were the sleeping quarters of the men, arranged around the three walls, one bunk above another. A rude bench, that served for the men to sit upon when in camp, had been constructed in front of the bunks. A hole in the roof served for ventilation. The cook-house, that stood about sixty or eighty feet to the left of the main camp, and the storeroom in between, were also constructed of logs, and all stood beneath the shade of a dense forest of white pine. On reaching camp, I was assigned to a bunk occupied by a French Canadian. There, among a horde of uncouth lumberjacks, I was put to work as chore boy and began my life as a lumberman. I cut the wood, carried water for the camp, poured tea for the men and assisted about the cook-house in general. Our bill of fare consisted of the coarsest of meats, such as pickled pork and beef. Baked beans always adorned the table. As Alpena, our nearest market, was forty-five miles distant, with one of the worst roads in the world intervening, fresh meat was out of the question, save the venison furnished by my rifle.

The method of lumbering in Michigan, I soon learned, differed but little from that in Pennsylvania. Here, sleighs six feet wide between the runners with bunkers twelve feet long were used, instead of the bob sleds used in Pennsylvania on which a stick of square timber or a log or two had been made fast with a chain and then dragged to the landing, or a log chute on the ground where the logs were placed one back of the other and then shoved by a span of horses. On these sleds from six to thirty logs could be placed, according to the size of the timber, and were bound at the ends with log chains and easily hauled by one span of horses to the landing. In the construction of the logging roads, advantage was taken of the streams that usually flowed through the cedar swamps following down grade, along the course of the stream. Through these swamps, that were thickly wooded with small cedar and tamarack, that ranged from a few inches to a foot in diameter, the trees were felled and a road some twenty feet or more in width was built. As the streams that flowed through these swamps were largely fed by springs, it was with great difficulty that we succeeded in getting the road to freeze sufficiently solid to bear up under the heavy loads. My first task in the woods was to drive a yoke of oxen up and down this road to mix the mud and snow with the water and thus hasten the freezing. This procedure enabled us to start hauling our logs a month earlier than could have been done otherwise. After the road had been thoroughly frozen it was flooded from time to time by means of water hauled in tanks. This increased the thickness of the ice and when spring came there were still a few weeks of good hauling after the snow had disappeared. As the freshly fallen snow became mixed with the water, the iced road became quite thick and there was danger of the sleds sluing off the road. To prevent this, cedar poles four feet long were cut and placed at intervals in the road, much after the fashion of railroad ties, with the outer ends higher than the inner. This task was assigned to me. After the poles were frozen into the mass, the hauling began and I was transferred to other work, such as swamping out roads to the different skidways where the logs were to be rolled prior to their being loaded onto the sleighs.

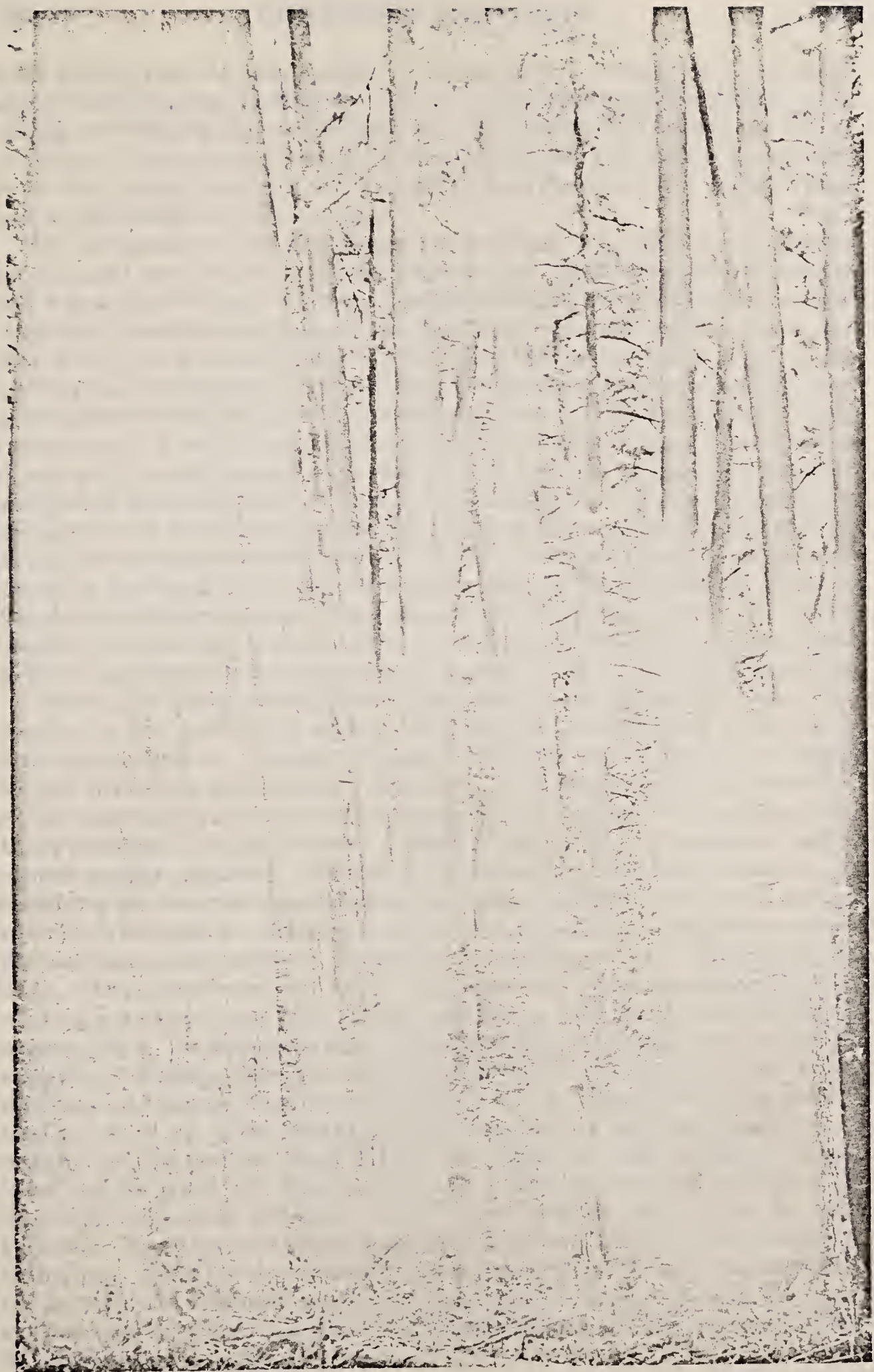
One day while thus engaged an accident occurred in which one of my companions nearly lost his life. He had recently been set to swamping, apparently out of danger, some distance away. Following orders, I proceeded to fall a large white pine that stood in the way of the skids. As the tree leaned a little towards the skidway, in order to fall it out of the way, I made the undercut around a little farther than I would otherwise have done and made the upper cut considerably higher than usual. Thus more wood was left uncut on the one side than on the other, in order to cause the tree to swing around and clear the skidway when the final blow was struck. At the critical moment, a hard blast of wind caught the tree and carried it in the opposite direction from which it was inclined. In its descent it fell against another tree that was lodged in the forks of a third. This and the weight of the two caused the forked tree to turn out by the roots which, in its turn, struck a Norway pine with such force that it was uprooted. The topmost boughs of the latter caught Mr. Davison and crushed him to the ground. I hastened to his aid and found him lying, apparently dead. As he began to breathe I heaved a sigh of relief. When help arrived upon the scene, he was carefully carried back to camp and, strange as it may seem, a few days later was back at



HAULING THE LOGS TO THE SKIDWAYS



FELLING AND SAWING TIMBER



MICHIGAN WHITE PINE TIMBER

work singing that old song familiar to all woodsmen, "Come all ye true-born shanty boys wherever ye may be — — —." As winter progressed, I was put to rossing and snipping logs and assisted with the skidding and loading the logs on the sleighs. Before spring I was given an ax and began to fall timber, preparatory to its being sawed into logs, and by spring I saw the last of our twelve million feet of logs landed on the river bank.

On the opening of the deer season the following fall, Uncle James Pearsall accompanied my companions of the previous year on their hunting expedition, and I soon joined them. We were quickly settled in our old quarters on Wolf Creek but found the hunting poor; the deer being scarce and much harder to find than during the previous year. We attributed this to the wolves until we discovered that the Indians were responsible. While falling a tree across Wolf Creek to bridge the stream, so that we could cross to the other side to hunt, I accidentally cut my knee. After this recovered sufficiently, I went hunting and in the course of my day's travel counted more than twenty carcasses of deer that had been stripped of their hides and left for the wolves to devour. We recognized this as the work of the Indians and realized the futility of farther hunting in that locality, so decided to move over on Little Wolf Creek. As the Indians had preceded us there, we continued on to our new lumber camps on the west branch, where we found an abundance of game. The Indians had not molested this territory as they could kill the deer more easily in the logged-off sections. We felt very much at home in these pine forests as it reminded us of hunting in the forests of Pennsylvania.

While out hunting one day Uncle James and I had a peculiar experience. We were but a few yards apart when a buck jumped up and started to run away, broadside towards us. I aimed at his heart, and fired, and as he instantly clapped his tail down close to his body, I called to Uncle James that the deer was mine. At the same time Uncle James claimed that he had hit him. When the buck fell, Uncle exclaimed, "It is my meat." I gazed at him in blank astonishment and he seemed equally perplexed. Neither of us realized that the other had shot. In examining the deer we found that two bullets had wounded it instead of one and as we each emptied the discharged shell from our guns, the mystery was solved. We had shot simultaneously. Uncle James being the older, I allowed him the prize. During another of our hunts, on a rainy day, we became separated after reaching a wild cranberry bog. In my wanderings, I discovered some hardwood-covered ridges. On finding the fresh trail of three deer in the wet leaves, I followed, ascending the sharp ridge, but on gaining the top I was surprised to see a deer watching me from the other side of a fallen tree. As only the head was visible I fired and when the smoke cleared, the deer was gone. I had taken steady aim, so expected to find the deer lying dead in its tracks, but upon reaching the spot found the doe gone. On discovering blood, I followed down to the foot of the ridge and there found the object of my search with the whole top of her head blown off. Just how the doe managed to run those two hundred yards puzzles me to this day. Upon my return to camp that evening, I found that Uncle James had not arrived. As darkness came on we began to have misgivings as to his safety and at nine o'clock fired two shots in rapid succession as a signal, but as there was no response and it continued to rain, we were quite worried. The next morning

we rose before daylight and were out searching for him. Returning to the place where we had become separated, I took his trail and spent the entire day looking for him; towards nightfall I became greatly discouraged and returned to camp, where I was overjoyed to find that Uncle James had arrived safely. In his wanderings he had come upon an old abandoned State road which he followed until darkness overtook him and had to remain out all night. The next morning following the road for a number of miles, he finally came to the road leading from Harrisville to our camp, when the journey to camp was quickly and joyfully made. At the close of the hunting season, more than three score of deer had been killed, and hauled to our lumber camp to be consumed during the winter.

I returned to the lumber camps, where on account of the scarcity of men, I continued to fall timber until towards spring when I assisted in sawing and skidding. When spring arrived, out of the sixteen million feet of logs, cut and skidded, we were caught with more than four million feet on the skids and scattered about the choppings where they had to remain until the following winter. With the first rise of water in the spring, we began to roll the logs from the skids at the landing into the stream. I assisted with the drive as far as the lake, but as our neighbor lumberman, Mr. Comstock, had blocked the stream with his great quantity of logs until most of the flood waters had subsided, many of our logs hung up before they reached Hubbard Lake, where they were usually boomed. In the fall of 1882, as the lumber market had greatly improved it was decided to increase the output twenty million feet of logs that winter, if possible. Accordingly, in order not to be caught napping by an early spring with our logs on the skids, forty men were assigned to the upper camp and sixty to the lower with Lute Lindsay as foreman of the former and his brother, Robert, of the latter. There was great rivalry between the two camps and each tried to excel the other. By the time that Eli Vastbinder and Tom Lyle reached Michigan, the only ones of the sextette who returned that winter to hunt, we had upwards of four million feet of timber fallen and sawed into logs aside from the four million feet left from the previous year. The indications were for a long severe winter which was favorable for the lumbermen, and as our logging was well under way I could not resist the temptation of a few weeks hunt with my former companions. This time we took up our quarters in a small log cabin, situated about a mile below our lower camps, among the Norway pines that had been left uncut, owing to the low price of Norway logs. This winter, like the previous two, we were very successful in killing deer but owing to the numerous cedar swamps on the West Branch, it was difficult to find them. An old buck had taken up his quarters on the summit of an isolated hill, evidently believing himself out of harm's way. His location was well chosen; he could see the approach of his enemies from every quarter, in plenty of time to make his escape down the opposite side of the hill, when danger threatened. We had surrounded this hill many times, and planned to surprise and kill this shrewd old buck, with a splendid head of horns that was the envy of the trio, but somehow the crafty old fellow always discovered us in ample time to make his escape. He had outwitted us for two winters and at the close of this hunting season was still master of the round top.

Our foreman, Robert Lindsay, while out hunting for a stray hog, suddenly came upon seven bear. He opened fire and, after shooting at several of them, the brutes turned on him. He dropped his rifle and fled, being nearly exhausted when he reached camp. The relating of his experience caused great laughter among the men, who doubted his story, as bear are rarely ever found associating together, until the next day, when two of them accompanied him to the scene and there found two dead bear and the rifle near at hand. Later on the men at camp frequently reported seeing bear sometimes two or three in number, so I concluded to give up deer hunting for a few days and look for bear, among the hardwoods on the ridges that occurred here and there among the pine timber, which at that time were laden with nuts. Scarcely had I left the pine timber and entered the hardwoods before I saw a black object below me; having never seen a bear standing still, I was not positive whether this was a bear or an old burned stump, until the bear raised its head. As it looked up at me, I took steady aim at the forehead and fired; the bear dropped dead. Old hunters had warned me never to shoot at the forehead as there was a great danger of the bullet glancing off, but as this was my only alternative, I took the chance. With a forty-five calibre Marlin and four hundred and eighty-five grains of lead, I had perfect confidence as to the results. The bear, being of ordinary size, was not difficult to dress and hang up, using the same method I had used in hanging up deer. Needless to say, I was very proud of this, my first bear. I continued hunting among the hardwoods throughout the day, scarcely expecting to have the good fortune of seeing another, but towards noon my efforts were rewarded, for as I stood watching, one walked out from behind a fallen tree, so busily engaged feeding on acorns that he failed to discover me. As he stood broadside I aimed just back of the shoulders and fired, but instead of the bear falling, as I expected, he started to run, so I gave him a parting shot. Upon reaching the place where he first stood, I discovered blood and experienced no difficulty in tracking him for about half a mile. Here all traces of blood disappeared and I lost the trail, but my diligent searching routed him from a thicket of young beech. As he attempted to escape, I dispatched him with a well directed bullet. Being of monstrous size, I was compelled to dress him and let him remain where he fell. I then started to camp for assistance.

Just before leaving the hardwoods I was astonished to see a small bear. The bear spied me about the same time and started to run. I fired and he fell, but upon my approaching him, he jumped up and started off. Convinced that he was seriously wounded and could not escape, I refrained from shooting again, but decided to capture him and cut his throat rather than to further mutilate the hide. I watched my opportunity, grabbed him by the long glossy hair of the back and instantly threw him to the ground, whereupon Bruin bellowed like a calf. He immediately showed fight, biting and clawing in his mad endeavors to hug me, while I frantically struggled either to make my escape, or sever his jugular vein. We took turn about at having each other down, but when the opportunity finally presented itself, I quickly thrust my hunting knife into his neck and put an end to this desperate and exciting encounter. I was thankful to escape with no more serious injury than a few scratches and bites and the loss of a goodly part of my raiment, which had been torn off in the fray. Then and there I con-

cluded that I was no match for a wounded bear, even a small one of a hundred pounds. As darkness was near at hand, I dressed the bear, hung it up, and returned to camp. The next night we dined sumptuously on bear meat, which I pronounced most excellent. The bear were very plentiful in that locality, at this time, on account of the abundance of beech nuts and acorns in the hardwoods, which attracted them from far and near. Many more bear were killed by us before the hunting season closed. After my companions departed for home I remained in camp for some time hunting to supply the lumber camp with fresh meat.

Broken Jaw, who seemed pleased that I had not forsaken the solitudes of the forest, often visited me and promised that his squaw would use all of her ingenuity and do her finest work in tanning my bear skins. As time passed, I became better acquainted with the old chief and his family, and grew to respect them. Little Wolf, Broken Jaw's only son, usually accompanied me on my hunting trips and when I was fortunate enough to kill a deer, I usually shared with him. One day I killed a large male wolf that frequented the borders of a cranberry bog. I had seen him several times but the sly old brute had always succeeded in eluding me. The shaggy hide, of little value to me, I presented to Little Wolf, who apparently had a weakness for this animal's skin. The beaver being unusually plentiful along the streams where we were lumbering, the Indians paid more attention to trapping this winter than to hunting; probably due to the supply of venison furnished by me. I often accompanied Broken Jaw on his frequent trips, to set traps along the different branches of the streams. The beaver, in spite of our frequent cutting out of their dams, to free the streams from obstructions, in order to float the logs out in the spring, stubbornly refused to leave their old haunts, and persisted in re-building them. On one of these excursions, I shot a beaver which instantly sank in about eight feet of water, in one of the newly constructed dams. I had not realized that the little animal would sink and lamented losing the skin. Little Wolf, seeing my disappointment, volunteered to dive to the bottom and procure it for me. Stripping himself, he plunged into that icy water and in a few seconds returned to the surface with the beaver. As a reward for his willingness to do me a good turn I presented him with the beaver, which made him my friend during the rest of my stay in Michigan.

Either my kindness to the Indians or their friendship for me, caused Broken Jaw and his people to move their lodges from the shores of the lake to the stream, in close proximity to my camp. At first I was not pleased with this new arrangement, but later, on account of their companionship, would have been reluctant to have them move away.

One day while out attending to the traps, we discovered that the beaver had lately dammed up the stream and constructed a house in the center of the pond. The desire to capture them alive seizing me, I proposed this to Broken Jaw, who, shaking his head, said, "Wait and we will catch all of them in our traps." I finally obtained his consent to our tearing down the dam, and assured him that I would shoot the beaver as they emerged from their house. Little Wolf, slipping out of his clothes, was soon in the icy water, tearing away the birch sticks that had been lodged to form the dam. After the breach had been made and the water began to subside we turned our attention to the house. While Little Wolf was

tearing this away, stick by stick, we discovered that three of the occupants were making their escape by swimming under water. I grabbed my rifle and fired several shots without effect, much to the disgust of the old Chief and myself. Evidently the bullets were deflected by the great depth of water. After my failure in this venture, Broken Jaw prophesied that he would catch them all in his traps before spring and his prophecy proved true. We continued trapping for otter, beaver and the shy fisher until the severity of the weather compelled us to keep closer to our camp fires. My Christmas and New Year were quietly spent in the lodges of Broken Jaw and Little Wolf; quite a contrast to the holidays I had spent at home. As we now had seventeen beaver, six otter, two fishers and a number of smaller animals, and the deer being at this time too poor to utilize for food, I decided to quit trapping and move to the upper lumber camps and make myself useful. Accordingly, on the fourth of January, I took leave of my Indian friends with a promise to visit them on Sundays. Upon my arrival in camp, where more than half of the winter's logs had been cut and skidded, I was assigned to my old task of chopping, butting, topping and otherwise preparing the trees for the sawyers. A chopper and two sawyers constituted a crew for falling the trees and cutting them into logs.

If the timber was of average size, a crew could cut from forty to sixty logs per day, but when small, as was often the case, they could cut as many as one hundred and eight. The greater part of the timber was of the best quality. The bull sap averaged from fourteen to thirty inches in diameter, and the older cork pines, which were much larger, from three to five feet. Several of the latter, that stood on the border of a small lake, of which mention will be made later, were six feet in diameter. The timber usually cut from twenty to thirty thousand feet per acre, and an occasional acre cut as high as eighty thousand. The smaller timber and Norway pine were not considered profitable enough to cut, so were left standing. I had become expert with the ax, so continued chopping until March when we had fallen and cut our twenty million feet of logs. From this time on I assisted with the skidding and loading the logs on the sleighs. As there was great danger of snagging the horses, oxen were best suited to this kind of work, and I soon learned to drive them, and, like grandfather Pearsall, was gentle with them and spoke kindly to them. In a short time I had the wild and unruly beasts submissive and doing good work, which greatly contrasted with what they had previously done. Before I took charge of them, they had been handled by an excitable French Canadian, who, it was said, had to stop driving at eleven thirty in order that the echo of his vile oaths could die out sufficiently for the men to hear the dinner horn. He had ruined the cattle to such an extent, with his murderous use of the goad stick and profanity, that they turned their yoke and ran away at every opportunity. After I had handled them for a time, they became so gentle that I usually rode one or the other to and from work.

By the latter part of March there was about four feet of snow on the ground, so crusted over that we were able to travel about on snowshoes. This condition was very favorable for the wolves, which preyed upon the deer to such an extent that the half-starved creatures gladly sought shelter in our choppings, feeding upon the moss that grew on the recently fallen trees. The same deer that but a

few short months before were so fat, slick and shy that we were scarcely able to get within shooting distance of them, were now like so many starved and bony horses; and so tame that one could approach close enough to enable one to count their ribs. As Mr. Taylor often said, "You could hang your hat on their haunch bones." At times when hauling away the first cut or log, of the tree, the deer stood unconcerned, feeding on the moss of the upper branches, apparently without fear. One deer in particular, that had unfortunately lost its right fore leg at the knee, persisted in feeding about the place, and we had to throw sticks at it, in order to frighten it out of the way of the teams. One morning while hauling away the butt log of a large pine tree, I counted seven deer feeding among the top branches and a dozen others near by. When the winters were severe and feed scarce, it was not uncommon for the deer to yard in the choppings. I remember a Saturday night that was made hideous by the savage howling of a band of wolves, near our camp. Realizing that some poor animal had been the victim, I started out in the morning on snowshoes to investigate, and had not walked more than a quarter of a mile when I came to a place where the wolves had devoured a deer. Not a vestige of the animal was left except the hair scattered about on the blood-stained snow. I tried to count the number of wolves in the pack, but was unsuccessful on account of the tracked-up condition of the snow.

Once while engaged in skidding, I had the misfortune to have a log roll back upon one of the oxen, and break its leg, which made it necessary to kill the poor beast. Being short of animals with which to do our hauling, Charlie, one of our teamsters, was compelled to return to Alpena and drive in another yoke of oxen. Upon his return, towards night, when a short distance from camp, three wolves attacked the cattle causing them to run away. Charlie was badly frightened and climbed a tree, where he remained until almost frozen before venturing down. The next morning I went with him in search of the cattle. We found them safe at the lower camp where they had taken refuge from the wolves. These oxen, tall and slender, with the agility of deer, were invaluable for skidding. When a thaw set in, threatening to destroy our sledding, I was trusted with them and put on the road hauling logs to the various landings along the streams. On these short hauls, these oxen proved themselves equal to the best team of horses on the job.

Along the shores of a small lake grew some large cork pines, the pride of the forest, and in the center of the lake was a small island, containing less than a third of an acre, on which stood three gigantic cork pines. These had been purposely left until the lake was frozen sufficiently hard for us to venture over with the sled. The trees were then fallen and cut into logs. I was trusted to haul out six of the largest, each of which was over six feet in diameter. These were the largest logs that we had cut in three years. Proudly sitting upon the topmost log of the load, I felt greatly honored as I drove the oxen to the landing. Towards spring, as more than half of our logs were still on the skids, every available horse and ox was put to work, and we toiled early and late to get our logs hauled while the sledding was good. On a haul of one and a half miles, we made seven trips per day, and three on a six-mile haul. Our orders were to shove the horses through; that the collars would fit others. This we did and by the time spring arrived, and our iced roads through the swamps had broken up, we had over twenty million feet of



HAULING LOGS TO THE LANDING



LOGS AT THE LANDING



THE LOGS BEING DRIVEN DOWN THE RIVER TO THE MILL



LOGS AT THE MILL

logs banked at the various landings on the river, and had killed seven head of horses and cattle. Strange as it may seem, our upper camp, with its smaller crew of forty men, had the honor of putting in over sixty per cent of the logs. During previous years we experienced some difficulty in driving our logs out in the spring on account of our neighbor lumberman, Mr. Comstock, who persistently rolled his logs into the stream and blocked it, until he had finished his drive. During the fall, unbeknown to him, we made a quarter of a mile cut through a low sand hill, extending our logging road down the stream to a point about six miles below the branch on which he lumbered, and hauled and dumped about a million feet of logs there. Mr. Comstock, blocked and beaten at his own game, was compelled to co-operate with us, thus relieving the embarrassing situation. After the ice went out of the stream we began the drive.

The logs were then towed across Hubbard Lake, and driven down Thunder River to Alpena, there to be converted into lumber. The mills at Alpena had a capacity of from sixty to one hundred thousand feet per day, which was a decided increase over the mills about Brookville, which had a capacity of scarcely thirty thousand feet. All men not required to look after the logs, left camp and returned to Alpena. I was left alone in camp, to look after the stock and the raising and lowering of the flood gates of the upper dam. When the spring floods had ceased, the success of floating our logs down the smaller streams into the main river, depended wholly on the water stored in this pond.

Life in a lumber camp, where the hours of labor were from daylight until dark, was not devoid of interest, as some might suppose. During the long winter evenings, after we had sharpened our axes for the following day's work, we amused ourselves by singing, dancing or hazing. As the nearest settlement was Harrisville, twenty-eight miles distant, and there were no women in the camp, the dances were participated in by men only; hence their name, Stag Dances. Some of the men assumed the part of the gentler sex, and as they all wore spiked boots it was indeed a ludicrous scene. Their rough stomping and wheeling about soon made the floor look as if a thousand porcupines had been at work. The hazing usually took place at the end of a dance, and the victim, some one who had played a practical joke on his fellow workmen, or had related a story not suitable for the parlor, was pounced upon at the call of "Put him up," and placed downward upon the shoulders of two of his companions. Then all hands seized boards, shovels, goad sticks, or anything that happened to be within reach and proceeded to vigorously apply them to the victim. This rough treatment usually made the man unfit for work for several days, and at times was so severe that it was marvelous no bones were broken. Should the one hazed complain of his rough treatment, he was drummed out of camp. Not even the foreman escaped this hazing, and I was threatened each time that my turn would come next, but for some unknown reason, the threat was never put into execution and I escaped these terrible drubbings. At nine o'clock the foreman called out, "Boys, it's time to turn in," and in less than ten minutes all was peaceful and quiet until morning, when we were ordered to turn out for breakfast. If, perchance, anyone happened to snore loud enough to disturb the slumber of his fellow companions, a shower of spiked boots was hurled at the offender, and all others in that quarter covered up their heads to escape the

impending danger. Music on the violin or accordion helped us to while away the time pleasantly. The men as a rule were without culture or refinement but were kind and generous. If a comrade fell ill, or met with misfortune, a purse of five hundred or a thousand dollars was subscribed in an evening. Their worst fault was the liquor habit. In the spring, after a long winter spent in the lumber camps, they went on the drive and upon their arrival in Alpena, most of them spent their winter wages of from two to three hundred dollars, within a week or ten days. After their hard-earned money had been squandered, they went to work on the booms about the sawmills, where they remained until fall and then, with a jug of whiskey, returned to the lumber camps, penniless.

The nights after the crew had departed were certainly lonely ones for me. I scarcely believe that I could have stood the awful silence of those thirty days, without hearing a human voice, had I not been absorbed in my studies, which I kept up throughout the winter. Many of my nights were disturbed by the screams of owls and the hideous howls of night-prowling animals as they quarreled and fought over some dainty morsel that had been thrown back of the camp during the winter. The owls and the wildcats were the most troublesome, and at times I had to get up and fire off my rifle to frighten them away. A barrel of waste pork that had been left standing just outside the door proved a great attraction for a hungry bear that persisted in annoying me, until one night, being desperate, I got up and, with a lantern in hand, I quietly opened the door and began firing at Bruin, who was less than six feet away, emptying my revolver as he ran. This put an end to further annoyance from his bearship.

After attending to the stock in the mornings, I walked three miles to the upper dam and opened the flood gates and towards evening returned and closed them, to prevent any waste of water at night. Our upper dam, originally a beaver meadow, was always intensely interesting to me. The wise little beaver had shown great wisdom in choosing this location; a narrow place between two prominent points. These skilled little engineers had constructed their dam by gnawing down birch and aspen trees from six to eight inches in diameter, falling them into the stream. Filling in with smaller trees, gnawed into various lengths, and with the aid of brush and roots, added from time to time, they had built a dam of great strength, about six feet high, which had caused the back waters to form a lake of several thousand acres. This was the favorite home of the beaver. The location of this dam had been so admirably chosen that instead of cutting it out as had been our custom with others we simply reinforced it and raised it about ten feet, so as to store sufficient water to drive our logs out of the smaller streams. At length the last of our twenty million feet of logs having been driven to Hubbard Lake, the teams came and on the morning of the 17th of May, 1883, we left for Alpena. The horses and cattle followed with their drivers. On my way out I was greatly astonished to see the number of miles of virgin timber that had been cut over during my three winters in camp. I hardly knew the country on account of the change that had been brought about by the devastation of the forest. After passing Twin Lakes, we were treated to a surprise in the way of a blinding snow storm, which continued throughout the greater part of the day. We reached Alpena that night, having travelled forty-five miles. Arrangements having been

made between Mr. Taylor and Mr. Comstock for the purchase of the Michigan holdings, I decided to return to Pennsylvania, so took passage on the first steamer that sailed for Detroit, and arrived in Brookville, May twenty-seventh.

With no definite plans for the summer, and feeling the need of a better education, I clerked for father in the forenoons and evenings, and attended Miss Mary Stewart's private school in the afternoons. While attending this school, I met a bright, interesting young miss, whose splendid recital of the Battle of Buena Vista so thrilled me that I immediately became interested in her. Learning that she lived in the neat little cottage, surrounded by a grove of wild crab apple trees, on the hill a few miles east of town, I haunted the place from the opening of the first fragrant, delicate pink blossoms in spring until the chilly blasts of October, when my visits were brought to an abrupt ending. It was only a lover's quarrel.

SECTION 2.

After all attempts at a reconciliation with the young lady had failed, I resolved to leave home and go to some remote part of the world where I could bury my trouble. At first I thought of Washington Territory, then Australia suddenly entered my mind and I was somewhat comforted, for once in that far-away country no tidings of me would ever reach Miss A. When I informed my parents of my intentions, father tried to dissuade me, offering me a partnership in his business, which I declined. The tender pleadings of mother, who had always been so good and so kind, almost overcame me, but I remained firm in my resolution. It was with great difficulty that I tore myself from her embrace on that memorable morning of October eighth, 1883, and filled with regret at leaving home, bid farewell to my brothers and sisters, believing that I was saying good-bye for the last time, as I had no intention of ever returning. Upon my arrival at Omaha, I took a Pullman direct to San Francisco. Having never before seen any great extent of level land, I was intensely interested as we rolled along over the western prairies. Passing through the western part of Nebraska, I saw my first and only herd of wild buffalo. As they loped along over the plains, the train was stopped for a few minutes that the passengers might have a better view of them, and I longed to go in pursuit. In Colorado and Wyoming, innumerable bands of antelope and elk stood gazing at us, and at times an occasional wolf or deer was seen.

In crossing the Rocky Mountains, the ascent was so gradual that I failed to realize that we had climbed the Great Divide until we started on the descent, and naturally was disappointed, as I had expected to see the Rocky Mountains towering far above me into the clouds. The Sierra Nevadas, however, with their snow-clad summits, loomed up before me with all of the glory and majesty I had pictured. At eventide, when we reached the summit of these mountains, we traveled through a forest of noble sugar pines, ranging from three to seven feet in diameter, and I felt quite at home. On awakening the next morning, what a change. Instead of snow-clad mountains, beautiful green hills and valleys greeted us as we skirted along the shores of San Francisco Bay, and the sun shone as on a summer day. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. It seemed as if I must be dreaming and would soon waken to the unreality of it all.

After an eight days' journey across the continent, we arrived in Oakland about ten o'clock in the morning, boarded a ferry for San Francisco, and an hour later were comfortably located in the Palace Hotel. While awaiting the sailing of the *Zealandia*, on which I expected to take passage for Australia, I visited Oakland with its fine climate, beautiful flowers and avenues of graceful palms, which contrasted greatly with the snow-clad mountains I had so recently left, and caused me to write home telling of California, the land of sunshine and flowers, and that I would rather live in California on a crust of bread and live ten years less, than to return to the cold and inhospitable winters of Pennsylvania. On Sunday, October 21st, 1883, at four o'clock the *Zealandia* steamed out through the Golden Gate on her voyage to Australia with Captain Webber in command. When darkness closed from view the dim distant outline of the California coast, I supposed I had looked for the last time upon my native country and something sad about the thought of it caused a lump to rise in my throat that was hard to swallow. When morning came, after dressing, I went on deck and found that more than two hundred miles of troubled water lay between me and my native land, while to the westward lay the broad Pacific Ocean, with a heavy sea running at the time, which added no little discomfort to my already distressed frame of mind. The fortnight that followed I shall pass over with little comment, save that I would most heartily recommend a sea voyage as a quick and sure cure for all jilted lovers.

On the fifth day out we spoke the *City of Sydney* on her way from Australia to San Francisco, twenty days out from Sydney. In latitude seventeen degrees north we passed from the cold piercing winds of the north to the soft gentle breezes of the tropics. On the eleventh we crossed the equator and passed into the Southern Sea, where for the first time I obtained a splendid view of the Southern Cross, somewhat battered and out of shape according to my conception of the Cross of which I had heard so much.

The morning of the fifteenth of November land was sighted ahead, which later proved to be the Samoan (Navigators) Islands, and before the noon hour we arrived at the island of Tutuila, the third in size of the Samoan group. Passing to windward the *Zealandia* entered the harbor of Pago Pago, on the south side of the island, and cast anchor. In this curiously shaped harbor, which extends so far inland as to almost cut the island in two, is located the coaling station where vessels plying between San Francisco, New Zealand and Australia obtain fuel in case they run short. Here the *Zealandia* lay until evening before weighing anchor and sailing for Apia, on the island of Upolu. The next morning while the *Zealandia* lay peacefully at anchor in the crescent-shaped harbor before Apia, we learned of the dreadful condition of affairs in Australia, due to a prolonged drouth. Business was at a standstill, and the unemployed who were not able to leave the country were walking the streets begging for something to eat. The reports from passengers who had recently left the *City of Sydney* at Apia were even worse than Captain Webber would admit. To return to the United States seemed utterly out of the question, since upon leaving there I had vowed never to return. Realizing this, there seemed nothing else for me to do but to continue on to Australia, where if I found the conditions as reported, and I could not earn a livelihood,



NEAR APIA

I could at least take passage on some vessel sailing for Cape Town or some other South African port.

Happily, after a day spent ashore, my destiny solved itself while wandering about in this strange, entrancing island, amid the shade of its cocoanut palms, and woodlands, with their forest trees festooned with creeping vines, hanging in masses that almost reached the ground, like lace-work of the most intricate patterns; hibiscus, orchids of dainty pink, and the creamy white flowers of the wild gingers; and watching the natives whose only object in living seemed to be to enjoy this little earthly Paradise, where nature had been so kind and generous. Upon my return to Apia that afternoon my mind was fully made up to settle in the island, and spend the remainder of my life there. I returned to the Zealandia, and after securing all my earthly belongings, bid adieu to the ship that had carried me safely to this fairy-like land, and went ashore. About ten o'clock that night the Zealandia weighed anchor and steamed from the harbor. I watched her lights until they faded from view in the darkness, and then retired for the night to begin a new life on the morrow.

After a few days spent at Apia, familiarizing myself as to conditions about the islands, I fortunately met H. J. Moors, the leading merchant of Apia, of whom I inquired if there was an opening for a clerk in his place of business. As there were no vacancies, he suggested my trading among the natives of the islands, saying that the islands afforded no better opportunity for a bright, wide-awake, energetic young man, who was not averse to hardship and the peril of the sea. At first thought the adventure appealed to me, having had considerable dealing with the public in my father's place of business, so I concluded to ship on the new adventure if I could purchase a suitable boat with my limited means. I had hoped to engage in lumbering in a small way if suitable timber could be found growing on these islands, as I noticed all lumber used in buildings here was shipped in from California, and thus the saving of the freight alone would net me a handsome profit. With this in view, by engaging in the trade with the natives, I would not only become familiar with the resources of the island, but hoped that my new adventure would prove a profitable one. Fortunately, there was a ten-ton craft, suitable for the trade in the harbor, offered for sale at a thousand dollars, by Henry Gardner of Salem, Massachusetts. He had acquired a small fortune in trading among the islands, and wished to return to his old home and settle down on a small farm.

I congratulated myself on this piece of good fortune, as I was anxious to get started before my funds became depleted. F. S. Edwards, who had been employed by Mr. Gardner, remained with the Sulu, the name of my newly acquired craft, for which I was grateful; for he was not only acquainted with the natives but was an able seaman. In all I had only eight hundred dollars left with which to buy the Sulu, and as Mr. Gardner required the full amount as he was leaving the islands, I was at a loss where to obtain the necessary amount until Mr. Moors came to my rescue, not only advancing me the much-needed two hundred dollars, but outfitting me as well, taking my note for security.

By the fifteenth of November the Sulu was fully equipped, and on the morning of the sixteenth with a fair breeze we sailed out of the harbor, calling in at Sa-luafata, Falefa, Fangoloa, Tiavea, on Upolu, Nuulua Island, Nuutele Island

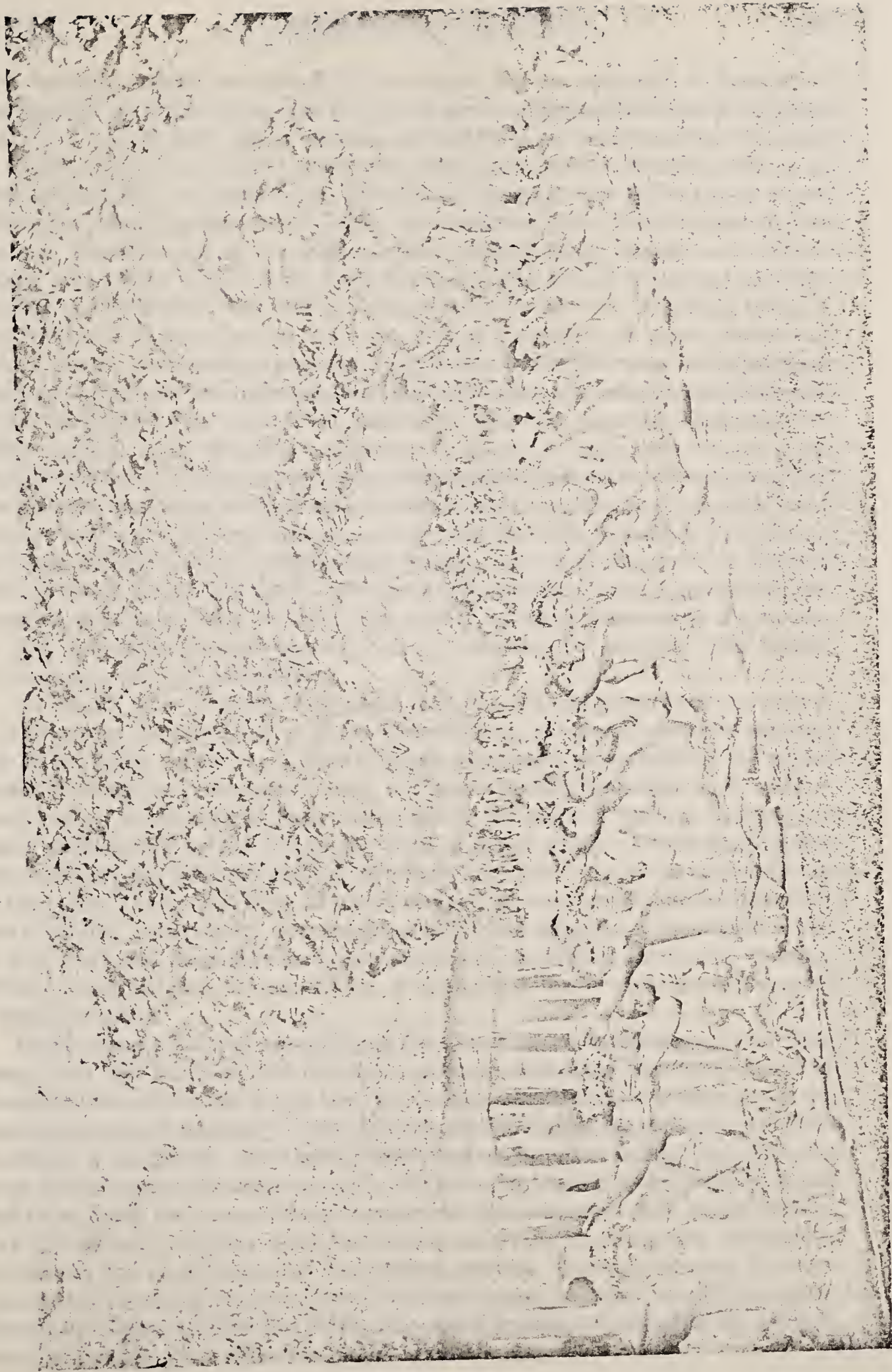
Lotofunga, Manono Island and various other ports. After an absence of one month to the day we returned to Apia with a full cargo of copra and a small amount of miscellaneous freight, all of which I turned over to Mr. Moors, and placed aboard the American schooner *Grayhound*, that had lately arrived from Tahiti and at the time was discharging her cargo and taking aboard freight. While superintending the loading of my copra, I made the acquaintance of Captain Johnson, and before finishing the transfer of the freight from the *Sulu* to the *Grayhound*, to my great surprise, he offered me the position of superintending the *Grayhound's* cargo, as he intended to visit Savaii and other islands of the South Sea. I accepted his offer in order to become acquainted with these islands. Beside the knowledge I would gain, I was not averse to earning a few honest dollars of which I was now much in need. As I wished to retain Mr. Edwards in my employment upon our return to Apia, I recommended him to Captain Johnson as an experienced sailor who was familiar with the trade, and was greatly pleased when he accepted his services.

While my adventure as a trader had not proved as profitable as I had hoped for, it enabled me to make a satisfactory settlement with Mr. Moors, and leaving one hundred dollars to be paid on the *Sulu*, which I expected to be able to pay after the next cruise among the islands, as I must then have become better acquainted with the trade. As Captain Johnson intended returning to Apia before sailing for San Francisco, I left the *Sulu* in charge of Mr. Moors during my absence, instructing him what to do with the boat in case anything happened to me.

Before sailing for the island of Savaii, some forty or fifty miles to the westward, the *Grayhound* called in at Malua, Leulumoenga and Safata, which gave me ample time to see something of native life about the various ports of call.

While Apia, the seat of the Samoan Government, is beautifully situated beneath the shade of cocoanut palms, breadfruit, mangoes and other tropical trees, that extend down to the water's edge, there were other villages scattered along the cocoa-palm-lined shore that were equally promising. In these the natives' costumes have changed but little since the coming of the early missionaries. They dressed only in their lava-lava (grass skirt) of native-made cloth beat out of the bark of the hibiscus or wild mulberry tree, which exposes their bronze bodies to no small degree. They still live in their oddly circular-shaped houses with curious mushroom-shaped grass roofs supported on trunks of the hibiscus and other hardwood trees. While the sides, which are formed of mats made from the fibres of cocoanut leaves, are kept rolled up under the eaves in fair weather to admit of a free circulation of air. When in this condition it reminds one of so many haycocks standing on numerous columns some eight or ten feet high. Upon the ground mats are spread where the natives sit and make their kava (native drink), sing and dance pretty much as before the coming of the missionary among them.

On our arrival at Savaii, the most westerly island of importance of the Samoan group, the approach of the *Grayhound* caused great excitement among the natives, as a vessel of the *Grayhound's* class seldom calls at this island, the trade usually being carried on by small trading boats which carry the islands' products to Apia, for the convenience of the larger class of vessels that ply between San Francisco



A NATIVE DANCE

and Australia, which occasionally call at Apia. On our approach to Sapapalii I was greatly surprised to see the natives in their outrigger boats shove off shore and sail a mile or more out to meet us, although the sea was choppy at the time.

After taking aboard what copra (the dried kernel of the cocoanut) was to be had at Sapapalii, we called in at Tuasivi and Amoa, a few miles to the north, Matautu, Asau, Salailua and Palauli. At the latter place, our last port of call, we met Mataafa, one of the leading chiefs of the islands, whose home was on Upolu and whose mission here seemed more in the nature of testing out their loyalty to him in the event that war should again break out. A feast in honor of the chief was in progress and upon our arrival a siva-siva or native dance was taking place. As no natives came out in their canoes to meet us as at the previous ports of our call, we went ashore and mingled with the multitude that had gathered. Upon the ground were pyramids of cocoanuts, plantains, bananas, breadfruit and other tropical fruits heretofore unknown to me. On mats were fish of many kinds and colors. While the pigs were being baked in the pits or ovens we watched the dancers, both men and women, dressed in their lava-lavas, go through many strange and weird dances, keeping perfect time to music furnished by clapping of hands, stamping of feet and singing in chorus. The performers were all smeared with cocoanut oil and decorated with flowers and necklaces of the large coor berries. Some of the dances only the men took part in, while in others only the women or girls, who went through violent forms of twisting and writhing their bodies, all very strange, but interesting.

At length, when the pigs were taken from the fire pits, they were cut up and spread out on the broad leaves of the plantain tree, along with the fruit and fish, the latter being spread on ti leaves; those who cared to partake of the repast seated themselves cross-legged upon the ground, while the chief used mats of fern, and all began eating, their fingers taking the place of forks or spoons, and many made merry by the drinking of kava, a native drink. I must confess that the roast port was delicious and the breadfruit very good. As to the taro and some of the fruits, I cared but little for them, as they were rather insipid and tasteless, one of which, in particular, seemed more like I had taken into my mouth a ball of cord that had been previously immersed in a weakened solution of vinegar. While I abstained from the use of kava, I found the milk of the unripened cocoanut a delicious drink.

While here we learned something of the unrest of the Samoan people, of their petty wars and troubles that the chiefs declare could have been settled by the Samoans themselves had it not been for outside interference. It seems that the three great powers Germany, Great Britain and the United States had undertaken to extend a protectory over these islands, and each nation looked with jealousy upon the others for the supremacy of trade from the islands of the Southern Seas, and in so doing had sown discord among the Samoans and their chiefs, who in turn looked with mistrust upon each other, as trying to strengthen themselves by gaining the co-operation of the foreign powers. Germany seemed to have exercised the greatest influence over Upolu and Savaii, and the United States over Tutuila and Manni, while the British lion stood looking on, wagging his tail and ready to pounce upon whatever might come his way.

On our return to the vessel in the afternoon, we took aboard what copra we could induce the natives to bring to us, which was small on account of the happening of so important an event at their village. The sun had scarcely sunk below the dark horizon of the sea before Captain Johnson weighed anchor, and as Palauli was our last port of call in the Samoan Islands, he shaped the Grayhound's course sou'-sou'west and headed the vessel for the Fijian Islands. When darkness came on, as I looked back in the wake of our ship, watching the lurid glow of Mauguafi's open crater, it was with regret that I had seen so little of Savaii, the largest of the Samoan Islands.

The Grayhound, true to her name, with favorable winds, on Monday evening of December 24th, made Rambi, one of the northeasterly of the (Viti) Fijian group, in three days, a distance of about four hundred miles; her log at times showing thirteen knots an hour. As it was Christmas Eve, according to our time of reckoning, I retired to my bunk early to be up at the break of dawn, Captain Johnson having promised us a half day on shore. But, lo, what a disappointment on rising the next morning to find it Wednesday, December 26th, Tuesday, the 25th, Christmas, having been lost at sea, which is explained by the fact that upon passing the 180° longitude west a day is dropped from the time of reckoning. Thus, by overlapping a day we had but six days that week. In my diary I find the following recorded:—Lost at sea one perfectly good Christmas, somewhere in latitude 16° south, longitude 180° west.

Rambi, one of the smaller of the Fijian Islands, whose greatest diameter is about 20 miles, is almost wholly devoted to the growing of cocoanut trees; hence by anchoring outside of the coral reef, with much labor and difficulty we were able to take aboard a considerable quantity of copra. This island is said to belong to two English gentlemen, who, through friendly Christianized natives, have succeeded in improving some of the choicest lands by the introduction of the natives from the Gilbert Islands, the Fijians, like the Samoans, being too proud to hire themselves out as laborers. From Rambi we sailed through the straits of Somo-Somo, lying off the villages of Vaiuki and Vuna on the leeward side of Taviuni, an island with a lofty mountain extending the entire length.

We obtained but little copra, several sacks of peppers and a number of hardwood logs of a dark reddish color, which somewhat resembled mahogany, and were cut from grand old forest trees whose roots formed natural buttresses, and were the largest trees I had yet seen in the islands; I was greatly impressed by them as saw timber such as I had expected to find in the Samoan Islands. After leaving Taviuni we sailed some forty miles west by north and on passing some coral reefs that rose so near the surface as to momentarily cause considerable alarm for the safety of the ship, Captain Johnson ordered soundings taken. Upon the lead being cast it was found that there were six fathoms of water and, as the Grayhound was drawing but three, we passed safely over and later cast anchor in the harbor of Savu-Savu on the windward side of Vanua Levu.

Vanua Levu is the next largest isle of the Fijian Archipelago. The harbor, almost surrounded by lofty hills and its glassy surface dotted with numerous small wooded isles, is, from the village of Savu-Savu, very picturesque and upon the whole it is the best harbor I have yet seen in the south sea. Here, as in the

Samoan isles, the natives came off in outrigger boats and lay alongside of the Grayhound offering for sale cocoanuts, pineapples, breadfruit and turtles. The next morning after our arrival I was up early and walked up the bay shore a short distance to some hot springs where some natives had congregated and were cooking their morning meal in the waters of the boiling spring. A splendid idea since it relieved them of the trouble of looking up dry wood. After preparing taro, yams, bananas and breadfruit by wrapping them up in the plantain leaves, these were placed in the hot water to boil. In former years the natives are said to have not only cooked their hogs in the boiling waters of these springs, but the bodies of their enemies slain in battle were placed there to cook as well. The last victims to be cooked in the water of these springs and eaten were 16 men and one woman, the owners of these springs, who, 20 years before, were surprised by a native chief by the name of Tui Wainoonoo and his followers.

While I gazed about in this land of savage-looking people with mops of frizzly hair, I felt that they were not to be trusted and as I shuddered at the idea of being boiled and eaten, I did not wander far from shore, but returned to the Grayhound in time to assist with the first copra brought us.

On leaving Savu-Savu we sailed, with favorable winds, for Viti Levu, the largest of the Fijian Islands. On our way we called at Ovalau, a small island to leeward, and cast anchor inside of the coral reef before the village of Levuka, beautifully situated beneath the shade of cocoa palms that lined the shore of the twin-like harbor, the latter formed by three prominent points, or low ridges, that extend back from the placid water and become a part of the peculiarly shaped mountains that rise upwards of three thousand feet and stood out boldly against a deep blue sky. While Captain Johnson conferred with the officials of these islands, I wondered about the quiet little village and along the seashore, about the only place one could well go without climbing the steep cliff-like mountains, and watched the natives as they sailed their long canoes, with their curious three-cornered mat sails, through the blue waters of the harbor out into the indigo purple waters of the sea. I amused myself by examining the variety of highly colored fish such as I had never heretofore known existed; some, scarcely an inch long, were green, purple, striped or spotted; while others, two or more inches in length, were red, black or striped; while the larger ones, a foot or more long, were of golden hues and variegated or a blending of various colors, and all too beautiful to think of being served on the table.

Six hours of sailing with favorable winds on leaving Levuka brought us to Viti Levu, where we anchored in Suva Bay, the best port we had entered since leaving Pago Pago. A single day was sufficient to exhaust the supply of copra to be found at Suva and, as we had but 80,000 lbs. and a small amount of miscellaneous freight aboard, and as Suva was to be our last port of call before sailing for Apia, Captain Johnson was anxious to secure what copra might be found in the adjacent country, so arranged a trip to the Rewa River, one of the most promising districts of the island. Although the Rewa, a very large stream for the size of the island, is said to be navigable for 50 miles, vessels of the Grayhound's class dare not venture the ascent even as far as the village of Rewa. So it was decided to make the voyage in the ship's boat. Captain Johnson left the Gray-

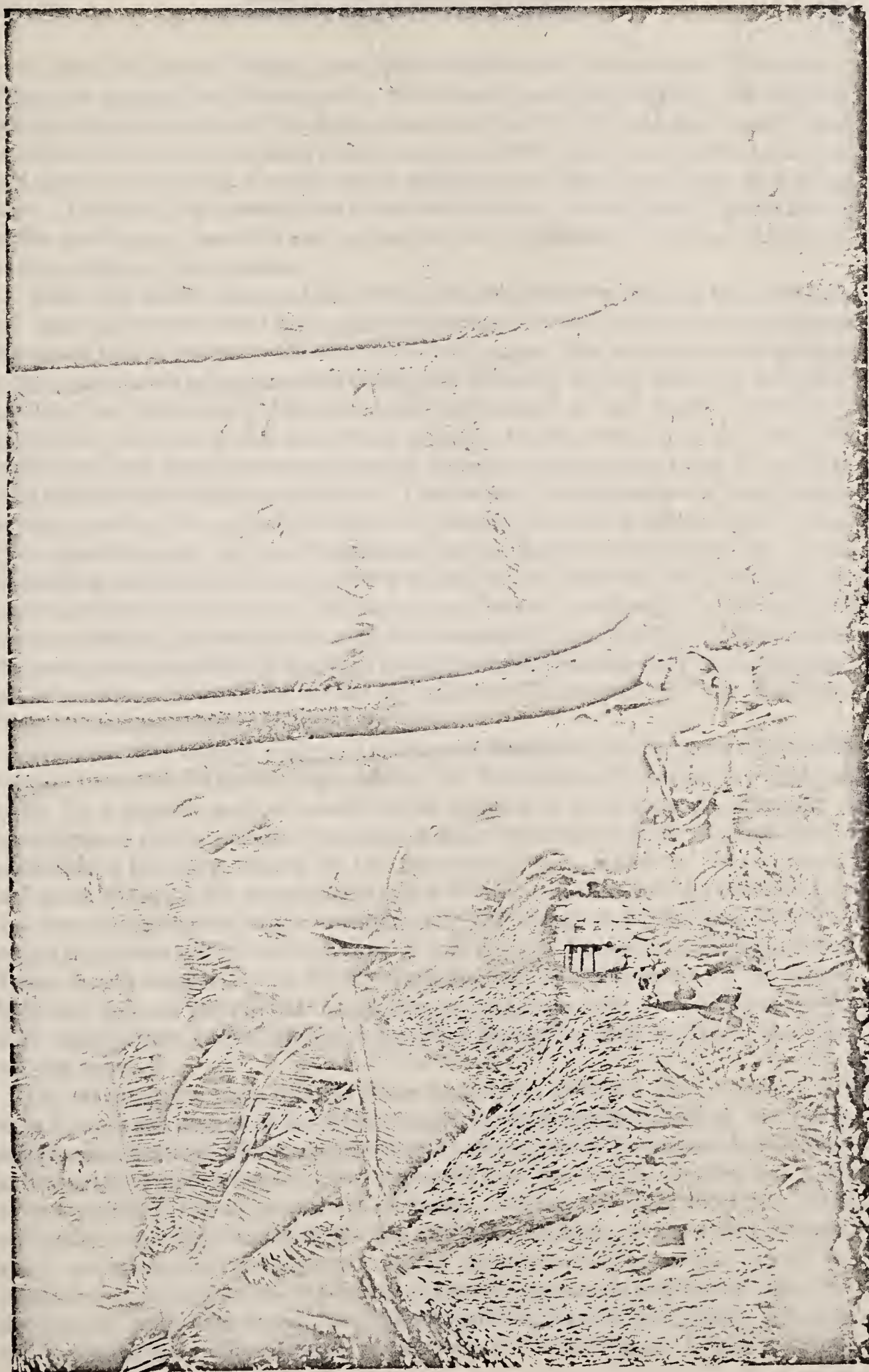
hound in charge of the first mate and in company of the second mate and three sailors set sail for one of the numerous mouths of the Rewa, some twelve miles eastward. While at the same time Mr. Edwards and I were sent to scour the country westward. I was proud, yes delighted, that I, the youngest aboard the Grayhound, should have been selected to fulfill this trust; besides it would give me the opportunity of seeing something of the interior of the country, which I had long looked forward to, and was partially the reason for my accompanying Captain Johnson to the Fiji Islands.

On the morning of Tuesday, the first day of the new year, I set out afoot in company with Mr. Edwards, and two friendly natives as guides, interpreters and bodyguards, that we might not be surprised and murdered. Heretofore our exploits had been along or near the coast, but now that we were going to the interior where less than eight years before the cannibal tribes were at war with the English, it was necessary to be careful lest through our carelessness we should be the means of furnishing these savages a most sumptuous breakfast.

With our leave of absence from the ship fixed at five days, we set out over a path that led from village to village along and near the coast, where we stopped to make inquiries concerning the amount of copra, to be delivered at once to Suva. Towards evening we arrived at the village of Navua, on the banks of a river by the same name, just above where it divides its waters into numerous streams that find their way to the sea, through a forest of mangrove trees, that occupy the low lands of the delta and whose branches, like those of the banyan, shoot down their hair-like roots into the water and become a part of the body of the tree.

Most of the distance we traveled, which could scarcely be short of twenty miles, our path led through groves of cocoa-palms, woodlands, festooned with vines, and tree ferns, whose spreading fronds were ten feet or more long, that waved gracefully above our heads. Here at Navua we spent the night in a native hut, the first Fijian house I had the honor of sleeping in. Unlike the houses of the Samoans, circular in form with their sides open to admit of free circulation of air, the Fijian builds his house square with grass sides and roof thatched with the narrow leaves of the cocoanut tree, the whole supported by a ridge pole and the black stems of the tree fern, with mats spread upon the ground to sleep upon. Sixty or more of the trunks of the beautiful tree ferns were thus used for support. I regretted that so many of nature's adornments were thus sacrificed to shelter these war-like people, when there were so many other forest trees that would answer the purpose equally well.

During the night our rest was broken by land crabs that invaded the hut in which we slept and crawled over us; however, they were easily driven to seek other quarters upon lighting a fire. The next morning we hired some natives to take us up the Navua River in one of their large canoes and after breakfasting on taro, bread fruit and yams, we embarked on our voyage up the river which at this point is a considerable stream fringed with cocoanut, ndawa, ndelo, nettle and other forest trees, many of whose trunks were of large size, with long clear bodies, free from branches, more like the white oak, bass wood and wild cherry of Pennsylvania, or the elm and white wood of Michigan and Indiana. As we ascended the river the cocoanut trees became less prominent and the bread-



VILLAGE ON FIJI ISLAND

fruit, with their broad, bright, glossy green lobed leaves, became more in evidence. When we approached the uplands, the stream narrowed rapidly, the country became more broken and the forest trees were laden with beautiful orchids and festooned with vines that hung down in masses, from where now and then a scarlet and green parrot with a purple head emerged and winged its flight across the river. Here and there among the forest trees are seen the large shiny green leaves of the nettle tree, varied in red and white, and the kaukoro tree from which the natives fashion their canoes.

Each mile as we advanced the view improved and only reached the climax on our passing between weird and rugged mountains that towered some three or four thousand feet above us. To add to the wildness of this scene were the savage-looking people with their mops of crispy hair standing on end, who here and there appeared on the river banks with their long spears or war clubs. Their very expressions denoted a wild and savage people. In fact, only ten years before we would not have dared to venture among these mountain tribes, as up to that late date they still practiced cannibalism. That evening we pushed on to Nasovadrau, having dismissed the native canoemen on reaching the head of the navigable water. Here, besides yams, taro and breadfruit, we had another dish new to me, a sort of pudding made from the roots of the ti tree, which takes the place of sugar and tastes somewhat like licorice. The night spent here was one long to be remembered being tormented by mosquitoes until life was scarcely worth living. When morning came we were up by the first rays of light to take advantage of the cool morning air in climbing the mountains that lay between Nasovadrau and the Singatoka River, which we were to descend to the sea.

With our two trusted natives, Taivita and Nabooco from Suva, and Lobokolo a guide from the village of Nasovadrau, Mr. Edwards and I set out through the forest by a narrow path, hemmed in by jungles of undergrowth composed of broad-leaved plants, shrubs, vines and a dozen or more varieties of ferns, one in particular a climbing variety of the maidenhair fern, which is very beautiful and much loved by the natives, who call it Wa-kal (God Fern). We continued up the river through this jungle until opposite the village of Moliveitala where we began the ascent of the mountains by a trail scarcely discernible and from which if one should wander far he would surely become lost and perish in the tangle. Now and then our path led us through extensive groves of tree ferns, whose trunks were usually from twenty to thirty feet high before the long frond-like branches left the stem.

On reaching the high altitude there appeared a different kind of shrubs and trees from those that grew in the low lands, some of which Lobokolo, our guide, called wesi, dilo and ndamua, and others, some of which I was greatly surprised to find were cone-bearing, as I had supposed that the coniferous trees were only to be found in the more temperate climates. Another surprise, which was quite noticeable, was the absence of flowers and birds throughout the forested lands, which was more than doubly made up by the number of broad-leaf plants, exquisite ferns and highly colored foliage of some of the shrubs and forest trees. By nightfall we were well across the mountain and as the day had been a fatiguing one, we stopped for the night in a solitary hut. The occupants, friends of our

guide, prepared us a repast of roast pork, baked yams and bread made from bananas and the flour of the arrowroot, and made us comfortable for the night.

In the morning while the banana leaves were still wet with dew we were up and well on our way before we emerged from the forest into a sparsely wooded country where the clumps of bamboo, tree ferns and screw palms, those curious trees which stand above ground on their stilt-like roots, were conspicuous. From our elevated position we looked across the country and could see the hills and valley below where flowed the Singatoka River, which we were later to descend. Beyond the valley rose mountains five thousand feet above the level of the sea, whose summits stood out prominently against the sky line; while the benches of the nearer mountains were clothed with forests of the beautiful tree fern. This was perhaps one of the most picturesque scenes on Viti Levu. Before noon we entered Nasauthoko on the top of a steep hill in the center of a valley, a site admirably chosen as a place of defense against the attacks of wild mountain tribes. For this reason the English had chosen this site on which to erect a stockade fort and with their allies, the christianized natives, were able to withstand the attacks of the cannibal tribes. From here we made our way to Kosolevu by noon, a distance of about five miles, where we stopped to dine. Lobokolo informed us that this village had been destroyed by the lotu (Christian) natives, aided by the English in their war eight years before, and that most of the inhabitants had been taken prisoners, and he along with the rest. He pointed out the site of his former home and said with much sadness that the village contained many houses before the war. The houses of Kosolevu, Nasauthoko and other mountain villages have peculiarly high-shaped roofs, differing greatly from those of the lowlands, and which on account of the heavy rainfall in these mountains are admirably adapted to shed the water. Nearby were the graves of the departed villagers enclosed by sections of tree ferns and shaded with long fringe-like needles of the noko-noko trees. On each grave, which was neatly kept, grew a tall shrub of scarlet leaves which is held sacred to the dead.

While the noonday meal was in preparation, I wandered to where some women were making native cloth from the bark of the hibiscus tree by beating the bark with a mallet, or rather a short square stick of hardwood, fluted longitudinally on three sides, while the fourth is left smooth. The bark having been previously soaked in water, they were able to manufacture the finest fabric, which they sometimes used as a loin cloth along with a short skirt made of grass or narrow strips of the leaves from the screw pine. From Kosolevu we passed through Dakani and made our way along the Singatoka River, a beautiful stream, to Beka, passing through several small villages on our way. Not far west from here less than eight years before, the cannibal tribes through which we had been traveling attacked the Christian villages of Nandi and Nandrunga, killing and eating many of the women. Lobokolo spoke of the affair with keen interest and related in detail some incidents of the horrible affair. From our two trusted natives from Suva we learned that Lobokolo had participated in the horrible butchery and on inquiring through our trusted Suvan if he had helped to eat the women, he neither confirmed nor denied our inquiry, but he said that next to human flesh pork was the best. As our guide had taken part in the attack on these villages and the war that fol-

lowed, I suspected that he had feasted on human flesh on more than one occasion. Be that as it may, Lobokolo was a savage-looking specimen of humanity and in whom I dare say one's life would not be safe if trusted alone with him in the recesses of these lonely mountains.

At Beka we embarked on a mbili, a sort of float or raft made from two bundles of bamboo poles, and floated down the river to Mavua, where we stopped for the night. From the number of natives gathered here with warlike preparations, at first I confess I felt uneasy until I learned from Lobokolo that Meke, a native dance or celebration, was taking place in honor of some noted chief. Ever since my arrival at the Fiji Islands my great desire had been to witness a war dance by these half savages, but I had been disappointed. Now, on the eve of my departure for the Samoan Islands, good fortune seemed to be with me and, as I watched these savage-looking beings in human form, with their mops of frizzly hair, bleached yellow by the use of lime, standing on end, jumping about with their huge war clubs raised above my head in an attitude as if about to dash out my brains, I am free to confess that I would have much preferred to have foregone this pleasure. Every time they swung their clubs above my head, not knowing whether a death blow might be dealt, I thought of those two hundred and sixty unfortunate victims of the village of Balovu who had been ruthlessly slaughtered and eaten, only twelve years ago, which sent a chill scurrying down my backbone. Later, from Lobokolo I learned that this was called the club dance and the wheeling of the clubs above our heads was a part of the dance portraying the manner in which they clubbed their victims to death, as in the case of the Reverend Thomas Baker and seven Christian native teachers who were killed and eaten some years before on the upper waters of the Rewa River. The war dance, a more interesting dance than the club dance, commenced by one-half of the men armed with long nicked spears retiring some distance to the left side of the field or ground where the dance was supposed to take place, while the other half, supposed enemies armed with spears and war clubs, variously carved and decorated, retired to the right. All were nude except for a loin cloth and a streamer of tapa, native cloth, tied about their arms and above the calf of their legs. On each side more than one hundred warriors participated by slowly advancing towards each other, gesturing and swinging their bodies from side to side, keeping perfect time as if each line of dancers was but a single man. At a given signal they leaped forward, brandishing their spears and war clubs, and increasing their speed as they advanced uttering their savage high-pitched war cry, and then charged one another. Whole regiments of spearmen sometimes fell flat on the ground as if all were slain simultaneously; while those armed with clubs stood over them brandishing their war clubs as if in the attitude of delivering the death blow, when the war cry was again repeated as if in triumph at their victory over their unfortunate victims. Then the supposed slain were revived, sprang to their feet and formed into line and again advanced to attack more violently. Again and again they renewed the attack. Each time more furiously than before—always vanquishing their foe, thus faithfully portraying their savage natures.

After the war dance, which ended in a sham battle lasting an hour or more, other dances followed, some of which were most interesting. There was much

drinking of yangona, a native intoxicating drink made from the roots of the yangona, which was kept up until a late hour. Next morning, on account of Lobokolo who chose to leave us here, we failed to get away from Mavua before the sun began to make itself felt. The descent of the Singatoka River to the sea was made in a large canoe paddled by natives returning home from the celebration and was quite an agreeable change from the fatiguing walk through the rough mountainous country. The Singatoka, like the Navua, flows most of its length through a wild and picturesque country and is remarkable for its size and the volume of water it carries, since the island is scarcely ninety miles in length. Fiji with its many beautiful dells, weird mountains and purple seas, lacks the welcome and lure that one feels while sojourning in the Samoan Islands.

It was towards evening when we arrived at the mouth of the river, some fifty or sixty miles west of Suva and twenty-four hours past the time fixed for our return aboard the Grayhound. With the weather favorable for a sea voyage, and not wishing to keep Captain Johnson on the anxious seat awaiting us, I decided to return to Suva by sea, provided I could induce some of the natives to make the voyage in one of their large seagoing outrigger boats. Most fortunately, through the assistance of the canoemen who brought us down the river, we found some natives living near its mouth who contemplated setting out on a voyage the next morning for the Navua River, who consented to make the night voyage. After making some additional preparations for a more extended voyage than they intended, we embarked, descended one of the numerous mouths of the stream and put to sea. The sun had already sunk below the western horizon leaving a dull weird effect that one seldom witnesses, except in the southern seas. The ocean was comparatively smooth; with our huge three-cornered mat sail well filled by a gentle breeze and with the stars to steer by we were hopeful of reaching Suva before the break of day.

By keeping close to the coral reef we made splendid time, my only fear being that we might strike some hidden reef and all would be lost, or that the sky might become overcast and our mariners lose their course, and then what would become of us? With these thoughts running through my mind, sleep was out of the question until after midnight, when I dozed off, only to be awakened soon after by a heavy downpour of rain. To add to our apprehension, the wind began to blow, which soon put the sea in motion, and all hands were kept busy baling out the water which dashed over the gunnels into the outrigger boat. With the increasing wind all hands were required to lift the mast from its socket, in order to lower the heavy mat sail, which at every blast threatened to capsize the boat. For a time in the inky darkness it seemed that Providence was against us and all would be lost. A shudder came over me at the thought that if perchance we were fortunate enough to cling to some of the wreckage the numerous vicious sharks which infested these waters would make short work of us.

Fortunately the storm was of short duration and the sea soon began to calm. We were somewhat protected from the furious blast by being to the leeward of Bega Island and the great coral reef which extended westerly to Nanuka Island.

The next morning the first rays of daylight found us off the mouth of the Navua River twenty miles west of Suva, so we directed our course for Suva where

we arrived about ten o'clock without further incident, boarded the Grayhound, and found Captain Johnson ready to sail on his homeward journey. He had concluded, since two days had elapsed without our putting in an appearance, that either something had befallen us, or that Mr. Edwards and I had decided to remain on the island, and in the event that we should arrive he arranged with Captain Dodd of the British bark *Nanaimo* to give us passage to Tahiti, where he would pick us up on his return from San Francisco. During our absence from Suva, the British bark *Nanaimo* had arrived 22 days from Newcastle, New South Wales, she having sailed on December 14th. Some of her crew had deserted, others were down with the fever, and as there were no sailors at Suva to take their places Captain Dodd, anxious to continue his voyage to Tahiti where he had been chartered, appealed to Captain Johnson for assistance. As Suva was our last port of call before returning to Apia, where I intended to leave the Grayhound, and resume our trading, I accepted the post of assistant super-cargo, which Captain Dodd offered me, that I might have the opportunity of visiting the Society Islands, which from my earliest recollections I had heard my Aunt Jane Larimer talk so much about, she having taken a great interest in missionary work. I knew that if I did not care to remain in the Society Islands I could return to the Samoan Islands aboard the Grayhound when she called in at Tahiti on her next outward voyage from San Francisco.

I took up my quarters on board the *Nanaimo* but not without some feeling of regret at leaving Captain Johnson to whom I had now become attached. Mr. Edwards accompanied us as a sailor, and on Tuesday, the 8th, we weighed anchor and shaped our course for the Society Islands, intending to call on our way in at Lakemba, one of the smaller of the Fijian Islands, some one hundred and eighty miles to the eastward of Suva. A light breeze was blowing at the time and we were hopeful of a quick passage, but in this we were greatly disappointed, for in the afternoon the wind died out and we were becalmed until towards midnight, when contrary winds sprang up which before morning developed into a regular gale that threatened to carry away our sails. When morning dawned and we were able to take our reckoning we found our position to be in latitude $19^{\circ} 23'$ south and longitude $179^{\circ} 37'$ east. As we were about seventy miles southwest of Lakemba, with an increasing gale from the north, and our topsail torn to shreds, Captain Dodd gave up trying to make Lakemba and steered southeast for Tongatabu, one of the Friendly Islands. About noon we crossed the 180° parallel of longitude and picked up the day we had lost in passing westward of this parallel on our way from the Samoan to the Fijian Islands.

On the day following, the wind continued to blow fiercely all day and well into the night before the storm began to abate, and on the morning of the 4th day we entered a more peaceful sea and towards evening of Friday, the 11th, the wind having almost died out, we cast anchor outside of the coral reef before Nukulofa, the chief village of the island of Tongatabu, to wait a more favorable opportunity of entering the harbor. The next morning we were up early. As it was Saturday we wished to take aboard what freight could be picked up while our sails were being mended. No natives came off in their canoes to trade with us as at the other islands, so Captain Dodd thought it strange and lowered the boat and sent

us ashore to investigate the cause. But upon finding the population of Nukulofa on their way to church we concluded there must be some mistake in our calculation in time, until we learned that the Tongatabuans, like the Fijians, reckoned their time west of the 180° of longitude although the Friendly Islands lay 5° to the east, which explained the mix-up in time. Inasmuch as the day was observed as the Sabbath, and no work was going on, I took advantage of this opportunity to wander about the country, visiting the various places of interest, including a trip to a huge Avava tree, said to be the one under which Captain Cook was entertained by some of the high chiefs of these islands. The enormous tree, with its numerous trunks knotted and gnarled, with its great spreaded top and small pinnated leaves, a species of the banyan tree, is known in the Fijian Islands as mbaka. The sight of this tree was well worth the twelve-mile walk I had been put to in order to see this freak of nature.

In the afternoon I returned to Nukulofa by a different route and stopped to visit some ancient mounds of departed Tongatabuan chiefs. Tongatabu, while the largest of the Friendly Islands, about twelve by twenty miles in extent, is by far the least interesting island I had yet visited; while fertile, producing an abundance of breadfruit, cocoanut trees and many valuable hardwoods, the country is rather flat, the highest hills not exceeding four hundred feet above the sea level. In comparison with Viti Levu or Vanua Levu with their lofty mountains, Tongatabu seemed a mere toy land and with a good path I could have easily walked around the entire island in a single day. On the following morning, which was Sunday with us on board the vessel, we took aboard a small quantity of copra to be discharged at Papeete, from where it would be reshipped to England, and with our sails repaired we weighed anchor and sailed for Tahiti. A queer coincidence that we should have two Sundays this week and a week of eight days.

On leaving the Friendly Islands we had steady south and southwesterly winds until we reached Rarotonga, the principal island of the Cook Archipelago. Here, after reefing the sails, we cast anchor in eleven fathoms of water, within three hundred yards of the shore. The sea being rough at the time the natives did not venture out, nor did Captain Dodd send the ship's boats ashore. Here we rode at anchor the greater part of the forenoon, viewing a wild and picturesque part of the island. Beyond a forest of cocoanut trees, rose two ranges of mountains, the one on the right possessing a spur of peculiar formation, having somewhat the appearance of being forced up by some internal agency. By noon the ocean having somewhat calmed, the ship's boats were lowered and sent ashore. Towards evening after taking aboard what copra was to be had, we weighed anchor, brought the Nanaimo before the breeze, and sailed for the Society Islands.

Nothing happened during the day spent at Rarotonga worthy of note, save the fact that on that day, Tuesday, January 29, I reached my majority.

On February 6th we sighted the Society Islands with their lofty mountains silhouetted against the sky and as we approached, their grandeur increased both in color and form, which impressed me as being by far the most picturesque islands of all I had yet seen. Towards evening we reached Tahiti, the largest and most important island of the Society group, passed successfully between the coral reefs and cast anchor alongside of the bark Tropical Bird, inside the harbor at



IN THE SOCIETY ISLANDS ON ISLAND OF TAHITI

Papeete. When I cast a glance about the harbor and the shore lined with the beautiful cocoanut palms, a feeling of satisfaction seemed to come over me—that at last I was in the Society Islands, the most beautiful of all islands of the South Sea,—the dream of my childhood.

Tahiti is a peculiarly shaped island or combination of two islands, connected by a narrow strip of land, the centers of which are occupied by high and strangely formed mountains, unlike any other islands seen in the South Sea, the nearest, perhaps, being that of Ovalau. Along the seashore to the foot of the mountains stretches an undulating country studded with groves of graceful cocoanut and breadfruit trees. Beyond Papeete, on the larger end of the island, stands Aarai, a mountain some seven thousand feet above the sea level and overlooking the intervening mountain Maiauo, while to the right and beyond Aarai stands Orohenu, seven thousand, three hundred feet with its spire-shaped peak, which it is said no human foot has ever trod.

Tahiti, although one of the first islands visited by the early missionaries in the South Sea, has undergone but little change in her natural beauty, and copra and breadfruit seem to be the principal products of export, which, no doubt, is the reason that these interesting trees have been spared the axe. While discharging freight and taking aboard cocoanuts and a miscellaneous cargo, I found time to visit the sacred mountain of Raiatea and the beautiful valleys of Fautaua and Punarua, and see something of native life outside of Papeete. The natives resembled the Samoans more closely than the Fijians; their upper classes and chiefs, like those of the Samoans and Fijians, are a tall and lighter-colored people, as if in a distinct class by themselves. Their noses were somewhat more flattened on the end, but they lacked the frizzy mop of hair and the savage looks of the Fijians. It was with regret that my duties aboard the *Nanaimo* prevented my seeing more of these most interesting people before sailing for the Marquesas Islands, where I intended to sever my relations with Captain Dodd. It had been my intention to board the first vessel calling in at the Marquesas that would touch at Tahiti, and visit Huehine and other of the Society Islands before returning to the lovely Samoan Islands.

On Tuesday, February 12th, just before sailing for the Marquesas Islands, as I supposed, Captain Davis with his charming wife came aboard the *Nanaimo* to wish Captain Dodd a bon voyage. Captain Davis, commander of the American schooner *C. S. Hulbut*, while on his voyage from the Sandwich Islands to New York had been taken ill, and on touching at Tahiti, January 23rd, put his vessel in charge of the mate and arranged to take passage on board the *Tropical Bird*, which was about to sail for San Francisco. Captain Davis was anxious to reach Boston and regretted that the *Nanaimo* was not sailing direct for the United States, instead of the Marquesas.

On leaving Papeete we had variable winds, which continued for two days, before a steady breeze finally caught the *Nanaimo* and she began to plow her way northward through a choppy sea, and on the fifth day out, when we should have sighted the Marquesas, I discovered our position to be in longitude $125^{\circ} 17'$ west, and upon inquiring of Captain Dodd, I learned for the first time that the next port of call would be Victoria, British Columbia. Imagine my surprise and indignation at

finding myself being carried back to America where I vowed never to return. My disappointment knew no bounds, as I was carried northward. I could scarcely believe Captain Dodd guilty of tricking us into the belief that the Nanaimo would call at the Marquesas, to prevent any of us leaving his service. Just what caused the Captain to change his mind and sail for Victoria instead of continuing on to the Marquesas, as I had been led to believe, I probably shall never know. On the sixth day of our voyage northward, we sighted a vessel to windward which steadily gained on us all day. A light northeast wind sprang up during the night, and on the following morning the mysterious vessel was nowhere in sight. We speculated as to her identity, but as the bark Tropical Bird was the only vessel in port at Papeete on the day we sailed, we were at a loss to guess her name. The light northeast winds that had sprung up during the night remained with us until the 25th of February, when we crossed the equator in longitude $115^{\circ} 10'$ west. In latitude 8° north we caught the northeast trade and had light north and northeast winds until we sighted the Sandwich Islands. After passing these islands, we encountered strong northwest and northerly winds with a tremendous sea running from the northwest that threatened to engulf us.

March 21st in latitude 34° north and longitude 138° west the terrific force of the wind carried away the fore and main topmost backstays and the foretop gallant backstay, and these were lost; with split sails Captain Dodd gave up trying to reach Victoria, veered our course a few points, and bore up for San Francisco to make the necessary repairs before continuing on to Victoria. The wind continued to blow hard from the northwest until the 22nd of March, when it whipped into the southwest, gradually modifying the fury of the sea. Tuesday, the twenty-fifth of March, we sighted the Farallone Islands, thirty miles off the coast of California; after passing these islands we shaped our course for the Golden Gate and a few hours later passed through and entered San Francisco Bay, forty-two days from Tahiti. Here, to our great surprise, we found the bark Tropical Bird riding peacefully at anchor, she having arrived on the 18th. From Captain Burns we learned that he had sailed from Tahiti on the 16th of February. Although he had met with some rough weather, he had escaped the fierceness of the gale, thus explaining the mysterious vessel that had passed us on February 18th. Captain Burns likewise had speculated as to the identity of the vessel he had sighted, knowing that Captain Dodd was to have sailed for Marquesas upon leaving Tahiti. From Captain Burns I learned that the Grayhound had arrived in San Francisco March 7th and was discharging her cargo and would sail for Tahiti on or about April 2nd. This was welcome news for us as our stay in San Francisco would be short.

On our first arrival at San Francisco harbor I quitted the Nanaimo and one day, while going about the city, awaiting the sailing of the Grayhound, I wandered to the Cliff House, and as I gazed westward across the great expanse of water and listened to the barking of the seals, which were basking on the rocks below us, it occurred to me was it possible that but five short months before I had passed out through the same Golden Gate never to return. Events had happened so fast that it seemed more like a dream, and that years instead of months had inter-

vened. Now that I was back among friends and acquaintances, I cannot say that I regretted that fate had brought me again to my native country.

While in San Francisco I met a former friend, Mr. William Starkey of Philadelphia, who, with others, was about to depart for San Luis Obispo County, to take up Government land and engage in the culture of oranges. After five months of wanderings, and buffetings on angry seas, to be the possessor of an orange grove quite appealed to me, and it took but little persuasion on the part of Mr. Starkey to give up the idea of returning to the South Seas, and join them. As time is one of nature's greatest healers, so had it proven in my case, although I did not realize it then. Thus fate is ever changing and shaping the course of our lives. Before leaving for the sunny south, I arranged with Mr. Edwards, who was returning to the Samoan Islands, by the Grayhound, to see Mr. Moors and have him dispose of the Sulu.

On Sunday, March 30, Mr. Starkey and I sailed on the steamer Queen for Port Harford, with our minds fully made up to become proprietors of an orange grove, which at that time appealed to me as being quite an agreeable occupation. During the night, a severe storm came up which caused Captain Alexander to change his course and steer southwest to ease the ship and prevent her heavy rolling in the trough of the sea. When morning came, land was nowhere to be seen. Although we were due to reach port at seven o'clock the next morning, it was not until late in the afternoon that we docked. From Port Harford we went to San Luis Obispo, then a town of about 1500 inhabitants, mostly of Spanish descent, and remained there several days preparing for an extensive exploration of the country, which, outside of Santa Maria valley, was wholly devoted to stock raising. At that time, the settlers had made but little inroad on the Government land, as most of the choice or desirable land was covered by Spanish grants. It was the former on which we had hoped to settle, provided we found any that was desirable. Our objective point being the Estrella valley, near the junction of the Cholame and San Juan rivers. I bought a splendid saddle horse of Joseph Lowrey and spent several days preparing for the journey. Having been joined by two others, who had preceded us to San Luis Obispo, we mounted and started on our journey to the Estrella.

I was perfectly at home on the back of an ox, but was comparatively new in the saddle, and had not gone many miles before I was compelled, through lameness, to drop behind my companions, who were expert horsemen. Walking was out of the question; the sticky adobe soil clung to my shoes in such quantities that I was compelled to ride. It was with great difficulty that I kept in the saddle, and by the time we had climbed the Santa Margarita Mountains, my companions were far in advance of me and out of sight. As I slowly descended the northern slope of the mountains, listening to the sighing of the pines, a feeling of homesickness stole over me, but after reaching the beautiful rolling green hills, and valleys, studded with quaint old oaks, from which hung quantities of long Spanish moss, and hearing the soft sweet liquid notes poured forth from the throats of a thousand meadow larks, all traces of homesickness soon disappeared. Continuing through this beautiful country until evening, we reached Huer Huero, where we found lodging for the night with Ramón Lopez in an old adobe ranch house. Here

we were obliged to remain several days on account of rain. On the morning of the third day the sun came out as on a warm spring day at home, and it seemed to me that all of the meadow larks in the world had congregated in that bewitchingly beautiful country, to welcome the return of spring.

While wandering about in the manzanita brush we came suddenly upon a mountain lion, crouched as if to spring upon us. Without waiting for further developments we wheeled about and ran as if the Old Fellow himself were after us. I presume the lion was as badly frightened as we. Upon reaching the ranch house we informed José, who took the dogs and returned with us to the scene. But the animal had disappeared. The dogs, however, on being turned loose were not long in picking up the scent and were soon lost in the brush. About half an hour later we heard the barking of the dogs some distance away and rode over to help them; when we arrived we found them barking furiously at something in a quaint old oak tree, and upon investigating, discovered the lion on the topmost fork, lashing his tail as he looked first at the dogs and then at us. José allowed me the privilege of killing the brute which I did with a single shot. When the animal fell to the ground, the dogs pounced upon it and tugged away at it until José called them off. Not being familiar with the animal, I was unaware that it was unusually large until José mentioned the fact. It measured more than eight feet from tip to tip. The next day, continuing on our way to the Estrella, one of our party, a son of the Emerald Isle, met with misfortune. While exhibiting his fine horsemanship, his saddle turned, throwing him to the ground. The horse, a spirited animal, frightened at the saddle clinging beneath him, ran madly among the other horses, kicking and bucking in his efforts to free himself. For a time I thought some of the riders or horses would surely be hurt but the frightened animal soon freed himself of the saddle, and struck out at full gallop for the ranch house seventeen miles away, which necessitated our return.

On the following morning we made another start for the Estrella and Nat, having lost much of his ardour for fancy riding, was content to ride peacefully along with us. While out riding, after our arrival in the beautiful Estrella Valley, sparsely studded with oaks, my horse took a sudden notion to chase some wild steers, that started to run upon our approach, and before I realized what was happening, she was going at full speed, trying to head them off. Suddenly stepping into a hole, made by a ground squirrel, she fell and rolled on me. For an instant I thought my life would be crushed out, but fortunately the horse was small and I escaped serious injury and was taken to the Sacramento Ranch house, where I spent several days nursing my bruises. While there I learned that my saddle animal, having been broken as a cattle horse, was considered the most valuable one in that part of the country for the rodeo (round-up). In chasing the steers she was only doing what had been taught her. Towards evening of the first day after I was able to be in the saddle again, when out riding among the rolling hills, we were treated to quite a surprise while preparing supper on the banks of a small stream. A band of antelope, evidently frightened by the yelping pack of coyotes we had heard in the hills back of us, ran through camp, and so startled us that we never thought of our rifles until after they had disappeared. The next morning we went in pursuit, but after an unsuccessful hunt of three

days, continued on to the Antelope Plains where we saw many but, on account of their shyness, were unable to get within shooting distance. Later, however, while riding through a picturesque little valley, nestled among the hills, near the San Juan I came upon a band of three that had apparently been resting under a large spreading oak and was successful in killing one. Towards evening a rain came up and I was compelled to seek shelter in an old abandoned sheep corral, under the few remaining shakes of the roof. I tied my horse to a post that supported the roof, kindled a small fire, and lay down to sleep. Sometime during the night, a mountain lion wandered into camp, which frightened my horse and caused him to break loose and run away. For a few minutes I thought the wild beast had followed, but presently I heard him cough. Fearing that he might attack me in the darkness, I threw some shakes on the smoldering fire, hopeful that the light would frighten him away, but the brute was not easily scared, and I was compelled to remain awake the balance of the night to keep up the fire. When morning came, I started out in search of my horse, and followed her tracks for about a mile, in the direction of the Estrella valley, where I had parted from my companions. I mistrusted that a good twenty-mile walk lay ahead of me, but was pleasantly surprised when I glanced to the hillside, where I discovered her quietly grazing on the grassy slope. I called and she nickered, ran down to meet me and followed back to camp. With Dolly saddled and the antelope tied on behind, I mounted and started on my return to the Estrella. As I rode along Cholame Creek, there seemed to be millions of quail along that stream.

As the time was approaching for the arrival of Mr. Haun and his party, who had taken the long stage trip overland to San Miguel in preference to a sea voyage, I did not stop to shoot any quail. On arriving in the Estrella valley, I left my companions to find their way back to San Luis, and rode over the oak-clad hills to San Miguel. When crossing the Salinas River I would have lost my noble horse in the treacherous quicksand had it not been for Señorita Gonzales, daughter of Juan, who lived on the opposite bank. Seeing me ride my horse into the river, missing the ford, she called, "Un poco más arriba, Señor," (A little higher up, Mr.), and ran to my rescue as she saw me dismount, rushed into the water and assisted me to extricate my horse from the quicksand where it was difficult even for me to keep from sinking. We finally reached the opposite bank, very thankful that we had saved the poor horse from being lost. As the day was far spent, I accepted the hospitality offered by the Señorita and her father, Juan, and remained with them over night. During the course of our conversation that evening, I learned that strangers very frequently were mired in the quicksands of this treacherous stream. In the morning I bid the Señorita adios, promised to stop should I return that way, and started on my journey, with Juan as my companion as far as Paso de Robles hot springs. By ten o'clock, I galloped past the ruins of the old mission and on into San Miguel, where I found Mr. Haun and his party, who had arrived the evening before, awaiting me. Among the party were Mr. Harris and his daughter, Pearl. Mr. Harris, looking for a stock ranch and summer home, had been attracted to the Estrella valley, for which we started the following morning. There were six in the party, four of whom went in a two-seated carriage.

As Miss Pearl had brought her own saddle horse, as fine a sorrel mare as I

ever saw, it fell to my lot, as the only male on horseback, to act as her escort. After travelling the greater part of the day, we arrived at Mr. Sheden's, here we spent a pleasant evening and remained overnight. For three weeks Miss Harris and I rode side by side, chasing an occasional band of antelope across the valleys or the wild cattle among the rolling hills, amidst a blaze of golden poppies and purple lupines, with the soft green of the hills and trees interspersed. These were the happiest days I had spent since that memorable October day, and when Mr. Harris selected land adjoining the three hundred and twenty acres on which I had located, in that picturesque little valley, with its quaint old spreading oaks, I was overjoyed with the prospect of having such charming people for neighbors. What marvelous changes three short weeks had brought about; changes that might shape one's future life, or decide his destiny. Upon our return to Mr. Sheden's, little did Miss Pearl realize, as she sat upon the curb of the fish pond, that beautiful moonlight night, dangling her slender fingers in the water, singing in a low voice that old familiar tune, "There's carp in the pond, there's fish in the sea," then leaving off abruptly, as if in deep meditation, how near she came to having a proposal. The next morning we parted company, Mr. Haun and his party returned to San Francisco, and I to San Luis Obispo, where I expected to make arrangements for the improvement of my land. I watched the party until they drove out of sight, then mounted and galloped across the valley and was soon lost among the oak-clad hills.

On reaching the Salinas River I stopped to pay my respects to the Señorita who had so graciously helped me in the time of need. I again mounted and began the ascent of the Santa Margarita Mountains. On reaching the summit I emerged from the tall scragly pines just as the sun was setting and beheld a most wonderful sight; San Luis Obispo nestled in the valley below, with the passing shadows from the fleecy clouds of fog, drifting leisurely overhead, and with the golden rays of sunset playing upon the peaks in the background. Deeply impressed with this picture, I often longed to return and witness it again. Darkness dropped the curtain over this beautiful view, as I descended into the old Spanish town.

While arrangements were being made relative to improving my newly acquired possessions, I became acquainted with Augustus Livingston, recently from Snohomish, Washington Territory. From him I learned of the forest of fir timber that extended throughout nearly the whole of the western territory, particularly the Puget Sound country. This was welcome news to me and the thought of once more engaging at lumbering thrilled me to the utmost. Never had I given up the hope of lumbering should an opportunity occur. His glowing account of the splendid timber and the possibility of the settling up of the Territory caused me to decide at once to go to the North and if after investigation I found conditions there favorable, to engage at lumbering, and with this idea foremost in mind I hired a man to look after my California land.

I took the first steamer, the Orizoba, sailing from Port Harford for San Francisco, where I arrived May 11, 1884. I had intended calling on Mr. Harris and his daughter, Pearl, who had extended me a very cordial invitation, but upon my arrival in San Francisco learned that the George W. Elder would sail for Seattle

that same day, so I had to forego the pleasure of renewing their acquaintance. After a stormy passage of three days, we arrived at Victoria, B. C., and on the morning of the fourth day, steamed into Seattle harbor. As Snohomish was my intended point of destination, I remained but a short time in the Empire town of Puget Sound, at that time a small place of about five thousand people of indomitable will; just the kind of people needed to build up a great city. As I looked about at the steep hills, deep gulches and surrounding forest of lofty timber, I could see but little to recommend this site for a city. One day, in company with Hugh Blake, I went to Lake Washington, about two miles from Seattle. We had heard a great deal about the possibility of this body of fresh water being made into a splendid inland shipyard by cutting a canal from the lake through to Puget Sound, so naturally were eager to see the lake. We travelled over the hills, on a trail that led through the heavy fir forest, and after walking a couple of hours, stood upon the shore of that placid body of water. While standing there, I had my first view of Mt. Rainier, that magnificent, snow-capped peak with an elevation of fourteen thousand feet. It seemed scarcely ten miles distant while in reality it was about sixty. As the afternoon waned, I witnessed a most extraordinary transformation. The sunset on this snow-capped peak was most picturesque. The snowy whiteness of the earlier part of the day was lost in shadows of brightest scarlet, and these in turn were followed by others of blue and purple which gradually faded into a beautiful warm gray. After feasting our eyes on this gorgeous sunset, we started for town, but inadvertently took the wrong trail and wandered about in the forest for some time, failing to reach the hotel until after dark. Washington Territory, before the advent of the railroads, was largely without means of inland transportation. The Northern Pacific Rail Road was now under construction. All transportation was over the numerous waterways of the Sound and the Indian trails that led here and there through the almost impenetrable forest west of the Cascade Mountains.

I left Seattle for Snohomish in the evening on the small steamer Nellie, commanded by Captain Charles Low. We steamed up the Sound all night, and the next morning found ourselves opposite Mukilteo, an Indian village where the lumbermen boomed their logs preparatory to framing them into rafts, to be towed to Seattle, when they were converted into lumber. Passing Mukilteo, we continued on and entered the mouth of the Snohomish River. About ten o'clock, a sharp blast of the steamer's whistle announced our arrival at the port of Snohomish, then a village of less than two hundred white people. Besides being the county seat of Snohomish County, this was the most important town in western Washington, outside of Seattle. Aside from the hotel kept by Isaac Cathcart, and the Blackman Brothers' sawmill and company store, there was little else to recommend the village except its central location. The greater part of the inhabitants were little better off than the Indians, who almost outnumbered them. The latter were scattered about the village and along the river. Indians from various other quarters also congregated there to trade. In the early morning it was not an uncommon sight to see a dozen or more of both sexes, dressed only in nature's garb, bathing together, indiscriminately. The Indians, nevertheless, are a moral people and realize the value of virtue and chastity, but being so near

to nature they have sought safety by the openness of their association, rather than in the restraint and prohibition of the white man's civilization.

My arrival in the village created considerable comment and speculation and I was soon designated as the man who was looking for timber. As is common in all small towns, the arrival of a stranger always furnishes the villagers with a new topic for gossip and I was no exception. An amusing and interesting event occurred during my sojourn in Snohomish that threw the entire village into a furore. One of the prominent citizens kicked a dog that belonged to a young man from Wisconsin, and trouble ensued. The prominent citizen was sued for damages by the dog's owner and immediately the whole town was set agog. Sammy Piles, a young man recently admitted to the bar, full of the conceit and self-confidence common to youth, was retained to prosecute the case. This being the first case in court for several months, was quite an event and furnished the chief topic of conversation in that sleepy little hamlet. Even the school children became familiar with it. At length the day arrived for convening court and business in general was suspended. Those who had not been summoned as witnesses went to hear the testimony. The case consumed the greater part of the day; Sammy, as we called him, waxed eloquent in his plea for a verdict in favor of his client, and finally won the case. After the Judge rendered a verdict in favor of plaintiff for one dollar, court adjourned until some future time, when perchance some one would be made defendant in a case for selling liquor to the Indians. Sammy, puffed up over his victory, found the village was entirely too small to hold him, so later moved to Seattle where he followed his profession. Behind the egotism of youth was the merit of real manhood and in later years Sammy was elected United States Senator.

During my brief stay in Snohomish, I was most fortunate in making the acquaintance of Mr. Morse, who, if I remember correctly, was at that time in the employ of the Government. He was scientifically inclined and had been exploring the surrounding country for a long time, making many long excursions into the unknown districts to obtain information in regard to the natural resources of the Territory. On one of these trips he had the misfortune to lose an eye, by coming in contact with a twig, and being sensitive as to his personal appearance, wore one of glass. While on one of his numerous expeditions he claimed to have discovered a mountain of iron ore near the head of Pilchuck Creek, and from the quantities of pencil ore near by, had concluded that the entire mountain was iron of the same character. Learning that I was recently from Pennsylvania, he took me into his confidence, taking it for granted that anyone from the Keystone State would necessarily be an expert on iron ore. The specimens of pencil ore that he exhibited were the finest I had ever seen. He had never prospected the mountain and proposed taking me in as a partner should we, upon investigation, find the ore to be valuable. After viewing the specimens, I became intensely interested, speculating as to the fabulous wealth contained in a mountain of this rare ore, and eagerly accepted his offer. As my original object in going to Washington Territory was to acquire riches, I was not adverse to obtaining it suddenly. Mr. Morse, being anxious, made preparations for an immediate start and secured seven trusty Indians and their families to accompany us on the journey. In a few

days we were winding our way up Pilchuck Creek, through a tangle of salmon-berry brush and vine maple, over an old Indian trail that led to the Stillaguamish River. The second day out we left the trail and after travelling some distance, came to a small lake in the midst of the forest, where we pitched camp for the night.

The next day while the squaws and children were busily engaged preparing our temporary lodges, on the border of the lake, Mr. Morse, assisted by the men, made preparations to visit the mountain of iron. These being completed, we started out in company with two of the strongest Indians. Crossing a branch of the Pilchuck, we began climbing to the summit of an open ridge, which we followed for several miles before arriving at our destination. Here we found numerous pieces of pencil ore scattered about. The sun reminded us it was past the noonday hour, so we climbed up on a huge boulder to eat our lunch, but in doing so evidently disturbed the tranquillity of Mrs. Bruin and her two last year's cubs, who took flight. As they ran along the ridge, I opened fire with my Marlin rifle, and with seven shots succeeded in killing all three. Mr. Morse and the Indians considered this a marvelous feat. The Indians looked upon me with admiration and as a consequence remained with me during my stay in the Territory. I gave the bear hides to Squak and Skirk, our most trusty Indians, who proceeded to skin the carcasses and prepare the meat for future use, while Mr. Morse and I after finishing our lunch, climbed the mountain that was supposed to be solid ore. With one blow of his hammer, he revealed the rock beneath a thin coat of iron, and with that blow, I saw our visionary fortune melt away. Some time in the dim past, this huge rock had evidently been heated to such a degree that the iron was forced to the surface; other boulders and rocks in this vicinity were similarly coated. I was at a loss to know where the rich pencil ore came from, as it was unlike any common ore of that locality, but surmised that it must have been scattered by some volcanic or meteoric agency. The failure of our iron expedition was such a disappointment to us that neither of us spoke until after our return to the Indians, who by that time had finished dressing the bear. The next day we assisted Squak and Skirk in carrying the meat and hides to our camp on the shore of the lake where we ate heartily of bear meat and mountain trout, caught by the squaws in fish traps constructed in the border of the streams. Also delicious salmonberries, of both the red and yellow varieties that reminded me of huge raspberries, which grew in the low, damp places and along the borders of the streams.

Accustomed to observe the Sabbath, I rested on this day, mended my wearing apparel, lounged about camp and watched the squaws peel the bark from cedar trees and cut it into fine strips, which were woven into mats for the floors of our lodges. While watching the weaving of these mats, my attention was attracted by the barking of a dog on the hillside, not far distant. As the sound of the barking continued to come from the same direction, I determined to investigate. Upon reaching the dog I found him barking up into a huge cedar tree. Upon discovering me he whined continuously. Creeping up to a better point of vantage, I was greatly surprised to see a strange animal gazing at me with its tiger like face. I had not expected to see anything larger than a coon or wildcat, and was puzzled to know what this strange animal was. Before I could raise my gun to shoot, the

animal, large as it was, sprang to another limb, where it was hidden from view in the great mass of moss and foliage. As the shadows of evening were gathering, I concluded to climb a tall slender cedar near by, to obtain a better view of the stranger. I carefully stood my rifle against the tree trunk, muzzle downward, cut a vine maple and fastened it to my belt, and then climbed to the first limb, which was about twenty feet from the ground. After reaching this limb, I hung on with one hand, reached down with the other, and succeeded in fastening the hook end of the vine maple in the lever of my rifle and thus pulled it up to me. As there was no scarcity of limbs from here on, it was not difficult to climb the remainder of the distance. Keeping a careful watch for the wild beast, I climbed to the top of the tree without even getting a glimpse of him, but on descending I was more fortunate. Seeing a small brown spot, through an opening in the dense foliage, I knew that I had discovered the animal but was not certain at just what part of his anatomy I was looking. The approach of darkness tempted me to take a chance shot. After the report of my rifle rang out, the animal with a blood-curdling yell, sprang from the tree, with head erect, as if pouncing upon some unsuspecting prey. When he landed on the ground beneath, I heard the dog, struggling for his life as I supposed, but upon descending quickly to go to his assistance, to my great joy I found the animal dead, with the dog still tugging away at its throat. On examination of this strange beast, I found that by chance I had shot him through the heart. I attempted to throw him over my shoulder and carry him to camp, but finding myself unequal to the task took him by the hind paws, threw him over my shoulders and descended the hill with the head, neck and shoulders dragging. Squak, having heard my shot, came to my assistance, meeting me at the foot of the hill, and helped to drag the animal into camp. Mr. Morse assured me that the animal was an unusually large bobcat. The body was almost as large as that of the mountain lion I killed in California. I have killed many bobcats since, but as the largest of these was not more than half the size of this one, I am not sure but that it may have belonged to some other species. Even the Indians were amazed at its size. The forepaws were as large as the palm of my hand, and the tail about ten inches in length.

While encamped on the shores of the lake, the Indians told me the legend of Spau, the Great Spirit. They claimed that he had first appeared among them when they lived on the shores of Wenatchee Lake, and according to their belief, was endowed with the spirit of good as well as the spirit of evil. An old squaw claimed that Spau first appeared to her in the form of a salmon, swimming about in the lake, and on one particular day attempted to upset her canoe, whereupon she plunged a spear into his head, pulling out an eye in landing him. Before she could kill him, he disappeared into the forest, never returning except at night when he was hungry and then disturbing their slumber. Other versions of the legend had Spau appear as a beaver and otter, or a monstrous animal that dwelt at the bottom of the lake upsetting their canoes and sometimes devouring them, but more Indians believed in the salmon version than in the others. The Indians all lived in fear of this Great Spirit. I was unable to associate the legend with the Indians calling Mr. Morse Spau, until he explained how it came about. It seems that after a hard day's tramp in the mountains, east of the Cascades, he had un-

expectedly come upon the Indians preparing their evening meal, and as he was tired and hungry, concluded to camp with them for the night. When supper was finished, without any forethought on his part, he removed his false teeth, wiped them off and replaced them. Then, as his injured eye had been troubling him, he took out the artificial one, and removed the small particles that had caused the irritation, and then replaced it. The Indians thought his actions were supernatural, and were so frightened and impressed by them that they believed him no other than Spau. His appearing among them hungry, and his removal of the glass eye according to the legend, fully convinced them that he must be the Great Spirit. They invited him to live with them and always looked upon him with fear and reverence. They helped him in many of his long journeys through the mountains and furnished him with food when he could not procure it for himself. After a lapse of several years Squak, having settled with the Tulalip Indians, seemingly to be near Mr. Morse, still persisted in taking salmon to him. Being a friend of Mr. Morse, I profited by his influence over the Indians, at large.

Having heard Mr. Morse speak frequently of the Stillaguamish Falls, and of the excellent timber in that vicinity, I arranged to go with him, Squak and two other Indians, on a trip to the Stillaguamish River. The purpose of the expedition of the Indians was to spear salmon, and Mr. Morse and I accompanied them to examine the timber along that stream, and incidentally to view the falls, of which I had heard so much. Upon our arrival at the precipitous bank of the river, I looked up the stream to our right and beheld what I considered the most wonderful falls in America. It was composed of two series of benches and each of the falls had a perpendicular drop of about twenty feet. The upper one ran diagonally across stream, and the lower one was shaped like a horseshoe. On the opposite bank of the river, a perpendicular cliff of granite towered two or three hundred feet above the stream; in its recesses were little fir trees growing here and there, like potted plants. The bank on the side nearest our approach was a perpendicular wall of about forty feet, at the base of which was a large pool formed by the falls. Above the falls, due to a passing shower, there shone a rainbow of extraordinary brilliancy; directly beneath were numerous smaller ones, caused by the sun's play on the mist of the falls. The sunlight on the raindrops, as they splashed upon the water, completed one of the most dazzling and marvellous sights I have ever beheld. Even old Squak could not conceal his admiration and looked upon the beautiful sight as a good omen, saying that it was the work of Spau and that we would spear plenty of salmon. After the shower had passed, I amused myself skating on the polished granite that formed the bed of the stream between the falls, and in examining the curious pot-like holes that had been worn in the solid granite by the rolling of boulders in the turbulent waters.

We camped for the night on a small gravel bar below the falls, wrapped in our blankets and lying side by side. About ten o'clock the next morning, after the sun had taken the chill off the air, the Indians undressed and prepared to spear salmon in the great pool below the falls. They waded out until they stood in water three feet deep. They kept a certain distance from each other and, with uplifted spear, waited for the salmon to swim within their reach. The pool was alive with fish, as they were unable to farther ascend the river on account of the

falls. It was not long before the excitement began. The Indians, spearing to right and left, occasionally landed a salmon, but were frequently pulled into the deep whirling waters, where they were compelled to let go of the spear to prevent the salmon pulling them into the dangerous water of the falls. At times in landing a fish of forty or fifty pounds, the combined efforts of two Indians were required, and now and then a fish would tear loose and make his escape. As the excitement increased, I became greatly enthused, undressed and joined in the sport, while Mr. Morse looked on. By noon we had landed thirty-seven, each weighing from twenty to fifty pounds. The larger ones were tyé or king salmon, and the smaller ones, silver salmon. In addition to these we speared a goodly number of salmon trout, a fish far more delicious than the salmon. We piled the fish up beside camp for safety and, greatly fatigued from the day's sport, slept soundly throughout the night. On awakening the following morning, we were surprised to find that a bear had wandered up the cañon during the night, passing within three feet of us. He had helped himself to our bacon and sugar, and scattered the fish around promiscuously, without our being aware of his presence. The bear having robbed us of our sugar and bacon, we had to be content with salmon broiled over the coals for breakfast, with a little black coffee to wash it down. After breakfast each of us selected a fish of about forty pounds, wrapped it in cedar bark, strapped it to our backs and started for our camp on the border of the lake. Shortly after our arrival there we broke camp, as Mr. Morse was obliged to return to Snohomish.

While on this trip, I found the timber generally satisfactory. Some, however, was of a young growth and of medium size. My first impulse was to settle down and engage in lumbering somewhere below these beautiful falls but, after due consideration, I decided to look for a more favorable location, where logging would be less expensive. The timber on Pilchuck was of an older growth and of excellent quality, but the logs could not be successfully floated down that small stream except at the expense of constructing dams, so I decided to investigate the splendid timber Mr. Morse said was to be found on the Snoqualmie and Skykomish rivers. From Snohomish I went to the Skykomish River to investigate the possibilities of logging on that stream. Skirk, his squaw and two daughters, and Squak and his squaw accompanied me, while the other Indians descended the Snohomish River to the Indian town of Tualip, near the mouth of the river. Squak was delighted at the prospect of going up the river as he would have an opportunity to cross the mountains and visit his people in the Wenatchee country, who, he regretted, were not on such friendly terms with the whites. As we shoved our canoes out into the stream, Mr. Morse warned Squak and Skirk that should any harm befall me on the trip, Spau would be very angry with them. After they assured him they would do all in their power to please the Great Spirit, we commenced our journey up the Snohomish River. Towards evening we arrived at the junction of the Skykomish and Snoqualmie; there we ascended the former stream to Tualco, an Indian village, where we ran our canoes ashore and camped for several nights. There was a potlatch or fair in progress at the time, and the Indians' yells and strange noises, that served as an accompaniment to their gambling, made our nights hideous. The celebration finally broke up in a drunken orgy, and for a time it looked as though we might be drawn into the fray, as the

rifle shots rang out in various directions, and were followed by a regular fusillade of bullets, which so alarmed me that I ordered Squak and Skirk to move our camp to a place of safety, where we spent the remainder of the night listening to the death wails of the Indians. When morning came, we learned that the casualties consisted of two Indians killed, one fatally stabbed and several severely wounded. The trouble had been caused by an Indian, whose mind had become temporarily unbalanced from drinking too much of the white man's fire water, and the Indians of the village, believing their visitors from down the river had assailed them, opened a general fire. As Squak anticipated further trouble, we took our departure, and continued up the river to an island, glad to escape with nothing more serious than a sleepless night.

On reaching the Sultan River, where we went into camp for two days, I investigated the possibilities of logging from the adjacent mountains. Our next stop was at an Indian village called Toosh, which was comprised of twenty families. After Squak had informed them that I was a Clish tilicum of Spau's, a good friend of the Great Spirit's, I was made welcome and given the best unoccupied lodge in the village, with Squak and Skirk quartered near by for my protection. This village was situated on the north bank of the river, with Index Peak, or Toosh, as the Indians called it from its imaginary resemblance to a woman's breast, in full view. Strange as it may seem, I felt reasonably well at home among these people, who generally were unfriendly towards the white man. While encamped here we feasted on mountain trout from the smaller streams and salmon from the Skykomish, which the Indians were expert in catching by means of stick traps. The children ran about the village entirely nude; the squaws were quite respectably dressed, while their lords wore but little, which contrasted greatly with the soft, gaily decorated deerskin dress of the Chippewas who frequented the lumber woods of Michigan. If one were up early, it was not an uncommon sight to see both sexes taking their morning dip in the river together. We had not been in the village many days before Squak proposed a hunting trip up the Sultan River, in quest of elk. He claimed they were plentiful in the basin above and that the meat was the best in the world. His excuse for going was that he was in need of elk hides to make rope for his canoe, although there was plenty of young vine maple and hazel nearby from which a withe rope could have been made. I was delighted with the idea of making this trip as Mr. Morse had told me of the heavy timber growing near the mouth of this river. The entire village became astir at the prospect of plenty of elk meat, so early one morning I left with eleven Indians; floated down the Skykomish in canoes to the mouth of the Sultan, and ascended that stream for several miles, pulling and dragging our canoes over the riffles. When unable to go farther with the canoes we pulled them up on the bank, where we left them and continued on afoot.

After climbing the mountain, we descended into a basin where we found numerous freshly trodden paths in all directions made by elk, and indications pointed to a successful hunt. We were not disappointed in our anticipations, for in the morning, and at noon, when the elk went to the stream to drink, we had no difficulty in killing them. In three days eleven were killed. As we had more meat than we could conveniently care for, I refused to kill more than three. The

following ten days were spent in drying and smoking the meat over a slow camp fire. During this time, the Indians scraped and removed the flesh from the hides and laid them out to dry, while Skirk and I made several trips into the mountains looking for deer. On one of these occasions, I discovered two cougar kittens, about the size of a half-grown house cat. After picking them up, I was about to return to Skirk, who had dropped behind, when my attention was attracted to an old leaning maple, a few paces ahead. On looking up, I was horrified to see the mother lying on the old tree trunk, glaring at me with eyes like two coals of fire. The lashing of her long tail plainly indicated her intention of springing on me. I had dropped my rifle, in order to catch the kittens, so was unarmed, and for an instant was at a loss to know what to do, but as the animal sprang at me, I stepped aside and the infuriated beast landed where I had so recently stood. Instantly she crouched, but before she had time to spring again, Skirk fired and killed her. It all happened so quickly that I had no time to act. Aside from being in poor condition, and not quite so large as the mountain lion I had killed in California, I could see no difference in the species. In after years I killed a puma, in Mexico, and as I could distinguish no difference between the puma, the cougar and mountain lion, I concluded that they and the panther of the Eastern States were one and the same.

While recrossing the mountain to our canoes, with our dried elk meat and hides, I discovered some gold-bearing quartz from which I broke a small piece, thinking that at some future day I would return and look for the ledge. After the canoes were loaded, we dragged them back over the riffles and towards evening arrived at the village, amid the great hallooing of my Indian companions to their squaws and children, who came to meet the returning hunters. That night the camp fires were lighted and a great ovation was given for the safe return of the braves. Inside of a circle formed by the spectators, each brave who had taken part in the hunt took his part in the programme, dancing first on one foot and then on the other, making gestures supposed to represent the killing of an elk. Each elaborated on the part he played by imitating some great act of heroism, endeavoring with a harangue to keep time with the musicians, who, with their instruments of wood and dried skins, produced that weird music peculiar to the Indians. Skirk was the chief attraction of the evening, for after having described his part in the hunt he brought his dance to a climax by his vivid portrayal of the killing of the cougar. I must confess he did justice to the act, as his picture of the scene was greatly overdrawn. During the dance he dragged me, figuratively speaking, from the jaws of the brute a dozen times, and to further impress the audience with his bravery, held the cougar kittens high above his head. It was past midnight before the excitement died out and the village assumed its former tranquillity. I presented the young cougars to Too'lä, an Indian maid with fawn-like eyes, daughter of Seomish, as a recompense for having taken me across the river several times in her father's canoe.

It was some time before another expedition was sent to the Sultan basin to hunt elk, so while not engaged exploring timber, I idled my time away about the village, listening to the laughter of the Indian maidens as they hallooted to the young braves who ascended or descended the river in their canoes; harkened to

the clonk, clonk of some raven, soaring overhead, or counted the distant tap, tap of some huge woodpecker (pileated) as his ax-like stroke resounded upon the snag of an old dead tree. I was greatly interested in watching the Indians playing their various gambling games, which was their chief delight. A simple one of these games was played by equal numbers on opposite sides, each with its chosen captain. The captains, each with eleven splints of elk bone, shaped very much like wooden toothpicks, sat opposite each other, and the stake, composed of various articles, was placed between them. The game began with a chant, the participants keeping time, tapping on logs or hollow vessels, with small sticks, producing a dull monotonous sound. Each captain, in his turn, made a few mysterious passes with his hand, held both hands up and the captain on the opposite side guessed as to which hand contained the bone. The splint was given to the one who guessed correctly. Thus the game continued until one captain or the other had acquired all of the twenty-two splints. The stake was then divided among the members of the winning side. They continued this game sometimes until they had lost not only all of their worldly possessions, but their squaws as well. This frequently created trouble, sometimes leading to assassination, especially if some of the Indians were from another tribe or village. The evenings at the village were frequently the scene of weird and superstitious games. The coming of the new moon was celebrated with a dance in which the dancers kept up a weird chant, and with their bows and arrows imitated the killing of some imaginary evil spirit; the dance continued until the moon had disappeared behind the trees on the mountain.

While in swimming one day with Skirk and some of the young Indians, the dogs started some wild animals on the mountain side, in close proximity to our camp. After hurriedly dressing, we made our way up the mountain and discovered two cubs in a chittamwood tree. As we wished to capture them alive, several of the party, myself included, climbed the tree. The others were to stand guard on the ground and keep watch for the mother bear. We cut a belt that belonged to one of the Indians, into strips, formed a noose, placed it over the heads of the cubs and thus made them our prisoners. My experience with Bruin in Michigan taught me to be careful and keep out of the reach of their paws. Our arrival in the village with the cubs caused great excitement and it was not long before the Indians had taught them the art of boxing. The cubs and cougar kittens, now grown to a fair size, soon became fast friends. During the season when the chittamwood berries were ripening, I assisted in the capture of seven more cubs and only in one instance did the mother return to the protection of her offspring. This particular time, Squak and I had been out looking for deer and suddenly came upon the old dame with her youngster in a chittamwood. The mother jumped down and ran away but the cub took refuge in a cedar near by. Squak climbed up after it, leaving me to keep a sharp lookout for the mother. As he dropped a noose over the cub's head it began to cry and Mother Bruin instantly returned, snapping her jaws as she hastened past me to its rescue. While she was in the act of climbing the tree, I fired and she dropped to the ground, dead.

Squak had been talking for some time about the white mowich (white deer) with straight antlers, that lived in the mountains near Toosh. As I could think of

no animal answering Squak's description, I concluded this must be one of Squak's many mysterious stories that he loved to tell; or perhaps he had mistaken the patches of snow remaining on Index Peak for this unusual animal. Upon making enquiry of the Indians about the village regarding this mysterious animal, they not only confirmed Squak's story, but informed me that they had actually killed several some years before and that it lived in the precipitous mountains, inaccessible to other deer and elk. From their description, I concluded that if such an animal really existed, it must be the bighorn (Rocky Mt. sheep), but remembering that they were not white, I was again at a loss to know what animal it might be; so determined not to leave the country until I had first satisfied my curiosity. The next time Squak mentioned the subject, I consented to accompany him in quest of the mowich, but cautioned him that if he misled me, Spau would be very angry. He was delighted with the prospects of the hunt and reassured me as to the animal's existence. He claimed that Spau, meaning Mr. Morse, would not be angry, but glad to receive the beautiful white skin that Squak proposed sending to the Great Spirit. When it became known about camp that Spau's friend, Tilicum, was going to Toosh to hunt the white mowich, there was great excitement among the young Indians of the village, who eagerly volunteered to accompany us on the expedition, and help drag the canoes over the slippery rocks of the shallow riffles. Even the old men and maidens were greatly interested.

As we ascended the Skykomish the water became quite swift, the strong current, with numerous granite boulders and occasional rapids, made ascent of the river extremely difficult. We often slipped from these boulders and received a thorough drenching when obliged to get out of the canoes, and drag them by their elk-hide ropes. This afforded great amusement for Squak, who declared that the young Indians lacked the skill and agility of their fathers. Frequently the canoes had to be unloaded in order to pull them into less dangerous water, above. About noon of the third day we came to a small basin, surrounded by lofty mountains, and thickly wooded with a forest of remarkably fine fir. Here, in the most picturesque spot I had seen in my wanderings in the Cascade Mountains, the waters of the Skykomish divided. To our right, on the south side of the river, rose a pinnacle-shaped, barren mountain of stupendous height, with here and there patches of snow, remnants of the preceding winter. To the west arose another awe-inspiring mountain, and between the two, in the cliff-like mountains where the snow of the preceding winter had not melted, I was astonished to see the Roman numerals VI; formed by the crevices, the date of our arrival at that particular spot. To our left were the perpendicular walls of another mountain, whose lofty wooded summit towered above us a thousand feet or more. Directly ahead, between the two forks of the river, majestically towering above the top of the forest trees, was Index Mountain. As Squak, with a smile of satisfaction, pointed to this, he whispered, "Toosh;" "Mowich."

From here we continued our journey up the South Fork (Tyé) for some distance and passed a waterfall of singular beauty, whose water leaped from high on the mountain side. About an hour later we came to some falls on the Tyé, and as Squak informed us that there were others ahead, we decided to make the remainder of the journey on foot rather than to haul the canoes around the various obstructions.

We then left the Tyé and worked our way up a small stream for some distance through a forest of small fir timber, remarkable for its height and freeness from limbs. As we ascended the mountain, the height of the timber decreased and the number of limbs increased until it became scrubby and unfit for lumbering. Here we halted for the night. In the morning we resumed our journey to a point near the timber line, where we made camp by a small stream and started in search of the mowich. To me, Index Mountain seemed an ideal home for the Rocky Mountain sheep, but I had little confidence in locating the mowich, as I knew the Indians were prone to be guided by legends and superstitions.

After spending two days of fruitless search, climbing about the mountain, I told Squak that I had concluded not to search farther for this mysterious animal, but upon seeing his disappointment, I promised to remain another day. The third day ended as the two preceding ones, in failure. Faithful old Squak, dejected and crestfallen, said that the Great Spirit must be angry with him, and that the Evil Spirit was hiding the mowich behind the rocks, that we might not find them. Squak was the picture of distress on account of being in disfavor with the Great Spirit, so I determined not to desert the old man or give up the hunt until he realized the folly of the expedition. That night Squak wandered away from camp and did not return until towards morning when a great change had taken place in him; he no longer wore the disturbed and worried look of the previous day. Naturally my curiosity was aroused and I asked him the cause of this change. He replied that he had gone out to make medicine to overcome the Evil Spirit and today, we kill em plenty. As we set out for the day's hunt he showed greater agility than on the previous day. Descending from our lofty elevation to the rough, broken mountains below, Squak suddenly stopped and whispered softly to me, and at the same time pointed in the direction of the precipitous side of the mountain, "See, mowich." I must confess that as I could see nothing more than mountains, with Index Peak towering above, I thought the old man's mind was wandering from loss of sleep the night before. Presently he whispered again, "mowich," pointing in the same direction, across the cañon, and there, sure enough, stood a white animal. It was not a bighorn as I had expected, so I became enthused thinking that perhaps after all, the Indian was right. The distance was too great to attempt a shot, so we spent two hours laboriously climbing to the edge of the precipice, and upon our arrival there found the animal had disappeared.

I regretted the long, hard climb and was about to give up, when, as if by magic, the object of our search stepped out from behind a rock. This time Squak pointed, without whispering, but it was needless, for I had discovered it and instantly fired. Just as it rolled off the precipice to the rocks below, another, but smaller one, stepped into view. Again I fired, and as the second one fell in its tracks, we immediately proceeded to that part of the mountain, where we found the white mowich with its white silky hair, a strange animal to me. I was overjoyed, and Squak was wild with delight. He said that the Indian medicine had broken the spell, that the Evil Spirit could no longer misguide us, and we would kill plenty of mowich. After skinning the beautiful white creature, we climbed down to where the first one had fallen and upon examination I found her to be a species of wild

goat that inhabits the Cascade Mountains (Mazama). As I had always labored under the impression that the goat belonged to the Eastern Hemisphere, I was greatly surprised and could scarcely have been better pleased, had I killed a Big Horn. On reaching camp that evening we found that the other Indians had not met with success. For the three succeeding days we hunted diligently but being unsuccessful, returned to our canoes and descended the river. The Indians had taken no part in the killing of the goats but nevertheless were as greatly pleased as I. The news of our achievement was made known upon our arrival at the village, and the entire population turned out to welcome us. In the evening, celebration, including dancing, was given that excelled any I had ever witnessed. The merry laughter of the Indian maidens echoed and re-echoed, up and down the river, as the dance continued.

As I was the center of attraction, Squak and Skirk took their turn dancing for me, Squak going through the manoeuvres of the hunt and throwing in a few variations by way of amusement, not forgetting the medicine that had broken the spell. During the dance, the parents of the marriageable squaws looked on with approval and general satisfaction. At the close of the festivities, towards midnight, I presented the beautiful glossy white skin of the kid to Too'lä, who had greatly admired it. Immediately after this presentation, peal upon peal of laughter rang out from the young Indians. I failed to comprehend the cause of this outburst until later. According to a legend, or old tradition of the Indians of the village of Toosh, the presentation of a white mowich skin to a maiden, was equivalent to a declaration of the donor's choice and the maiden, thus honored, signified her willingness to become the wife of the brave by accepting the gift. This accounted for the young Indians all being so eager to accompany us on the mowich hunt and justified Too'lä's flirtation with me, which reached a climax a few days later. I had been up the river exploring the timber on the mountains on the opposite shore from the village and in the absence of some of the young Indians, Too'lä was sent after me. On descending the river, by way of diversion, she rocked the canoe as we went over a riffle and laughingly joked me as I endeavored to keep the canoe from upsetting. From the roguish twinkle in her eye, I suspected her of being on mischief bent, so kept a sharp lookout for a surprise of some kind. As we neared the village, I was caught unawares. She gave the canoe a sudden turn with the paddle, upsetting it and precipitating us into the water. In my efforts to save myself, my rifle went to the bottom of the river. As we were clinging to the canoe, I discovered by the mischievous look in Too'lä's eyes, that this was no accident. When I lamented the loss of my gun, she immediately righted the canoe, dived to the bottom of the river, and on her return to the surface brought it with her. As we resumed our journey, she continued her roguish laughter. I suspected the truth and was not surprised that evening, when her father, Scomish, offered to sell her to me for my hunting knife, axe, rifle and one hundred dollars additional. I had left Pennsylvania on account of a love affair, so had no inclination to be mixed up in another. A few words of explanation straightened out the whole matter and I continued on friendly terms with Too'lä and her family as long as I remained in the village.

A peculiar epidemic broke out among the Indians, towards the close of summer, that proved fatal to first one and then another until the little village, so recently gay and festive, took on the appearance of mourning. At certain stages of the malady, many of them became delirious and jumped into the river and if not drowned, died a few days later. I believed the epidemic to be typhoid, due to the unsanitary conditions and avoided the use of water near the village. The Indians insisted it was the work of the Evil Spirit. Squak said it was, "No closh tum tum" (no good mind). The Indians prophesied that unless they moved away, all would die sooner or later and, from the number of newly made graves, it seemed as if their prophecy might prove true. Scarcely a family escaped losing some of its number; children succumbed as well as adults. The gayety of former evenings was now supplanted with lamentations and wailings for the departed and their mourning song became as familiar to my ear as Rock of Ages, that mother sang. As the first shadows of evening approached, one would hear a solitary voice ring out on the still evening air, then a dozen voices from as many different quarters took it up, the men joining in on what might be termed the chorus and then dropping out again. Sometimes they continued singing this mournful, pathetic song "I, Iáh, Iáh, Oh, Oh," until a late hour before quieting down for the night.

Squak, having married a Siwash squaw, had been living in Tulalip on the shores of Puget Sound, and had not visited his people during the past five years. It was now the early part of September and as Squak contemplated a trip to the Wenachee country, and I had failed to find the timber on Sultan River to be of as fine a quality as I had hoped for, I readily consented to accompany him. On account of my supplies of bacon, flour, sugar and black tea, purchased before my departure from Snohomish, being depleted, I was obliged to practice the most rigid economy. A return to Snohomish for additional supplies would have prevented my visit to the Wenachee country that fall and defeated my purpose of examining the white pine said to be there, so I consoled myself with the thought that when my supplies were exhausted, I could at least subsist for a time on what the Indians had managed to thrive on for centuries, viz. the products of the forest and streams; so with a liberal supply of dried salal berries, smoked salmon and bear meat, on the tenth of September we started on our irksome journey. Skirk, his family, and some of the young Indians of the village accompanied us up the river as far as Index Peak, where we went into camp and spent several days hunting the white mowich on the south side of the river. I had the good fortune to kill an old male with almost straight black horns about eight inches long. Here I parted company with all of my Indian friends except Squak and his squaw, O-lé-quä. We travelled up the north fork of the Skykomish over an old Indian trail, and worked our way across the mountains by Cady Pass.

On our way down the Little Wenachee River, several days later, we met a party of Indians from whom Squak ascertained the location of his people. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at their lodges, situated on the northern shore of Lake Wenachee. After the greeting all eyes were turned upon me as if transfixed, which made me feel very uncomfortable. When Squak came to the rescue and told his people that I was a close tilicum (friend) of Spau's, and that no

harm must befall me, their countenances changed and the look of hatred gave way to one of welcome. It will be remembered that the legend of Spau first had its inception at Lake Wenatchee, when Spau appeared to the old squaw in the shape of a salmon. As the lodges were some distance apart, Squak insisted that I occupy part of his for protection from the roving Flat Heads, Yakimas and Okanogans who were visiting his people. The Wenatchee lodges differed somewhat from those of the Indians west of the mountains and about Puget Sound, and when built of bark or split sticks, were inferior. The wigwam or tepee was almost universally used. The latter, made of hides, stretched over poles, could be quickly taken down and transferred to other quarters when occasion demanded. As the Wenatchees depended almost entirely upon game and fish for their livelihood, it was necessary for them to change about from place to place as the game became scarce. Thus the members of this tribe became rovers, or migratory in their habits, and flitted from one place to another as necessity demanded.

In spirit, they were much more warlike than the Indians west of the mountains and at the time of my arrival among them they were greatly wrought up over the building of the Northern Pacific R. R. and the report that their reservation lands were soon to be thrown open to settlement. This stirred their savage spirits and they threatened death to all whites who ventured within their domains. This feeling of unrest among the Indians made it unsafe for me to venture about alone. After Squak's intoxication of happiness at again being with his people had somewhat subsided, we proceeded to inspect the timber in the vicinity of the lake. We kept close inshore with the canoe from where I obtained an excellent idea of the quality of the timber that extended from the shores of the lake far up the mountain slopes, where it gave out entirely. When Squak discovered recent signs of beaver on a marsh near the western extremity of the lake, he was delighted and said, "Some day we catch 'um plenty." As we circled the lake, I found the timber on the northern shore to be of the same quality as that on the south side. Here, among this scrubby fir timber was a sprinkling of pine that reminded me of the yellow pine found in the mountains of Pennsylvania, and of the Norway pine of Michigan. This pine, inferior to that found in the East, could scarcely be classed as saw timber on account of the numerous limbs. Towards evening we returned to the village, greatly disappointed, as we had failed to locate the much coveted white pine. Squak assured me "We find 'um plenty" in the neighborhood of the lake, to the northeast, so the following day we visited that section but again were disappointed. Not a white pine tree was in evidence. The timber here, although scattered, was somewhat superior to that which grew about Lake Wenatchee. A few of the best trees ranged from twenty to thirty inches in diameter, and the trunks were free from limbs for a distance of twenty to forty feet. Here, as around Lake Wenatchee, we found the meadows occupied by beaver and Squak became so excited that he lost all interest in timber.

Upon our return to the village, we learned that a party of young Indians had planned a hunting expedition into the mountains in the vicinity of Lake Chelan, to obtain their winter supplies of meat. In fact, fish and meat, accompanied by a cake made from certain grass seeds, constituted their chief diet. These cakes, a substitute for bread, were not half bad when eaten with a juicy venison steak

that had been suspended on a sharpened stick and grilled before the fire. As the Indians reported plenty of pine in that locality, I decided to accompany them. Mounted upon Indian ponies it was not difficult to get about the country and was quite a change from cruising timber on foot from early morning until late at night, or sitting cramped in a narrow canoe. As we galloped about here and there, I was careful never to lose sight of Squak whose influence I felt was my only protection. We passed Great Meadows and crossed the mountains to the east of Entiat-Ina River where we shot a dozen or more of the mule deer, a species much larger than the Virginia deer, or the white-tailed deer of Michigan. A party of Indians, attracted by our shots, swooped down upon us and demanded by what rights we had encroached upon their hunting ground. I confess that for a time I was somewhat alarmed as I thought the controversy was over me, but when Squak explained that it was over the right to hunt in the mountains of Chelan, my anxiety was somewhat relieved. Trouble seemed unavoidable, but all differences were finally adjusted by a division of the game and the withdrawal of our party from that district. I was therefore unable to ascertain whether or not the white pine grew in the mountains west of Lake Chelan.

On our return to Lake Wenatchee by a more northerly route, I killed a fine specimen of the mule deer. Numerous signs of beaver about the small streams and lakes were most gratifying to Squak. Deprived of my trip to Lake Chelan, I persuaded Squak to accompany me to the south of Lake Wenatchee where I had repeatedly heard of fine pine timber. Mounted on ponies we rode across the hills to the marsh at the head of the lake and east of the village, examined the timber about the Natapoe Mountains and zigzagged down the Wenatchee River. Here we found the timber was of much finer quality than that about the lake, but as we proceeded southward the quantity of timber diminished until eventually sage brush and bunch grass reigned supreme. As we continued our journey we came to where the Wenatchee mingled its waters with those of that majestic river, the Columbia, forever made memorable by William Cullen Bryant in *Thanatopsis*—

“Take the wings of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — — —”

As I stood and gazed up and down that mighty river, and watched it wend its way through a treeless country that Squak reiterated extended into Idaho, it suddenly dawned upon me that I had reached the extreme eastern limit of the great forest of the Pacific Coast, that extended from the Pacific Ocean eastward to this part of the Columbia, more than half way across the Territory of Washington.

I had now reached the open, rolling hills of eastern Washington, void of timber and covered with a scanty growth of sage brush and bunch grass. As Squak informed me that the Indian country that extended almost to Idaho was of this character, and barren of timber except the cottonwoods and willows that bordered the streams, I decided to travel to the southward. Before leaving the sage brush country we spent several days hunting the fool or sage hen, at that time very plentiful. One afternoon while hunting near the banks of the Columbia, Squak discovered a band of mounted Indians, rapidly approaching. We were unable to

tell whether they were friends or foes, and as our ponies had been hobbled and turned out to graze some distance away, we dropped to our knees and crawled through the bunch grass to a clump of willows on the river bank. Here we remained concealed until nightfall, and then under cover of darkness made our way back to the ponies and rode across the valley of the Wenatchee into the hills to the southwest. The next day found us back at the timber line where a few days were spent examining the timber of the neighboring mountains. Upon our return to Lake Wenatchee, I noticed a feeling of unrest among the Indians, and a sullen scowl that flitted over the faces of the Indians of the roving bands that frequently visited the Wenachees. When I spoke to Squak about it he assured me I was perfectly safe; that the Wenachees would never harm a friend of Spau's. This in a way made me feel more secure but I could not help but notice, from day to day that the Indians became more insolent. They complained bitterly of the White Fathers having failed to keep faith with them, and asserted that the miners robbed their streams of gold. As the days passed, they worked themselves into such a frenzy that I felt an outbreak was inevitable. As roving bands of Indians, who now appeared more frequently among the Wenachees, brought the report that several miners had been killed, I was careful never to venture away from camp unless accompanied by Squak and even then had a feeling of insecurity. Recent depredations caused me to postpone my contemplated trip into the Chelan district and the Klickitat country where large bodies of white pine were reported, and decide to remain in the vicinity of Lake Wenatchee where Squak spent much of his time trapping on the streams and lakes to the north while I examined timber.

During our absence one day, after Squak and I had moved south of Wenatchee Lake to examine timber on the Chiwaukum, a band of prowling Indians passed our way, ransacked our camp and carried off everything of value so we were forced to return to the village. Here the young Indians, joined by their visitors, the Flatheads and Okanogans, now nightly danced the war dance around the camp fires that were kept burning. In the day time Indian runners were sent out to ascertain the number of Winchesters that could be brought to bear against them in case of an uprising. These Indians were not armed with the primitive bows and arrows, but with rifles, and were determined to protect their reservation lands from being thrown open to settlement. The older and wiser heads of the tribes had been able to restrain the young Indians to some extent but, in spite of their council, bands of young Indians frequently disappeared for several days at a time and returned with reports of the killing of cattle or of some lonely miner who had been attracted to the rich placer mines said to be found on the reservation. About this time, the report reached the village that four Chinese miners had been killed and several white men had fallen victims to the red men's hatred so I concluded that it would be folly to remain longer in the Wenatchee country, endure the rigors of a cold winter and unnecessarily expose myself to the Indians' vengeance. My sole object in visiting the Wenatchee country was to ascertain the truthfulness of the report that vast forests of white pine existed in that locality, but my investigation revealed only an inferior quality of this species scattered about on the higher summits of the Cascades. When I proposed to Squak that

we return to the village of Toosh and spend the winter there he seemed fairly overjoyed and said, "We kill 'um plenty elk." As the first flurry of snow fell about the lake, although the peak to the northwest had been shrouded in a mantle of white for some time, we departed from the Wenachee country, with no regrets.

On reaching the summits of the higher mountains we found the snow had fallen to a depth of about two feet which made travelling difficult. I was filled with apprehension as to our safety and a fear that we might be caught in a blinding snow storm in these high altitudes and all perish. This anxiety was only relieved upon our descent to lower altitudes. Upon our arrival at the Skykomish we found the river badly swollen from the heavy rains but were fortunate in finding our canoes where we had left them more than two months before.

Shortly after we were located in our old quarters at Toosh, I learned of Too'lä's marriage to Scu'wäh, one of the young Indians who had accompanied us on our first elk hunt to the Sultan Basin and the first to volunteer to go with us in search of the white mowich. As Too'lä was a good, respectful and obedient girl, I was glad to hear that she was married and hoped that her Indian brave would have all the qualities necessary to make a good, virtuous woman happy. During our absence in the Wenachee Country, eight more of the Indians had died and there had been talk of abandoning the village and moving down the stream to Tualco, to escape the scourge, but with the approach of winter the epidemic died out and they were relieved from further anxiety. Not long after my return to the Skykomish, an expedition was made to the Sultan basin in quest of elk, which proved very successful. Among the elk killed were several with enormous horns. One of these was so beautifully shaped that it captivated my fancy, but owing to the great weight I was obliged to leave it behind. Squak promised that he and some of the young Indians would some day return for them and true to his promise, about two weeks later, he presented me with the antlers.

It had been my intention to engage in lumbering on the Skykomish if conditions proved favorable for hand logging, a method new to me but old to the settlers on Puget Sound and along the Columbia River. In hand logging, the timber on the steep mountain slopes, facing the river, was cut and when the snow fell the logs were started, shot into the river and carried to tide water by the spring freshets, where they were put into booms and later towed to the various saw mills on Puget Sound. As conditions were favorable for this particular kind of logging on the Skykomish, I set to work with the aid of Squak and Scu'wäh. My Indian companions, though not prone to manual labor, gave me valuable assistance without which I could not have succeeded. We subsisted chiefly on elk and bear meat. The latter, when fat, was an excellent substitute for bacon. When our tea gave out, I substituted willow bark, which though bitter, served its purpose. When spring came, the freshets carried our logs down to the booms at Snohomish, where I had made previous arrangements with Blackman Brothers, for their purchase. One night, after we had returned from rolling logs into the river, the entire population of the village was thrown into a panic by a sudden jar of the earth, accompanied by the roaring sound of falling rocks and the crashing of timber. No one could guess the cause of the disturbance and even Squak

ventured no explanation. I suspected that an earthquake had occurred but having never experienced one, was not certain, so like Squak offered no suggestions. When all was quiet we lay down again and the next morning, when daylight came, the mystery was solved. An avalanche had occurred on the south side of the river that carried rocks, boulders and timber down the mountain side to the cañon below. The Indians, having never witnessed the like before, declared it to be the work of the evil spirit. No doubt the recent heavy rains were the real cause.

One evening early in April, two adventurous prospectors, a German and a Swede, past middle age, put in an appearance at Toosh. They had bribed the lower river Indians with whiskey to take them up the Skykomish River on a gold-prospecting trip. Upon learning that they were miners, I showed them the piece of gold-bearing quartz I had picked up on the Sultan, whereupon they became greatly interested and instantly proposed taking me into partnership with them if I would show them where I had obtained the specimen. Believing that nothing short of a Comstock Lode or Bonanza King lay waiting for us, I readily accepted their proposition. By nightfall all preparations had been made for an early start the next morning, when we planned to drop down the Skykomish in our canoes to the mouth of the Sultan, and then ascend that stream to the point where I had discovered the piece of quartz the preceding August. I had scarcely fallen to sleep that night, when I was suddenly awakened by gunshots and the howling of savages. My first thought was that we had been attacked by some prowling band of Wenachees that had crossed the mountains unknown to us, and I was about to seek safety in the woods, when Skirk came staggering to my lodge, drunk. I soon ascertained how the whiskey had found its way into the village and immediately hunted up Schultz and Johnson. I found them both reeling drunk with a two-gallon jug of whiskey which they were freely dealing out to the Indians. I broke the jug, thus destroying the contents, and then returned to my lodge to be out of range of the drunken savages. Unfortunately, I had overlooked another jug and that night the entire male population of the Indian village excepting myself was drunk. They kept quarreling and shooting until I feared it would result in a repetition of the night spent at Tualco. Happily my fears were not realized for there were no fatalities. Early the next morning I hunted up the prospectors and told them that if they valued their lives and had any more whiskey, to dispose of it, whereupon Johnson pulled a pint flask from his pocket and destroyed it.

The Indians by this time were in an ugly frame of mind and demanded more whiskey. As there was no more to give them, they became insulting, so we dropped down the river to avoid trouble and the next morning, Squak and Skirk, having sobered up somewhat, joined us. Fortunately Johnson and Schultz had a goodly supply of coffee, which was a real treat and re-kindled the desire to obtain wealth. Upon reaching our destination, we immediately began prospecting for the ledge. After working diligently for a week without locating it, we gave up and started preparations for working a low gravel bar that prospected well a short distance below a walled cañon through which the Sultan flowed. With the aid of Squak, Skirk and several young Indians, who had joined us, we split out lumber and constructed sluice boxes, into which we shoveled the gravel. As this

work progressed, I took the gold pan and went down the river some distance to prospect a gravel bar. While engaged in panning out gold, I heard a noise in the brush on the opposite side of the river, that reminded me of someone stealthily creeping through the brush. Thinking that it might be some lurking Indian with evil intentions, I picked up my rifle, stepped behind a nearby tree and awaited further developments. I had not waited long when my supposed foe stepped from the brush into full view, not an Indian as I had expected, but a cougar. Discerning that his attention was attracted to several mallard ducks, quietly swimming in the pool above me, I took steady aim at the brute's shoulder and fired. My aim proved true and the animal fell dead. We had now been mining about six weeks, so decided to make a clean-up and ascertain what the ground was paying. I, unfamiliar with gold mining, judged from various prospects we had taken the precaution to make that we must have quite a fortune and had visions of a lump of gold not much smaller than a croquet ball. Imagine my disappointment when it proved to be slightly larger than a good sized marble. After retorting the gold and deducting our expenses we had twenty-seven and a half dollars for our labor which averaged about twenty-five cents each per day and I verily believe was the most laborious that I ever performed. Although I did considerable gold mining afterwards, this proved the most profitable. On our return to Toosh, Schultz and Johnson decided to cross the mountains, take chances with the Indians and mine on the Cle-el-ume. Later, Skirk said it was reported that two miners had been killed, and as we never heard of our prospector friends after their departure, we concluded they must have fallen victims to the Wenachees' hatred.

I had now been with the Indians over a year, with little news from the outside world, and not a line from friends or home, so determined to return to Snohomish, collect the money for my logs, see what news might be awaiting me and continue my explorations on lands nearer tide water, where I hoped to find timber of better quality. The day for taking my departure finally arrived and, as the entire population of the village congregated on the river bar to say good-bye to Spau's friend, a feeling of sadness stole over me. Squak and Skirk with their families went with me. As we drifted down the river in the canoes, that warm June day, our friends hallooed to us until we were finally hidden from view by a turn in the river. Skirk and his family parted company with us at Tualco, and Squak and his ever faithful squaw, O-lé-quä, continued with me to Snohomish. After our arrival we were not long in hunting up Mr. Morse, who was delighted to know that we had returned safely and greatly pleased with the white mowich skin presented by Squak. As Squak expressed a desire to remain among his Indian friends a few days before leaving the settlement for the Sound, where we expected to remain some time, I decided to make a trip up the Snoqualmie River. My destination was Falls City, said to be forty miles distant by the trail and as the entire distance had to be travelled afoot, the next morning found me well on my way by daylight. The first seven miles was a fairly good road but the remainder was merely an Indian trail, that led through the forest. The blazing sun of that June day made it a tiresome journey and to add to my discomfort I unfortunately lost my way, travelling six miles out of my course. Towards evening I arrived at a

solitary house and was greatly astonished when informed that this was Falls City. The next morning I continued my journey to Snoqualmie Falls, three miles distant, arriving there at eight o'clock.

The beauty of these falls so fascinated me that I spent several hours admiring them and watching the water make a perpendicular drop of two hundred and eighty-four feet to the abyss below. By clinging to the brush, I descended from point to point until I finally stood on the mossy rocks below the falls, from where I watched the great jets of water, that spurted out from the main falls, disappear in the mist. As I stood there, it seemed that the majestic Niagara Falls had never looked half so beautiful as these and I felt amply repaid for the long walk I had taken and was somewhat reconciled to the impossibility of logging on the mountains above. I realized that the logs could not be driven down the stream and over the falls without being badly damaged, so gave up farther explorations in that direction. Tearing myself away from this charming scene, I returned to Falls City in time for the noonday meal and shortly after resumed my journey to Snohomish. When within a few miles of the mouth of the Snoqualmie, I suddenly came upon two Indian maids, near a precipitous rock, gathering the first salal-berries of the season. The maidens, frightened at the sudden appearance of a white man in that vicinity, leaped over the precipice, a distance of about twenty feet, into the brush below. On going to the brink, I fully expected to see them lying there, either dead or badly hurt, but to my surprise they were not to be seen. As I received no response, when I called to them in Chinook, I walked around the rock to see what had happened. When I discovered them hiding under the brush on the mountain side, like quail, I concluded they were uninjured and continued on my way.

After walking some distance I was more than surprised to meet Skirk, who cautioned me about travelling alone and insisted on my remaining with him for the night. As he promised to take me down the river in his canoe in the morning, I accepted his hospitality and soon after his daughters arrived with their baskets partially filled with berries. When I scolded them for trying to commit suicide by jumping over the precipice, they laughed and treated the whole affair as a joke, but when they understood that I was the cause of their alarm, they told me how badly frightened they had been of the Boston man (white man) who so unexpectedly appeared. In the morning, Skirk, true to his word, took me to Snohomish. My sudden return there was a surprise to my friends. Squak, still being reluctant to end his visit, I consented to a further delay and in preference to remaining idle about town, hired out to assist Alonzo Lowe with his harvesting. Upon my arrival at the ranch, early in the morning, I was put to work chopping wood until breakfast time. The day was spent in the fields pitching and hauling hay, and after supper, I chopped wood until darkness prevented further labor in that direction; I then retired to the barn and rolled up in my blankets for the night. About midnight, I was called to assist in driving out the loose stock that had broken into the grain fields. When this was accomplished, I returned to my blankets, cold and wet from the heavy dew. The next morning we were up early and as on the previous day I was set to chopping wood until breakfast was ready. The balance of the day up to dark was spent in pitching hay, and that night we

were again called upon to drive out the stock. Saturday was no exception to the two preceding days and plans were made to complete hauling the hay on Sunday. I could see no possible excuse for this, and as I had never worked on the Sabbath, concluded to quit. I returned to the barn for that night and dropped off to sleep without having told my companions of my plans. As the first rays of dawn appeared in the east, I rolled up my blankets, quietly slipped out of the barn without disturbing the others and not waiting to collect my pay, was back in Snohomish in time for breakfast. Thus ended my days as a farmer.

As Squak still pleaded for a few more days with his friends before departing for Tulalip, I acquiesced. While idling my time away among my friends, there were two new arrivals in town who reminded me so strongly of two cousins of mine, John Albert Pearsall and James Henry Pearsall, that I forced my acquaintance upon them and learned that they were brothers, Hiram Ellsworth and George Volney Pearsall, recently from Iowa. We soon traced a distant relationship between us. I spent the Fourth of July with the Livingston brothers and Mr. Morse, celebrating our glorious day of Independence. My Colt's revolver exploded while we were shooting at a target, which put an end to our celebration. Part of the cylinder tore a hole through my hat and grazed my forehead, while another part narrowly missed Mr. Morse's son, Eddie. Several days later, I received a package from home containing a piece of wedding cake and a letter telling of my sister Clara's marriage to Mr. E. Clarke Hall. For a time this revived recollections of home, which were interrupted one day by Squak telling me, "Heap plenty of visit, now me go." Bidding my friends good-bye, Squak, O-lé-quā and I started on our trip to the Sound. In a canoe purchased from Squak's friends, we drifted leisurely down the Snokomish River with the ebbing tide, and towards evening we arrived at the mouth of the river and paddled up a slough to the Tulalip Indian village. O-lé-quā, greatly pleased at being home again, soon had lodges erected and mats made out of plaited strips of cedar bark, upon the floors, that we might be better protected from the heavy fogs that drifted in from the Sound.

Shortly after our arrival at Tulalip, something extraordinary took place in the humming-bird kingdom. A young squaw came into the village greatly excited and told of having found a colony of these exquisite little birds, among the willows nearby. The villagers became interested and rushed upon the scene where the birds seemed to be holding, as the young squaw said, a Pot Latch "feast." Thirty or forty of these brilliantly colored little creatures, the smallest of the feathery kingdom, of nearly every known color and hue, were congregated here. They flitted about from tree to tree, always returning to the same tree before alighting. There were many varieties I had never seen before; two of which smaller than the others particularly impressed me, the one a bright scarlet and the other a dull canary yellow. We watched them for more than an hour, as with a low twittering sound they flitted about from willow to willow. As I have never witnessed anything like this since, I have been unable to ascertain what it was all about.

I had not been at Tulalip long when my attention was directed to Alaska by reports of existing forest of yellow cedar, that were to be found on the islands and along the coast of the mainland. I had seen some of this excellent wood before leaving Seattle, and as I now began to realize the scarcity of good finishing lumber.

in Washington Territory, excepting the brown cedar, which was quite limited, I concluded that yellow cedar was the only timber available for that purpose, and resolved to purchase some, should the reports prove true and the timber accessible. After talking with some of the Seechelt Indians, who were visiting in the village at that time, I was fully convinced of the existence of this timber. They exhibited their paddles of this beautiful wood, saying there was "plenty." The great canoe of the Seechelts, that rode peacefully at anchor before the village, differed from those in general use about the Sound and rivers and somewhat resembled the viking or Norse ships. It lacked the oval-shaped bottom and low sides that prevailed in the river canoes and was rather trim in design. Hewed from a huge cedar tree, the canoe was about thirty feet long and five feet across the beam. A neatly carved figurehead adorned the bow that projected four feet above the gunnel. Rather narrow in construction, with a sharp bow and the gunnels well above the water line, I rather suspected that the Seechelts had borrowed their ideas from the white man's boat, but as necessity is the mother of invention, the deep sea voyages of the Seechelts may have been responsible for the evolution.

Captain Cook describes one of these canoes as follows: They are of a simple structure. Even the largest, which carry twenty people or more, are formed of one tree. Many of them are forty feet long, seven broad, and about three deep. From the middle, toward each end, they become gradually narrower, the after-part, or stern, ending abruptly or perpendicularly, with a small knob on the top, but the fore-part is lengthened out, stretching forward and

upward, ending in a notched point or prow, considerably higher than the sides of the canoe, which run nearly in a straight line. For the most part they are without any ornament, but some have a little carving and are decorated by setting seals' teeth on the surface, like studs, as is the practice on their masks and weapons. [Capt. Cook, 3rd Voyage, page 300.]

The canoe was greatly admired by Squak, and I proposed a journey to Alaska in her, provided I could induce Cheé-ät, the owner, to allow me to accompany him. Knowing that the Indians from southern Alaska made the trip to Seattle in their large seagoing canoes to sell their furs, I decided to chance a voyage of four hundred miles or more in such a canoe, provided I could persuade Squak to accompany me, as I depended on his skill and faithfulness for security. When I broached the subject to Squak, telling of the perils and hardships connected with such a voyage and of the many moons that would pass before our return to Tulalip, he readily consented, saying, "Wherever the friend of Spau goes, me go too as far as canoes will carry us and moons will light our way."

After considerable persuasion, Cheé-ät consented to our going with him and we set about making preparations for the voyage. As no Siwash Indian would think of making a voyage without smoked salmon, a month's supply of this delicacy was added to the provisions purchased at Snohomish. A few days were profitably spent in deer hunting on the present site of Everett. With the valuable assistance of Squak and O-lé-quä, the venison was salted and smoked to preserve it for the voyage. About the middle of July Cheé-ät put the great canoe in readiness and we started on our northern journey. O-lé-quä would not listen to being left behind, so accompanied us. As she proved herself equal to any man in time of emergencies, I was very thankful to have her in the party. When we left Tulalip the weather was ideal. With half a dozen Indians at the paddles and Cheé-ät in the stern, we made good progress, keeping close to shore to avoid the dangers of a sudden northwest blow. The second day out we took advantage of a breeze that sprang up. With a pole fastened in the bow of the boat for a mast and a sail constructed out of our blankets, we were enabled to make better

time. On the seventh day, we put into Burrard Inlet and anchored in a snug little harbor, on the shores of which the city of Vancouver now stands. Here we remained a day in order that Cheé-ät might visit with friends at the Inlet. After this delay we resumed our journey and with a stiff breeze blowing from the south, on the evening of the tenth day, we arrived off Seechelt, an Indian village of considerable importance, situated on a crescent-like beach overlooking the Sound. Here we lowered our sail and paddled for shore under the lee of a group of small islands. It was necessary that we have experienced Indians to brave the perils of the open sea while crossing Queen Charlotte's Sound, so we were obliged to remain at Seechelt until Cheé-ät could secure them. In the meantime, O-lé-quä prepared us a brush lodge among the trees, bordering the forest back of the village.

Squak informing me that one of the Seechelt Indians, who had died the morning after our arrival, was to be buried that afternoon, my curiosity was aroused. I made up my mind to accompany the funeral cortege to the island burying ground, where the Seechelts buried their dead among the branches of the trees. The dead man was placed upon a bier, or mat of cedar bark, and carried about a mile through the forest to what I supposed was a lake, but which in reality was the south arm of Jarvis Inlet. Here the body was placed in a canoe and carried down the inlet about two miles to a small wooded island. We followed in another canoe. While the Indians split slabs of cedar with which to erect a platform for the body to rest upon, I wandered about the island and counted some sixty odd of these strange resting places. In some instances the heavy snow of the winters had broken the limbs, and the rudely constructed sepulchres had fallen to the ground. The bones and grinning skulls that had rested peacefully above now lay scattered about the island. The platform completed, the body was carefully wrapped in cedar bark matting, placed upon the platform and covered over with sticks and slabs of wood, fastened together with withes, made from the branches of trees, to protect it from crows, ravens and turkey buzzards. Here we left the brave to find his way into the Happy Hunting Ground. This custom of burying their dead, I was told by Cheé-ät, was because the wolves during the severe winter, left the forest, entered the village at night, and dug up and devoured the dead when buried in shallow graves. On our return from this strange burial, I noticed that the mountains west of the inlet were forested down to the water's edge with a heavy growth of fine timber. As the Indians were using yellow cedar paddles, I was curious as to where they had obtained the wood. Upon enquiry I was surprised when they pointed in the direction of these mountains as I was not aware of the yellow cedar growing this side of Alaska. On the following morning, Squak and two stalwart young Indians accompanied me some eight or ten miles down the inlet, to where this supposed cedar grew. After we passed a peculiarly stratified, cliff-like mountain on the eastern side, the Indians pointed to a heavily wooded mountain some distance beyond and headed the canoe for shore.

Our climb up the mountain revealed a splendid growth of fir timber equal to any I had seen. The trees ranged from three to five feet in diameter and were remarkably free from limbs. The few yellow cedar trees that were scattered throughout the forest were generally of an inferior quality and too small to have

any great value. Upon our arrival at the summit, the Indians called my attention to a fallen cedar with an unusually short trunk, about four feet in diameter, that had been blown down many years before. The timber in this tree, straight grain and easy to rift, had proven a boon to the Indians, who had made their paddles of it for a number of years. After a careful but fruitless search, I concluded that there were but few cedars in that part of the forest like the fallen one, and as the Indians pointed to the mountains on the west of the inlet, where they assured me we would "find plenty," we descended the mountain to our canoe, paddled to the opposite shore and climbed a mountain so steep that we were compelled to halt several times to rest before we reached the somewhat flattened summit where the Indians showed me a dozen or more trees, from four to six feet in diameter, on the borders of a small pond. There was not a perfect one among them; each had numerous forks and when the tree was not dead, it was hollow or rotten on one side. While looking about I discovered a solitary white pine about five feet in diameter, the first I had seen in this part of the country. A hundred feet or more to the first limb, this tree, had it grown in Michigan, would have been considered by the lumbermen as one of the seven wonders of the world. How I wished Mr. Taylor might see it. During the day, the Indians located a number of yellow cedars among the fir timber, but aside from the butt cut no other part of these trees was fit for lumber. The next day, after investigating the timber some six or eight miles farther to the north, meeting with the same results, I concluded this must be the southern limit of the yellow cedar and looked forward to finding the timber better in the more northerly latitudes.

Upon our return to the canoe, we discovered a forest fire on the eastern side of the inlet that had undoubtedly been set by Indians, and before we could paddle abreast of it, the flames had found their way into the branches of the trees. Fanned by a strong northwest wind, the fire spread like magic through the dry foliage full of pitch and turpentine, until the entire top of the forest in that locality became a seething mass of flames that rapidly moved up the mountain side, through the tree tops, with a roaring sound that resembled that of an approaching hail storm. Great volumes of dense, black smoke, similar to that belched forth by an active volcano, floated off into space. In a remarkably short time the fire spent itself upon the summit of the mountain, and as we gazed in wonder at the destruction, the fire demons, seemingly dissatisfied with the havoc they had wrought, caused a smouldering dead tree at the base of the mountain to topple over and set fire to the undergrowth. This fire slowly consumed everything in its path, and all that remained of that excellent forest I had examined the previous day, was the charred trees that stood out like so many black sentinels against the blue sky. On our return to the village, we found that Cheé-ät had kept his promise and had secured four stalwart Indians who had frequently made the trip to Alaska. One, a middle-aged man, was to act as pilot on the voyage. After having agreed to safely return the canoe, pay sixty dollars in silver, and give them half of the beaver skins that might be procured on the trip, we embarked on our northern voyage, southern Alaska being our objective point. With six paddles, including Squak and O-lé-quä, the only woman in the party, the aid of

a sail and favorable winds we were rapidly carried northward and near the noon-day hour passed the entrance to Jarvis Inlet.

Satisfied with the progress we had made, towards evening we sailed into a bay that offered us protection from the wind that had continued throughout the day. Our canoe anchored at the mouth of a small stream that entered the sound from the north, we made preparations for the night. The following morning we were up early and with the vigorous use of the paddles, had successfully passed out of the danger zone before the wind came up. Later in the day we came to a stream of considerable size that emptied into the sound, opposite an island two miles offshore. As the Indians reported plenty cedar in this vicinity, I ordered the canoe run ashore that I might inspect its quality. While Squak and two stalwart Indians accompanied me into the forest, O-lé-quä and the others paddled to the island, procured a quantity of mussels and roasted them in the coals of a small fire. These added greatly to our limited menu. After our repast, we took advantage of the breeze, adjusted our improvised sail and resumed our journey, deeply gratified with our progress northward. We kept our course close to the mainland that I might study the character of the country and ascertain where the most valuable bodies of timber were located. The rock-bound shore revealed a granite formation and as there were no indications of existing minerals, I concluded that the country was of little value save for its timber. Towards evening we cast anchor in a small bay on our right and the following morning awaited a favorable condition of the tide before we attempted the dangerous narrows, a passage scarcely a mile wide. By noon we reached a broad expanse of water to the north, made a landing and again went ashore to examine the timber. Upon my return to the canoe, I found the Indians spearing salmon in the mouth of a small stream that they claimed had its source in a lake. We had planned to cross the inlet the following morning and examine the timber that looked promising from the distance, but when morning came, to my astonishment the great canoe lay high and dry on her beam a hundred feet or more from the water. Someone had misjudged the tide, consequently we were delayed in our plans. While awaiting the flood tide, the Indians located a bed of clams and all hands, including O-lé-quä, armed with sharpened sticks, set to work. Digging them from their bed of gravel was laborious, but we were amply rewarded with a goodly supply, which were placed upon the red hot coals to bake.

After several days spent in the timber of the adjoining country, we continued our voyage. Heretofore our general course had been to the northward, but from here it changed to the westward and on the ninth day out from Seechelt we reached the northern shore of Thurlow Island. Here we were caught in a whirlpool formed by the ebbing tide and narrowly escaped being wrecked on a rocky reef. O-lé-quä, ever on the alert, discovered the hidden rocks in time to warn us of the impending danger. As it was, the great canoe was caught in the vortex and spun around like a top, a dozen times or more. O-lé-quä, who never lost her presence of mind, at the first opportunity sprang into the whirling waters, climbed the jagged rocks, made the line fast, and thus prevented us from being sucked into a greater whirlpool beyond, where we would have undoubtedly been drowned. After getting the canoe out of its dangerous position, we rescued O-lé-quä, who,

unable to reach a point of safety, still clung to the rocks. Aside from some difficulty we had in crossing Lewis Channel, this was the first serious trouble we had experienced since our departure from Seechelt.

We arrived at Nevill Inlet the following day and spent the three succeeding ones exploring the timber. The five days following these were spent on Cracrof and Turner's islands and on the twentieth day out we put into Alert Bay for safety and to avoid a fierce north wind. The next morning, the wind having died down during the night, we crossed over to an Indian village on the southern shore of a small island, called Camorant Island. Here I saw my first totem poles, a dozen or more of which stood in front of the village. The lodges or houses of these Indians, built out of split lumber, looked more like long sheds or storerooms than Indian lodges, and were commodious affairs; each furnished shelter for a dozen or more families. We were now in touch with the Alaska Indians, who, to my mind, resembled the Esquimaux more than any I had ever seen. There was also a strong resemblance between these Indians and the Japanese, which impressed me with the correctness of the theory that originally they had found their way into the country by crossing the Behring Strait. While here, I learned through the Indians, of a large body of yellow cedar adjacent to some lakes on the northern end of Vancouver Island, that could be easily reached from Hardy Bay. As this bay was on our direct course to Alaska, I decided to explore the interior of the island and ascertain for a certainty whether or not this timber really existed. Up to the present time, I had only found the yellow cedar scattered among other timber along the various streams, in damp places, or bordering on small lakes, but nowhere in bodies sufficient to make it profitable. We continued on our voyage to the head of Malcom's Island. The following afternoon in the teeth of a fierce gale that threatened destruction to our craft from the heavy seas that rolled in the open ocean we finally rounded a point and entered Hardy Bay, a haven of refuge. On the southeastern shore of this little harbor that was timbered to the water's edge, was an Indian village. Here we pulled our canoe upon the beach and camped for the night but obtained little sleep on account of the persistent howling of a timber wolf.

Everything had to be carried on our backs across the country through an unbroken hemlock forest to the western arm of Quatsino Sound, about fifteen miles distant, so the day after our arrival was spent in making preparations. The following morning Squak, O-lé-quā and I, each with a pack, which meant for me sixty pounds of luggage strapped to my back, started on our journey. We left the four Seechelt Indians in charge of the canoe with instructions to remain there until our return. We trudged all day long over an Indian trail through an unbroken forest of splendid hemlock timber remarkable for its fine quality. Upon our arrival at tide water, on the western arm of Quatsino Sound, we fortunately came upon an Indian, Ch'-cate, and his squaw fishing, with whom I made arrangements to assist us on our trip. For a sack of flour, some sugar and ten dollars in silver Ch'-cate agreed to help us, but as his leaky canoe would scarcely carry us without the provisions, it became necessary to leave Squak and O-lé-quā to guard the provisions while I accompanied Ch'-cate and his squaw down the sound some six or eight miles to the Indian village of Hé-cate to secure a better one. At the

narrows we were compelled to wait until the tide had ebbed sufficiently to insure us a safe passage through this dangerous vortex. To attempt it at any other stage of the tide but high water would be madness. As it was after dark when we arrived, I failed to obtain a view of the village that night, but the following morning when we left at break of day, I noticed that it consisted of a number of lodges or houses. From the number of graves, over which ornamental sticks and clothing of deceased had been placed, I thought that most of the population must have succumbed to some epidemic.

A strong flood tide set in and it was with great difficulty that we made the dangerous passage on our return to faithful Squak and O-lé-quä, who anxiously awaited me. The canoe was soon loaded and we paddled across the arm of the sound to the mouth of a stream that, Ch'-cate assured me, flowed from Tutsish Lake (Alice Lake), the home of the yellow cedar. While ascending this stream I shot two deer that calmly stood on the bank looking at us, apparently without fear. On reaching the head of tide water, the stream was so shallow that we were obliged to unload the canoe and drag it over the riffles. When night came on we camped under the shelter of a large spruce tree, but had little sleep on account of howling wolves. The next morning, realizing that a hard day lay ahead of us, I stripped myself of all garments not absolutely necessary for decency's sake. Squak and Ch'-cate, dressed only in their shirts, pulled the canoe over the riffles. We all climbed into it and rode across the pools and when it became necessary, the squaws helped to drag the canoe over the shallow places. In this way we ascended the stream until we came to falls, that for a time seemed to prevent farther progress with the canoe, but as they were only about 20 feet high we soon solved the problem by carrying our luggage around the obstruction to the stream above and with the aid of ropes, dragged and hauled the canoe up over the rocks, placed it in the stream again and continued. Towards evening we were rewarded by seeing a beautiful sheet of water about a mile in width and six or eight miles long, spread out before us. Over this our canoe smoothly glided to a small cove on the western shore of Alice Lake, where we went into camp, greatly fatigued from the hardships of the day. After exploring the forests in this vicinity we moved our camp across to the east shore of the lake that I might be closer to my work of investigating the timber, and be rid of the prowling wolves that had nightly disturbed our slumber. Squak fairly beamed with joy when he discovered that the streams and lakes near by were inhabited by many beaver and otter, and prophesied he would "catch plenty" as there were no signs of white men having ever visited the lakes.

Sometimes, as a diversion after a long, hard day's tramp through the forest, I assisted the old man with his trapping. It was not an unusual sight to see a beaver wandering about the shores of the lake, during the day, looking for some dainty morsel or tender root to eat. Nor was it unusual to see the otter. They seemed to take special delight in attracting my attention by their peculiar little calls or cries in their play, as they peered at me from some log or root. Never had I known the beaver and otter to be so unconcerned about their safety as here. I was sorely tempted to shoot an old male beaver one day, much to the disgust of Squak, who said that I would scare them all away. Near the mouth of a small stream flowing from Kathleen Lake into the head of Alice Lake, was a clump of a

dozen or more cottonwood trees. I spent some time here, sitting on a fallen tree, watching an old otter and her two half-grown youngsters. The mother dived under the water and in a few seconds returned to the surface with a good-sized salmon. After biting the fish in two, with a single closing of her jaws, she and the young otters swam to the old tree on which I was sitting and proceeded to make a meal of the pieces. My attention attracted by a slight noise in a clump of cottonwood trees, I glanced up and saw an old beaver busily engaged gnawing chips from a cottonwood. It was not long before he quit work and disappeared beneath a lot of driftwood and fallen trees, that had been carried down stream by the high water. Having never seen a beaver actually at work before, I was greatly interested and examined the chips left by him. I was greatly surprised to find the beaver at work in daylight as I always supposed that they carried on their operations at night. The accompanying picture shows the actual size of some of the chips I carried away with me. A cottonwood tree about twenty-six inches in diameter, that the beaver had fallen the previous winter, lay near by and not far from this were two others, equally large, that they had gnawed down. They had attempted falling a much larger tree, gnawing around it until they had succeeded, with their chisel-like teeth, in cutting it half off, but evidently they became discouraged and gave up the task. All of the bark on the trunks and on the branches of the fallen trees having been gnawed off as far as the animals were able to reach, I was convinced that they had fallen the trees to obtain food for the severe winter of the preceding year. As I had never before seen a tree more than a foot in diameter cut down by these industrious little workers, I could hardly believe my own eyes; but with the fallen trees and chips scattered about as evidence, I was thoroughly convinced. Years later, on one of my numerous expeditions, I saw at the head of Lake Nahmint, on the lower part of Vancouver Island, a cottonwood, three feet through, that the beaver had succeeded in gnawing more than half way off. I informed Squak of my discovery and upon my return from work one afternoon, several days later, I found him skinning a splendid specimen of beaver which he declared was the one I had seen gnawing chips from the cottonwood tree. After the skin had been carefully removed, Squak built a camp fire, smeared the beaver tail over with clay, and placed it in the coals to bake. When evening came, the beaver tail was removed and furnished the *pièce de résistance* of our evening meal.

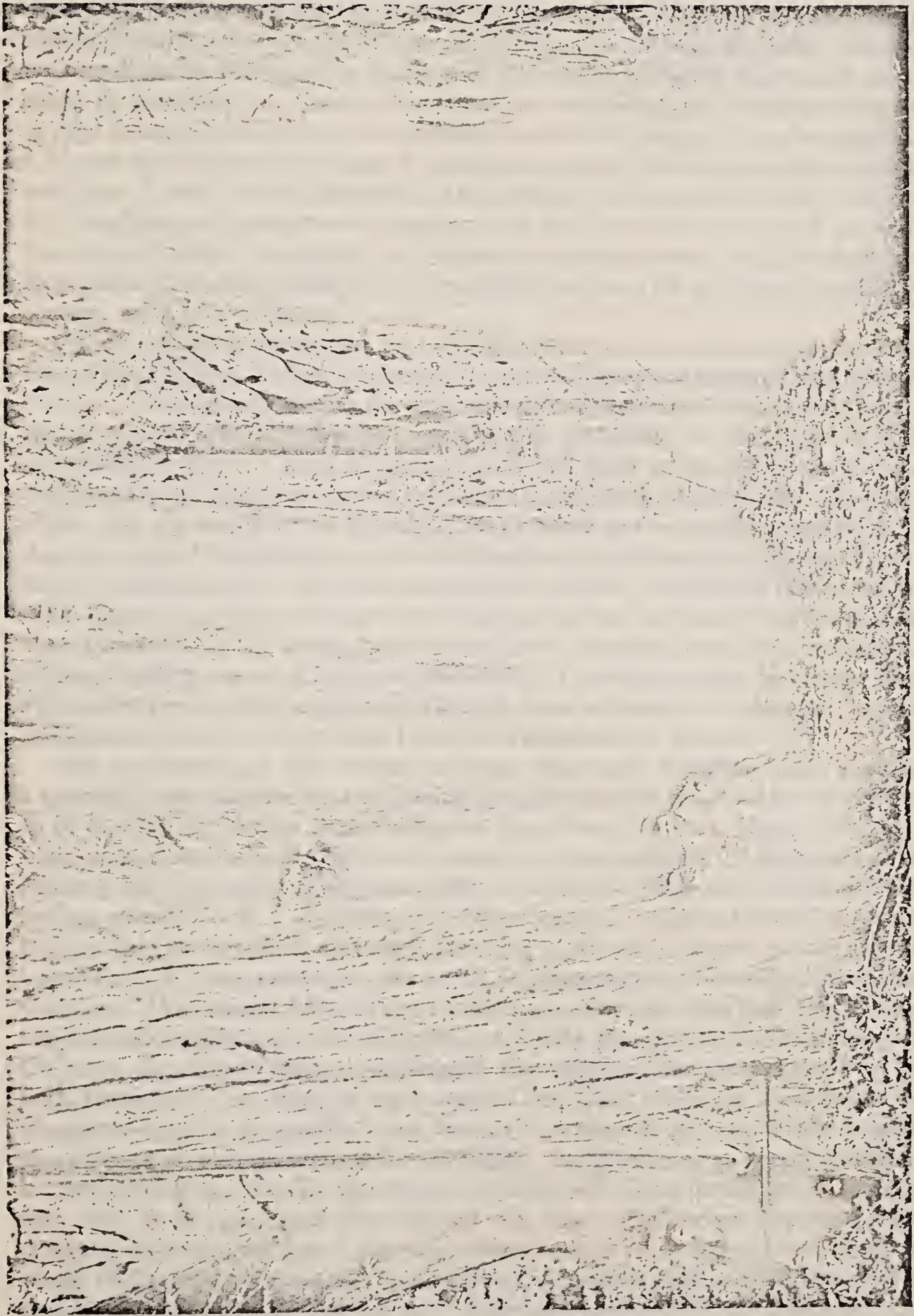
While helping Squak move his traps from Kathleen Lake to the beaver meadows and a smaller lake situated between Alice and Kathleen lakes that we had recently discovered, we were suddenly surrounded by a pack of timber wolves. Having no weapons, other than an axe, with which to defend ourselves, we leaped upon a fallen tree. With my axe raised to deal a death blow to the first one that attacked us, we waited for the assault. As there were a dozen or more of these hungry brutes, I realized that we were almost powerless and became somewhat frightened. Squak, with his traps in hand ready to defend himself, stood like a graven image. We stood here only about ten minutes, but the agony of suspense made it seem fully an hour. During this time the wolves shifted their position from one place to another and finally, without venturing an attack, disappeared as suddenly as they had come. Had it been towards evening, on one of those dark,



ALICE LAKE



CHIPS CUT BY BEAVERS



CEDAR TIMBER (B. C.)

cloudy days, I fear the results might have been different. After this experience, I always carried my rifle but never had the pleasure of killing one of these brutes, although I often saw several at play on the opposite shore of the lake. We were awakened many times by the howling of these night-prowling beasts and on one night in particular, my hair fairly stood on end upon being awakened by the savage howls of a band that passed close to our brush lodges. Upon learning that Ch'-cate was frightened of them, I made up my mind that they were more dangerous than I had at first supposed. One evening not long after this, Te-su'-lä, Ch'-cate's squaw, going to the border of the lake, less than a hundred yards distant, to get water with which to prepare our evening meal, was attacked by a lone wolf and would probably have been killed had not O-lé-quä, upon hearing her scream, gone to the rescue.

While exploring the timber on the higher mountains, some four or five miles east of our lodges, a flock of ptarmigan flew up suddenly and alighted on a limb of a fir tree. I had labored under the impression that these birds were found only in the more northerly latitudes, so naturally was surprised. As they refused to fly away when I threw a stick at them, I gathered some small stones and kept on throwing until I finally succeeded in killing two, which we had for our supper that night. On my way back to the lake, I was treated to the greatest surprise of all. A stream that I had followed for a considerable distance suddenly plunged into a dark mysterious cavern where all traces of it were lost. As I looked down into this dark, uninviting hole in the earth and listened to the turbulent roar I wondered what became of all the water that plunged down into that abyss. As the country in that locality was of a limestone formation, I concluded that the water must eventually find its way to the lake, through some subterranean passage. I named this stream Lost River by which I hope it will always be known.

My exploration of the timber between Alice and Kathleen lakes revealed a splendid forest of cedar that momentarily filled me with joy. It proved however to be the common brown cedar instead of the yellow, but I was thankful to find a body even of this variety, sufficiently extensive to be valuable. Exploration of the country far and wide to the east and the south of Alice and Kathleen lakes having revealed only a sprinkling of yellow cedar, I concluded that if any great body of this variety existed, it must be in the vicinity of Nin-kish Lake (Victoria Lake) that Ch'-cate said lay to the south, so continued my investigations in that direction. We crossed Alice Lake to a stream on the west side that was more or less blocked with fallen trees and driftwood. With the combined efforts of Squak, Ch'-cate, the squaws and me, we dragged the canoe up the stream and over the falls, some forty feet high, at the outlet of the lake, where we soon forgot our strenuous labor as we paddled over the placid waters to an inlet on the western shore where we went into camp for the night. As Squak was as deeply interested in the trapping as I was in the timber, we were careful not to disturb the beaver and otter at the southern extremity of the lake. The mountains being more precipitous about Nin-kish Lake than those around Alice Lake, I was doubtful about finding the yellow cedar in any great quantities, and after a few days of cruising my surmises proved correct. Upon my return from the mountains one afternoon, as I neared the lake, I heard the low familiar cry of an otter to its

young or its mate. I stopped and listened in my endeavor to locate the sound. Presently an otter came running along and stopped by an old fallen tree on the shore. As he paused I fired, killing him. He was extra large and had an excellent coat of fur that pleased Squak more than the possession of half a dozen beaver skins. On going back to where I had left the canoe that morning, drawn upon the bank, I was astonished to see a black bear in the canoe, calmly devouring my lunch. On looking up he appeared as greatly surprised as I, and without waiting to make any apologies, jumped into the water, swam across the narrow neck of the lake to the opposite bank and escaped.

After spending a couple of days on the mountains west of the lake, we made a laborious return down the stream to our old quarters on Alice Lake, thoroughly convinced that no great bodies of the coveted yellow cedar grew south of Alaska. As I had found it scattered among other timber on the high mountains and along the waterways, I came to the conclusion that it was a wanderer like the yew tree. Upon learning from Ch'-cate that the forest about Quatsino Sound and the Western Arm was composed principally of hemlock, I was greatly disappointed, for I had not only failed in finding the object of my search, but had wasted most of the summer. As it was now nearing the first of October, and the rainy season had commenced, we dared not brave the perils of the open ocean, so were compelled to give up our contemplated trip to Alaska. It had been raining now for more than a week, and we had been soaked to the skin continuously, from morning until night. Feeling that it would be folly to longer expose ourselves in the forest, to the elements, we packed our luggage and prepared for the homeward trip. Squak was loathe to leave on account of his successful trapping. In all he had the skins of fourteen beaver, five otter besides the one I shot, and six deer, that we had killed during our wanderings. With everything packed we stepped into our canoe Thursday morning and in a drizzling rain, began our homeward voyage. After paddling to the outlet we bid adieu to Alice Lake, where we had spent more than a month. Prior to the rain, barring the slavish work of climbing the mountains, our time had been very pleasantly spent, although my supply of flour and bacon had been for some time exhausted. We had plenty to eat. Besides an abundance of fish and venison, with an occasional ptarmigan, we had fat beaver tails, served with cranberry sauce made from the high bush variety.

The stream being somewhat swollen by the recent rains, the descent was made more easily than the ascent, the falls being our only obstacle. After dropping the canoe over these, while the Indians carried the luggage around and re-loaded, I wandered down the bank of the stream some distance and saw a huge black bear on the opposite shore fishing for salmon. I yelled at him but he merely threw up his head in response, looked at me a second or two, and then resumed his fishing; perfectly unconcerned, he paid no attention whatever to me. I tried to scare him by imitating the barking of dogs, but evidently he had never heard a dog and refused to be frightened. I then called to Squak to bring my rifle that had been left in the canoe and while waiting sat down and watched him as he stood in shallow water, trying to catch salmon with his paws, when they swam near him. He finally succeeded in raking one out on to the gravel bar, but before he could walk over to it, one of several fish eagles, hovering overhead, swooped down,

grabbed the fish and flew away. The bear, not easily discouraged, returned, took another look at me and resumed his task, until Squak appeared with my rifle and I put an end to his fishing. Squak was delighted, as this was the first bear we had killed on the trip. It was near low tide and the water was so shallow that we were unable to drag our canoe across the flats, so camped for the night. For a change we were not disturbed by the howling wolves. The next morning, on the return of the tide, we embarked in our canoe and paddled out into the Sound and a few hours later were back on the northern shore of the Western Arm, where we went into camp. During the night the rain ceased for the first time in ten days.

On Saturday, Ch'-cate and his squaw assisted us over the trail to Hardy Bay, where we found the Indians left in charge of the Seechelt canoe. During our absence they had busied themselves catching and smoking salmon for the winter. One of the younger Indians had found time to fall in love with a young squaw, for whom he bartered his share of the salmon and the wages he was to receive from me. On Sunday we rested while the Seechelts put the great canoe in readiness for the return voyage and on Monday, after bidding Ch'-cate and his squaw good-bye, set sail for home. With a brisk wind blowing from the north, and Indians at six paddles, the canoe shot forward. On our return, we took a more direct course through Johnson Straits, keeping close to the western side of the Sound, then crossed to the eastern side through Malapina Straits, keeping to the east of Tuxedo Island, and as the winds were favorable, reached Seechelt in sixteen days. The day following our arrival was spent in settling with Cheé-ät and adjusting our differences. As per agreement, he was to receive half of the beaver skins, but as he insisted upon selecting as his half the best skins, Squak loudly protested. I realized that we were being cheated, but finally succeeded in quieting Squak and settling the beaver controversy. When ready to continue on our homeward voyage, we were confronted with another difficulty; Cheé-ät refused to allow the great canoe, pride of the village, to carry us any farther south, maintaining that our contract with him ended on our return to Seechelt. We insisted that the agreement made before leaving Tulalip was for the entire voyage and that our having failed to reach Alaska made no difference in the contract.

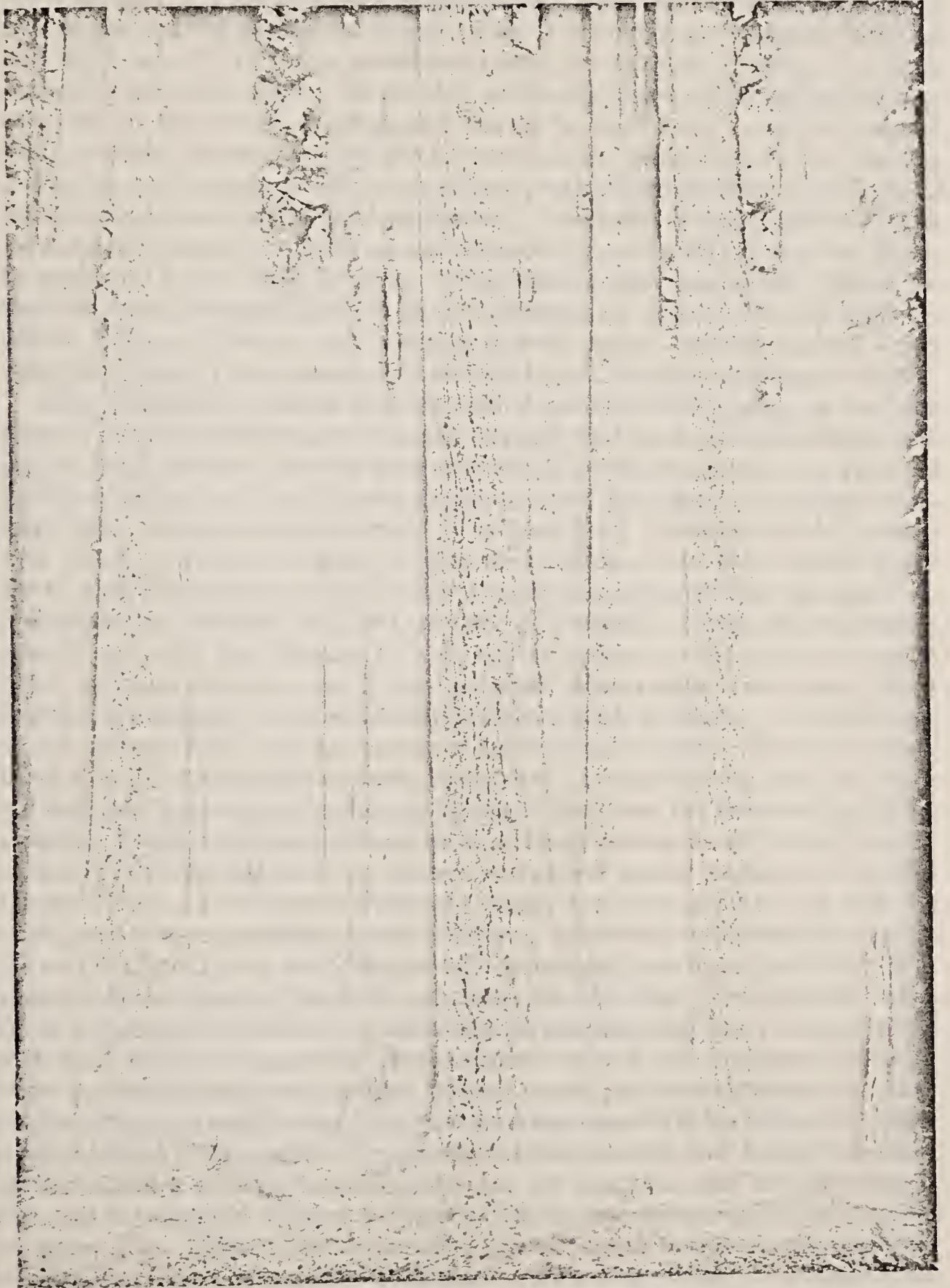
The old rascal, after having listened to all of our arguments, had the audacity to offer us as a compromise an old leaky canoe for our seven remaining beaver skins. I suspected that the coveted beaver skins were the principal cause of Cheé-ät's breaking faith with us, so refused to accept his offer, but agreed to give him the seven skins if he would fulfil his promise and land us safely in Tulalip. He refused, saying that the season was too far advanced and that his young men might perish or be drowned in the approaching storms. He had no scruples, however, about endangering our lives by sending us out in an unseaworthy canoe. All attempts at persuasion failing, we found ourselves at his mercy, with a voyage before us of about a hundred and forty miles, so were forced to accept his offer. We were careful not to let him know of the otter skins that Squak had carefully concealed. We embarked in that old leaky canoe, thinking that we would probably never reach Tulalip. Squak's eyes flashed fire, and an expression of revenge and hatred crept over his face, as he hinted that all might not be well with Cheé-ät and his people should they ever venture a trip to Tulalip. By keeping close in-

shore and proceeding only when the weather was favorable, we succeeded in keeping the canoe afloat. In making Deception Pass, we were very nearly swamped but by constantly bailing the water out, finally succeeded in reaching Whidbey Island where we hauled the canoe upon the beach, calked the worst of the leaks, and then resumed our voyage. As we were now in sight of familiar mountains, and less than two days by canoe from Tulalip, our spirits rose and the troubled look on O-lé-quä's face gave way to smiles, the first since our departure from Seechelt. We passed the mouth of the Stillaguamish River that evening and on the following day, November first, were back in our old lodges at Tulalip, after an absence of three and a half months.

Soon after our return to the village, I resumed my postponed cruising expeditions into the country between the Snohomish and Stillaguamish rivers and while thus engaged had the good fortune to discover the finest body of timber I had yet seen. It was all that a lumberman could desire. The yellow fir was of the older growth, and in quality compared favorably with the cork pine of Michigan and the pumpkin pine of Pennsylvania. I knew that this old-growth timber must exist somewhere in the territory adjacent to Puget Sound, as before leaving Seattle I had seen logs cut from the old growth in the booms, but prior to this time had been unable to locate any great amount of it. The trees in this vicinity were taller and much larger than those of the Eastern States, many ranging from four to seven feet in diameter, with the first limb a hundred or more feet from the ground. All were apparently sound and quite free from ring rot, and would cut a large percentage to clear. Upon discovering this belt of excellent timber, I was so overcome that I lay back on my pack, threw my hat up into the air and fairly shouted for joy. Squak, witnessing these strange actions, thought that I had suddenly lost my mind, until he saw me sober down and become myself once more. On learning the cause of my hilarity, he told me "me catch em plenty timber" near the Stillaguamish. I spent the remainder of the month cruising this fine body of timber that extended from a few miles back of Tulalip to the Stillaguamish on the north and the Pilchuck on the east. This splendid body of timber was admirably located for operating cheaply, so I lost no time in taking advantage of my discovery, purchasing all that was available by paying for some and going in debt for the remainder. Here, within a few miles of tidewater, and almost within hearing of the Indians' morning song, I laid the foundation for my fortune. My time had not been wholly lost during my various wanderings, for I had gained some knowledge regarding the natural resources and forests of the country, that in after years proved a valuable asset to me. The winter had now begun in earnest. Squak, Skirk and I returned to the Skykomish, and engaged in logging. Shortly after our return to Toosh, Scu-wäh took me to his lodge where I was surprised to see Too'lä fondling a bright, black-eyed baby boy.

The scarcity of Indians in the village made logging difficult, but with the aid of Skirk, Scu-wäh and several others, I succeeded in putting in more logs than during the previous winter.

During the long winter nights, with little to occupy my time, I found my thoughts continually turning towards home, and I spent considerable time writing poetry about the fair young miss who lived in the cottage amid the grove of wild



FIR TIMBER OF WASHINGTON

crab apple trees. When spring arrived and I saw the last of my logs floating down the river, a fit of homesickness seized me which caused me to decide to leave this part of the country and return home. When I made my plans known to Squak and Skirk, who by this time considered me as one of them, a feeling of sadness seemed to steal over them. On the day of my departure, all of the Indians that were left in the village, accompanied me as far as Tulalco, where we parted. Skirk brought the much-prized elk horns, that had been trusted in his keeping during my wanderings, to the canoe and on parting I presented him with one of my hunting knives that he had long fancied. Squak and O-lé-quä continued with me as far as Snohomish. Upon our arrival there, I gave the elk horns to Mr. Morse to keep until I could send for them. After settling with Squak and O-lé-quä for their services, in appreciation of their faithfulness I presented Squak with my Marlin rifle and O-lé-quä with a string of shell beads. Squak's parting words were, that should I ever return, I would find him at Tulalip, trapping the beaver.

After bidding my friends in Snohomish good-bye I took passage on the little steamer Nellie for Seattle, and from there left on the Queen, the first steamer sailing for San Francisco. Shortly after my arrival in the last-named city, I started for home by way of New Orleans, stopping off at Shreveport, Louisiana, to inspect some long-leaved pine timber. On May first, I arrived in the Crescent City where I tarried some days, visiting the buildings of the New Orleans Exposition, that had officially closed before my arrival, and witnessed the grand reproduction, in fireworks, of The Last Days of Pompeii. I had also intended to stop off and visit the Mammoth Cave, but on account of my anxiety to reach home, gave up the idea and it was not until twenty-eight years later that I gratified my curiosity and viewed this marvelous work of nature. I arrived home on the ninth of May, after an absence of two and a half years. When the excitement of being at home had somewhat subsided, I started clerking for G. A. Pear-sall and Son, father having taken my brother Elmer into the business during my absence. I was exceedingly pleased to be at home once more and when the realization of it all dawned upon me, the two years spent among the Indians were like a mere dream. Time passed pleasantly among my old associates and with the young miss who so unceremoniously jilted me. My return to Brookville was with the awakening of spring and when the wild crab apple trees began to bloom, I was almost a daily visitor at the little cottage on the hill where Gertrude and I wandered about amid a bower of the delicate pink blossoms that fairly intoxicated us with their delightful fragrance. As the summer waned, our happiness seemed to know no bounds and it was decided that we would get married before any other misunderstanding might occur. As Miss Andrews was still in her teens, and somewhat doubtful about getting the consent of her parents, and father had other notions about a suitable companion for me, we concluded the best and easiest plan was to be quietly married and thus eliminate any objections that might arise on either side. When I first acquainted Gertrude with my plans, she promptly refused, but later, reluctantly consented. With everything all arranged, we slipped quietly away on the morning train of September ninth for Ellicottville, New York, without saying good-bye to our parents, and that evening were married by Reverend Sopher, of the Congregational Church, who, thinking no doubt that

we were a runaway couple from Pennsylvania, had a dozen or more young people in to witness the ceremony. After congratulations, we spent a very pleasant evening with the young people at the parsonage. We remained a few days at Salamanca, and then returned to Brookville where we were kindly received, and with no apparent signs of disapproval. Shortly after, we went to Pittsburgh to live where I completed a course at Duff's Business College.

On our return to Brookville, I resumed clerking for father and Elmer until spring, when I concluded to return to the West, settle down and fight out life's battle. On the seventeenth of April, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, we left for the West, with Salem, Oregon, as our objective. At Granger, Utah, we took the Oregon Shore Line, stopping in Idaho to see the Shoshone Falls. While passing through the Blue Mountains of Oregon, we witnessed the beautiful and picturesque sight of two hundred or more gaily decorated Indians, with their gaudy blankets wrapped about them, silhouetted against the sky, as they rode, single file along the ridge of the mountains. On our arrival at Salem, we were met by Gertrude's friends, the Humphreys, and accompanied them to their home where we remained temporarily. While with these friends, we made the acquaintance of many influential people, among whom was Governor Pennoyer, to whom I was indebted for much valuable information regarding the State, which saved me many a long, hard, fruitless journey. After making a trip to the Siuslaw, Coast Fork and McKensie Rivers, I determined to follow the Governor's advice and push my investigations in the direction of the Siletz country. I hired a saddle horse at Dallas, proceeded to the head waters of the Siletz River, in the Coast Mountains, left my horse with an Indian living there, and started out on foot, alone. After walking a short distance, I came to an opening where the timber had been destroyed by fire and a dense growth of ferns some eight or ten feet high had grown up. I had not proceeded far before my attention was attracted by that well known cough of the cougar, not more than a rod from me. Although unable to see it, I realized that it was following me and, being unarmed, save for a penknife, felt uneasy until I emerged from the ferns into the open timber, where it did not venture.

On this trip, I found the timber to be of most excellent quality, almost equal to that I had purchased in Washington, but unfortunately it lay within the Grand Round Indian Reservation and could not be purchased, so I returned for my horse and continued on to Tillamook Bay. Here, on the adjacent streams, I found the timber fair and conditions favorable for the manufacturing of lumber, so I purchased considerable fir, spruce and larch with a view of erecting a saw-mill and operating. As the Wilson and Trask rivers were of considerable size, and excellent for floating logs, I decided to investigate the timber along them before returning to the valley. Following up the Trask over a mere Indian trail, I was forced at times to jump my horse over fallen trees and at other times to dismount and drive him around. On one of these occasions, after dismounting, the animal refused to allow me to catch him, so I was compelled to walk eighteen miles, and would undoubtedly have had to walk much farther, had the trail not been blocked by a large tree. Grabbing hold of the bridle, I led him around the obstruction and mounted, and after serving me this trick, refused to dismount

again but let him carry me up the steep hills, lest he cause me another long tramp. On this trip, I slept in the same cabin with a negro, from the South, black as the ace of spades, whose politeness went a long way in offsetting his color. During my stay of three days with this colored gentleman, we had nothing to eat but a roasted ham, so highly seasoned with sage that it was unpalatable. Fortunately, the creek near by furnished me with plenty of Adam's ale with which to wash it down. As it was twenty miles or more to the nearest habitation, I was very thankful for even this. The poor man apologized by saying, "I am jus a pore nigga from de South, so please scuse me, Sir." As I crossed the mountains, I passed through a sprinkling of larch timber, scattered among the fir, and thought what a pity no provision had been made to save these noble trees of soft wood, columnlike in form, from four to six feet in diameter, and fully one hundred and fifty feet to the first limb. On my return trip I narrowly escaped being killed by the falling of a large fir tree that undoubtedly had been set on fire by some careless settler. My horse sprang forward at the first cracking of the tree, as it started to fall, and thus saved our lives, for the tree landed scarcely six feet behind us. The cayuse was so badly frightened that for a moment, I thought he would surely leap over the precipice to the river, eighty feet below.

Upon my arrival in the Willamette valley in the evening, I realized that a good day's journey lay between me and Salem, so rode up to a stately-looking two-story house to enquire where I might get lodging for the night. I was greatly surprised and pleased when the generous-hearted people insisted that I remain with them. Dusty and unshaven, I hesitated but as my horse was fagged, I accepted of their hospitality. On retiring for the night, I was greatly surprised to find a room beautifully furnished, with all of the modern conveniences of those times. I crawled reluctantly into the snowy white bed, hating to soil the immaculate linen, but being weary from the day's hard ride in the hot spring sun, I soon fell asleep. The next morning as the people would accept no remuneration for their hospitality, I slipped a silver dollar into the hand of a little, black-eyed girl of six or eight summers, mounted my horse and rode away. Late that afternoon, I arrived in Dallas and returned the horse to its owner. As it was Saturday, I was anxious to reach Salem in time to accompany Gertrude to church on Sunday, so after an early supper, started out on foot, at a brisk pace, for Salem, sixteen miles away, and arrived there at ten o'clock that night.

Later, while in Portland, where I had gone to arrange for the leasing of the Tillamook Lumber Company's sawmill, my attention was attracted to a plank of Port Orford cedar, about twenty feet long, four feet wide and four inches thick, free from knots. I realized that there would be a great demand for this splendid lumber for finishing purposes, so decided to go to Coquille River and investigate. After spending some time there, I was greatly disappointed to find it like the yellow cedar, only in limited quantities, scattered about among the other timber, along the streams and on the lowlands back of Coos Bay. Soon after my return to Portland, I left for Tillamook Bay where I began to manufacture lumber, first buying the logs until I was able to open a logging camp for myself. In the meantime, I explored the country along the Columbia and Nehalem rivers, and towards fall, after looking over the splended sugar and yellow pine in the vicinity of Buck

and Aspin lakes, continued on to Fort Klamath at the head of Klamath lakes where I secured the services of two trusty Indians, whose knowledge of the country was of great benefit to me. We cruised the forests for many miles, over a flat and rolling country to the north of the Fort, but found the timber of inferior quality, so returned, discharged the Indians and continued on alone to the vicinity of Crater Lake. On reaching the summit I turned to the right and made my way to Crater Lake, an extinct volcano, some four or five miles in diameter, with a small cone rising from the water near the shore of the lake. On approaching the brink of the precipitous wall, I dismounted, sat down on a fallen tree and to my astonishment found a four-bladed pearl-handled knife, no doubt forgotten by some weary traveller who like myself had sat down upon the fallen tree to eat his lunch and was so absorbed with the beauty of his surroundings and the purplish tints of the lake that he had gone away and forgotten it. From here I made my way to Mt. Pitt, where I spent considerable time examining the sugar pine timber. While crossing the mountains, late in November, I was overtaken by a blinding snow storm. Before I had reached Elk Creek, the snow had fallen to a depth of two feet and my hands and feet were badly frozen. A settler caught in this storm was frozen to death. I attributed my safe journey to the splendid horse that I rode. From Duskin's Mill we made the journey back to Ashland with little difficulty.

The following January, I went to Seattle to close a deal with the Stimson Brothers of Michigan for my timber holdings between the Stillaguamish and Snohomish rivers, near Tulalip. Upon our arrival there I was greatly surprised to see a thriving city of nearly eighty thousand people instead of the little hustling town of seven thousand that I had left, three years before. Realizing that there were greater opportunities here than in lumbering on the Tillamook, I concluded to locate in this prosperous city. Regretful at leaving our many friends behind, we moved to Seattle and in the early spring of 1889, were comfortably located in our new home. My first venture in the city was the building of a planing mill, with the hope later of erecting a sawmill and manufacturing lumber. By early May, rapid progress toward the completion of the building had been made and I found time to make a flying trip to the Sierra Nevadas and examine the sugar pine timber there. While the machinery was being installed, I placed Alexander Westerfer in charge and made a trip to Gray's Harbor with Daniel Curran with a view of purchasing timber on the Hoquiam River, should it prove satisfactory upon examination. Upon my arrival at Cosmopolis, after looking over the timber, I received a telegram from Gertrude stating that Seattle had been destroyed by fire, on June 6, that all was lost and for me to join her in Portland. I was dumfounded and could scarcely believe that the prosperous city I had so recently left now lay in ashes. On reaching Seattle I found conditions even worse than had been at first reported. The planing mill, lumber yard and everything had been consumed and I felt myself a ruined man. Aside from the little remaining timber that I owned, the only thing that I possessed was the suit of old clothes I wore into the forest. Leaving Mr. Westerfer to save what he could out of the ruins, I went to Portland and found Gertrude almost distracted. All that she had succeeded in saving was her jewelry and some papers. To make a bad matter worse,

a forest fire broke out during the summer destroying much of my remaining timber. Thus I was stripped of the accumulation of five years of the hardest work of my life. Realizing that I was now a poor man, I scarcely knew what to do or which way to turn. It seemed that the only alternative left me was to turn my remaining timber, most of which was badly burned, over to my creditors, and then seek employment with some one who was more fortunate than I. But Gertrude, brave little woman, always ready to make any needed sacrifice, disposed of the jewels I had presented her on our wedding day and our financial needs were temporarily relieved.

As the country was rapidly filling up with settlers, seeking timber land, I concluded the best way out of my embarrassment was to take advantage of the situation and locate people on Government timber land that I had cruised during my numerous wanderings. I was not long in meeting my obligations and getting a surplus on hand with which I purchased timber land. During one of these trips, while in Snohomish, I decided to pay a visit to my old friends Squak and O-lé-quä, but upon my arrival at Tulalip, I was grieved to learn that they had both passed over to the great beyond. I was deeply affected by their untimely taking as I had anticipated much pleasure in meeting my faithful Indian friends, and spending a few days with them. The villagers welcomed me and related the circumstances of their death. Both reposed beneath a mound of earth covered with decayed matting, near their lodge, and that night the wailing of death, or mourning song, so familiar to my ear at the village of Toosh was kept up until about 10 o'clock. On the following morning, I wended my way towards Snohomish with a very sad heart.

Soon after leaving Snohomish I returned to Portland, where one day father and Calvin Rogers suddenly appeared on the scene with the idea of purchasing timber. I had written them of the golden opportunity that lay in wait for the lumbermen who invested in the fir timber of the Pacific coast, but had told them that it would be at least twenty years before the timber would be of any great value owing to the vast amount of white pine standing throughout the various eastern states. Nevertheless, Mr. Rogers and father left some money to be invested. Strange as it may seem, it was exactly twenty years later when my prediction came true, and upon departing Mr. Rogers left considerable money for me to invest in timber, with the understanding that I was to share equally with him in the profits, when it was sold. As the time was opportune, I was able to purchase some of the choicest timber land of Oregon that I had examined, and at the same time succeeded in selling some of my interests at a handsome profit.

SECTION 3.

In August I made a flying trip to Humboldt County, California, to examine the famous redwoods, and to Lake Tahoe to examine the sugar pine timber there. On my return to Portland, I continued in the locating business until the heavy snows of winter prevented my going into the forests. Realizing that it would be spring before I could again go into the timber in Washington and Oregon, I decided to go to California and explore the redwood timber near the mouth of the Klamath River, and investigate the possibilities of operating a sawmill there.

As the railroads were blockaded by the great depth of snow that had fallen in the mountains, and with no prospects of their operating for a month or six weeks, Mrs. Pearsall and I planned to go to California by steamer. While waiting in Portland we had the pleasure of riding about the streets in an improvised sleigh, which was very unusual. There were about sixteen inches of snow in Portland that winter and the Columbia River was blocked with ice so we were unable to leave until January. We took passage on the steamer Santa Rosa for San Francisco and sailed thence for Eureka on the steamer Humboldt, arriving there Monday, January 27, 1890. California was in the throes of a severe winter, and the heavy rains and badly swollen streams prevented my going into the timber for some time. While waiting, I frequented the sawmills and lumber yards on Humboldt Bay, and studied the method of handling the gigantic redwood logs, some of which exceeded sixteen feet in diameter. I also spent some time familiarizing myself with the lumber manufactured out of these logs which I found cut sixty percent to clear. After examining pile after pile of planks, all of which were from four to six feet wide, clear of all blemishes and knots, I made up my mind that I would obtain all that was possible of this excellent timber, so admirably adapted for finishing purposes, and gave up all idea of returning to Portland. On examining the forest I found that the redwood, like the fir, the sugar pine and other timber of the Pacific coast, is large and heavy. Consequently it is more difficult to handle than the white pine of the East.

These gigantic redwood logs instead of being hauled on bobsleds as in Pennsylvania, or on sleighs as in Michigan, were originally dragged by oxen over greased skids to the landing, dumped into the water and floated to the mills. As necessity is the mother of invention, David Evans, an enterprising Englishman engaged in the lumber industry in Humboldt County, invented a bull donkey (steam engine), with an endless wire cable. The logs, attached to the endless cable, one behind the other by means of steel dogs and chains, are hauled down the mountain slopes to the landings. Sometimes two hundred thousand feet of logs are hauled a distance of two miles in twenty minutes. A great improvement over the slowly plodding oxen. With the modern band sawmills, that cut from sixty to three hundred thousand feet of lumber per day, the old method of driving the logs down the stream was abandoned, and the more expeditious method of supplying the mills by means of railroad transportation was adopted. Strange as it may seem, with all of the modern devices of human ingenuity, the modern mills are unable to manufacture lumber as cheaply, per thousand feet, as the old-fashioned water-power sash sawmills in vogue during the days of Peter Pearsall, who cut close on to two thousand feet of lumber per man, while the modern mills scarcely cut one thousand feet. Therefore, the only advantage the large mills of the present have over the small ones of the past is the quantity of lumber they are able to manufacture per day.

About the middle of April, the weather having somewhat improved, we left Eureka for the Klamath River, where I planned to examine the redwood forest and incidentally see if it would be possible to float logs from the vicinity of Buck and Aspin lakes, Oregon, down the Klamath River to its mouth and there manufacture them into lumber. Upon our arrival at Big Lagoon, thirty-five miles

north of Eureka, we encountered our first difficulty. The road at that point was over a long, narrow sand spit that separated the lagoon from the ocean. A break in the spit, caused by the excessive rain and floods, allowed the ocean to ebb and flow into the lagoon and, as a heavy sea was running, we were unable to proceed farther that day. The next morning, the storm having somewhat abated, the Indians improvised a ferry out of their canoes, took the buggy and us across in safety, and then returned and swam the horses over. We breathed a sigh of relief when on the sand spit once more, with this dangerous crossing behind. While driving along this narrow spit, composed of soft sand and gravel, into which our horses sank eight or ten inches at every step, we were confronted with a heavy surf that occasionally broke over into the lagoon, carrying drift logs and fallen timber, and at times it was almost impossible to keep from being swept along with it. After four miles of laborious travelling, we reached the highlands, and towards evening we arrived at Swan's on Redwood Creek, at that time the end of the recently finished wagon road and civilization as well. The country for the next sixty or seventy miles was inhabited by Indians, with the exception of three or four white families scattered here and there along the coast. The only way of getting into that part of the country was over a narrow trail that led alternately through the heavy forest and along the ocean beach. This route of travel could be used only at low tide, and then was extremely dangerous, as one was liable on the turn of the tide to be caught by the surf and carried into the sea by the strong undertow.

The morning after our arrival at Swan's found us up early. Mounted on excellent horses, we started out on our journey, accompanied by Robert Johnston, our destination that day being his father's ranch. Redwood Creek, a stream a hundred yards or more across, was running banks full. As there was no bridge or Indians to ferry us, we were compelled to ford. I hesitated about forcing my horse into that swift running water. Seeing Johnston spur his mount into the stream, I took courage and followed, leaving Gertrude behind. In a moment we were in swimming water with only head and shoulders above water. A sickening sensation crept over me as I felt myself being carried down stream. When we landed on the opposite bank, we were a good quarter of a mile below our starting point. Gertrude, after witnessing the crossing, returned to Swan's to await a more favorable opportunity. From here we continued over a trail, hemmed in by salal and salmonberry brush, and so muddy that our horses sank to their bellies at every step, until we came to Mussel Point, that overlooked the ocean with a sheer drop of a hundred feet or more. The trail leading along this perpendicular cliff, for a short distance, was exceedingly dangerous. One misstep would have caused horse and rider to be precipitated to the beach below. As this trail was less than two feet wide, I had some misgivings about riding over it, so dismounted and drove my horse ahead, but upon reaching the blue slide, a slippery clay where the trail had been washed away by the heavy rain, I became more courageous, remounted and followed Robert's example. Heading my horse towards the ocean, he braced his feet and we safely slid down the sharp incline to the beach below. Quite a feat and one that few horses could accomplish. Upon our arrival at lower Gold Bluffs, we were detained several hours on account of

the tide. Finally, when the opportunity came, we spurred our horses around the dangerous points to the beach beyond. Our safe arrival at the Johnston ranch that evening was due to Robert's good judgment and familiarity with the dangerous beach. Our horses had been knocked down several times by the heavy seas as they broke against the bluffs, and we were wet the entire day, first from swimming Redwood Creek and later from the spray of the surf.

When the flood water of Redwood Creek subsided sufficiently, I returned to Swan's after Gertrude and took her to Johnston's ranch over this dangerous trail. The site of the Johnston house was admirably chosen by Mr. Johnston for protection from the Indians should they ever become hostile. It was situated on a promontory between the forks of a small stream that overlooked the sea and was surrounded by mountains that protected it from the northwest trade winds that prevailed during the summer. About two miles down the coast was the Osagon Indian village. Mr. Johnston kept a few head of cattle and did a little mining for gold in the black sand of the beach. Leaving Gertrude with Mrs. Johnston, Robert, his brother Joseph and I made various trips into the neighboring redwood forest. The Johnston boys, having grown up in close proximity to the Indians, were able to speak their language which was a great help to us when we had to depend upon the Indians to ferry us across the streams or to look to them for subsistence. The redwood forest, that extended from the Oregon line more than half way to San Francisco, composed of noble trees from three to twenty feet in diameter, and from two hundred fifty to three hundred fifty feet tall, was marvelous to me. Never had I seen such gigantic trees and almost impenetrable gloom, where the sun's rays rarely ever entered. The heavy growth of timber ferns, salal, huckleberry and salmonberry brush made cruising more difficult than in the fir and spruce forests of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. When running a line with a compass, we were doing well when we succeeded in making two miles a day, as we were obliged to creep on our hands and knees through the tangled undergrowth in many places, and at times were compelled to make long detours to get around some fallen monarch of the forest.

On one these turnouts Robert took the compass and left me to follow along the line. Suddenly, without any warning, the ground gave way beneath me and I dropped out of sight, as completely as if the earth had opened up and swallowed me. Upon recovering from my surprise, I discovered that I had fallen into the hollow stump of an old redwood tree on the mountain side, that at some previous time had broken off. The opening of the stump had been covered with debris. On top of this, spills and dirt had collected and ferns had grown up. As I stepped upon this decayed accumulation of years, it gave way and I found myself at the bottom of a conical prison, about ten feet wide with walls towering nearly fifteen feet above my head. I was glad to find none of my bones broken but was somewhat uneasy on account of my inability to climb out. I called to Robert. He, having missed me, returned to ascertain what had happened and, upon hearing my cries, hastened to my rescue. In the meantime I discovered a light coming in from the lower side of the stump, and upon investigation found that it came through a large hollow root. Needless to say, I lost no time in making my exit by this avenue of escape. Robert, appearing upon the scene as I emerged, asked,



CALIFORNIA REDWOOD

"What in —— are you doing in there?" On another occasion, during a heavy windstorm, a huge limb about eight inches in diameter broke off and was hurled to the ground, barely missing us. The switch ends knocked me to the ground with such force that for a time I saw whole constellations of stars.

Occasionally we surprised a bear or deer but more often a band of elk that had sought protection from the Indians, among the dense redwood timber. One afternoon as we emerged from the timber, our right of way was disputed by a huge brown bear, standing erect. As we had no firearms with us, we threw sticks at him but the bear was obdurate and refused to move, so we went around and left him master of the trail. We were frequently robbed of our bacon by the bears and now and then our nights were disturbed by the coughing of the mountain lions. Robert was very timid of these animals, especially after one had followed us into camp, keeping so close that we could see his eyes, glistening in the dark like two balls of fire. When we reached the camp, the lion gave a terrific cough, jumped into the brush and disappeared for the night, only to reappear the following evening. Some time later, while preparing breakfast, the ground floor of our sleeping apartment, in the hollow tree near by, suddenly fell in and instantly became a fiery furnace. The fire had caught in a hollow root during the night and followed up to the main part of the stump, where it smoldered until morning without our knowledge. Fortunately for us the floor did not give way during the night. On our return to the Johnston home, one day, while eating dinner, our attention was attracted by the loud squealing of the hogs. On rushing to the door, I spied a brown bear climbing over the fence with a good-sized pig struggling desperately under his arm. I ran for my gun and called to the dogs, but before I could reach the door again, the bear had disappeared into the timber on the mountainside. Robert, Joseph and I with the dogs followed in hot pursuit. Very soon after, the dogs treed the bear in the snag of an old spruce and I soon put an end to bruin but we were too late to save the pig's life. Some days later, as Robert and I returned from examining the redwood and spruce timber east of Squash-An, we surprised and killed a huge bear feeding on the flesh of a dead whale, that had been cast ashore by the recent heavy surf. The enormous size of the beast, its color and its large claws led me to believe it a grizzly. Robert had killed a great many bear but none like this. He thought this grizzly old fellow had probably wandered in from the higher ranges of the interior. The bear weighed in the neighborhood of eight hundred pounds.

One day, not long after, Robert and Joseph Johnston having been called to Eureka on business, I accompanied them as far as Swan's Creek to bring their horses back. On arriving at Mussel Point, on my return, it was flood tide, so I decided to take a chance on being caught by the incoming tide, rather than wait ten hours for the tide to ebb sufficiently to insure a safe passage around the dangerous points. When nearing Squash-An, I was caught in the surf and barely escaped drowning. Fortunately I was riding a very tall horse, and leading the others, when an unusually large wave rolled in, completely submerging us for a time. Realizing that we were being carried to sea, I clung to the saddle for dear life. The second wave washed us against a large rock that protected us from the heavy undertow. Before the third wave reached us we had gained the

protection of another rock, higher up on the beach, against which the surf broke shooting up into the air and drenching us as it fell. Before another could overtake us, I reached a place of safety, beyond. The horses were washed high among the rocks, so I was compelled to wait until the ebb of the tide before rescuing them. I was a sorry spectacle when I arrived at Johnston's that night, wet and bleeding from half a dozen wounds inflicted by coming in contact with the rough rocks. Later, while Robert, Joseph and I were returning over this dangerous trail from a hunting expedition to the lower bluffs, Robert and Joseph were caught by the treacherous surf and carried to sea; Robert mounted on the same horse that I had been riding, succeeded in reaching shore, but Joseph was drowned. Several weeks were spent in a diligent search along the beach, but his body was never recovered.

When I was not engaged in cruising timber, Gertrude and I occasionally spent a day visiting at the Osagon Indian village. While she endeavored to enlighten the Indian children as to the deity, I amused myself by shooting seals and sea lions that basked in great numbers on the rocks about two hundred yards offshore. The dead animals were usually washed ashore, near the village, much to the delight of the Indians, especially old Sop and his two squaws, who preferred this meat to that of the whale. It was during one of these visits to the Osagons that Gertrude and I chanced to make the acquaintance of Captain Dougherty, then stationed at Fort Gaston, Hoopa Reservation, whose jurisdiction included the Osagon Indians. The Captain, fond of hunting like myself, often joined me in shooting sea lions or occasional whales that ventured within rifle shot of the shore while feeding on candlefish, during July and August. By fall, the Captain and I had become fast friends and I accepted an invitation to join him on a bear hunt in the Trinity Mountains, before I returned to Eureka.

October was considered the best season for bear hunting, so I planned to visit Fort Gaston during that month. As the trip was too hazardous for Gertrude, I left her with Mrs. Johnston until my return. On the eleventh, in company with Lagoon Johnnie, an Indian guide, I departed for Hoopa Reservation and arrived at Fort Gaston on the fifteenth, greatly fatigued from the long, hard ride over exceedingly rough and narrow trails.

As previously arranged, Captain Dougherty had the pack animals in readiness and early the next morning we started for the Trinity Summits, with a retinue of Indians to assist us during our trip. We arrived at our destination late in the afternoon and made our camp on the borders of a small lake, or rather a pond probably formed by a slip in the mountain at some remote time. For ten days we scoured the mountain in search of bear but killed only one. We attributed the scarcity of these animals to the lateness of the season in these high altitudes. But deer were plentiful, so we felt that our trip had not been an entire failure. While reminiscent of our early experiences, I incidentally spoke of my attempt when a boy to take French leave from home. When Captain Dougherty learned that my destination had been the famous hunting ground of Wyoming and the Black Hills country of South Dakota, he instantly became interested. His knowledge of that country proved most entertaining as he had been there before he came to Fort Gaston. He gave me considerable information

about the country and the big game yet to be found there; this rekindled my desire to visit that section.

As the rainy season was now upon us, I was unable to go into the forest and estimate timber with any degree of comfort, so decided to wait until spring to resume my work. Rather than live an idle life for five long, weary months until the rainy season was over, I concluded to go to the land of my boyhood dreams. When Captain Dougherty learned of my decision, although he was somewhat advanced in years, he expressed a desire to accompany me, provided he could obtain a leave of absence sufficiently long to pay a visit to his old friend, Captain Wallace, then stationed at the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota. However, on our return to Fort Gaston, the captain was confined to his bed with a bad cold, the effects of a severe drenching from rain while camped on the mountain; so at the last moment, he had to give up the trip.

Before we parted company, he handed me a letter of introduction to Captain Wallace and entrusted some private papers to my care to be delivered to his old friend at Pine Ridge. Thus, Pine Ridge became fixed as my objective. Here, I hoped, through the aid of Captain Wallace to establish a base for supplies and outfit my expedition for hunting large game in the Black Hills, or in the country to the west, where big game was yet to be found. I knew that the buffalo had almost, if not entirely, disappeared from the public domains, save a few small herd in Texas, and that the elk, deer and antelope had been greatly reduced in numbers. Nevertheless, I hoped to obtain a few specimens of the latter and possibly kill a Rocky Mountain sheep (bighorn) in the mountains of Wyoming.

After two days in an Indian canoe, paddling and drifting with the current down the Trinity and Klamath rivers, I arrived at Ä-re'-quah (Requa), an Indian village near the mouth of the Klamath River. Thence, I made my way down the coast to Johnston's, over an old Indian trail that had become familiar to me. The next morning, Gertrude and I bid the Johnstons good-bye and journeyed to the Osagon village where we found Lagoon Johnnie with the horses waiting to take us to Swan's, en route to Eureka. As Gertrude was in delicate health and had developed a bad case of homesickness for her sisters in North Dakota, I concluded to take her with me.

On our arrival at Church's Ferry, North Dakota, early in November, we stopped with her sister Ida and while Gertrude's time was taken up with her sister, I spent a few days shooting prairie chickens and wild geese, the latter on their southern flight to winter grounds. From Church's Ferry, where I left Gertrude, who later intended to visit a sister in Cecil, I hastened on to Pine Ridge Indian Agency, situated at the junction of White Clay and Wolf creeks, South Dakota.

I had been at the Agency four days before I had an opportunity to meet Captain Wallace, who was absent from the Agency searching for hostile Indians. After our first greetings were over, Captain Wallace enquired for Captain Dougherty's health and about things in general in northern California. Then we fell to discussing the present condition of Indian affairs, their excitement and general unrest throughout the Northwest due to the new Messiah craze that had lately spread among them. Although I had heard something of this new cult, a sort of second coming of Christ, I had little conception of the excitement it had

wrought among the Indians, or I would have postponed my visit until later. This new belief seemingly originated with the tribes of the Far West. It prophesied that with the advent of the Messiah, dead Indians would come to life, join forces with the living and kill all the whites. This accomplished, a great change would come over the earth; their lands and hunting grounds would be restored to them and the buffalo, deer and antelope would appear in great numbers, as in the days of their forefathers. This story had gone out to all the tribes of the Northwest and to those of southern Canada; all believed in its fulfillment. Consequently, there was a great restlessness among them. The report that this new leader had appeared in the west and was on his way east, caused the Sioux to take to the new cult like madmen; they danced the ghost dance nightly like so many demons. Six thousand warriors were said to have left Standing Rock Reservation to join the Indians from Red Bud, Pine Ridge and other reservations. The troops were kept busy scouring the country, endeavoring to keep hostile tribes from uniting.

For a time I was unable to go any distance from the Agency, so thought seriously of leaving the country. But later on, Short Bull and Red Cloud denied that any hostility existed at Red Bud Reservation, and claimed that the white ghost dance had been stopped and that the Sioux had returned to their reservation. So I concluded to remain and join a corps of engineers, under Owers Brothers, in the employ of the Midland Rail Road Company, who were about to return to their work, now that there had been a change in the attitude of the Indians. In attaching myself to this expedition, I felt safe from small bands of prowling Indians. I also felt that if I were successful in killing any big game, I would have a ready market for the meat.

We had been in camp, eighty or ninety miles west of Pierre, scarcely two weeks when we were suddenly thrown into a panic. About midnight of November twenty-first, our camp was surrounded by fifty or sixty Indian warriors. These painted savages slit our tents and entered like so many howling demons. They fired off their guns as they darted in and out; then suddenly disappeared as mysteriously as they had appeared. Taken by surprise, none of us thought of the guns until after the Indians had departed. However, we were thankful that no blood had been shed and that we were still in possession of our scalps. We neither understood the wild actions of these painted demons, nor did we tarry to ascertain their cause.

Early the next morning we were on our way to Pierre, where we arrived three days later. On December twelfth, I was back at Pine Ridge Agency. The Indian situation had not changed for the better during my absence. Rumors of depredations on stockmen and other settlers continued to pour in and the troops were kept active. On the fifteenth of December, news was received that Sitting Bull had been killed in his camp at Standing Rock by an Indian police in the service of the United States. This caused grave apprehensions at the Agency. It was feared there would be a general uprising of the Sioux; that they would unite with the hostiles of Red Bud, Standing Rock and those of Pine Ridge under Big Foot, who had become so troublesome of late. To prevent this Major Whiteside, with Companies C and K, under Captains Wallace and Varnum, was sent into

the field and encamped on Wounded Knee Creek. This warlike attitude of the Indians, the lateness of the hunting season and winter upon us caused me to despair of ever having an opportunity to look for big game, so I concluded to leave for more pleasant quarters, where one's hair and life would be safe from the tomahawk and scalping knife.

As I was desirous of thanking Captain Wallace for the courtesies extended to me while at the Agency and was anxious to carry any message he might have for Captain Dougherty, I accompanied some troops sent to Major Whiteside. We arrived at the camp on Wounded Knee Creek late in the afternoon of the twenty-eighth. To our great surprise, Big Foot and his warriors were in camp and almost surrounded by twenty-five hundred troops. After some difficulty I succeeded in reaching Captain Wallace's quarters late in the evening. When informed of my mission, he suggested that I remain in camp over night. I gladly consented as it was dangerous to be out after dark.

From Captain Wallace I learned that during the early part of the day, Big Foot and his warriors had been discovered by Little Brat, an Indian scout, eight miles northwest of Major Whiteside's camp, on Wounded Knee Creek. When the report reached the Major, he ordered four troops of the Seventh Cavalry to go in pursuit of the hostiles. Big Foot, finding his camp had been discovered, instead of retreating upon the approach of the troops, formed his warriors in a long line of battle. As Major Whiteside brought his men up within rifle range, Big Foot stepped from among his warriors, advanced to meet Major Whiteside and inquired as to terms of peace. During this parley, Major Whiteside held the attention of the Indians until Colonel Forsythe with four troops could be sent him from the Agency. It was these latter troops that I had accompanied in order to reach Captain Wallace, though at the time I was ignorant of their orders.

The next morning, December twenty-ninth, we were up early and found that the hostiles were active. About eight o'clock, as I was about to leave for the Agency, Big Foot renewed his negotiations for peace, undaunted by refusals of Colonel Forsythe for any terms save those of unconditional surrender. Big Foot seemed about to comply with these demands, so Captain Wallace requested me to remain until after the surrender, when he would have more time to formulate a message to Captain Dougherty. Colonel Forsythe, not suspecting treachery, ordered some of the troops out of saddle and ordered Captains Wallace and Varnum to close in on the Indians, to receive their firearms. The hostiles seemed about to comply with Colonel Forsythe's demands, then suddenly threw down their blankets, whipped out their rifles and fired on the troops, less than thirty feet away. Then the savages attacked the soldiers with knives, axes and hatchets. The dismounted troops hurriedly took to their saddles and returned the fire. Volley after volley was fired into the hostiles' camp, killing men, women and children. Many bullets came my way; as the battle raged, an elderly squaw with blood trickling from her moccasins, passed me. Her eyes were fixed and she uttered a piercing howl at every jump as she endeavored to escape the white man's vengeance. Her wound proved mortal and she dropped dead about three hundred feet beyond. A little later, a younger squaw passed my way. As she was nearer, I called to her but she made no reply; she merely pointed toward the tents. Her eyes were almost

bulged from their sockets with fright. As she was crying, I thought that maybe her child had been killed or perhaps her noble brave had fallen in battle.

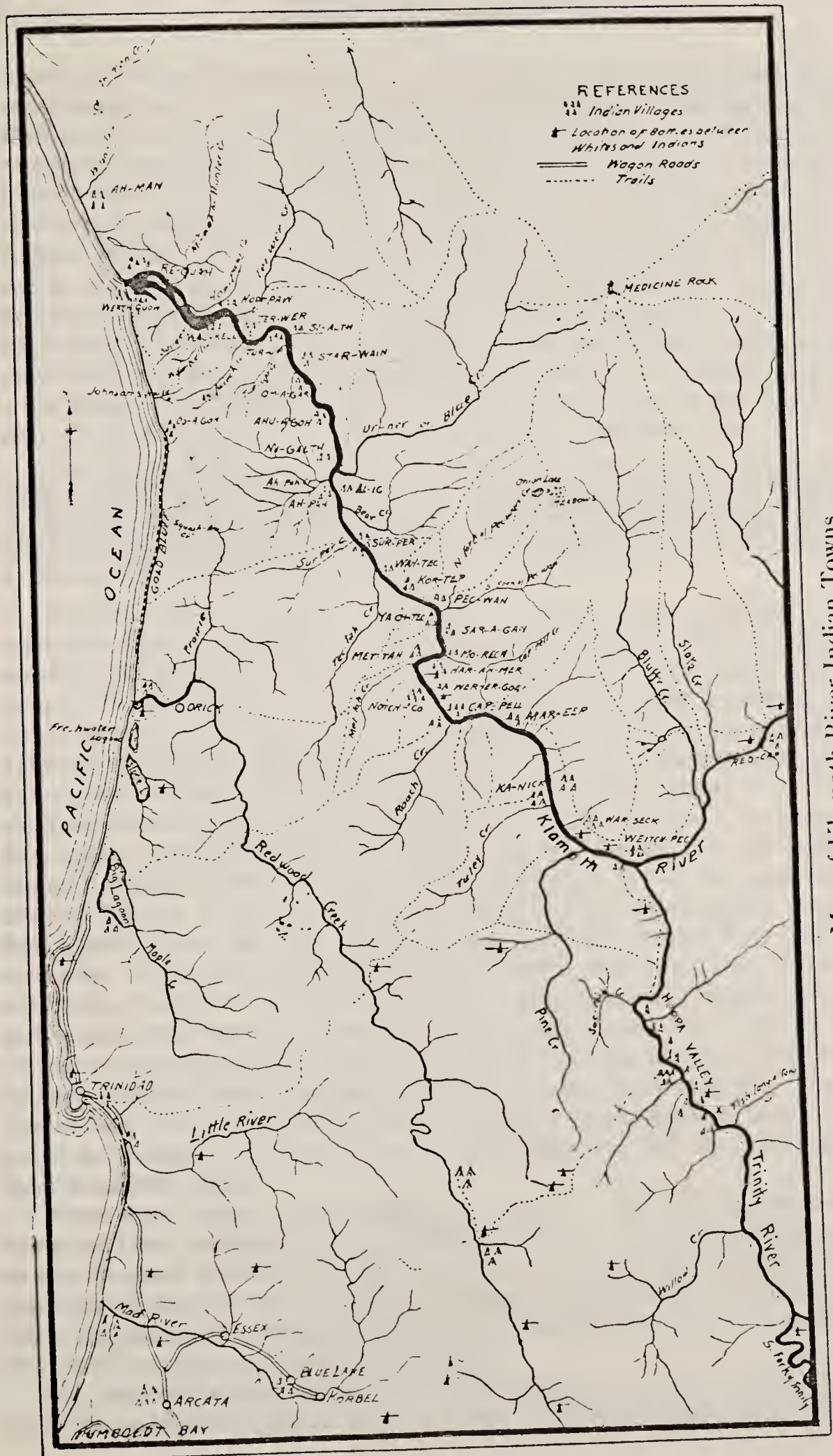
When the hostiles realized they were at the mercy of the troops, they moved off to the southward and took refuge in the ravines, from where it was difficult to dislodge them. Although the battle lasted only an hour and a half, occasional shots were exchanged throughout the day. The casualties among the troops, killed and wounded that were scattered over the battle field, were estimated to be above sixty. Among the dead, much to be regretted, was Captain Wallace, fallen by a blow from a tomahawk. More than a hundred and fifty Indians were reported killed and were left where they had fallen, up to the time of my departure from the battlefield of Wounded Knee. The few casualties among the troops seemed almost miraculous, but were probably due to the poor marksmanship of the Indians with their inferior arms.

It was lucky that the battle took place when it did, for many of Big Foot's followers had been detained in the Bad Lands, some twenty miles to the north, awaiting the arrival of Two Strike and other chieftains with their warriors, who were delayed on their way.

Now that Captain Wallace was dead, I gave up all thought of remaining longer at the Agency. Thwarted in the very purpose for which I came here, that of adding a bighorn or two to my list of big game to be found within the borders of the United States, a blizzard blowing and life made uncertain by roving bands of Indians, I became exceedingly anxious to leave the Agency at once. Thanks to Mr. Cooper, Special Agent, I was able to depart on January third, while the blizzard was still raging. On my return to North Dakota, I joined Gertrude at Grand Forks, where she and her sisters had gone for safety. We returned to Eureka, California, January twenty-fourth.

With the coming of spring, I had intended to return to the Klamath and continue my work of estimating the timber where I had left off in the fall, but Providence intervened. On the fourth of March, a son, Henry Cornell, was born to us. On the twenty-third he died and Gertrude followed on April twelfth. It was a sad and trying ordeal to accompany the bodies East and inter them in the family plot in Brookville. When the time came for my return to the Pacific coast, it was with extreme difficulty that I quitted the scene where lay my loved ones. Sad and dismal seemed the world, with Gertrude cut down in the bloom of youth. How different had been our crossing the continent but four short years before, when our hearts were light and full of happiness, and the world so promising.

Shortly after reaching Eureka, I returned to the Klamath River and later took up temporary quarters with the Äh'-Päh Indians, at the mouth of Äh'-Päh Creek, and continued my work of cruising timber. I was most fortunate at this time in securing the friendship of Wâu'-teen, a bright, intelligent old Indian of more than sixty summers, who had taken part in the Indian wars against the whites, in the sixties. He still nursed his hatred and persistently refused to partake of the white man's food. With all this hatred in his heart, I cannot understand his friendship for me unless it came through my friendliness with the Osagons, with whom he was on the best of terms. I never had occasion to regret the confidence I placed in this old man, whose great influence extended over the Indians of the



Map of Klamath River Indian Towns.

upper and lower Klamath River. The Indians along the Klamath were less treacherous than the mountain Indians and Wenachees of Washington, owing to their early contact with the miners, but occasionally a white man disappeared who wandered among them. During my stay on the river, no less than three lost their lives at the hands of these Indians and the bodies of several strangers, who had mysteriously disappeared, were washed ashore at the mouth of the river. The Indians claimed they met their death while attempting to cross the river in a canoe, and were carried to sea by the swift water and drowned. The last attempt at uprising occurred about eight years before my first appearance upon the river, when Beck'-täh, known as Klamath Mike, led the Smith River Indians across the mountains, and joined the Weitchpec and other upper river Indians, to drive out a few white men who had attempted to settle on the Klamath Reservation lands near the mouth of the river under the protection of the Häh'-pähs.

For the benefit of those who may hereafter be interested in locating the site of the Indian villages along the lower Klamath River I would say that in February of 1921, I had occasion to ascend the river and found that the sites of several of these villages had been washed away since my visit to the Klamath River in the summer of 1889, including about twenty acres at the mouth of Ah'-Päh creek, leaving only about half of the site of the

former village. The upper island, about two miles above the mouth of the river, containing about sixty acres, had entirely disappeared and ere another decade passes by perhaps the great flats of Star-wain, Turrup, Waukell, Ter-wer and others will have vanished, and from mountain to mountain the floor of the valley will have become one vast gravel waste.

Äh'-Päh village, when Wâu'-teen and I arrived in May, consisted of fifteen miserably poor lodges that answered the purpose of abode. When I first arrived on the river, nearly two years before, the village contained two sweat-houses and twenty or more lodges, and was considered one of the most important villages on the lower river, but the high water of the winter preceding my arrival at Mr. Johnston's had swept the lodges of the old village away. These lodges, or rather houses, were usually twenty feet square and built of split planks, four inches in thickness, stood upright and roofed over with the same material. The houses were low, squatty affairs to all outward appearance. On the contrary, the inside contained a basement-like cellar excavated to the depth of four feet, and was commodious enough to meet all the requirements of these semi-civilized people. A broad shelf, six feet above the basement floor, extended around three sides of the structure. Upon this were kept baskets of acorns, hazelnuts, dried berries and other winter stores; it was also used as a sleeping apartment for the women and girls, where they were made comfortable on mats woven from tules or rushes. These quarters were kept neat and clean and only for the odor of smoked salmon, eels and sturgeon kept in the basement, were not a bad place of abode. The cellar-like kitchen was used as a storehouse, as well as a place where the family congregated for the day. Here the women busied themselves with the daily routine of their household duties.

There were several other villages far superior to Äh'-Päh, scattered up and down the river, each containing a sweat-house or two. In all there were upwards of one thousand Indians living along the river. Many of the middle-aged males wore only a shirt for covering; the older men and the children ran about naked; while the squaws wore but a single garment of the Mother Hubbard style, when not robed in their beautiful deerskin dresses.

Mr. Johnston stated that upon his first arrival on the coast there were close on to fifteen hundred Indians in this vicinity. I believe the rapid diminishing of

their tribe was partially due to their persistent use of the sweat-house, which is usually built of the same material and size as the lodge, except that a canoe is turned over the comb of the roof to keep out the driving rain, and sometimes a foot or more of earth is thrown on top of the roof to keep in the heat. Inside of the sweat-house, thus constructed, there is a basement dug to the depth of four feet and paved with flat stones carried from the river bars; in the center of this there is a pit dug to the depth of about eighteen inches where they build their fires. The sweat-house is usually entered through a round hole on the right-hand side, while at the farther end, or perhaps at the side, is another door at the bottom of the excavation with a secret passage leading away from the sweat-house, intended as an avenue of escape should their enemies enter by the front door. Here the male population of the village congregated round a fire kindled in the pit, occupying the center of the floor, and related their adventures or discussed the topics of their day, after which more wood was added to the fire, and they disrobed themselves of all their wearing apparel and lay down to sleep for the night. In the morning more wood was added to the fire, that an extra sweating might be had, after which they danced around the fire in a circle, first on one foot and then upon the other, keeping time to the tune of "He-yah, hi-yah, ho-yah, ha-yah, hu-yah, hooough," in deep guttural sounds, until dripping with perspiration they rushed down to the river, dashed water over their bodies and plunged into the cold water. This treatment oftentimes brought on pneumonia and consumption. After their cold plunge they returned to the sweat-house, donned their clothes and were ready for the morning meal. Upon my first arrival at Äh'-Päh, I was assigned to the sweat-house, but on account of the smoke I could remain there scarcely half an hour, so sought the shelter of some friendly boughs of a redwood tree that stood near the west bank of Äh'-Päh Creek.

When Wâu'-teen and I landed his canoe at Äh'-Päh, the chief, Mäh'-willä, upon learning that I wished to remain in the village for many moons, while I explored the forest, looked upon me with disfavor until after a consultation held with Wâu'-teen. After I presented him with a quantity of tobacco and a pearl-handled knife, that I had taken along for the occasion, he told Wâu'-teen that as I was a friend of the Osagons, I might remain and assigned me to an old lodge vacated by Indians who had recently gone down the river to fish for salmon. On account of the unsanitary condition there, I soon moved to higher ground, under the shade of a noble tan oak, some five feet or more in diameter. Here I constructed a comfortable lodge out of bark stripped from cedar and hemlock trees and was scarcely settled in this new abode before Mäh'-willä moved his lodge adjacent to mine. I had a strong suspicion that his fondness for flour, sugar and bacon, of which I had a liberal supply, was the main cause of his moving. At first I was somewhat provoked, but as time passed, I realized the advantage of having him near at hand.

The Klamath River Indians recognized no superior chief over the many villages scattered along the river, like the various tribes of the interior or those of the plains, but were content to be ruled by some influential personage of the village, who acted as chief, and before

whom all questions and disputes that arose were to be settled, except those involving persons of another village. In this case chieftains from that and other villages sat at the council.

When it became necessary for me to cross the river to explore the timber on the mountains on the opposite shore, he either set me across in his canoe or sent



KLAMATH INDIAN MAIDEN

his squaw, Ka-ue'-kä, or his daughter with me. The daughter, Wre'-prä, who was about thirteen years old and expert in handling the canoe, took great interest in teaching me the Indian dialect and learning the English language, which I in turn taught her. During these evenings of study, her father, Mäh'-willä, while smoking tobacco that I furnished, in a peculiarly bevel-shaped pipe made of yew wood with a soapstone lining, looked on and occasionally smiled when my pronunciation of the Indian words struck him humorously. Wre'-prä was bright and, for an Indian girl, was quick to observe a point. I doubt very much if a white girl could have surpassed her.

When the spawning season of the salmon reached its height, the Indians had great sport spearing the fish as they ascended the river. Upon a wooden platform built on prominent rocks, they patiently awaited the passing of the salmon from the backwater below. Frequently an entire day was spent without an opportunity to spear a fish as none passed within reach, but when an Indian let go his spear, rarely ever did he miss his mark. When the season arrived for the salmon to ascend the river to spawn, most of the Indians left the village and went down to Ä-re'-quah at the mouth of the river to fish, and dry and smoke salmon for their winter use. On account of this pilgrimage, the fishing season now being on, I was unable to persuade any Indians to accompany me into the forest, save Wâu'-teen, who was full of superstition and afraid of Oh'-mäh-häh (Indian devil). So I accompanied Mäh'-willä and his family down the river to the fishing grounds, now astir with life.

Mäh'-willä pulled his canoe upon the south bank of the river opposite the lower island. Here, improvised lodges were hastily constructed from the branches of willow and alder trees, and we were soon comfortably settled in our new quarters. Wâu'-teen with his squaw came down the river on the following day and took up their abode alongside of us, which made me feel quite at home. More than two hundred canoes lined the shore or glided over the surface of the silvery waters of the river, which at this point is little short of half a mile in width. Ä-re'-quah in Indian means the end of the river. The river has narrowed considerably of late years.

Mäh'-willä suggested one day that I leave off wandering in the forest and join in the excitement of catching salmon. Not averse to a few days' fishing now and then, I accepted Mäh'-willä's invitation and with Mäh'-willä and Mah-hach' in one canoe and Wâu'-teen and me in another, paddled up the river to Hä'-päh village where we fished for salmon with a driftnet about eight feet square at the open ends and narrowed to a point at about twelve feet in length. This was held in position by two long slender poles, the one in the hands of Wâu'-teen and the other in those of Mäh'-willä, who raised and lowered the net according to the depth of water. With the canoes about ten feet apart, Wre'-prä and I paddled the canoes down stream. When a salmon entered the sack-like net there was a perceptible shock. Mäh'-willä and Wâu'-teen suddenly raised the net to the surface removed the fish, struck it over the head with a wooden mallet, and threw it into the bottom of the canoe. The canoes were then paddled up the river and allowed to drift again. This we did repeatedly. When there had been a good run of salmon the night before, we usually caught upwards of fifty, some of which weighed

forty pounds. One day, while thus fishing near the south bank of the upper and lower islands, Mäh'-willa and Wâu'-teen felt a sudden jerk of the net, caused as they supposed by running afoul of a snag. Upon lifting the net, they were greatly astonished to find an otter had become entangled and for a few minutes there was great excitement, as we feared the net would be destroyed. Fortunately, a well directed blow from my paddle killed the otter. Later we were thrown into a panic when we discovered the canoes were being towed down the river. While Mäh'-willa and Wâu'-teen tugged away at the net, it was with great difficulty that Mah-hach' and I kept the canoes from fouling one another. Eventually the net was hauled to the surface and we were astonished to find we had caught a seven-foot sturgeon that lashed about desperately until killed. The net being badly torn, necessitated our leaving off fishing for salmon for several days.

While Mäh'-willa repaired the net, Wâu'-teen and I paddled his canoe up to the Hä'-päh riffle to fish for the cah-cah (sturgeon). Here, in the shallow water, we drove a hazel pole into the gravel and fastened a cross piece about six inches in length to the upper end. Over this I slipped a loop made of twisted hazel, that was fastened to the bow of the canoe. Thus the canoe was held in position. Here we waited the approach of a sturgeon. If of any great size, they were easily detected by the rippling water when they approached the surface. When one made its appearance, Wâu'-teen shoved the canoe forward upstream, which released the canoe, and as quick as a flash, we shot the canoe after the prey, following in its wake. When within spearing distance, Wâu'-teen let go the spear and, when successful, the sturgeon was hauled alongside, knocked on the head and hauled into the canoe. We then paddled back to our former mooring, to await the approach of another. Sometimes, when we speared one six or seven feet in length, we had an exciting time landing it, and our canoe very often drifted half a mile or more down stream. The mornings were usually selected for spearing sturgeon, as at that time of day the reflection of the sun upon the water made it easier to detect the sturgeon. Sometimes we speared a salmon in the same manner. When the quoy were running, with a quick upstroke of my paddle through the water, I frequently landed ten or twelve at a time. This greatly amused Wâu'-teen, who with a single dip of the quoy-rah net, about two feet square, secured ten or fifteen pounds.

One morning, after failing to catch salmon, due to a poor run the night before, Mäh'-willa proposed a voyage to some rocks, a mile or more off the mouth of the river, to gather mussels. The ocean was calm and the surf, that had been breaking heavily across the bar for the past three days, had quieted down until now only an occasional breaker drifted leisurely in and mingled with the flood waters of the river, which to the Klamath River Indians had no terrors. Mäh'-willa, although an expert with the paddle on the river, preferred an experienced Ä-re'-quah Indian to act as pilot in crossing the bar. Reh'-rogh, known to the white man as One-Eyed Billie, was chosen captain; Her-ger', also an Ä-re'-quah Indian, volunteered and with Billie's large canoe we soon made our way through the lazy breakers. Once on the open sea, smooth as glass, we could scarcely realize we were out on the boundless deep, save for the breathing of the ocean, whose swells caused the canoe to rise and fall gently. When we arrived at the rocks, the canoe was brought alongside. To keep it from coming in contact and being ground to pieces, Reh'-

rogh, Her-ger' and Mäh'-willa sprang upon the rocks while I remained in the canoe. When it was discovered that I could manage the canoe alone, they set to work and removed the mussels from the rocks with wedges made from the antlers of the elk. The tide ebbing at the time, made it possible for our adventurous little party to secure an abundance of the largest and best mussels that could be procured only at low tide. The Indians worked like beavers for several hours.

When a fair cargo had been obtained, Reh'-rogh suddenly jumped into the canoe, called Her-ger' and Mäh'-willa to do likewise, and ordered all to paddle desperately for the entrance to the river. I was somewhat perplexed at this sudden action of Reh'-rogh's, until he warned us of an approaching blow. I must confess I could see no apparent change in the surface of the ocean that would warrant Reh'-rogh's statement until he pointed to the northwest, where a dark line appeared on the glassy water. This, Reh'-rogh declared, was caused by the wind that usually set in with the flood tide. The smooth surface of the sea soon began to break up and whitecaps appeared before we had paddled scarcely half the distance. Before the bar was reached we were overtaken by a heavy blow that caused the waves to break heavily. To me it looked as though we could never ride the swells and all would be lost. Reh'-rogh set up a low whistle to appease the anger of the devil of the deep, that we might reach our homes in safety, but evidently the demons were not so easily appeased, for the swells continued to increase and on reaching the bar, Reh'-rogh, Her-ger' and Mäh'-willa stripped themselves of their clothes. Reh'-rogh ordered all to paddle like demons that the canoe might be safely carried into the entrance. The canoe rode the first swell in splendid style, but on the second we were nearly swamped. At the approach of the third, they all jumped overboard to lighten the canoe and prevent it from capsizing. They clung to the sides until the crest of the wave was broken, then climbed in, bailed the water out and paddled desperately for port. This was repeated several times before we entered the mouth of the river to a point of safety. The two last times I followed the example of the others. Once more back on the fishing grounds, fires were kindled and we indulged in a feast of mussels. The remainder of the day was spent by the squaws in removing the mussels from the shells, some of which were fully nine inches in length. The meat was then placed on logs or mats to dry and later was pounded into a coarse meal from which a sort of soup was made by placing a quantity of meal in a basket containing water and heating rocks and dropping them in until brought to a boil. That night I was seized with severe pains in my stomach and momentarily thought I had been poisoned, but later, as the pain ceased, I concluded my suffering was due to swallowing too much salt water. The following morning, when I learned Reh'-rogh had almost died from eating the mussels and several others were similarly affected, I knew for a certainty where to place the cause of my illness. Mäh'-willa credited Oh'-mäh-häh with the poisoning of the mussels and said that sometimes Indians died from eating them. However, I think the chief cause was the living mass of small phosphorescent insects that infest the ocean during the months of August and September.

Defeated in making soundings of the bar, I again accompanied Mäh'-willa, Reh'-rogh and Her-ger' on a sea-lion hunt to some rocks that lay four or five miles down the coast, where the seals were plentiful. With little difficulty I killed two

before the herd took fright and leaped into the sea. As the meat from these was sufficient to load the canoe, we began our homeward voyage early in the afternoon. Scarcely had we paddled a mile, when we were apparently confronted by a huge rock that rose suddenly out of the water, thirty feet away, and with a tremendous splash disappeared beneath the surface. Before I could realize that the great massive hulk was a whale, we were battling desperately to keep the canoe from foundering. A great deluge of water had been splashed into it by this monster of the deep. After somewhat recovering from our fright and the near destruction of the canoe, Mäh'-willa declared it to be the work of Oh'-mäh-häh. While we continued our voyage, Reh'-rogh whistled as before in a low tone to ward off the evil spirit, and late in the afternoon we again crossed the bar and safely landed on the lower island, well within the mouth of the river. Here we indulged in a general jollification, while preparing the meat for future use. My chief reason for accompanying Mäh'-willa, Reh'-rogh and Her-ger' on this adventure, was not so much to hunt sea lions, as to ascertain the depth of water on the bar. As my soundings revealed two and a half fathoms at low tide and three and a half at high tide, I was convinced that vessels of the smaller class could safely enter the river, so I resumed my inspection of the forest-clad mountains, adjacent to the river. The bar of late years has shoaled considerably, due to the immense quantity of debris that is hydraulicked yearly into the river by the miners.

Numerous seals occasionally followed their prey, the salmon, into the river and wrought great havoc with the fish nets by becoming entangled therein. About this time, they caused so much destruction that the Indians proposed to wage war upon them. To accomplish this all Indians not too old to enjoy the sport of hunting seal left off fishing. Wâu'-teen, Reh'-rogh, Sla-goit', Ton'-a-wäh and I paddled Reh'-rogh's canoe to a favorable place on the north shore, under the lee of the rocky bluffs, near the mouth of the river. Concealed here, we waited for the seals to raise their heads above water to blow. They usually do this at short intervals and reappear fifty or sixty feet from the place last seen. Presently there was a ripple on the surface of the water directly ahead and, before the animal had time to raise his head to look about, Reh'-rogh shot the canoe forward in the wake. Wâu'-teen in the bow, with uplifted hand and well directed aim, thrust a spear at the beast. A moment later the water was turned to red, with the seal's blood. The spear lodged slightly back of the heart and some time elapsed before we could bring the animal alongside the canoe. After I had despatched him with a bullet from my rifle, we towed him ashore and the squaws set to work preparing the flesh for food. The second attempt at spearing proved a failure; likewise the third, as Wâu'-teen's aim proved inaccurate, which somewhat humiliated the old man. Towards noon, when an enormous seal put in his appearance, Wâu'-teen was more fortunate but plunged the spear a little too far forward to find a vital spot, and the animal started for the entrance, towing the canoe rapidly after him. With the united strength of all five we were unable to haul the seal sufficiently close to the surface to kill it. As the swells were rolling high at the time, and breaking heavily across the bar, where we dared not venture, we were obliged to let the seal escape with the spear, while we paddled desperately for the south spit. A canoe manned by Will-anch', known to the white man as Spot, together with Cor'-neich, Cäh-

tipe'-son, Her-ger' and Rick'-rock was not so fortunate. After spearing a monstrous sea lion near the mouth of the river, these Indians found themselves unable to haul the animal to the surface before reaching the dangerous water. Her-ger' fired his last shot from an old rusty rifle and missed, just before they were carried into the breakers. A moment later the canoe upset and they were soon battling for their lives. All succeeded in regaining the shore but Cor'-neich, whose body was washed ashore apparently lifeless, but later was revived. The sea lion escaped with the spear and the canoe was never recovered. The accident caused great excitement among the villagers who for a time supposed all the occupants drowned. While the Indians were thus engaged in fishing, I spent considerable time exploring the forest on the neighboring mountains.

One day while the Indians were fishing, considerable excitement was caused by the dogs chasing a bear into the river. As Bruin started to swim for the opposite shore, the Indians, in a dozen or more canoes, instantly paddled after and soon surrounded him. In their efforts to capture the bear alive, Täh'-cäh, known as Wau-kell Harry, a middle-aged Indian, lost his balance, overturned his canoe, and he and his companions were thrown into the river. The bear, finding himself surrounded, swam towards first one canoe and then another, and finally, as he swam towards Täh'-cäh, Mah-hach' tossed a noose over the bear's head, tightened it about his neck and soon had all the fight choked out of him. The bear was hauled upon the bank and quickly despatched.

While fishing near the mouth of the river, I met a remarkable old man whose features so strongly reminded me of pictures of General George Washington, that I afterwards referred to him as Washington. Whether Ska-gär' had ever heard of the illustrious father of our country, I am unable to say, but he seemed pleased with the compliment I paid him. This old man often spent hours in the smoke and heat of the cellar-like sweat-house, whence, dripping with perspiration, he ran and plunged into the cold river. When he emerged a few moments later he stood around perfectly nude, apparently without feeling the cold, piercing wind that blew in from the ocean. Upon my inquiring why he kept up this ancient custom, he replied, "Make him heap strong."

When the Indians had an unsuccessful day with the nets, or spearing salmon, the squaws, who usually helped to prepare, smoke and dry the fish, had little to do. Some of them amused themselves weaving mats from rushes and the flat leaves of the cat-tail; others wove baskets and gathered the tender young sprouts of the salmonberry and a sort of wild asparagus that grew in the marshes, the small tuberous roots called harsh-car (Indian potato), a specie of Brodiaea, or the licorice ferns that grew upon the mossy trees and overhanging rocks, while their lords spent their time gambling. This game, not unlike the games played by the Indians of the Skykomish River, is played by ten or fifteen persons, or as many as can conveniently be seated around a deerskin spread out on the ground. Each individual bets with an individual on the opposite side. The headman, or captain, on each side is chosen in turn to hold the sticks, fifty in number. These small sticks are painted with a broad stripe around the center in different colors. One of them, a special stick, painted with a red stripe around the center is the big chief, or winning stick, which decides the game. This stick, with the other

forty-nine, is placed in the hand of one captain who has been selected by all those participating in the game. He then places the sticks behind his back and divides them into as nearly equal numbers as possible, placing half in each hand. He then brings his hands forward in an upright position, whereupon the captain on the opposite side makes a guess as to which hand contains the winning stick. After the fellow has made his selection as to which hand contains the deciding stick, that handful is then spread out on the deerskin. If the big chief stick, painted red in the center, appears among them, the one who guesses correctly wins and takes the pot. This may consist of guns, money, otter hides, or anything else he may possess, but should the red stick not appear among them, he loses. This game is indulged in to excess. Sometimes they lose everything they possess and even gamble away their squaws and daughters. Should the head captain lose five consecutive games, then another man is selected by the opposite side for head captain, who is supposed to be a man of better judgment. He takes the other's place and the game proceeds as before. This game continues as long as any one cares to play or has anything left to bet. The players enter and quit the game at will. While the game is in progress a man, usually an elderly one, sits near by beating a drum, made from a square box with a dried deerskin stretched over the opening, and the musician and all participating in the game keep time by singing or chanting the good-omen song: "Iah, iah, iah, iah."

The salmon proved very plentiful this season and for five weeks the lower river presented a lively scene where no less than a hundred and fifty canoes daily paddled about. Occasionally when the nets were hauled in a dozen or more salmon were caught; and at times a sturgeon, some from five to seven feet in length, was the cause of great excitement, as it required the efforts of several Indians to land it. At other times, with a single haul of their dip nets they caught fifteen or twenty pounds of quah-rah (a small fish that when thoroughly dried burns like a candle (candlefish)). When failing to make a catch, the Indians claimed that Oh'-mäh-häh had spirited the ne-poy (salmon) away. To ward off the evil influence, they undressed, waded out into the surf on the ocean beach at the mouth of the river, and with branches of trees lashed the water until late at night, at which time the wind usually died out and the surf calmed down somewhat and, strange to say, on the following day there would frequently be a splendid run of salmon which confirmed the Indians' superstitious belief in Oh'-mäh-häh. In going up the river, in their canoes, they occasionally used a sail; if the wind died out the Indians resorted to a low whistling, scarcely audible at the farther end of the canoe. Wâu'-teen informed me this was done to make the wind blow; that the Indians whistled softly so that Oh'-mäh-häh might not hear because he sometimes stole the wind from the sails. When the wind died out, I often found myself whistling softly, much to the delight of Wâu'-teen.

The evenings, during the fishing season, were usually made merry by the young Indians frolicking about on the banks of the river. The camp fires were kept burning and the brush dance, a sort of masquerade affair, kept up until a late hour. In this it was the aim of each participant to conceal his or her identity from his or her sweetheart by means of a bush or large branch of a tree. As they jumped up and down and twisted their bodies about, keeping time to the music,

before the light of the camp fire, they furnished many weird and ludicrous scenes. During these days there were numerous canoes gliding to and fro, and the merry laughter of maidens, and the hallooing of young Indian braves, resounded from shore to shore. These gala days of the Klamath Indians came but once a year and continued a month or more, until the run of the salmon was over. While on these fishing excursions many of the young Indian braves lost their hearts and were required to part with two or three years' savings of woodpeckers' heads, strings of beads (wampum), and other articles of Indian value, before the father could be induced to part with his daughter.

By the close of the fishing season I had familiarized myself with the timber in the vicinity of Wau-kell and Ter-wer creeks, and now only the timber on the mountains adjacent to Mi'-not Creek remained to be examined in this vicinity, so after consulting Wâu'-teen, who vouched for my safety, in the company of Sla-goit' and Ton'-a-wäh, I started to Mi'-not Creek. Their motive for doing so was more for the opportunity of hunting deer than for the assistance they could render me. I was not reluctant to have them accompany me, as a little fresh venison would be a welcome change, since we had been living chiefly on salmon and sturgeon. The first night spent in the forest on Mi'-not Creek, Sla-goit''s strange actions caused me some uneasiness. As we lay upon our bough bed before our camp fire, he kept slapping his chest first with one hand and then with the other, all the while muttering some unintelligible words, to which I at first paid but little attention; but, as he kept it up, towards midnight I became somewhat uneasy, and unable to interpret his strange actions, I inquired the cause. At first he refused to answer, but when I repeated my question rather sharply, he sat upright and replied, "Me make 'em medicine. Me kill 'em poke (deer)." Somewhat relieved in mind I inquired what effect the medicine would have upon the deer. Sla-goit' replied, "Me make 'em good-omen medicine. Me tell 'em deer tomorrow I go one sleep on the mountain top, head Mi'-not Creek. Me want 'em to kill 'em and for him to be there." I said, "Sla-goit', do you believe the deer will be there waiting for you?" "Yes," he replied, "deer he tell 'em me he be there. He be there in a certain place by a tree." I then told Sla-goit' that inasmuch as the deer understood him and would meet him, he had better lie down and go to sleep. This he reluctantly did, but not to sleep. He continued the slapping of his chest throughout the night in the preparation of his good-omen medicine. The next morning we were up before daylight. Sla-goit' had already left for the mountain top to keep his engagement with the deer, while Ton'-a-wäh preferred remaining in camp as Oh'-mäh-häh, he said, forbade him going farther into the forest. I thought this rather strange, until I heard the last rasping, morning notes of a screech owl, issuing from the depths of the redwood forest. Ton'-a-wäh, who lived in mortal fear of this bird, asserted an Indian devil was talking to him and, try as I might, I could not convince him to the contrary, so I set out alone, to explore the timber along Mi'-not Creek. It was the grand and glorious Fourth of July; a more perfect morning I had never known. Scarcely had the noon hour passed when, without warning, the sky suddenly became overcast and rain began to fall.

As it was now the middle of the dry season I could not account for this sudden storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning. About two o'clock the sky cleared

and the storm drifted out to sea, almost as suddenly as it had appeared. As a thunder storm on the coast of California is almost unknown, I was greatly astonished.

Drenched to the skin, I made my way back to the camp late that afternoon, where I found Sla-goit' squatting before the camp fire. He appeared very much excited and tried to tell me about Oh'-mäh-häh. In reply to my questions he answered, "Saw a big red bird, Injun devil. He split 'em big tree. He split 'em. Injun devil. Me run tell On'-i-shä. (A name the Klamath Indians gave me.) Me see 'em big Injun devil. He split 'em tree. Oh yes, big bird; red bird." I suspected that the lightning, a mystery to Sla-goit', had struck the tree and frightened him. When he had somewhat recovered from his excitement, I inquired of him if the deer had kept its appointment. He replied, "No, deer no hear 'em. Oh'-mäh-häh plenty angry, he scare 'em away. Injun devil plenty mad. Split 'em tree. Scare 'em deer. Me no kill 'em deer. Me find 'em chi-ary (bear) house." "Did you kill him, Sla-goit'?" I inquired. "Oh no. Injun no kill 'em bear," he replied. "Maybe On'-i-shä like to kill 'em. S'pose On'-i-shä go. Me go with On'-i-shä." The next morning we were up at daybreak and, as I wished to familiarize myself with the timber of the neighborhood, it mattered little as to direction, so consented to accompany Sla-goit' to the bear's house. Ton'-a-wäh, who became very much interested in the bear and wished to see the big tree that had been split in twain by the big Red Bird, Injun devil, followed along with a homely, small, long-haired dog of the Scotch terrier breed. After two hours of hard labor climbing through the redwood forest, Sla-goit' pointed out a redwood tree about seven feet in diameter, split by the Indian devil. Sure enough the tree, large as it was, was split almost in half and, from the amount of limbs, bark and splinters that were strewn about, the thought occurred to me that Sla-goit' was warranted in his belief of the Indian devil, inasmuch as lightning was a mystery to them all. Ton'-a-wäh was spell-bound and as neither of them had ever seen a tree struck by lightning before, declared it to be the work of Oh'-mäh-häh, who they said must have been very angry. From here we continued for a mile or so along the summit of the mountain and presently came to a hollow redwood tree which Sla-goit' said was the bear's house. At the base of the tree there was a large opening where a lot of sticks had been stood upright by Sla-goit' to cover the hole. I inquired of him why he believed the bear was still inside the tree, and suggested that it might have escaped during his absence. But he replied, "Oh no, On'-i-shä, you see 'em stick? Bear he no go way. Bear he stay 'em home. Bear he go he knock 'em stick down; no, bear he no go way." I saw that Sla-goit' was right, as the sticks were all in place and if there was a bear in the tree when Sla-goit' placed them there, it must be there still. I doubted very much, however, if a bear would have remained in the tree all this time. I told Sla-goit' this who replied, "On'-i-shä no believe bear in his house. S'pose Ton'-a-wäh put 'em dog in bear's house." This he did after removing the sticks. The dog began to bark. Presently I heard a noise coming from the hollow of the tree as if the bear was endeavoring to climb higher. Sla-goit', somewhat excited, said, "Bear, he's home." I then said, "Sla-goit', how are we going to get the bear out." "Oh, On'-i-shä, watch 'em. S'pose he come out. Maybe On'-i-shä

shoot 'em. Me get 'em out." Then Sla-goit' stepped back a few yards from the tree and began to talk to the bear, telling him that there were plenty ripe salmon-berries, plenty salal-berries, plenty salmon, plenty acorns, come out and get fat. After a pause of a few minutes Sla-goit' said, "Guess 'em bear he no hungry. He no come out." I then told Sla-goit' if the bear was not hungry, we would have to smoke him out and proceeded to build a fire. Shortly after, the bear began to growl and make a noise as if about to descend from his lurking place. However, in this we were disappointed. After our failure to smoke the bear out, Sla-goit' cut a long hazel pole, split one end, that it might be more easily fastened in the hair of the bear and proceeded to thrust the pole up the hollow of the tree. After Sla-goit' succeeded in twisting the pole firmly in the hair of the animal, Ton'-a-wäh and I assisted him in trying to pull the animal out, which caused the bear to cry out, but cling firmly to his hold. With our united strength we were unable to dislodge him. We rekindled the fire and proceeded to smoke him as before, and after a while found that the bear was quiet, so removed the fire and resorted to the use of the pole as before. This time we were more successful; the bear fell at our feet dead, having been smoked to death. When we skinned the animal, which proved to be exceedingly fat, Sla-goit' said, "Oh, me see, bear he no hungry. He no come out." I offered him the meat, which was his by right of discovery, but he refused, saying, "No eat 'em bear. All-same as Indian relative. On'-i-shä take 'em."

After satisfying myself as to the quality of the timber on the mountains about Mi'-not Creek, we returned to the river, where Sla-goit' narrated his experiences with the bear and the Indian devil, portraying the same by acting it out with gestures and movements of his body. From here I returned to Äh'-Päh with Mäh'-willa who, faithful to his promise, sent two of his most trustworthy young men, Henry Davis, a half-breed, and In'-ka-son, to assist me while cruising in that locality. On another excursion into the neighboring forest, Wâu'-teen and Beck'-täh accompanied me. We ascended the west branch of Äh'-Päh Creek until we came to a branch that enters this stream from the north, and then continued up this branch until we heard the roaring of a cascade. Wâu'-teen and Beck'-täh refused to go farther, saying Oh'-mäh-häh would be very angry. "Throw stones at 'em; he make 'em falls; roll 'em rocks down on Indians. Indian no more go up creek." I endeavored to convince Wâu'-teen of his folly, but my efforts proved futile, so I was obliged to explore the timber beyond alone. While looking the timber over in company with Wâu'-teen and Beck'-täh, before arriving at the falls, I discovered signs of elk along the waters of Äh'-Päh Creek. A few days later Henry Davis the half-breed and I started out to hunt them. We had scarcely gone a mile from the village when we unexpectedly jumped nine. They cantered off without our getting a shot at them on account of the dense undergrowth. The band separated in their flight. Henry took after one herd, while I followed up stream after the other. Overtaking them about an hour later, I fired at an old male with a handsome head of horns, the cartridge failing to explode, due to a defective cap. I threw out the cartridge and injected another with no better results. The third cartridge, however, exploded, but missed him. Disgusted with my poor marksmanship, on account of the lateness

of the hour I decided not to follow them farther into the mountains, and, upon my return to the village that evening, was surprised to find that Henry had not yet arrived. I remembered having heard several shots fired in rapid succession. At the time I thought he was shooting at the elk, and had no doubt killed one. Somewhat alarmed when he failed to return by morning, I told Mäh'-willa my fears, who, in anticipation of plenty of elk meat, sent several Indians out with me to search for him and help carry in the meat. On returning to where we had parted the day before, we followed the trail made by the fleeing elk, crossed the creek and presently found his tracks in the mud along the bank. Following these, we continued our search along the opposite side for some distance and, later in the day, were horrified to find Henry with an ugly bullet hole through his head. A few yards away lay a huge brown bear, also dead. As the moss and ferns were torn up, it was evident that a desperate struggle had ensued and that Henry, in his efforts to save himself from his antagonist, had, in some mysterious way, accidentally shot himself. It was too far to carry the body back to the village, so Henry was buried where we found him, in true Indian style, with his rifle and the bear skin placed upon the grave for his use in the Happy Hunting Ground.

While cruising timber across the Klamath River from Äh'-Päh, Mäh'-willa frequently sent Wre'-prä and another Indian maiden, Faw'-näh, to ferry me across. They usually took me over in the morning and returned for me towards evening. Upon my return to the river late one evening, I was greatly surprised to find two young squaws in the canoe, apparently strangers, awaiting me. Naturally I wondered who they were and speculated some as to what had happened to Wre'-prä and her friend Faw'-näh. Upon alighting from the canoe at the village, both young squaws broke into laughter. Looking around to ascertain the cause of this outburst, I discovered that the supposed strangers were no other than Wre'-prä and Faw'-näh in disguise. The rogues, dressed like full-grown squaws, with three black lines drawn down their chins with charcoal, were so changed in appearance that they fooled the waugie (white man) completely. Inquiring of Wâu'-teen why the women of his tribe tattooed their chins, he replied, "Make'm wenchuck (young lady) beautiful," but later I learned that these black lines (111) on the chin indicated that the squaws had reached a marriageable age. While cruising timber in the vicinity of Blue Creek, Wâu'-teen took me to and fro in his canoe. As it was usually late in the evening when we returned to Äh'-Päh, I suggested that we camp at Blue Creek, but Wâu'-teen insisted that we return to the village because it was impossible for an Indian to sleep at Blue Creek and live. Years before when he was a young man "large village there, Ur'-nerth, plenty canoes, but Oh'-mäh-häh poisoned the water, Indians all die, all die; plenty sick in the head, bad water; make 'em jump in river, make 'em turn round and round, heap fall down, all die, all die. Indians now all afraid bad water; Indians sleep no more Blue Creek, all die." Wâu'-teen's narration of the poisoned water reminded me strongly of the legend I had heard at Toosh, and I wondered how Indians so far apart could have practically the same reason for the dying out of the Indians. From information obtained from Wâu'-teen, I was convinced that the epidemic must have been typhoid, or something

similar, that caused them to become delirious. Wâu'-teen, firm in his belief that Oh'-mäh-häh was responsible for all that could not be understood, refused to sleep at Blue Creek, so I humored the old man and returned to Äh'-Päh each evening. No amount of persuasion could induce him to accompany me up that stream. He said, "Oh'-mäh-häh lives there." Upon inquiring why he thought the Indian devil lived there, he imitated the mysterious movement of some large bird in flight and whispered a soft "wh, wh, wh" (like blowing). From his description, I recognized the strange, soft, wispig sound made by the wings of the great horned owl, that I had often heard as he flew up or down the creeks of a still evening or early morning.

One morning, having decided to examine the timber on a certain small stream that emptied in from the south bank of Blue Creek, I left Wâu'-teen sitting on a rock with instructions to await my return. I crossed the stream, which was less than three yards wide at its mouth, and became so deeply absorbed in the fine quality of timber in that locality, that I travelled farther than I realized. After wandering about several hours, in my efforts to ascertain the extent of this exceptionally fine timber, I returned to what I supposed was the same stream I had crossed earlier in the day. Following its windings through the redwood forest, intermingled with a sprinkling of fir, that equalled any I had seen in Oregon, I trudged along until towards evening when I suddenly realized that this stream was more than twice the width of the one I had crossed that morning. Inadvertently I had gone around the head of the smaller creek and had followed down another, that the official map represented as a branch of Blue Creek, which information later proved to be erroneous. I continued down stream until darkness overtook me. As the banks were steep and rocky, it was dangerous to proceed after nightfall, so I prepared to camp for the night. While cutting boughs for my bed, I heard a noise suspiciously like the paddling of a canoe; then all was quiet. Soon after, hearing the grating sound of a canoe against the rocks, I realized I must be close to the Klamath River, so I worked my way towards the direction from whence the sound came onto a precipitous point, calling "Iaqua" (friend), and was pleased to hear the response of "Iaqua," from the darkness below. I climbed down the steep rocky bank to the water's edge and found Big Fire lifting his cath-wen (eel traps). When he informed me that we were several miles above Äh'-Päh, I prevailed upon him to take me down the river to Blue Creek. As we passed the village of Äh'-Päh, all was in darkness and not the slightest sound could be heard as we silently paddled along. We arrived at Blue Creek about ten o'clock and found Wâu'-teen still perched upon the rock where I had left him. When I called to him, he jumped off the rock and ran to the river's edge, overjoyed at hearing my voice. He said he was afraid Oh'-mäh-häh had surely caught me or I would have returned long before dark as had been my usual custom. He insisted that Oh'-mäh-häh was to blame for my having been misled and no amount of argument on my part could convince him to the contrary. We did not return to Äh'-Päh that night but instead dropped down the river nine miles to Tur'-op, another Indian village, where we spent the night.

Upon our return to Äh'-Päh the next day, we found the villagers, aware that I had gone up Blue Creek, very much exercised. When Wre'-prä came run-

ning to meet us, I laughingly told her to have no fear, that Oh'-mäh-häh was a friend of On'-i-shä. Soon after my experience on Blue Creek, Mäh'-willä surprised me one day by saying, "Now we go big mountain, plenty sleeps, big mountain," meaning the higher mountains to the north of the river where we would spend several nights. "Plenty deer, plenty woodpecker, plenty spag-gah (hawks); On'-i-shä no catch 'em waugie stick Blue Creek (surveyor stake to corner section); Oh'-mäh-häh hide 'em. S'pose On'-i-shä go big mountain. Maybe you catch 'em waugie stake." I replied, "I go, Mäh'-willä. Kill many big woodpeckers." A broad grin spread over Mäh'-willä's face when I finished these words, for he well knew a dozen or more heads of this bird would be added to his already large collection. At this season of the year, it was customary for the Indians to visit the higher mountains in search of the iris and the fibre of the Woodwardia fern which is so extensively used in the weaving of their finest baskets. Usually four or five families go together on these expeditions, but on this occasion a third of the population of the village was making preparations for the journey. Sche'-alth, a hunter from the village of Sär'-gon, accompanied us. We climbed the mountains that lay between the headwaters of Bear Creek and those of Pec-Wam. Here, from the springs that gushed from the mountain side, there was an abundance of the much-sought-for fern, some of which were nine feet tall. A camp was hastily made and the crop of ferns soon harvested. In the stem of each of these fronds there are two flat threadlike fibres running through the entire length of the stem, much prized by the Indians in the weaving of their hats and baskets. The squaws went diligently to work, pounded these stems with a stone to loosen the pulp, then carefully split the stems with a bone knife and removed the fibres. After a quantity had thus been obtained, they were dried in the sun and stored in their baskets. On the higher and more open mountains, where the fires of the preceding year had swept across, the squaws busied themselves in gathering häh'-näh, the raffia of the Indian, a flaglike grass resembling the iris. These were cut close to the ground, the best blades carefully selected and placed in the sun. When cured they were cut into narrow strips, according to the fineness of the work for which they were intended, tied into small bundles and stored away with the fibre.

From here we made a pilgrimage to Medicine Rock, now known to the white man as Doctor Rock, conspicuously situated on the mountain between the headwaters of Bluff Creek and Blue Creek. This peculiarly shaped rock, about a hundred feet in height, can be seen for many miles around. Mäh'-willä said it was put there for the Indians' special protection and that Indians from far and near occasionally went there to seek some particular favor. To them, the rock seemed to have certain charms, that could ward off evil and protect them from their enemies, and safeguard them on their long journeys. Mäh'-willä stated that the medicine made there possessed a greater virtue than medicines prepared at various other points in the mountains; that they went there to gather roots and herbs to make medicine, or to seek information as to whether or not they would be successful on certain long journeys into the mountains to hunt the nick-wich (grizzly bear), or the chi-ary (black bear). While Sche'-alth consulted Medicine Rock and prepared good-omen medicine for killing deer, Mäh'-willä guided us to a

miniature lake, which he claimed was the home of an Indian devil. He described the demon as a large animal, or huge serpent, and declared that the Indians never passed the lake without throwing medicine sticks into the water, to appease the anger of this devil that comes out of water, upsets canoes and swallows Indians. This corresponded so closely to the story of Spau, dwelling in the waters of Wenatchee Lake, that I wondered if at some time in the past there had not been communication between the tribes of the Klamath River and those to the north.

Near the borders of the lake we collected a quantity of wild onions, which we greatly relished with our smoked salmon, eels and sturgeon. Before the sun set on the evening of the second day, Sche'-alth returned. He had met with excellent success and the few days following were spent in stripping the deer meat from the bones and placing it on the rack of small sticks over a smouldering fire. In the vicinity of Medicine Rock, I unexpectedly came across some excellent sugar pine timber and inquired of Mäh'-willa whether it grew in considerable quantities in that vicinity. In response he pointed to the east, saying, "Plenty." The mountains in that direction appeared to be well timbered, so I concluded before leaving the river to visit them and determine the extent of the forest and the character of the timber. The squaws, with their baskets laden to the utmost, and the men, with the skins in which a liberal supply of dried venison was carried, began the return journey to Äh'-Päh.

At length the time arrived for the Äh'-Päh Indians' annual pilgrimage to the coast to visit their friends the Osagons, gather salal and huckleberries, and exchange raffia and fibres from the roots of the sugar pine for dried fish, mussels and clams for the winter. As we expected to be absent from the river more than half the number of suns that equalled one moon, Wâu'-teen preferred to return home to Si-alth' rather than to accompany us to the coast. With all preparations completed, we dropped down the river to Big Wau-kell Creek, left the canoes in charge of an Indian called Wau-kell and proceeded up Little Wau-kell Creek and across the mountains over an Indian trail that led through the forest, to the Osa-gon village on the coast. This trail, a favorite one of the Indians, had been in use, they claimed, so long that even their fathers could not remember the time when it did not exist. From the number of arrows and sharpened sticks that had been shot into the bark of the so-called medicine trees by the Indians on their various pilgrimages, to insure them a safe journey and protect them from sickness, I concluded the trail must indeed be very old. As there were several of these medicine trees along the way, much time was consumed in shooting the necessary arrows. On reaching a small opening in the timber, before emerging from the forest, Skaw, an old Indian, and I, considerably in advance of the others, unexpectedly came upon a black bear. Busily engaged digging out a yellow jackets' nest, near an old fallen tree, the bear failed to discover us until we were abreast of him. Unaware of his presence until after he let out a "wah, wah," and jumped into the trail, we were unable to get out of his way. Skaw, in the lead about ten feet, was knocked down and, before I could shoot, bruin in his desperate efforts to escape, scratched moss all over us and disappeared in the ferns.

On emerging from the forest we camped for the night by a large spring, beneath some spruce trees that overlooked the ocean. This spring was a singu-

lar one, situated on the summit of a low divide, whose waters, on leaving the spring, flowed in opposite directions, the one to the eastward and eventually into the Klamath River, and the other to the westward into the Pacific Ocean. This was due to the fact that the spring was a long narrow marshy piece of ground lying across the divide. We tarried here to gather a quantity of fern roots (bracken), which were dug up, dried and pounded into a pulp. The flour was then separated from the chaff, or rather fibre, by means of a sieve made from hazel switches. This flour when mixed with the salmon roe and baked, formed a nutritious and palatable dish which they esteemed as quite a delicacy, and even to the white man was not half bad to eat. There was an abundance of these ferns on the mountains northeast of Surper, but on account of the small roots being hard to remove from the clay soil, they preferred to gather them near the coast where they grew luxuriantly and were more easily obtained.

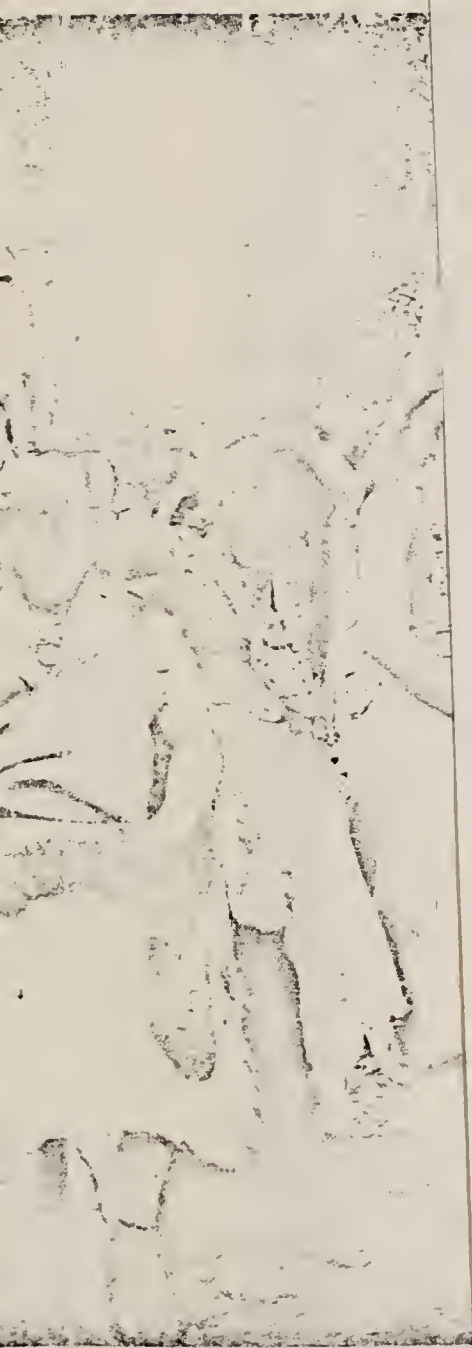
Towards evening we arrived at Osagon, where Sop gave us a hearty welcome. While most of the squaws and children picked berries on the open mountain slopes facing the ocean, the men fished in the surf, and usually caught from ten to forty pounds of fish in their peculiar, three-cornered nets, fastened to poles, that they placed in front of the breakers as they rolled in upon the beach. The logs and rocks about the village were soon covered with wer-met (surf fish) spread out to dry, until there seemed scarcely room for one more. While here, we were surprised one day by a shower, drifting in from the ocean, accompanied by thunder and lightning. After the shower had passed and the sun shone forth again, a large rock some sixty or eighty feet in diameter, that presumably had been on the beach for centuries, was discovered split in twain. As the break was fresh and the rock was whole the day before, I concluded that the lightning was responsible, but the Indians insisted that it was the work of Oh'-mäh-häh and thereafter avoided the place. Not long after this mysterious splitting of the rock, I shot several sea lions offshore, and, to the great delight of Sop, a day or two later they were cast upon the beach near Squash-An. All the Indians, including the squaws, ceased fishing and proceeded to cut up the sea lions and carry the meat to the village before the returning tide swept the carcasses to sea. While they were thus engaged it was discovered that a band of elk had been wandering about on the beach. As the tracks led up Squash-An Creek, I proposed to Mäh'-willa that we go in search of them. After we had tracked them for an hour or more, we jumped several. Without firing a shot, I followed hurriedly after them and suddenly felt the ground give way beneath my weight and the next instant I realized I had fallen down a hole. At first the thought flashed through my mind that it was another case of the hollow redwood stump, but upon picking myself up, I found it to be an elk pit, dug, no doubt, by Indians some years before when the elk were very plentiful. It was about eight feet long, two feet wide and ten feet deep. With the assistance of Mäh'-willa I experienced but little difficulty in climbing out. Mäh'-willa stated the Indians had resorted to this method because the elk could be more easily caught and killed. After an hour's further search in the vicinity, unable to kill any elk owing to the thick undergrowth, we retraced our steps.

Upon our return to the beach, we noticed close to the walls of the upper bluff a great commotion among the Indians, who were returning to the village with their burdens of meat. When we arrived at the scene, we learned that a rock, falling from the bluff, had struck one of Sop's squaws on the head. She lay there hovering between life and death, with the medicine man and other Indians dancing madly about her, in their efforts to drive the devil away, that she might recover. As I had no faith in the skill of the medicine man in cases like this, I ran down the beach six or eight miles, where some ponies were grazing, caught one, threw a rope over his head, and started for Stone Lagoon, to summon a physician from Arcata, sixty miles away. On arriving at the mouth of Redwood Creek, Redwood Billie not being at home, his squaw, Susie, volunteered to take me across the river. As she shoved the canoe out from the shore, I held the horse by the rope and let him swim. In some unaccountable way, the horse became unmanageable, fouled the canoe with the rope and caused it to swing round. As there was a strong ebb tide running, and Susie had not taken the necessary precaution of ascending the river to a safe distance before attempting the crossing, we were carried out toward the breakers. We paddled desperately for the south spit, the last projection of land that separated us from the open ocean, but our efforts proved futile against the rapidly ebbing tide. As we were being carried into the breakers, I pulled off my coat so as not to be encumbered in swimming and Susie removed her only garment. The next instant we were struggling madly in the water to get hold of the overturned canoe. Finally we succeeded; while I clung to one end, Susie clung to the other. As the waves broke over us, I thought we would surely be drowned, but fortunately there was not a heavy surf and the breakers that rolled in from the south drove the canoe towards the rocks on the north shore. Susie, when an opportunity afforded, took the rope of the canoe in her mouth, swam to shallow water and before another breaker overtook us, reached a place of safety. After pulling the canoe ashore, she quickly ran to her hut for some wearing apparel and I went in pursuit of the pony that had successfully reached the north spit. The contrary brute would not allow me to catch him until I had reached the lower bluffs, where I met a young Indian sent out by Mäh'-willa to inform me that the squaw was dead. Returning to the scene of the accident, I persuaded the Indians to carry her back to the village for burial, and the next day we interred her in front of Sop's lodge. All her earthly possessions were hung upon a rude fence that we built about the grave.

During the remainder of our stay with the Osagons, the daily routine of catching and drying fish, or gathering fern roots, continued. Occasionally, I tried my hand at killing a seal or sea lion. At length the Indians, satisfied with their visit, and with a supply of dried fish and berries, bade good-bye to their Osagon friends and started on their return, over an Indian trail that led to Big Wau-kell Creek. Here, in the depths of the redwood forest, we came to an opening, of about eighty acres in extent, now known as Big Prairie, a favorite place of the Indians for gathering hazel switches, that figure so extensively in the construction of their baskets. Each year this prairie was burned over to kill the old stocks of hazel, that young, straight and slender ones might shoot forth from the roots. These the Indians cut when the bark slips easily and remove by taking hold of the

butt end of the switch with one hand, starting the bark with their teeth, and with the other hand holding on to the upper end of the switch. With one jerk of the head, the switch is peeled. When all are thus stripped of their bark, they are assorted according to size and length, tied into bundles and put away for future use. The largest ones were made into papoose baskets and eel traps, or baskets to carry mussels and clams, and the next largest woven into baskets for hazelnuts, acorns, salal berries and huckleberries. While some of the switches are used to make baskets for cooking utensils, the finest and most delicate ones are made into hats of difficult and intricate patterns, exquisite in design. The coloring used in the baskets, aside from the black, which is the stem of the maidenhair fern, five-finger variety, is obtained from the bark of the Oregon grape and roots of the alder and other trees. After a quantity of these switches had been gathered and prepared, we continued our journey, stopping at Ah-wig'-äh, now known as McGarvey Creek, for a few days in order that the squaws might gather five-finger ferns from the overhanging banks and rocks of that stream, while Mäh'-willa and I ascended the creek to look for elk. These ferns, carefully selected as to length, were cut close to the ground, as the longer ones were more valuable for weaving purposes. The stems were then crushed by bending them between the thumb and forefinger, great care being taken at all times to prevent breaking them. They were then split into halves, thirds or quarters according to the width desired, laid in the sun to cure and then made into small bundles and packed away for future use. We arrived at Äh'-Päh the evening of the fifth day with an abundant supply of ferns and elk meat.

When the excitement of our recent trip had somewhat subsided, Mäh'-willa, who eagerly looked forward to the coming white deer skin dance that was soon to take place in Hoopa Valley, set to work with renewed vigor on a large canoe that had been under construction for many moons prior to our departure for the Osagon country. A section of a redwood tree, about four feet in diameter, that had been blown down by the winds of the preceding winter, near the mouth of Äh'-Päh Creek, had been chosen for the canoe and split in twain with wedges made of elk horns. The best half had been selected and with an axe and adze-like tool, fashioned out of a piece of iron and fastened to a handle wrought out of stone, the outside had been shaped and finished. As the work with these crude tools was necessarily slow, I suggested to Mäh'-willa that he use the white man's adze to expedite matters, but with a shake of the head he replied that if he used the waugie's tools instead of doing the work as his father had taught him, Oh'-mäh-häh, angered, might cause the canoe to leak when finished and become worthless, and maybe some day in the big water (freshet) they would all drown. With the exterior of the canoe completed, Mäh'-willa chopped out part of the interior with an axe, and then resorted to the ancient custom of burning out the balance with red-hot rocks, that time after time his daughter, Wre'-prä, and I laboriously placed in different parts of the canoe. The part thus charred was removed by the judicious use of the adze-like chisel, and thus the entire shell of the canoe was kept about the same thickness. So expert was Mäh'-willa in this, that with one hand placed on the inside and the other on the outside, he could detect the slightest variation. On the floor of the canoe, in front of a seat that had been



WHITE DEER SKIN DANCE

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WHITE DEER SKIN DANCE



WHITE DEER SKIN DANCE

fashioned in the stern for convenience in paddling, was a knob of wood a few inches in diameter that had been left for a foot brace, to enable the paddler to exert a more powerful stroke. After Mäh'-willa had burned a quantity of dry brush in the canoe, which was supposed to prevent its checking in the sun, he scraped out the charred part, pronounced it completed and with the assistance of Big Fire, Beck'-täh and Er-at', we launched the canoe by skidding it over freshly peeled trees into the waters of the Klamath, where with Wre'-prä in the stern, it floated as gracefully as a swan.

The white deer skin dance, Mäh'-willa said, lasts ten suns and could be given only when all the tribes along the river were at peace with one another, and that condition now prevailed, after a lapse of some years. The chiefs had already paid their customary pilgrimage to Medicine Rock, where they had gone to prepare the medicine for the coming event, and after an absence of five suns, had returned with a favorable report for the holding of the dance. In the meanwhile all the tribes along the river had been invited to participate. Every Indian along the river was filled with excitement; each one made peace with his enemies that he might attend the dance. I was seized with a feverish desire to see this remarkable dance of which I had heard so much. When the Indians began to pass Äh'-Päh on their way up the river, Mäh'-willa put his new canoe in readiness for the voyage, and upon Wâu'-teen's arrival we started out. We paddled up the river about forty miles, over many dangerous rapids, but with Wre'-prä, Mäh'-willa and Wâu'-teen at the paddles, and Ka-ue'-kä in the center to balance it, the entire distance was made without accident in six days, including one day spent at Weitchpec, where they visited Käh'-häh and his family. Upon our arrival, we found no less than three hundred Indians had already gathered to either witness the dance or take part in it. As a few days would elapse before the dance began, Wâu'-teen and I made a hunting trip up Tish-Tang-A-Tang Creek. While climbing up the bank to gain the stream above the falls, I heard a peculiar sound in the forest to my right, so silently crept up and discovered an old Indian kneeling on the ground, pulling at some dry grass, which he passed through his hands and tossed over his head, as he beat the ground and uttered low guttural sounds, as if addressing some unseen person or diety. Unaware of my presence, I watched him for some time. Finally, curiosity got the better of me and I called, "Iaqua Natoma." The old Indian looked up and grinned. When I inquired what it was all about, he answered, after a time, "Make 'em medicine, kill 'em deer." Being deeply engrossed in his medicine making he paid no further attention to me. Knowing that I was an unwelcome visitor I left him and continued up stream. After a two days' hunt, Wâu'-teen and I returned to the valley with a supply of venison, sufficient for the family for a week.

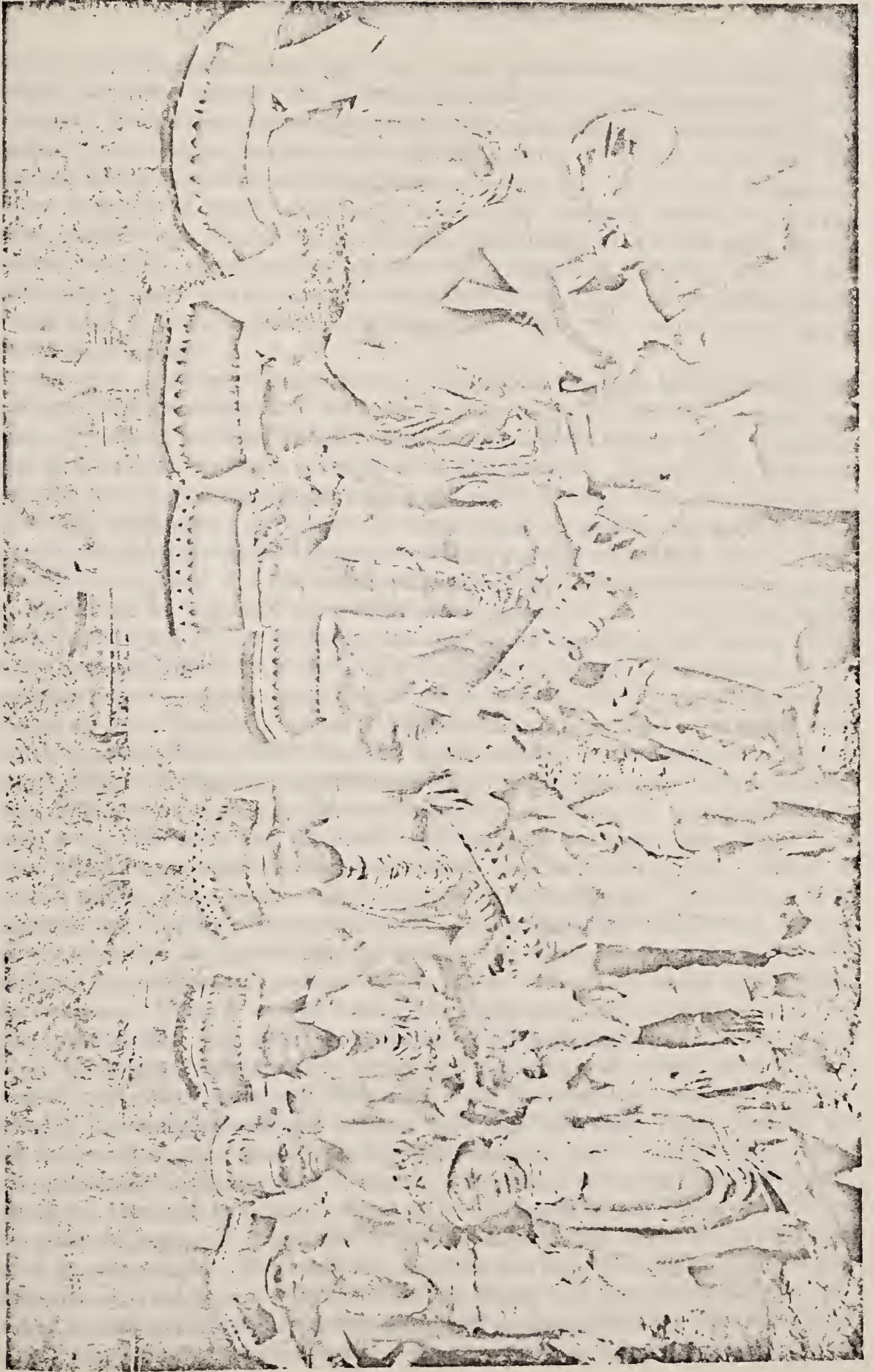
At length, the Indians, to the number of about seven hundred, having congregated from far and near, all was now in readiness for the celebrated dance.

All of the Indian pictures relating to the Klamath River were taken by A. W. Ericson of Arcata, Humboldt County, California, from ten to fifteen years later than my stay on that river. During my visit it would not have been possible to have taken the pictures on account

of their being superstitious and it was with great difficulty and the gifts of large sums of money that Mr. Ericson was able to get a few pictures. Some of them even after they had severally received from him as much as sixty dollars ran away and kept the money.

Dressed and decorated in all the trappings of their Indian savagery, forty of the most enthusiastic of Hoopa's braves started the dance at the head of the valley by

forming themselves into a straight line and holding white deer skins on hazel poles about seven feet in length, with the heads of the skins downward. At either end of the line, directly in front, stood a middle-aged man with a whistle made from a deer's bone in the one hand, and a flint knife eighteen inches long in the other; the Indian assumed the attitude of thrusting the knife into some imaginary animal, presumably a white deer. This position was maintained until the signal was given for all the dancers to sing or chant. Thereupon the dancers, standing on the left foot, kept time with the right by patting it on the ground, all the while chanting in chorus. This was kept up until the men at either end signaled by a blast of the whistle, and started to cross in front of the line of dancers, each to occupy the position of the other. When the two met, the white deer skins that had been lowered to the ground on their taking their places in the line, were now raised to an upright position, while the dancers kept up their chant and the tapping of the foot until the two men returned to their original positions, whereupon the deer skins were again lowered. After going through this performance five or six times, dancers from another village went through the dance in the same manner. After these came dancers from various villages, each village in turn going through the same performance. This was repeated until all the villages represented had participated in the dance. The dancers from the different villages wore different furs, some the skins of the panther, while others wore the skins of coyote, fox, otter, mink, martin and civet, or ringtailed cat. Some ornamented their heads with the antlers of the deer, while others wore caps trimmed with woodpecker scalps, or decorated their hair with eagle feathers, or those of the hawk. Some painted their faces red, while others painted theirs black, and some were striped with red and black. They all resembled so many demons. Undoubtedly this was intended to terrify the beholder. After this, the whole procession began to move down the valley to the dull, weird and monotonous music of the Indian drum, with the white deer skins mounted on poles in the manner of banners. The dancers leaped high in the air, imitating the motions of the deer, chanting as they danced, working themselves up into a state of frenzy and exhaustion. As the procession moved down the valley, the dance was repeated at each village, throughout the day. In the evening, a fire was lighted and the serpent dance was given. In this entertainment, the Indians formed a circle around which the leader danced, first standing on one foot and then on the other, shooting arrows high into the air. This continued until each and every Indian had taken his part. In the glow from the fire they reminded me of so many demons as they moved off in a zigzag column, weaving in and out, imitating the movements of a serpent. After the conclusion of the white deer skin dance, it was succeeded by the red-headed woodpecker dance. This was given as a sort of acknowledgment of the reverence for that bird in order that they might more easily be led to them. Otherwise Oh'-mäh-häh would spirit them away where they could not be found. In this dance some adorned themselves with caps trimmed with the red scalps of hundreds of small woodpeckers, and others wore a head decoration made from the feathers of the spag-gah. They formed in line, danced and chanted the woodpecker song, their step differing but little from that of the white deer skin dance. On the tenth day the Hoopas, dressed in their white deer



REDHEADED WOODPECKER DANCE

skins, closed the dance at the foot of the valley, a distance of about ten miles from where the dance started. The celebration ended with a grand feast given by the Hoopas. At this feast, the wealth of each Indian, consisting of woodpecker heads, eagle feathers, skins, furs and other articles peculiar to Indian fancy, was displayed, which reminded me somewhat of a county fair. Mäh'-willa, having the finest collection of woodpecker heads, up into the thousand, some of which I had shot, ranked first. As the Indians valued these heads at a dollar each, he was looked upon by the others as an Astor or Vanderbilt. The last night of the celebration there was a general hilarious time that kept up until towards morning. I was glad to have witnessed this stupendous affair, and was surprised that it ended so peaceably.

The next morning before we were up, many of the Indians had taken their departure. As there were but few oaks in the vicinity of Äh'-Päh, acorns were naturally scarce, so Mäh'-willa and Wâu'-teen decided to remain in the valley several suns in order to lay in a supply of ca-gah (acorns). Already the fires were burning on the mountain slopes facing the valley to clear them of undergrowth, that they could more easily hunt the deer and gather acorns. In the meantime, I made several trips into the forests on the surrounding mountains, but not being favorably impressed with the quality of the fir timber, was back in time to return to Weitchpec with them. Here Mäh'-willa stopped to pay Käh'-häh a longer visit than we had on our ascending the river to be present at the opening of the white deer skin dance. On our arrival we found Käh'-häh and a number of the prominent medicine men preparing to make medicine for the coming Medicine Dance at the village of Cap-pell'. Mäh'-willa, badly in need of material with which to make coarse baskets and eel traps, decided to join them and obtain a supply of roots of the sugar pine trees that grew on the mountains north of Weitchpec. Wâu'-teen had already descended the river to Si-alth', so I concluded to remain with Mäh'-willa and his family and examine the sugar pine timber. On these pilgrimages, medicine men and women were selected from each village to consult certain rocks and prominent points of the mountains, after which they gathered their supply of herbs and roots. Sometimes these pilgrimages were to remote parts of the mountains; the greater the distance, the more virtue the medicine was supposed to possess. These places were usually found by observing the prominent peaks, or certain trees that had all their limbs, except a few at the top, cropped off. Our objective point on this pilgrimage was Medicine Rock. While a few days yet remained before the medicine men would leave for the revered rock, Mäh'-willa and Käh'-häh, with their families, set out with me ahead of the medicine men and women, who Käh'-häh said, would overtake us two suns later, as they would have to follow the same trail. Our first sleep, Käh'-häh said, would be spent by the borders of a small lake to the north of Weitchpec, among the pine and fir timber. After we had followed a trail a mile or more up the river, we began to ascend the mountain, through the forest where the trees stood at every angle. The earth was checked and showed signs of a slip in the mountains not many years before. This, no doubt, had been responsible for the timber leaning in various directions. Käh'-häh explained that the heavy and continuous rains which had occurred two winters before had been the cause. The

lake, but a few acres in extent, and almost covered with pond-lily pads, contained an abundance of mountain trout, upon which we feasted. To the north of here I found the sugar pine of good quality, but as it was chiefly confined to the mountain tops, I was greatly disappointed. From Mäh'-willä's description I had anticipated a vast forest of this splendid timber.

Upon our arrival at Medicine Rock, some of the medicine men and women went in search of roots and herbs (the names of which they kept a secret), while others busied themselves preparing camp, and kindling fire with Indian matches made from two dried willow sticks a foot in length, one with a hole drilled in one end, the other with one end of the stick shaped to fit the hole. The upright stick was whirled about between the hands until the friction caused them to ignite and burst into flame. When the medicine men returned to camp with their herbs they danced around the camp fire, chanted their medicine song and went through various forms of movement of the body, during the preparation of the medicine. Thus, the first day was spent at Medicine Rock. On the second day they finished making medicine. As the pilgrimage was to last ten suns before the return to the village, the remainder of the time was spent by the medicine men in hunting. While they were absent, Mäh'-willä succeeded in finding suitable sugar pine trees from which to obtain the desired roots. Some choice ones, from three to six inches in diameter, were selected, cut into lengths from two to six feet, and buried in a trench eighteen inches deep. A fire was then kindled on top of the trench and kept burning throughout the day and night. While Mäh'-willä and I were thus engaged, the squaws and children gathered nuts from the sugar pine cones the squirrels had cut down. After two sleeps and two suns, the embers of our fire were scraped aside by Mäh'-willä and sections of the roots removed from the trench. They had been thoroughly heated and the steam from the sap or juice had toughened the fibre and made it very pliable. These roots were then checked in the smaller end with a wedge made of elk horn and pulled apart by Mäh'-willä. These halves in turn were checked and pulled into quarters, after which the squaws took the quarters and split them into strips an eighth of an inch in thickness with a knife made of bone, beginning at the heart and working out to the sap. After all the roots had thus been worked up, they were sorted and placed in the baskets to be carried to the village, where later they would be split into narrower strips as the occasion demanded. Some were as fine as coarse thread. When the ten suns had passed and as many sleeps, all who had made the pilgrimage returned to Weitchpec and descended the river to Cap-pell', where the medicine men proclaimed that the medicine had been properly prepared. Couriers were then sent to the neighboring villages to notify them of the coming Medicine Dance; others were sent out to kindle fires on prominent points in the mountains to notify distant parties of the coming event. In the meantime preparations had been going on for holding the dance in a basin-like depression in the ground a short distance from the village. In the center of this depression, an excavation thirty feet in diameter, with a depth of eighteen inches, had been made for the convenience of the dancers. In the center of this circle there was a pot-like hole in which a small fire was kept burning. When the villagers began to arrive, two medicine men took their places in the center of the excavation, one on either

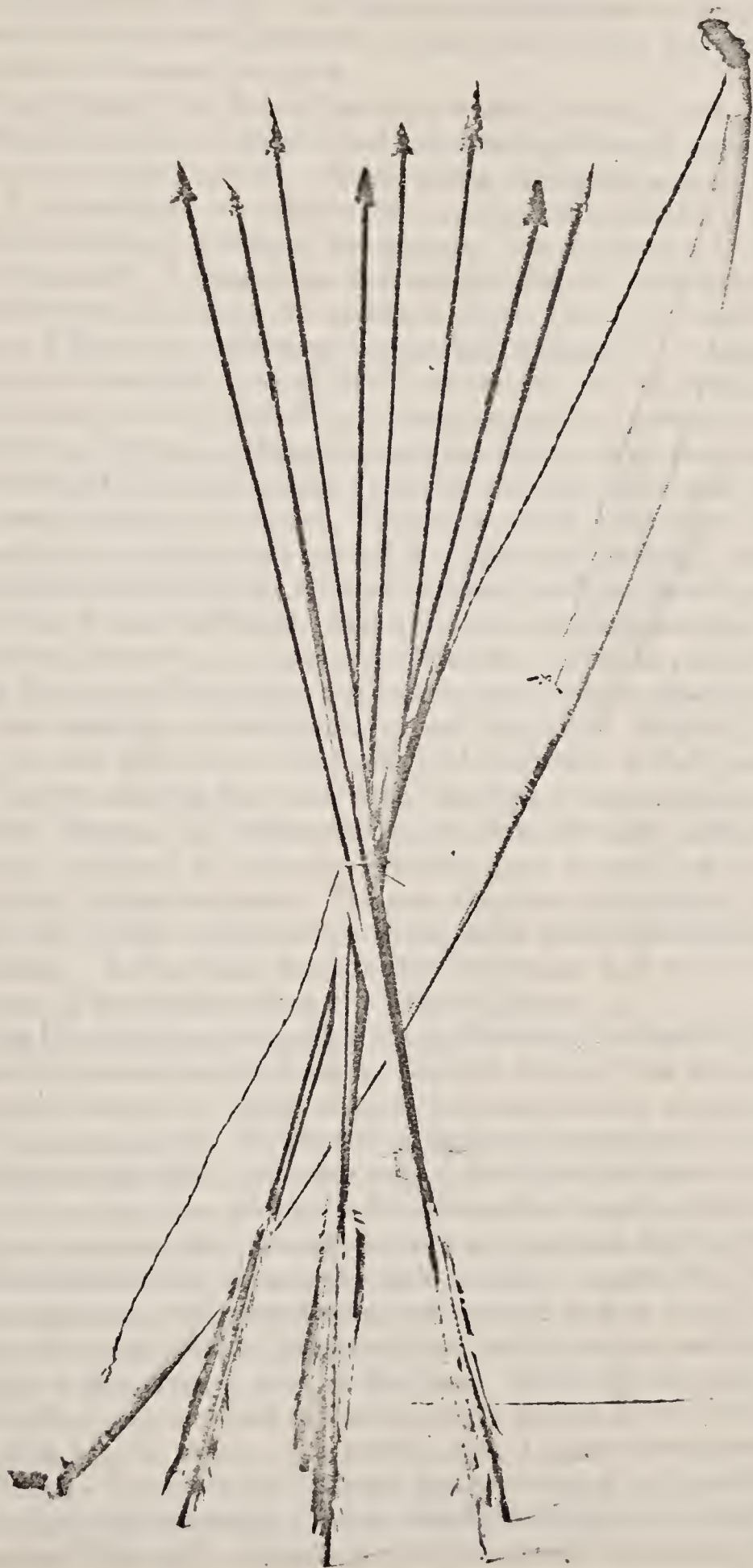
side of the fire, while the dancers, men, women and children, formed a circle within the outer edge of the excavation, with a fir bough held over their right shoulder, while the spectators looked down upon them. At a given signal, a succession of short rapid blasts of a whistle, made from the bone of a deer's leg, by the two medicine men squatted before the fire, the captain or headman began the dance, keeping time to the short blasts of the whistle, tapping on the ground with his right foot and chanting the medicine song, "Oha, oha, oha," which differs but little from that of the white deer skin dance. This they kept up for about ten minutes. At the end of the chant they lifted the branches of fir high in the air and in a loud voice exclaimed in concert, "He, he, he." Then the captain moved around the circle eight or ten feet and repeated the dance. This was kept up until the entire circle had been completed. Thus ended the first dance. Those participating then departed from the excavation and, after a few minutes, other medicine men and dancers entered and took their places, going through the same ceremony. The dance was kept up until all those who had congregated from the various villages had participated in it. The object of the Medicine Dance was not for mere entertainment but to show that the villagers were well satisfied with the medicine they had received from the medicine men, and to determine who were the best qualified to sing and manage the Medicine Dance for the ensuing year.

The six weeks spent on the upper waters of the river had not been wholly without results, for I had determined the quality of the fir timber on the mountains adjacent to Hoopa valley, as well as that of the sugar pine timber on the mountains north of Weitchpec. On the homeward journey, a canoe belonging to Men'-aul, one of the Indians of Äh'-Päh, unfortunately ran against a snag and was upset. One of the occupants, a little girl, was drowned, and gloom was cast over the entire village. For some time after our return, the women were kept busy preparing and drying the acorns for future use. The acorns, when husked and dried, were placed into stone mortars and crushed with pestles. This meal, or flour, was then put into water-tight baskets and covered with water. Hot rocks were taken from the fire, then dropped into the water until it was brought to a boil, when a basin-like depression was scraped out in the sand of the river bar. The rocks were then removed and the mixture was poured into this basin-like depression to drain and cool. The bitterness was thus removed. The cakes when hardened were taken from the sand, the sand brushed off, and stored for winter. In the preparation of a pa-garh (soup) the depression was lined with dough about half an inch thick and filled with cold water. Hot rocks were then added and the hot water was allowed to percolate through the dough into the sand. When dry it was removed preparatory to making soup. One day Wre'-prä pulverized one of the cakes of dried acorns and made it into dough, while Ka-ue'-kä, her mother, looked on. After forming it into loaves, she put it into a bed of hot ashes and covered it with coals. When the bread was baked she removed the loaf, brushed off the ashes and after it had cooled sufficiently, broke off a piece and handed it to me. I had never eaten acorn bread, so was reluctant to taste it, but must confess it was not unpalatable. In fact I had eaten worse bread, made by white women from wheat flour. When I asked for a second piece, Wre'-prä was

so pleased that she turned to her companions, saying, "On'-i-shä he all same Indian, talk like Indian, eat pah-saw." Wre'-prä had progressed with her English until now she spoke it very well, in a limited way. One evening, on retiring to her lodge, I was greatly astonished to hear her say, "Good night, Mrs. Davis," in very good English. Upon my return from the forest, a few days later, I was greatly amused to see Wre'-prä in a new dress made from a piece of red cloth, once the covering to my blankets that I had cast aside. The garment, somewhat tight about the waist, with peculiarly shaped sleeves, was particularly noticeable in contrast to the clothes worn by the squaws. Childlike, she had tried to copy the style of a white girl's dress, seen in a magazine I had left lying about.

Now that the rainy season was at hand, Mäh'-willa spent the greater part of his time making arrow-heads out of flint he had procured while in Hoopa. After breaking the flint into fragments, he selected some of the choicest pieces and with the aid of a piece of elk bone, chipped off small particles of flint until quite respectable-looking arrow-heads were formed. As I had labored under the impression that this was one of the lost arts, I was surprised and deeply interested in the process. After watching Mäh'-willa for a considerable time, I ventured to try my skill. I must acknowledge that my arrow points were very crude compared with his, but as a novice, I did fairly well. Sometimes we practiced shooting with bows and arrows of our own manufacture. My accuracy greatly astonished Mäh'-willa until I informed him of my practice with the bow in my boyhood days. Frequently when I brought down a bird or squirrel that Mäh'-willa had missed, a broad smile appeared on Wâu'-teen's face and Wre'-prä taunted her father about On'-i-shä's good marksmanship. Occasionally a day was spent at some village practicing at target shooting with bow and arrow. On reaching the chosen ground, which might be Äh'-Päh, Wä'-teck, Ah'-mä-gäh, Si-alth' or Tur'-rup, some of the younger Indians would first shoot a few arrows to ascertain the distance to where the target should be constructed. This determined, a mound of earth the size and shape of the human body was formed and all retired to the base from whence the arrow had been shot, a distance usually of from eighty to one hundred yards. The practice then began. First one and then another aimed at the human-like target, endeavoring to see how close to the heart he could hit. The one who shot the arrow nearest the desired goal was considered the best shot. The arrows bore the owner's mark, so it was not difficult to determine to whom the honor belonged. At times I joined them, but the bow, four feet in length, made from yew wood and strengthened on back with the sinew of the seal, was so stiff it was difficult for me to bend it and shoot so great a distance with anything like accuracy. Sche'-alth, the nimrod of the Klamath, who lived at Sär'-gon, known to the waugies as Pinto on account of the greater part of his face being white, a freak of nature; E-rat' with his great strength, and Big Willis, a Hoopa Indian, were quite expert. Mäh'-willa and Wâu'-teen, although past the meridian of life, and not so steady in their aim, fell but little short.

The shafts of the arrows were made of young huckleberry shoots that had sprung up from the roots of the old stocks which had purposely been burned and killed the year before. These shoots, three feet in length, after being peeled, were



MAH-WILLA'S BOW AND ARROWS

put into the ashes and heated, then taken out, straightened, dried and laid away until some idle day when they were worked into arrows, and decorated with eagle feathers or those of the hawk.

Upon my return from Bear Creek, one evening, where I had gone to ascertain the extent of the fine timber I had previously discovered along that stream, worn out with fatigue I retired without waiting to prepare supper; while quietly reposing, I was suddenly startled by rifle shots, accompanied by shouts from the Indians, and a general wailing of the squaws. For an instant I feared an outbreak had occurred. I jumped up, dressed, grabbed my rifle, and was about to step outside when Wre'-prä came rushing into my lodge. From the look on the child's face, I knew that something unusual had transpired. I questioned her in my endeavor to learn the cause of all the excitement, but too badly frightened to reply, she led me outside and looking up the river, pointed towards the moon. At first I failed to discover anything unusual, but later noticed that the face of the moon was obscured by a mysterious cloudlike covering. Wre'-prä, upon recovering her power of speech, exclaimed, "The moon never shine more. Oh'-mäh-häh caused the light to go away and now all the nights will be dark." In the heavens a dull crimson and purple light, blended together, produced such a peculiar effect that for a time I was bewildered. Suddenly remembering that there was to be a total eclipse of the moon on November fifteenth, I tried to pacify Wre'-prä by explaining the cause of the eclipse and told her not to worry, that the moon would rise the next evening as though nothing had happened. Walking down to the river bar, we saw Wâu'-teen, Mäh'-willä and Beck'-tääh, naked, standing in the river, waist-deep, lashing the water with branches of trees, yelling and howling like demons. Some of the Indians ran up and down the river bank beating pans, while others continued to furiously fire their guns to ward off the evil spirit. Pandemonium reigned supreme. The next day was as quiet as if a death had occurred in the village, but upon the return of the moon that evening, there was great rejoicing. I afterwards learned that the eclipse had caused great excitement among all the Indians along the Klamath River.

Hunting for elk had not been much indulged in since the death of Henry Davis, so Mäh'-willä proposed an elk hunt up Äh'-Päh Creek. The afternoon prior to our departure was spent by Mäh'-willä in the forest, making a certain mysterious medicine to insure success. We started out early in the morning in a drizzling rain, that had kept up all night, and when only a short distance from the village were fortunate in jumping three elk that had taken shelter under an irregularly shaped redwood tree, about six feet through one way and eighteen feet the other. A well directed shot from my rifle caused the male to drop. Sure of him, I went in pursuit of the remaining two, expecting to get another shot at them, but after following them for several miles, discovered they had taken the trail that led across the mountains to the coast, so gave up the chase. Upon my return to where I had left Mäh'-willä, I was surprised to find that both he and the elk had disappeared. After tracking him for about a quarter of a mile, I unexpectedly came upon him dressing the elk. The old male, although badly wounded, had jumped up during my absence and made his escape this far when Mäh'-willä overtook and killed him. While assisting Mäh'-willä, he spoke of a surprise he had in store for me. Farther

on, he stopped by an old hollow redwood and pointing to an extraordinarily large accumulation of small sticks, limbs and ferns, told me to jump upon it. As there seemed nothing very unusual about this pile of debris, I did as directed. After jumping up and down several times, the pile of brush began to move, and as I suddenly rolled backwards, a medium-sized black bear rose up and jumped out of his winter quarters. The old brave lost no time in killing him and was greatly excited over the success of the day. That evening, Mäh'-willa claiming to have killed both the bear and the elk, a dance was given in his honor, at the village. The old chief, with the skin of the recently killed bear wrapped about his loins, took the principal part in the dance. The next morning the young Indians were sent out to carry in the meat and for several days we had a feast, a welcome change from dried salmon and eels.

Contrary to prior arrangements, Christmas found me still lodged with the Indians, the death of my loved ones having completely changed my plans. The long winter rains continued, and there was little to break the monotony of life in the village, save an occasional trip into the forest when the weather permitted, or a day spent in watching the Indians weave their mats, eel traps, baskets and beautiful hats of a hundred or more different and intricate patterns, yet they know nothing of the loom. Wre'-prä and Faw'-näh being tutored by their mothers in the art of hat and basket weaving furnished amusement for days otherwise uninteresting. Each was seated with a basket of water by her side through which she drew the delicate fibre. The butt end of the fibre held in one hand and with the thumb and forefinger of the other, the surplus water was removed. For the hats the finest of the hazel sprouts were used as the warp. For the woof they used a species of Iris (the raffia of the Indians), the two straight stems of the Woodwardia and the split stems of the maidenhair fern. After the water was removed the work of weaving was carried on, first by using fibre-like thread of the stems of the Woodwardia fern, which were carefully woven about the frail switches of the warp until the point was reached where the design or pattern was to be introduced, then the narrow strip of the Iris and the split stems of the five-finger or maidenhair fern were used. It was always interesting to watch the progress made in weaving these designs as there never were two hats of exactly the same pattern. These complicated designs they were able to produce by their system of counting. They used the method of counting by fives instead of tens as in our numeral system. They counted the digits of one hand. Then for six they added another finger, and so on until they reached five more, which to them became two fives, not ten, and so on. With this mode of enumeration they were able to count up several hundred, or until they were confused, when it became "heap many."

During one of these prolonged winter storms, Ka-ruck', a daughter of Skä-ah, fell ill at Ah'-mä-gäh, a village five miles farther down the river. As the medicine man of that village had failed to give her any relief, a general council of all the noted medicine men of the surrounding villages was summoned. Most of the Indians at Äh'-Päh, including Mäh'-willa, went down to Ah'-mä-gäh to witness the dispelling of the evil spirit. The sick child, after the removal of her clothes, was placed upon a bed of boughs, face upward, in the center of a sweat-house, the roof of which was then removed, so that she was exposed to the pouring rain.

Fires were lighted and the medicine man took his place beside the sick child, going through mysterious movements, while most of the population of the village stood about as spectators. The ceremony was opened by an old medicine man with a deer skin wrapped around his loins and the skins of two small bears held in his hands. He hopped around the child, first on one foot and then on the other, making mysterious gestures and uttering unintelligible, guttural sounds, accompanied by the low chant of the musicians as they thumped on dried skins, stretched over hoops. Then he suddenly stooped down, grabbed some medicine sticks from the bear skin, powwowed over them a few seconds, leaned over the child, placed his head upon her naked body as if listening to locate the spot where the evil spirit lurked, then sprang up, and gesticulated madly in his efforts to drive the evil spirit away. This was kept up for an hour or so without satisfactory results; when this medicine man was exhausted, another took his place. This continued throughout the night, each medicine man using his own mysterious method of dispelling the devil. When morning arrived, a medicine man working over the child made some extraordinary demonstrations. Calling to an imaginary spirit, he fell to the ground upon his knees, quickly grabbed at some imaginary object, rushed towards the child, placed his mouth upon her abdomen and began to suck vigorously, after which a quantity of medicine was discharged from his mouth. He then clapped his hands together over the place where he had sucked, as if to prevent something from escaping, jumped out of the pit and disappeared into the forest. The supposition was that the evil spirit had been sucked out of the child, captured and taken to the forest where it would be unable to find its way back; the child was then wrapped in a deer skin and carried into the lodge. Strange to say, she survived after having been exposed in a pouring rain for fourteen hours.

Before our departure from Ah'-mä-gäh, Ma'-auk brought the news from Tur'-rup, that four white men, all strangers, had been carried to sea and drowned while attempting to cross the river near its mouth. When I learned that they had trusted their lives to Will-anch' and Bull-head, two notoriously bad Indians, I suspected their being washed out to sea was not accidental, especially since the remains of three white men had been recently found, secreted in a hollow redwood tree, near Häh'-Päh.

E-rat', better known by the whites as Big Henry or Redwood Henry, was about thirty-five years of age, stood six feet tall, erect, and was a champion swimmer. His countenance was that of a kind-hearted and benevolent man, one that I would have been pleased to have assist me in my various wanderings, had I not been warned by Mäh'-willa and Wâu'-teen not to go into the forest alone with him. E-rat', a Redwood Creek Indian, credited with the killing of his father and the taking of his step-mother to wife, having settled with relatives for the deed, moved to Äh'-Päh in order to be farther away from his enemies. I could scarcely believe E-rat' guilty of the crime. However, I heeded Mäh'-willa's warning, but continued on the best of terms with him. Before the winter was over I had no regret for having kept his friendship, for he revealed a plot in which I was to have figured. Mau and Bull-head thought On'-i-shä a very rich man with plenty of silver who would fall an easy victim. The dastardly plot was well laid and in

all probability would have worked out, had E-rat' been willing to carry out the part assigned to him. Mau and Bull-head had planned on a certain night to induce me to accompany them while lifting their eel traps. When lifting one of these traps, one has to lean over the side of the canoe and with a long pole, with a hook on one end, haul the trap to the surface in order to remove the eels. While in this position, with Mau in the stern and Bull-head in the bow, E-rat' was to strike me a blow over the head with his paddle, go through my pockets, throw my body into the river and on their return to the village report I had been accidentally drowned while lifting the traps; a very plausible story, since my body would have been carried down the river to sea and all evidence of the crime destroyed. E-rat' did not reveal the plot until after Mau and Bull-head had left the village for the upper river, fearing that Mäh'-willä would hear of their intentions and would fall upon them or their friends and invoke a long and deadly feud.

The Klamath River Indians knew but one law. It was the law of compensation, and was the means whereby all their differences were settled, such as dissatisfaction with the medicine man who had received his pay for attending the sick without a cure; the non-payment of the marriage debt; the refusal to pay a gambling debt; failure to pay to the bereaved for the loss occasioned by murder; and in misunderstandings or disputes growing out of any of the business and social relationships between them. The Indian had no idea of deterring the commission of like offences. In his scheme of things it was sufficient that conditions were restored to as nearly like conditions as before, and the loss fell heaviest upon the one who caused the loss. This compensation had to be paid in money or its equivalent, allegacheek, furs, or other articles of Indian value, and sometimes even the squaws or the daughters were given as compensation. In the case of murder, retaliation was not always on the party who committed the crime. The life of any member of his family or that of his friends would pay the debt, or the debt could be satisfied with articles of Indian value to the amount demanded by the party injured. But all disputes and debts must be satisfactorily settled in one form or another, and if not settled, they sooner or later led to the spilling of blood. Perhaps one cannot depict a clearer conception of a faithful carrying out of the Indian law than to relate the incident which led to the killing of Kee'-närk by Reck'-rock, which had its termination shortly after my arrival on the river. The incident referred to had its origin about twenty years before, in the failure of an Indian by the name of Mah-tep to fulfill his part of a contract; an agreement with an Indian by the name of Ka-rock for the hand of his daughter in marriage. After the time agreed upon for the payment of the articles yet due had passed, the father made a demand on his son-in-law, who from time to time kept postponing the payment. The father-in-law at last saw that his son-in-law did not intend to carry out the terms of agreement. This caused an estrangement between the two families, and later led to the shedding of blood on both sides. Kee'-närk, who resided at Weitchpec, a relative of the wife, in revenge killed a relative of Reck'-rock, relative of the man. In due time the relatives of Reck'-rock in retaliation killed a member of Kee'-närk's family. This so incensed Kee'-närk that he came back and killed the father of Her-ger', a relative of Reck'-rock. Here, according to Indian law, the score was even and a set-

tlement could have been effected by money consideration or its equivalent in deer skins, furs, woodpecker heads, allegacheek, or other articles valuable to the Indians, and both factions become friends; but Reck'-rock's friends avenged themselves by killing another of Kee'-närk's relatives. Then Kee'-närk retaliated by killing Chen'-säw, friend of Reck'-rock, on the way to an Indian dance at the village of Wesch-quiol on the south side of the Klamath River. This act caused the family of Chen'-säw to unite with that of Reck'-rock, and formulate a plot to decoy Kee'-närk into their clutches and kill him.

The friends of Kee'-närk soon learned of this plot and were not long in carrying the news to him. Still smarting with revenge, and with hatred in his heart, before his enemies could put their plan into execution, he secretly slipped around and killed Reck'-rock's father, cut off his hands and his head and put them on poles in front of his lodge. The mutilation of the body so wrought up the friends of Reck'-rock that they all assembled and danced the war dance until a late hour, vowing never to cease the killing of Kee'-närk's friends unless they succeeded in capturing or killing Kee'-närk. This plot was a far-reaching one, as a result of which the different members of Reck'-rock's friends travelled far and wide and secreted themselves along the lonely paths in the mountains where Kee'-närk was apt to travel. This plan proved a success. Kee'-närk, after a long, eventful career, was waylaid and killed by Reck'-rock on a lonely trail that led to Mussel Point, near the mouth of Redwood Creek. After the blood of two score or more had been shed, all the members of the Weitchpec village began to dance the war dance, and it seemed that both factions were about to declare open warfare. However, some of the wiser heads, to prevent further bloodshed, concluded that a settlement of their differences might be made by a monetary consideration. Both factions having lost heavily, they readily agreed on Äh'-Päh as a suitable place where a settlement might be effected by paying for each member that had been killed on both sides. Accordingly all the Indians were invited to Äh'-Päh, where Mäh'-willä, Wâu'-teen, Sek'-eson, Hah-nick'-er-nee and Wäh'-chin of Wa'-teck were to act as arbitrators. On the day set the Indians began to arrive at Äh'-Päh and soon there were thirty or more canoes pulled up on the river bank in front of the village. The cleared spot between two large tan oaks, adjacent to my lodge, was selected for the council chamber. Here the relatives of Kee'-närk from Weitchpec on the one side faced the relatives of Reck'-rock on the other. In the center were the arbitrators, friends of both factions, and the Indians of the villages of Ä-re'-quah, Hä'-Päh, Si-alth', Äh'-mä-gäh, Tur'-rup, Star-wain, Wa'-teck, Sär-gon' and Weitchpec were assembled on the outer edge of the circle. Wâu'-teen opened the peace conference with a long harangue and in turn was followed by Mäh'-willä, Wäh'-chin and Sek'-eson, who endeavored to impress the audience with the fact that a great wrong, undoubtedly due to Oh'-mäh-häh, had befallen both parties; that Oh'-mäh-häh now desired peace, and that Reck'-rock and his friends were ready to make amends. The Weitchpecs, friends of Kee'-närk, were now allowed time to calculate the extent of the injuries sustained. This was done by paying in fur, woodpecker heads and other valuables to the extent of the value fixed on the first person killed; then a value was placed on the second and settled for, and so on until all who had per-

ished in the intervening years, on both sides, had been paid for. After the settlement had been consummated, all the members of the different villages involved became friends once more.

One night, I was suddenly awakened from my slumber by the firing of a rifle. Upon getting up to learn the cause, I found that the son of Per-chur' had fallen ill, which was laid to Oh'-mäh-häh because a screech owl had been making the night hideous about the village with its rasping noise. The shots had been fired to frighten it away. As the boy grew steadily worse, the medicine man was called in the next morning to drive out the evil disease. On the following day the roof of the temporary sweat-house was removed and a fire kindled from what was supposed to be mysterious wood (dry, white fir limbs the medicine man had brought from a long distance). The doctor then pounded some herbs into a paste. These were supposed to contain great virtue and had been brought from one of the sacred medicine places in the mountains. Then a certain dried grass was thrown into the fire and the fumes allowed to permeate the sweat-house. The boy, carried from the lodge, was placed in the center of the sweat-house upon some boughs; the medicine man took his seat beside him and applied the paste to the lad's body, while most of the villagers, men, women and children, formed a circle around the medicine man, within the larger circle of the sweat-house. While these mysterious remedies were applied all chanted songs and danced around the medicine man. This was intended to drive the evil spirit away and was kept up throughout the greater part of the day. As the boy grew worse, a medicine man from Pec'-wän was summoned to relieve the first medicine man. He placed a basket containing some kind of liquid solution before him. With both hands he dipped up part of the contents and took a mouthful. After a short pause this was allowed to flow back into the basket. All the clothing removed from the boy, he placed his mouth on that part of the naked body where he thought the trouble or disease was located and proceeded to remove it by sucking, which frequently caused him to become nauseated and vomit. This practice was kept up throughout the night and until late the following afternoon, when the patient somewhat improved and was carried back into the lodge. The next day the medicine man called on his patient and seemed satisfied with the change for the better. But on the third day the unexpected death of the boy cast gloom over the little village. After the relatives of Per-chur' had become satisfied that life was extinct, preparations were made for the burial of the body. The clothes were removed, a tea was made from the same herbs used by the medicine man at the sweat-house and after the body had been thoroughly washed with this concoction, it was rolled up in a cloth and placed upon a slab of redwood bark that had been hewn from the tree by Mäh'-willä in making his canoe. On this the body was bound with withes of hazel brush and allowed to remain in state in the lodge until the next day, when a shallow grave three feet deep was scooped out and lined with lumber split from the cedar tree. As the Indians never remove a body through the door of the lodge, an opening was made in the side, through which it was taken and carried about eighty feet to the grave, where we lowered the body. A small coin was placed in each hand to pay his way across the river to the Great Beyond, which to the Klamath Indian is dark, mysterious and in-



A MEDICINE MAN

comprehensible. His few earthly belongings were then placed in the grave beside him and the grave was hastily covered over. A few split pickets were then driven around the grave and the clothes that belonged to the boy hung upon them. I fully expected that the nights thereafter would be made hideous by the wailing of the death song, but, strange to say, the Klamaths had no mourning song for their departed. Only the parents or relatives visited the grave for five or six days in succession to mourn for their departed, when the mourning season seemed to come to an abrupt end, for which I was very thankful, as life at the best was sad enough during those long, dreary, wet, wintry days.

After waiting for some time for the heavy rains of March to cease before extending my explorations of the timber on the drains of Super and Te'-täh creeks, I became desperate one day and determined to wait no longer. Unable to get any of the Indians of the village to take me up the river, on account of its swollen condition, due to the heavy rains, I persuaded Mäh'-willa to go down the river to Si-alth' after Wâu'-teen, who had now been at home for some time. During Mäh'-willa's absence I had Wre'-prä and Faw'-näh paddle me up the river a short distance to Indian Alick's, on the opposite shore, where I tried to persuade him and Big Fire to take me up the river, but was unsuccessful. As we returned to Äh'-Päh, we barely missed being carried into a whirlpool at a sharp turn, just below the village, where we would surely have been drowned had the young Indian girls not been adept in handling the canoe.

The next day Mäh'-willa returned from Si-alth' with Wâu'-teen, who reluctantly consented to accompany me on account of the excessively high water which now had risen forty feet above the low-water-mark. With Mäh'-willa in the stern of his splendid canoe, and Wâu'-teen in the bow, assisted by Wre'-prä and me, we proceeded up stream. We kept close inshore, and took advantage of the backwater, until a turn in the river was reached, then pushing the canoe out into the stream, we all paddled desperately for slack water along the opposite shore, where we had a short breathing spell before attempting the next crossing. However, in this we were not always successful. Sometimes we missed our objective point and were carried down the river half a mile or more before we were again able to reach slack water, and work our way back up the river to the point where we attempted the crossing. In ascending the river we succeeded in getting around the rocky points by some one of us getting out on to the rock and holding the canoe while the others worked it around the dangerous point; or by holding to the willows and branches of other overhanging trees, we dragged the canoe upstream, foot by foot, until slack water was reached, where the back current carried us along to the next turn. Thus we struggled all day and towards evening arrived at Super's, four miles from Äh'-Päh, where we remained for the night. The next day we continued two miles farther up stream, to the mouth of Tec-tah' Creek. As Wâu'-teen and I landed, Mäh'-willa and Wre'-prä pushed their canoe out into the stream. Caught by the swift current, they were rapidly carried down the river and in a few minutes were lost to view."

For a few days the rain ceased and the sun shone. Thankful for this welcome change, I thought that at last the end of the rainy season was at hand. The pleasant weather, however, was of but short duration. The rain set in

again with renewed vigor and I was drenched from morning until night, while exploring the forest in that vicinity. The nights were spent under a shelter, erected by Wâu'-teen, from the bark of some fallen cedar trees of the Port Orford variety. One evening, upon my return to camp, I placed my shoes to dry before the fire that was kept burning throughout the night. Sometime during the night, Wâu'-teen awakened and finding the fire burning low, threw on some extra logs. In the morning when I awoke and reached for my shoes, I found they had been burned. Only the charred soles remained. Unfortunately I had not taken the precaution to provide myself with an extra pair, so felt my loss keenly. Wâu'-teen felt somewhat to blame for the accident, so set to work and made me a pair of moccasins from the untanned hide of the elk Mäh'-willa claimed to have killed. In these I continued cruising for five days. By the end of that time, my feet had become so soft from being constantly wet, that they gave out entirely. We had now been living on dried sturgeon and eels for the past few days, without tea or coffee to wash them down, so I concluded to give up further inspection of the timber for the present, and await the clemency of the weather. While waiting for someone to carry us down the river to Äh'-Päh, we camped beneath a redwood tree, in a continuous downpour of rain; our scanty supply of sturgeon and eels failed us and for two days and nights we were without food. In the evenings, Wâu'-teen built a fire and before lying down to sleep removed it a few yards to one side and placed some boughs over the ground where the embers had been. Here we stretched our wearied bodies to catch a few winks of sleep. While the heat from the warm earth beneath our bough beds dried one side of our clothing, the rain from above soaked the other. Fortunately, on the third day we hailed Kah-räh' on his way down the river from Pec'-wän. He carried us to Äh'-Päh and thus relieved our distressing situation.

After our arrival at Äh'-Päh, I spent a week or ten days nursing my feet, before I was able to get about. By rare good fortune I had not discarded my light-weight shoes worn from Eureka, which now filled a most urgent need. While prevented from going about on account of the condition of my feet, I assisted Mäh'-willa in making eel traps, which are similar to our wire fly traps. They were usually constructed from willow or the slender shoots of young hazel brush, interwoven into an openwork basket with an inverted funnel-shaped bottom, in the center of which is an opening about five inches in diameter. They were fastened to long hazel poles, driven into the bed of the river at some rocky point and were dragged to the bottom and held in place by the strong current. The prolonged winter rains, that had prevented the completion of my explorations on the Klamath, did not interfere with Cupid exploring the hidden secrets of love among the dusky maidens of Äh'-Päh. One of many romances was suddenly brought to a climax when Nec'-tä eloped with Net'-som, an upper river Indian, upon his presenting her with an otter skin, a declaration of his love. This for some time created quite a furore in the village. Scarcely had this excitement died out when Skat-ch gave his daughter Men'-tä to Big Willis, whom she had met at the white deer skin dance, in exchange for one otter skin, twenty-two woodpecker heads, forty silver dollars, a gun and a dozen strings of allegacheek (shell beads), all of which the father was allowed to keep, provided the daughter proved

a satisfactory wife and did not run away or return home. The couple thus wedded took up their abode in the lodge of Henry Davis, unoccupied since his death. When the flood waters had subsided sufficiently to permit their ascending the river in safety, they departed for Hoopa.

With the approach of spring, the rains abated somewhat, the clouds began to break up and float away, and the sun came out once more to warm up the earth after a long wet, dreary winter. As I now found myself almost destitute of clothing, I concluded to return to civilization and replenish my wardrobe. Upon acquainting Wre'-prä with my intention, a look of sadness crept over her face, as she said in very good English, "I will be sorry, for there will be no one to talk the white man's talk." Mäh'-willä, when informed many moons might elapse before my return, presented me with a bow, wrapped with deer sinews, and eight flint-headed arrows of his own manufacture, decorated with eagle feathers. The bow, he claimed, was used by his father when engaged in war against the whites, many years before. The morning of my departure arriving, after parting with Mäh'-willä, I stepped into the canoe that Wâu'-teen had in readiness and bidding Wre'-prä, who had followed to the water's edge, good-bye, we pushed out into the stream.

After making short stops at Ah'-mä-gäh, Tur'-rup and Si-alth,' we continued down stream to Wau-kell Creek where I parted company with Wâu'-teen. From here I crossed the mountain over an Indian trail more direct than the one I formerly travelled, and proceeded to the Osagon village, where I arrived late that afternoon. As several of the Indians had died during the winter, there was less activity in the village than on my former visits. Sop, pleased at my return, made me comfortable for the night in one of the empty lodges. As it was late the following day before the tide had ebbed sufficiently to insure a safe trip down the beach, it was past noon before I bid the old man good-bye and resumed my journey down the coast to Mussel Point and across the country to Swan's (Orick), arriving there about dark. Upon my return to Eureka, I made arrangements for the purchase of several thousand acres of timberland that I had examined, including some of the excellent timber I had discovered on Bear Creek, and then extended my explorations to other parts of the redwood forest.

Finding conditions favorable for operating at the mouth of Eel River, I formed a partnership with C. E. McCann, twice my senior. We leased a saw-mill at Port Kenyon, near the mouth of the stream, with a capacity of 60,000 feet per day. This mill had been idle for some time due to the depressed condition of the lumber market. We purchased logs from the neighboring farmers who were clearing their lands of spruce timber and proceeded to operate. During the summer and fall we succeeded in felling and cutting four million feet of redwood logs about forty miles up the river. While I superintended the logging camps McCann was left to construct a wing boom, similar to those used on the Susquehanna River. These booms, made from sawed timber, are bolted together to make them rigid throughout the entire length. The wings were attached at intervals to the sides of the boom by means of joint-like bolts that permitted them to swing to and fro, and their position was governed by a cable, attached to the outer edge. The manipulation of this by a windlass, combined with the force of the water against

the wings, caused the boom to stand out into the stream. The more nearly the wings stood at right angles to the boom the farther the boom would swing out. When the first freshet due to the heavy winter rains occurred which proved favorable for a successful drive I began the drive. After the last of the four million feet of logs had been rolled into the river and floated down stream, I proceeded to Port Kenyon and upon my arrival there was greatly shocked to find that about three-fourths of our logs had been carried to sea and lost. Instead of following my instructions McCann took some spruce trees, lopped off the limbs and attached the ends together with chains. He then made the lower end near the slough fast to the land and anchored the upper end out into the stream. The strong current caused this boom to sag in the middle until it became crescent shaped, and when the logs were carried down stream by a freshet, instead of striking the boom and shearing off into the slough, they were forced beneath it and carried out to sea. Finding my partner not practical as a lumberman, I withdrew from the business.

After this dearly paid-for experience, I visited the Gulf States and looked over some of the pine forests before going to Pennsylvania. From Brookville I made a short trip into West Virginia to examine the oak timber on Cheat River, and from there went to Chicago to visit the Columbian Exposition. After spending a fortnight at the White City, I continued on west; made a short pause at The Garden of the Gods, climbed Pike's Peak, took a dip in Great Salt Lake, and was back in Eureka on August tenth. My idle moments, the remainder of that summer and fall, were spent with the boys, yachting. During this time I made the acquaintance of Harry Werner of New York City, an enthusiastic yachtsman, from whom I obtained luring accounts of the valuable hardwoods in Nicaragua and of the fortunes made in that country growing coffee.

As lumbering in the States was practically at a standstill, owing to the panic of 1893, and with fir flooring, vertical grain, selling at \$7.00 per M feet, and redwood lumber from \$4.00 to \$12.00 per M, according to quality, a price far less than the cost of manufacturing, to say nothing about the total loss of stumpage, I had no desire to continue lumbering and sacrifice my standing timber, so concluded to visit the Central American Republics, and, if I found conditions favorable there, engage in the growing of coffee and getting out mahogany and other valuable hardwoods for the eastern and English trade while awaiting a rise in stumpage and an improvement in the lumber market in the United States.

SECTION 4.

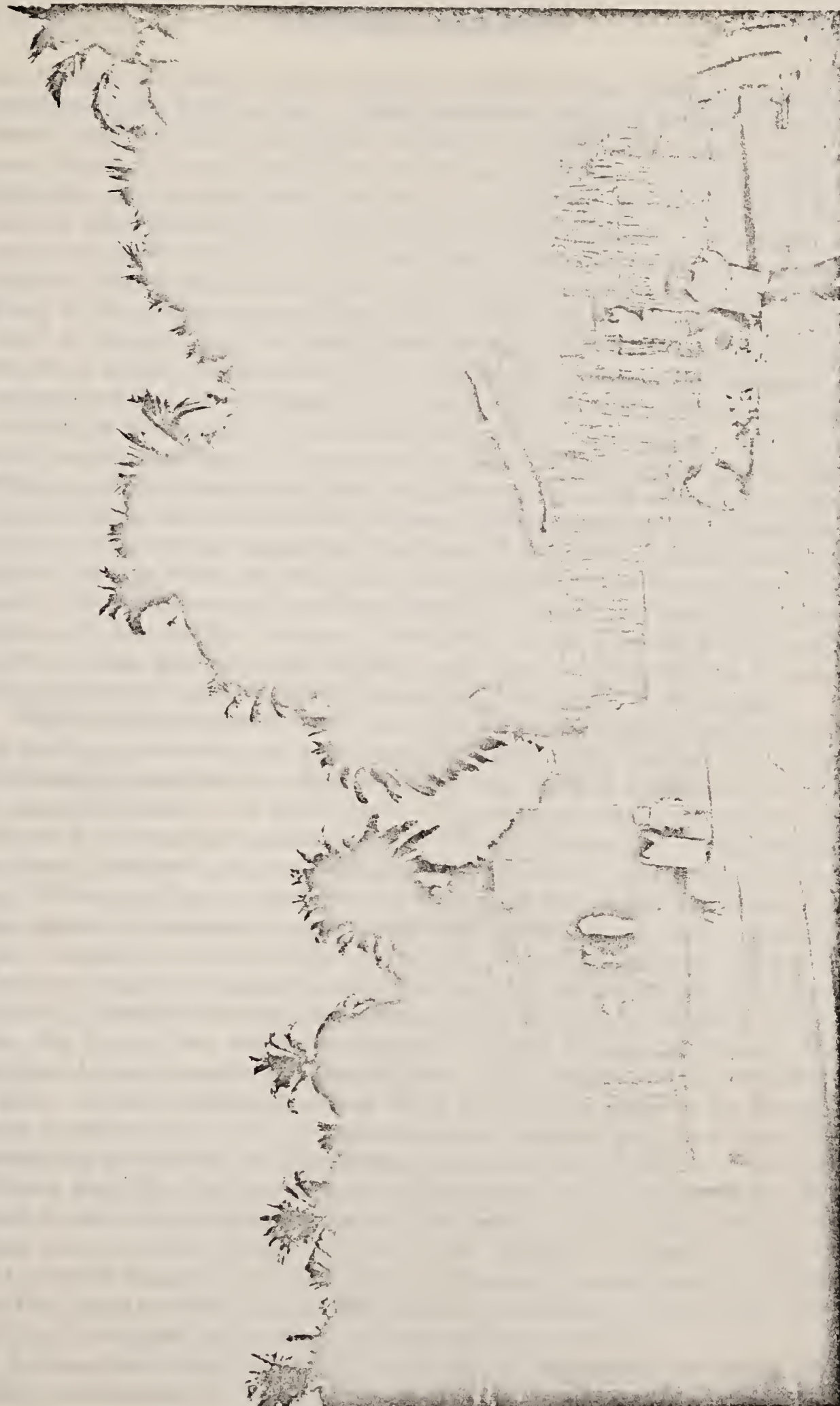
After visiting the Mid-Winter Fair at San Francisco, I took passage on the Colima, February 19, 1894, and bid adieu to the United States. For seven days and nights of the voyage the ocean remained comparatively calm, and numerous schools of little Portuguese men-of-war, a marine creature, were frequently seen floating on the placid waters. On the morning of the eighth day, the Colima arrived off Mazatlán, our first port of call in Mexico. As our ship drew more than twenty feet of water, we were compelled, for safety, to cast anchor in the open roadway, a mile or more from the wharf, where our arrival was announced by a sharp, shrill blast of the steamer's whistle that was supposed to awaken the ten

thousand inhabitants of that sleepy little city. Immediate preparations were made to discharge freight, and as there was no one astir on shore by eight o'clock, Captain Taylor again pulled the whistle cord and sent forth a blast that seemed loud enough to awaken the dead, but strange to say the only response was from the chickens and dogs. About nine o'clock, Captain Taylor began to pace up and down the deck, his patience taxed almost to the breaking point, but as he looked through his glasses he was at last relieved to see the Comandante (Collector of Port) appear on the wharf, get into a boat and put out towards the Colima. After his arrival, a strange sight greeted our eyes. A score or more of illy clad human beings, the most disreputable I had ever seen, made their appearance and with trays filled with their wares, held aloft over their heads, begged us to buy. In some mysterious manner, two women more nearly naked than the others, the one past middle age and the other not out of her teens, reached the deck where, apparently unconscious of their scanty raiment, they moved about and greatly shocked the modesty of the lady passengers. As breakfast had not been served, the delicate fruits, many of which I had never seen before, and the pineapples, bananas, mangoes and green cocoanuts, proved a great temptation, so I purchased a small bunch of bananas for five cents and a dozen green cocoanuts for fifteen cents and shared them with my fellow passengers.

After we had submitted to the usual amount of red tape, at ten o'clock we were permitted to go ashore where we sought a restaurant and ordered breakfast. Here we made our first acquaintance with a Mexican breakfast; a bun and a cup of black coffee strong enough to fairly raise the hair of one's head. We treated the matter as a joke but nevertheless regretted that we had not taken Captain Taylor's advice to breakfast on board ship. Mr. Stephens and his two sisters, who were on their way to Guatemala to engage in coffee culture, went to visit the old churches and cathedrals, while Antonio Bovree, a Frenchman on his way to Paris, and I, having neglected before our departure from San Francisco to purchase clothing suitable for the tropics, wended to the shops, where we struggled desperately with the Spanish language in our efforts to make our wants known. After our purchases had been completed, the clerk inquired of Mr. Bovree if he were not French and when that gentleman replied in the affirmative, the salesman said, "I, too, am French. Why did you not speak French in the first place?" The situation was certainly ridiculous, two Frenchmen, neither of whom was conversant with the Spanish language, had been laboring desperately to understand each other. After we had enjoyed a good laugh, they indulged in a conversation in their native tongue. Several hours having been spent on shore, we returned to the Colima and watched the cargo discharged and the freight taken on board. One of the sights that appealed most to me was the loading of twenty head of cattle. These animals, fastened to lighters by their horns, were compelled to swim as the lighter was towed out a mile or more to the ship. By means of a rope that was made fast about their horns, they were hoisted high into the air by the steam winch of the steamer, and then lowered to the second deck. This method of handling these dumb brutes, to me seemed exceedingly cruel, but strange to say they did not seem to mind it in the least.

During the day there had been considerable drinking of mescal among the Mexican laborers and towards evening they became embroiled in a fight on board the lighter, as it lay alongside our ship. With knives that had been concealed beneath their clothing, eight or ten men engaged in this deadly combat for some time before the crew of the ship could reach them and put an end to the fray. Several of the participants were badly wounded. Two fell overboard and instantly the water turned red with their blood. Here they continued their struggles until death intervened. By six o'clock the Colima, having received and discharged such of her freight as was billed to the port of Mazatlán, was ready to put to sea, so Captain Taylor sounded the whistle for his clearance papers, and patiently awaited the arrival of the Comandante until darkness was near at hand, when he again sounded six or eight blasts of the whistle. As the honorable Mexican official failed to appear, the Captain finally gave up in despair and remarked that he supposed that we would be compelled, as on previous occasions, to remain at anchor over night, and that the aggravating delays to which he was subjected, both upon arrival and departure from a Mexican port, would try the patience of a Mexican saint. About ten o'clock a light was seen to approach our vessel which later proved to be a boat carrying the Comandante, who on reaching the Colima, delivered our clearance papers. Swelled up with importance, he warned Captain Taylor that the next time he annoyed the Mexican officials with the persistent blasting of his infamous whistle, he would be so dealt with that he would not care soon to repeat the offence. This remark forced upon us the realization that we were no longer in the United States but in the land of mañana (tomorrow). About ten-thirty, we weighed anchor and under full steam, proceeded on our southern voyage.

When morning came, we were riding at anchor some distance offshore at San Blas. For a time it was thought a landing in the small boats would be impossible, as the waves were running high and breaking heavily on shore, but there were several passengers booked for this port who were willing to take the chance, rather than continue on to Acapulco. At length Captain Taylor decided to make an attempt to land them, and accordingly put George Langhorne, second officer, in charge of one of the ship's boats. Isaac Greenbaum, Mr. Rhinehart and I, having gained permission, accompanied them. We rode the swells very successfully and all went well until a boat, manned by natives, shot out from behind a small breakwater and unintentionally fouled our bow. Before we could recover from our surprise we were caught in the breakers and capsized. As we floundered about in the surf, the sand that rapidly filled our clothes so weighted us down that we were unable to swim and for a time I thought we would surely drown. A crowd of Mexicans on the shore near by, waiting to sell their goods to the passengers as they landed, realized our peril and quickly formed a human chain. With hands joined together, they rushed out into the surf where we were being buffeted about as we clung to the overturned boat, and quickly grabbed us by the hand. Thus we became a part of the chain and were dragged ashore where we were given the use of a hut in which to remove and dry our clothes. After we were dressed we spent several hours in this miserably poor town that had been settled for almost three hundred years yet had made but little progress towards civilization. Many of



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the houses were built of cane stocks, the roofs of them being thatched with branches of the cocoanut palm, while others were made of nothing more than brush, stood on end, with poles overhead on which more brush and reeds were thrown. These miserable huts served as shelter from the sun, but were no protection from the rain, and were not as tenable as the summer brush huts used by the Klamath River Indians during the fishing season. The inhabitants were more poorly clad than those we had seen at Mazatlán and many of the little children, playing in the streets with numerous pigs and dogs, were entirely nude. Many of the natives were afflicted with a loathsome disease that I suspected might be leprosy; some had large goiter-like sacks that hung from their necks, the like of which I had never seen before, while the legs and ankles of others were swollen until they were as large as the crown of my hat. This pitiable condition, it is said, is due entirely to the use of the water in that vicinity. The women were inveterate smokers, and seemed to be the principal merchants of the place. While the poorer class smoked cigars from six to eight inches in length, the señoritas of the upper class indulged in cigarettes of their own making. Mr. Greenbaum, who had often smoked cigars from San Blas, while in San Francisco, where they sold at the rate of two for twenty-five cents, said that they were the best in the world. As the old women here offered them for ten cents per bunch of a dozen or more each, he and Mr. Rhinehart hastened to lay in a goodly supply, and as neither of these gentlemen had smoked a good cigar since they left San Francisco, they anticipated a great deal of pleasure on the remainder of the voyage.

While on shore a homely old woman with a high squeaking voice, insisted on our buying a parrot that she said "*habla en inglés*" (talks English). As she held the beautiful green bird up in front of me she said, "*Señores, mis amigos, por qué V. no pagar dos pesos por el bonito loro?*" (Gentlemen, my friends, will you not pay two dollars for this beautiful parrot?) When I spoke to the bird and extended my hand, it stepped upon my finger and wistfully looked up at me as much as to say, "Please, sir, buy me and take me away from this homely old woman." I was tempted by the parrot's appeal, and when the hag told me that I could have it for "*un peso y medio*" (a dollar and a half), I closed the bargain. Late in the afternoon, in spite of the heavy swells that continued, we successfully boarded our ship and I presented the newly acquired parrot to Miss Lillian Stephens. Shortly after the Colima had weighed anchor and resumed her southern course, Miss Stephens began to teach the parrot English. Up to this time it had not spoken a word. As Mr. Greenbaum passed along the deck, he spoke to the beautiful green creature and to our utter astonishment it swore at him like a pirate, but fortunately in Spanish, so Miss Stephens was none the wiser, but it was quite different with Mr. Greenbaum, so he walked away, passed his famous San Blas cigars among the gentlemen and all settled down to enjoy a quiet smoke. The cigars were no sooner lighted than cast aside. Messrs. Greenbaum and Rhinehart, greatly disgusted and at a loss to understand whence came the famous San Blas cigars to which they were accustomed, pronounced these the worst in the world and consigned the remainder of their purchase to the sea.

As it was dark when we arrived at the Port of Manzanillo, none of the passengers ventured ashore. Among those who boarded the steamer at this port was a

refined and highly educated French lady in straitened circumstances, who implored Captain Taylor to carry her to San José de Guatemala where she expected to meet her husband. The woman, in great distress and clothed in rags, scarcely suitable in which to appear on board ship, related a pitiful tale of her wanderings. She had left sunny France six months before to join her husband in Havana, Cuba, but when she arrived there learned that he had gone to Vera Cruz and had written requesting her to follow. Upon her arrival at the last-named city, disappointment again confronted her for her husband had gone to the City of Mexico, so she continued on from there to Guadalajara and again was disappointed. In the meantime, her funds became exhausted, so she made her way from Guadalajara to Manzanillo the best she could in hopes that she could work her way to Guatemala, where her husband wrote that he had gone to secure employment. This pathetic story and unheard-of devotion of a woman following her delinquent husband half way around the world, stranded in a foreign land among strangers, appealed to our feelings and we interceded with Captain Taylor in her behalf, who gave her passage to Guatemala. The good woman, grateful for the assistance rendered, offered to mend the ship's linen to help defray the expense of her passage. A purse was soon made up among the passengers and presented to her that she might be relieved from further embarrassment until she joined her husband, who I felt certain would have flown from Guatemala City long before she arrived. During the evening, in order to show her appreciation of those who had befriended her in the hour of need, she rendered some very sweet and difficult selections on the piano and endeavored to sing her national anthem, the Marseillaise, but this proved too great a strain for her overtaxed, nervous condition and she broke down and wept bitterly, regretful that she had ever left France.

The second morning after our departure from Manzanillo, awakened by a serenade of crowing roosters and barking dogs, I dressed and went on deck where I learned we were about to enter the harbor of Acapulco. At sunrise, the sound of bugle calls reached our ears and, as we passed the old stone fort on our right, we saw a number of soldiers hurriedly approach the fort and later heard several volleys of shots. We steamed into the curious-shaped little harbor, surrounded by mountains, and cast anchor alongside the San Juan, sister ship of the Colima. As the San Juan called at the local points along the coast, much of the Colima's freight was transferred to her. While here we were informed that the shooting we heard earlier that morning had been the death knell of some leaders who had attempted a revolution.

Upon my departure from the United States, it had been my intention to go direct to Nicaragua, where I had sent my luggage, but when Captain Taylor and his first officer, Captain Griffin, who had lost his ship, the Granada, told of the excellent coffee lands to be had in the State of Chiapas, Mexico, where the Government was more stable and the country less sickly than Nicaragua, I decided to visit that country and acquaint myself with conditions there before going to Nicaragua. As Mr. Stephens, with whom I was slightly acquainted before our departure from California, intended to leave the Colima at Acapulco and travel through the States of Oaxaca and Chiapas, en route to Guatemala, I asked per-

mission to join the expedition. He readily consented and was delighted to have his little party increased to three as it would afford better protection from the roving bands of ladrones (robbers) that had been reported active of late in the State of Oaxaca. After breakfast we went ashore to make arrangements for the purchase of horses, saddles and mules to carry the luggage on our long journey. While at the hotel we fortunately made the acquaintance of Mr. Bagley, an American who had made a fortune mining in Mexico. He lived at Chilpancingo but had come to Acapulco to meet his wife and her friends whom he expected to arrive on the Colima. As they were not among our passengers, Mr. Bagley, whose animals were lightly loaded, offered to assist us as far as his home, where he said better animals could be purchased at a much lower figure than in Acapulco. We gladly accepted his generous offer and returned to the Colima to take leave of the Misses Stephens (who were to continue on to the City of Guatemala by steamer), Captains Taylor and Griffin and our many other friends made during the long voyage. We descended the ship's ladder to a small boat and were rowed ashore as a hundred or more handkerchiefs were waved in farewell. We felt our parting keenly, so strong had become the friendship formed with our fellow passengers, while travelling in a foreign land.

According to prior arrangements, Messrs. Stephens, Rhinehart and I met Mr. Bagley at two o'clock and expected everything to be ready for an immediate start, but in this we were disappointed as Hernando, the muleteer, had failed to appear. Mr. Bagley, well acquainted with the habits of the Mexicans, knew of their tendency towards tardiness, so started out in search of Hernando. It was about six o'clock when he returned from the outskirts of town where he had found him watching a cockfight, and it was not until after eight o'clock that evening that we mounted and began our journey. A brisk ride of two hours brought us to Lennon's, four leagues distant, where we halted for the night. As Mr. Bagley had no desire to spend a night in the high altitudes we were up and on our way the next morning at dawn. During the day's journey we were greatly amused when we met an exceedingly tall Mexican, with a high-crowned hat upon his head and a serape thrown across his shoulder, with his long slender legs wrapped about the little, undersized burro on which he was mounted. It would have seemed more humane to us had he been carrying the donkey instead of riding it. When Mr. Bagley hailed the Mexican and enquired how far Hernando was in advance of us, he halted the burro, dropped his feet to the ground, stood erect and allowed the burro to walk from under him, then he answered Mr. Bagley's question, straddled the animal's back, folded his long thin legs about the burro's body again and with a cluck, continued on his journey. Later on, as we travelled through a wooded part of the country, a score or more of green parquets, in sudden flight, screeched as if scolding the gringos (foreigners—but the term is usually applied to Americans) for having interrupted their breakfast of juicy fruits. Late that afternoon we crossed the summit of the Sierra Madre and early the following afternoon arrived at Chilpancingo, where we spent the remainder of the day viewing the public buildings of that quaint old city and admiring the old church, said to have been built by Cortez.

While Mr. Rhinehart, assisted by Hernando, looked about for saddle animals and mules with which to continue our journey, Mr. Bagley accompanied me on a side trip to examine the pine forests said to exist in that locality. We left the lower ranges, from which most of the valuable hardwood timber had been removed, and ascended about five thousand feet to the higher plateaus where we found a scanty growth of inferior white pine that ranged from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, whose trunks were none too free from knots and limbs. Intermingled with this was a growth of pitch pine, similar to that found in Georgia. This timber of inferior quality that grew on rough and almost inaccessible mountains, in my judgment would be of little value for many years to come. Here in the high altitudes we soon realized that we were no longer in the tropical heat of the lowlands and were compelled to keep a brisk fire burning through the night, in order to keep warm. On our return journey to Chilpancingo, I had the good fortune to kill a puma, that Mr. Bagley pronounced the largest he had ever seen in that country. When we arrived we found that Bernol, in whom Mr. Bagley said we could place implicit confidence, had been engaged for our muleteer and guide. With all arrangements for the trip perfected during our absence, we resumed our journey and, with Mr. Bagley as our escort, travelled out into a lonely part of the country three leagues distant where he bid us farewell and Godspeed. About noon, when we halted at a hacienda to prepare breakfast and the noonday meal all in one, the generous proprietor presented us with part of a steer that had been slaughtered that morning. Although the meat was still warm, we cooked it, but I must acknowledge that it was exceedingly tough and could be mastered only by a Mexican appetite. About two o'clock we continued on our way and after a desperately hard ride, the last two hours of which were made after dark, we arrived at Chilapa where we were made comfortable for the night, thanks to Mr. Bagley's courtesy in having given us a letter of introduction to Señor Carrasco.

The next morning we were up and well on our way when the first rays of light appeared in the east, and for six leagues labored over a rough, rocky road, torturous for both man and beast. About ten o'clock we came upon a dozen or more Mexicans of the peon (labor) class who were engaged in a drunken brawl. One of the men had an ugly cut across the face from which the blood flowed freely, and his wife and two other women of the party, too drunk to comprehend his serious condition, apparently were unconcerned as to what became of him. As the Mexicans cursed the gringos we spurred up our horses to avoid any controversy, and very shortly after came to great fields of maguey on the rancho of Señor Mariscal. At the ranch house we were greeted by a fat woman, past the meridian of life, and her two fat daughters, the family of Señor Mariscal, who were busily engaged kneading dough made of crushed corn. From this they made the famous Mexican tortillas, bits of dough flattened into cakes and baked on a piece of hot iron. As we saw that the noonday meal, which constituted our breakfast as well, was in progress, we turned our mules into the corral and Mr. Stephens and I then seated ourselves where we could watch an elderly woman twist the fibrous parts of the maguey, or century plant, as it is familiarly known to all Californians, into small cords with which to complete the weaving of a hammock.

When Mr. Rhinehart struck up a flirtation with the youngest daughter, that shy, fat señorita's embarrassment caused her to drop the dough as she tossed it from one hand to the other. This accident called forth a reprimand from the scolding mother, whose harsh, croaking voice prompted the señorita to quickly pick up the dough, the greater part of which had fallen on her bare foot. The coarsest particles of dirt were then brushed off and the miss resumed the flattening process of the tortilla.

Shortly after this incident, Señor Mariscal arrived upon the scene and as the meal would not be ready for some time, invited us to accompany him through the fields of maguey where the sap or juice of the plant was being extracted. On our way out we passed some sheds where the sap, or aguamiel, was undergoing the process of fermentation, in wooden troughs. Señor Mariscal informed us that only one day's fermentation was necessary to produce the best drink of pulque. He dipped a gourd full and handed it to me, but as I am strictly temperate I passed it to Mr. Rhinehart, who, after having tasted the beverage, drained the gourd of its contents, and pronounced it splendid. Señor Mariscal then handed another gourd of the pulque to Mr. Stephens, who merely sipped of it and returned the gourd to our host without any comment, and presented him with a cigar, the best that could be purchased at Acapulco. This brought a smile and a response of "Mil gracias, Señor" (a thousand thanks). Later, in our discussion of the pulque, Mr. Stephens declared that he much preferred the flavor of the Scotch highball or English ale. When we reached the fields of maguey, I was astonished to see the huge size they attained here in the more southerly latitudes. The few that still retained the flowering stem, reared their heads from twenty to thirty feet above, and the leaves were from seven to nine feet long, with an average width of eight or nine inches and a thickness of about six or eight inches. There had been no attempt made to set the plants out in regular rows, consequently the giant, bayonet-like leaves of each plant intermingled with those of its neighbor, made it very difficult to get about. Mozos (laborers) went from plant to plant, gathered the sap that had collected in the well-like depressions formed in the flowering stem, and put it into bags made from the skins of hogs and calves. Señor Mariscal informed us that each plant was worth ten pesos (\$10.00) but when we remarked that he must be a very rich man he replied to the contrary and said that only one tenth of the plants were permitted to bloom which decreased the average value to one peso each. The plants bloomed but once in a lifetime of fifteen or twenty years, and died after being tapped, and as the mozos consumed a great part of the output we concluded that many years would elapse ere the proprietor became very wealthy.

Upon our return to the house we found dinner awaiting us. I must confess that our ravenous appetites helped us to forget the incident of the fat señorita's foot and the dough, and we ate those piping-hot tortillas with relish. After our repast, we swung our hammocks and rested for an hour or two. By the time we were ready to depart the elderly lady had put the finishing touches to the hammock she was weaving, and as mine had proven too small for comfort on the journey, I made her an offer of three pesos and the one I had purchased in Acapulco for seven pesos in exchange for hers, which was much coarser but larger,

and was greatly surprised when she accepted my offer. By three o'clock we were in our saddles, jogging along in silence, through a sparsely inhabited country. We ascended to more lofty altitudes, left the main-travelled road and took a trail to our right where there was but little evidence of recent travel. Our path through this rough country was often obstructed by brush, fallen trees and projecting rocks. Our animals frequently stumbled when forced to jump gulches and at times, when the hills were too steep, we were obliged to dismount, drive the horses down the hill ahead of us and then climb up on the opposite side. This mode of travel was both tedious and irksome and by nightfall both man and beast were nearly exhausted. The appearance of a single habitation on a shelflike part of the mountain, in this wild and forbidding country, appealed to us as a haven of rest. The young proprietress welcomed us and told us to turn our horses into the corral and make ourselves comfortable. Upon our return to the hut, we met the proprietor, a kind and obliging young man of twenty-seven, just returned from a trip in search of some mules that had strayed. That evening, we were pleasantly surprised by the addition of potatoes to the regular bill of fare. Our desperately fatiguing ride of the afternoon had not decreased our appetites, and besides two eggs and half a dozen tortillas, I ate a hundred and thirty-five potatoes without the slightest inconvenience. To be sure the potatoes were small ones, not much larger than peas. During our conversation that evening, the man of the household eagerly enquired for news of the outside world, and as his wife was somewhat attractive and communicative for a Mexican, I marveled at people of their intelligence living in this isolated part of the world. The wife informed us that prior to her marriage, two years ago, she had lived in Oaxaca. As there were three little children at play, I was somewhat perplexed until the señora explained that the two older ones were twins. No one would have suspected it, as the one was much larger than the other. In these high altitudes the nights were cold, so the señor shared his hut with us and that night I dropped off to sleep while our host and his wife played softly on the guitar. The fresh morning air was not conducive to late slumber, so we were up early and with an adios to our kind host, mounted and continued our journey through the same wild and sparsely inhabited country.

About noon we arrived at a collection of Indian huts all of which were abandoned, except two. We unsaddled our horses and lay down to rest, while Bernol removed the packs from the cargo mules that they might indulge in a roll, which he declared was to them equal to the best meal of maíz (corn). At two o'clock we resumed our journey through a country less broken, and late that afternoon from our lofty elevation saw a solitary house in the distance, far below us, the end of our day's journey. As our descent was slow, over a continuously bad trail, darkness overtook us before we reached our destination. Our arrival at Señora Vasques' hacienda, announced by the barking of dogs, brought that lady, a stout woman about forty years of age, to welcome us. After the greeting, she eagerly enquired if there were a doctor in our party. When informed to the contrary she begged for remedios (remedies) for her daughter, who was ill with the fever. We gladly gave her some quinine tablets and as we were fatigued with the long day's journey and uncertain as to the habitations beyond, we ac-

cepted her hospitality and consoled ourselves with the thought that perhaps the sickness was nothing more than mountain fever and not contagious. As we swung our hammocks for the night the señora lighted a fire and began to prepare our supper of eggs and tortillas. She smoked continuously and only removed the cigar from her mouth when she wished to expectorate. As she did not deem it necessary to wash her hands after handling the cigar, I must confess that my appetite that evening was not very keen for tortillas. After partaking of this repast, of which I managed to eat the eggs, we rolled into our hammocks and were up the next morning at the crowing of the cocks.

When daylight came the dona begged that we go in and see what could be done for her daughter. The sick child, with no other covering save the clothes she wore during the day, tossed about on the family bed of sun-dried oxhide, stretched over a wooden frame. As we were not physicians we hesitated to prescribe, but could not refuse the poor mother's request for remedio and gave her more of the quinine tablets, and told her to keep the girl well covered. She then led us into another room, or rather a stall, where in the corner, on the earthen floor, lay three men entirely covered over. The dona informed us that one of these was her husband and the others her sons. She approached her husband, bent over, removed the covering from his face, let out a sudden shriek, swooned and fell to the floor, crying "Mi pobre marido, muerto, muerto, muerto!" (My poor husband, dead, dead, dead.) I stooped over to obtain a glimpse of the man and was horrified to see him a mass of ugly scars and sores. At once I diagnosed his case as smallpox. The dona, when questioned, acknowledged that she knew it. Between sobs she bemoaned her fate and asked what she could do, with her family all sick and no padre to bury her dead husband. We tried to console her and promised not to abandon her in her sorrow. As it was twelve leagues to the nearest town and the man had probably been dead six or eight hours, the dona consented to an immediate burial. We were somewhat uneasy on account of having unnecessarily exposed ourselves to this loathsome disease and the next question that confronted us was how to handle the body without further exposure. Bernol, who surmised the cause of our alarm, volunteered to remove the body provided we would assist in digging the grave. To this we readily consented. After two hours of laborious work with a heavy hoe and a dull ax, a shallow grave was scooped out beneath a clump of trees on the edge of the clearing, and lined with branches of the trees. Here the body was placed with no other covering than sticks, upon which brush was placed to keep the earth from the body, and then the grave was filled. As there was no curate or priest near at hand, the dona knelt beside the grave of her dead and, between sobs, repeated some unintelligible words. Bernol placed a small wooden cross at the head, and then we all returned to the house. I suspected that the dona's daughter was afflicted with the same disease as her father and brothers, so naturally was anxious to leave the pest-ridden place, but as we had promised the dona we would not desert her in her hour of need, we removed our hammocks from the house and swung them beneath the trees some distance away. Bernol, whom we had sent back to the collection of huts we had seen about noon the previous day, returned almost immediately, having met a man and two women on their way to Talapa, who

readily consented to look after the dona and her family for a few pesos (dollars) which we willingly paid.

Relieved of further responsibility, we mounted and continued on our journey, gloom cast over our entire party with the exception of Bernol, who was very matter-of-fact. He claimed that the longer we were in the country, the less we would dread this loathsome disease and declared that all Mexicans expected to contract it sooner or later. We descended the mountain to a small stream at its base, where we removed our clothes, washed them and took a dip which greatly refreshed both body and mind. It was late that starlight night when we entered Talapa. We rode up to the first house from which lights shone out and enquired of the men who stood in the open doorway, where we might obtain lodging for the night. As a fandango (dance) was going on inside, we lingered a while and watched the dancers. Among the spectators assembled were several elderly ladies, who no doubt looked on with envy as they recalled the days of their youth, when they too had gracefully tripped the light fantastic to the soft sweet strains of the guitar and carried on a flirtation with their admirers. This abandonment of youth to pleasure certainly afforded a strong contrast to our previous night spent with Señora Vasques and her stricken family.

On the second day out from Talapa, we turned aside from the regular route in order to visit José Cabrere's hacienda, said to be the largest rubber plantation in Mexico. José, an intelligent, educated man of threescore years, proud that his fame as a grower of rubber trees had extended to the United States, and that we had taken the trouble to pay him a visit, gave us a most cordial welcome. At that time the rubber trees were about twenty feet tall and José assured us that more than forty thousand of them were old enough to yield considerable rubber, but as the prevailing price of twenty-five cents per pound was inadequate to pay the price for gathering the sap, he had not tapped his trees and seriously thought of uprooting them and planting coffee trees, instead. I evinced surprise at his remarks and informed him that I had always understood there was a large profit in this industry. José replied that such had been the case when he planted his trees, as rubber brought a dollar per pound silver then, but at the present, the buyers had gained control of the raw material and a pound of rubber could not be produced at a profit, even with the poorly paid peon labor. He lamented that he had not planted coffee in the first place which by this time would have made him a very rich man. José, a most hospitable host, invited us to remain a fortnight and as an inducement, promised to accompany us to the State of Chiapas and visit the famous coffee fields that he had long wished to see. Two weeks of idleness about the hacienda was out of the question with us, so we declined his kind invitation but promised that should we ever return that way, we would surely pay him a longer visit. With many thanks to our gracious host, we bid him adios and galloped away across the sun-dried valley to the mountains beyond, sparsely wooded with many of the fine specimens of hardwood common to that country. As we reached the higher altitudes, we were surprised to see our old friends, the oaks. Unlike the clean, lofty variety that grows in Pennsylvania and West Virginia, these trees more closely resembled those of California.

From time to time, reports reached our ears of prowling bands of robbers that infested the country but as we had learned, by past experience, that most reports in that country were either groundless or greatly exaggerated, we paid little attention to these until we arrived at Itzlahuaca, where we found the residents greatly wrought up over the recent attack on their town by the desperado Martira and his bandits. The alcalde had rallied the people and in the encounter that followed the mayor, one policeman and eight of the bandits had been killed. The inhabitants of the little town mistook our caravan for that of Martira, who they feared had returned to avenge the death of his men. When they discovered that we were gringos and had three repeating Winchesters, they gave us a royal welcome. As the gringos had the reputation of being dead shots, we were considered quite an acquisition and the return of the marauders held less terror for the people, who urged us not to take our departure for a fortnight at least, as we would surely be waylaid and robbed. We suspected that they were more concerned over their own safety than ours, so decided to remain only over night that Mr. Stephens might somewhat recover from the effects of having ridden in a Mexican saddle, to my mind the most uncomfortable one in the world. The next morning as we mounted and started out, with Oaxaca as our objective point, some mischievous persons called out, "Ladrones." We halted for a moment, then continued on, perfectly satisfied that the alarm had been given to intimidate us. Three days later we came to the camino real (the public highway) that led from Vera Cruz, across the isthmus of Tehuantepec to Salina Cruz. While travelling on this road we overtook Mr. Duprey and his nephew, who had been prosperous planters of Louisiana until the Democratic administration under Cleveland put sugar on the free list. Although they were both dyed-in-the-wool Democrats, they bitterly condemned the administration for having caused their ruin. When they learned that we were on our way to Guatemala, where they hoped to engage in coffee culture and recuperate their lost fortunes, they suggested that we combine our parties and travel together. We had felt a little nervous, since the attack of Itzlahuaca and as reports continued to reach us of depredations committed by the ladrones, we were delighted to have their company as we realized that the larger the party the less the danger of molestation. On the morning of the fourteenth we met a number of drunken Mexicans and later on in the day, while travelling among the hills in a lonely part of the country, where it was, as Bernol declared, hotter than Hades, we discovered an old man lying by the roadside. We dismounted, raised him from his uncomfortable position, and after he had sufficiently recovered he informed us that while returning from Oaxaca, where he had sold his crop of vanilla beans, he had been attacked by a dozen or more ladrones, who, when he refused to give up his money, struck him a severe blow on the head, robbed him of *muchas la plata* (much silver), stole his mules and left him by the roadside, to die. Sorry for the unfortunate man we filled his wallet with silver, assisted him to mount a lame mule, that the robbers had left behind in exchange for his good one, and started him on his way, rejoicing that he had not fared worse.

As the old man informed us that the dastardly ruffians who had attacked him had gone in the direction in which we wished to travel, we began to think more

seriously of the reports we had heard. The fact that the ladrones had attacked the town of Itzlahuaca in broad daylight, and had attempted to murder old men, set us to thinking and wondering what they would do to the gringos, whom they instinctively hated. Armed with Winchesters and revolvers, we considered that each of our party was equal to five or six Mexicans, such as we had encountered in the country, but took the precaution to examine our firearms and see that they were in good condition. My side arms consisted of a pair of Colt's revolvers; Mr. Stephens, strange to say, instead of adhering to everything that was English, was armed with a pair of silver-mounted Smith & Wessons, thirty-eight calibre. Mr. Duprey pulled out a horse pistol of old style and said that it had done good service in the Civil War and he reckoned he could depend on it again, should any prowling band of greasers attack us. Mr. Rhinehart flourished a pair of American bulldog revolvers, with a hole in the barrel the size of one's finger, that would scarcely have done execution at twenty yards distance, and exclaimed, "Let the villains come on and we will give them a hot reception that they will remember until their dying day." Bernol, who had been shaking in his stirrups prior to our warlike preparations, took courage when he saw so many firearms and called out, "Vamos, señores. Por qué no? Todo los ladrones, hijos de las madras, son cobardes" (Gentlemen, let us be off. Why not? Every mother's son of the robbers is a coward.) With a sharp outlook for bandits, lest they surprise us in the narrow defiles of the mountains, we spurred up our horses, dashed on and when we reached the valley, where we could see some distance ahead, breathed more freely and congratulated ourselves that we had not been waylaid.

During the afternoon, as we galloped down the valley, dusty from the long dry season, we discovered a cloud of dust that rose above the tree tops, in the distance. When Bernol declared that the dust was probably caused by horsemen, and hinted that it might possibly be the ladrones, Mr. Rhinehart suggested that we turn back and secrete ourselves behind a clump of trees. We laughingly chided him for his cowardice and before we could have taken his advice, had we been so inclined, the horsemen, shooting, yelling and cursing, rapidly galloped into view. When they reached us, they separated, uttered a few curses about the gringos, and rode on without any attempt to molest us. About a league farther on, we entered a beautiful plain, rode up to an adobe building, dismounted and sought shelter for the night. Don Juan Revaris, the *tenedor* (tenant), a good-natured man about six feet tall, a native of Spain and the only merchant of the place, told us that we might remain with him over night and to turn our animals into the inclosure, back of the store. Then he assisted us to carry our luggage inside. When we told him of the old man who had been ruthlessly hit on the head and robbed, and of the drunken Mexicans we had met, he replied that undoubtedly they were the ones who had committed the dastardly deed, as they were a notoriously bad lot who had partaken freely of mescal at a recent *fiesta* (celebration) at Tomazala and appeared to have "much la plata." Late that afternoon, the band of drunken marauders we had passed returned to Don Juan's, and when they learned that we had taken shelter there, demanded that he turn the gringos out. With muttered curses, the drunken rabble cried, "Down

with the gringos; viva Mexico!" and ordered Don Juan to turn the "heretics" over to them or they would "shoot up" the place. Juan tried to reason with them and told them that we were peaceable Americans on our way to Guatemala and would take our departure in the morning, but when the mescal-crazed Mexicans demanded that he turn us out immediately, he ordered them away, closed the door and barred it with a heavy plank, so that it could not be forced open.

When the outlaws saw that Don Juan did not intend to comply with their demands, they fired a fusillade of bullets against the door and cried, "Death to the gringos and all who protect them!" We knew we were safe within the thick adobe walls and as only a few of the bullets penetrated the heavy door, we reserved our fire, for fear we should kill some one and be held for murder, but when they attempted to batter down the door, Juan suggested that we "turn loose" on the villains. After we had fired a few volleys of shots, they mounted their animals and rode off at full speed. Now that our tormentors had departed, Don Juan advised us to take advantage of the opportunity and make our escape, as he feared the outlaws might return and force him to comply with their demands, in order to save his own life. He advised us of a trail on which we could travel and thus avoid the highway and the ladrones, should they attempt to follow. His advice seemed good, so we decided to take it and avert further trouble, if possible. When we unbolted the back door and stepped outside we found that one of our cargo mules had been shot and killed, so we were compelled to leave part of our luggage. When our animals were packed, with "Mil gracias" to Don Juan for having so faithfully protected us, and with earnest wishes that no harm might befall him on our account, we mounted and rode away, keeping up a lively pace until late that night, when tired and worn with the day's excitement, we lay down to rest, with Bernol, who was badly frightened from our recent experience, as our vigilant watchman. The next morning, we were up and in our saddles by daybreak. Scarcely had we congratulated ourselves on having outwitted our pursuers, when we were suddenly panic-stricken by the approach of a hundred or more horsemen, whose guns glittered in the morning sunlight. As escape was out of the question, we were at a loss for a moment to know what was best to do. So we decided to stand our ground and if attacked, sell our lives as dearly as possible. We had the advantage of a strongly fortified position among the trees and boulders, so hastily dismounted, placed the cargo mules and saddle animals in front of us, drew our rifles and awaited our enemy, whom we planned to surprise with a volley from our Winchesters that would stagger them, and in the ensuing confusion, enable us to make our escape. Fortunately, when they came into range, to our great relief we discovered that they were a detachment of Mexican soldiers. When they arrived at our barricade, Colonel Perando informed us that they had been sent out to rid the country of the ladrones and in an angry voice demanded an explanation of our warlike demonstration. We explained the recent attack made upon us by the robbers, handed him our credentials, and apologized for our having mistaken his soldiers for ladrones. After examining our papers, he returned them, and upon noticing our fine horses, he demanded that we exchange them for their fagged ones, and after ascertaining where we had encountered the bandits, he and his men galloped away. We were

sorry to lose our fine steeds, but as others were given in exchange we could scarcely say that we had been robbed, and after the excitement was over resumed our journey.

When we had travelled about six leagues, we arrived at a hacienda, where I had the good fortune to exchange my jaded horse for a mule, that proved to be as fine an animal as I ever rode. As the beast had numerous scars on his head and body and was minus one eye, he certainly looked as though he had been through the war, so I called him "Veteran." He had but one bad habit. Every morning, after he was saddled, he had to be held until I mounted, after which he bucked for a time and when not successful in unseating me, settled down for the day, peaceful as a lamb, but when the day's journey was over, one had to quickly dismount, unloosen the cinch with a jerk and step aside. Veteran did the rest. This daily performance was kept up throughout the journey. After we had travelled some distance over oak-clad hills, we came to Carbonera, a collection of miserable huts, where we stopped and dined on eggs, frijoles and tortillas, the first things we had eaten that day. Somewhat refreshed, we resumed our journey and descended from the mountains into the fertile valley of Etla, passed Los Cenites de la Pean, artificial hills, said to be the ruins of the ancient Aztecs, and in the evening arrived at the hacienda of Señor Gregoria, who was engaged in raising the cochineal insect, from which the cochineal dyes are made. While Señora Gregoria, a fat good-natured woman, prepared tortillas for our supper, her husband took us out to visit his field of nopal, or cochineal cactus, that is closely allied to the prickly pear, so common about the old Missions of California. The tender, juicy leaves of these plants were thickly covered with the little cochineal insects. The female, from which the dye is made, thrusts her beak into the juicy leaves and remains there the rest of her life. As the young contain a greater amount of coloring just before they are hatched from the egg, they are brushed from the leaves, put into boiling water or into the oven and killed. Señor Gregoria said he preferred the latter method as it was less trouble. When we enquired if the business were profitable, he yawned, stretched and then replied, that there was scarcely a living in it at the present but that in earlier days, before aniline dyes were discovered, it had yielded excellent returns, and as it was not laborious work, he was living in hopes of future prosperity. Upon our return to the house our host, having learned that we were recently from the United States, enquired how the revolution there was progressing. We were unable to grasp his meaning and as we looked somewhat perplexed, he apologized for having mentioned it. As we knew of no trouble on leaving the United States, we asked him to explain himself, whereupon he said that he had been informed, by good authority, that Coxey and his army were marching on Washington. We laughed, and after we had explained the nature of the Coxey army, he laughed too and spoke of Coxey as a bobo (great fool or dunce), and said that in Mexico he would be treated as a revolutionist and shot.

It was now Holy Week and as religious rites were to take place in Oaxaca, Señor Gregoria and his good wife accompanied us on our journey thither. We started early the next morning and by seven o'clock had passed through the town of Etla. From here the road was thronged with people on their way to the

celebration. Señora Gregoria, a very heavy woman, was unable to ride faster than a canter, so we made slow progress and were disappointed upon our arrival at Oaxaca, six leagues distant, to find that the ceremonies were over. The streets of this city of about thirty thousand people were crowded to their utmost, and it was with great difficulty that we made our way to the Hotel Nacional. In the afternoon, we visited various points of interest and collected all the information possible concerning the country through which we wished to travel. My reason for going in Mr. Stephens' company was for the express purpose of examining the timber and coffee lands of Mexico, so I was naturally anxious to continue on as had been planned and leave for Tehuantepec early the following morning, but as Messrs. Stephens, Rhinehart and Duprey, who were of a scientific turn of mind, expressed a desire to turn aside and visit the ruins of Mitla, within ten leagues of Oaxaca, I did not wish to appear obstinate so reluctantly consented to accompany them. Breakfast was out of order, so after a sip of black coffee, we mounted and were under way by five o'clock. Before the sun began to make itself felt, we arrived at the Indian town of Tule, where I was astonished to see a giant cypress tree, in the center of the village, whose circumference bid fair to rival our famous big trees of California (*Sequoia Gigantea*), but whose height was fully two hundred feet less than our noble redwoods. Here, beneath the shade of the spreading branches of this noble old tree, at one time said to have sheltered Cortez' entire army, we rested a few minutes and then rode on through a fertile plain to the town of Tlacolula where we left our muleteer and cargo mules.

From here we continued on by a branch road to Mitla and viewed the ruins, which I had often read of but had never expected to see. Near one of the larger structures, which was nearly three hundred feet long and a hundred feet wide, with walls eighteen to twenty feet high, stood a smaller one, also of stone, about a hundred feet square, with beautiful mosaic-like decoration. As we delved among these ruins, we were puzzled to understand how the Aztecs, with their crude implements, could have quarried, moved and placed these huge stones, many of which were ten to twelve feet long and four feet thick. The work was marvelous and stupendous for Indians to do, and lent a thought that they might have been built by a more civilized people. The night we spent at the ruins, we were given shelter with a poor Mexican, whose family consisted of himself, wife and three children; the two little girls and boy, nude, were at play with the pigs. In order to be out of the filth, we swung our hammocks high and might have passed a comfortable night, had it not been for the fleas. Without waiting for coffee in the morning, we returned to Tlacolula, where we found Bernol patiently awaiting us. After we had dined on tortillas, frijoles and chili con carne, our breakfast and dinner combined, we resumed our journey. The torrid sun and the clouds of dust that persistently enveloped us made the journey almost unbearable and we were delighted when we arrived at Tehuantepec, on the morning of the twenty-third, Good Friday. The streets were thronged with people who had congregated from far and near to witness a religious procession that was passing down the street upon our arrival. As a few notes of music from stringed instruments reached our ears, we spurred our horses to a place where we could obtain a better view. The musicians, in the lead, had passed. Back of them marched an individ-

ual who shouted "Remove your hats," and as Mr. Duprey and his nephew were devout Catholics, they quickly complied with the request.

Following this individual, mounted upon a black horse was a man dressed in a black shirt, knee trousers and white stockings; a black mask was over his face and upon his head was a helmet, decorated with a pasteboard cross covered with silver paper. With his sword, he directed the line of march. Then followed two men in long blue gowns, their heads and faces concealed by hoods; each led a mule, completely enveloped in black cloth that hung almost to the ground. Next in line were bearers of the silver cross of the Crucifixion, four Indians in long black garbs and accompanied by a number of other Indians, also arrayed in black with a peculiar head-dress of black and white, who carried small crosses in their hands as they marched, two abreast. A girl, who carried the lighted candles, came next and then under a canopy, borne by four men clothed in black, appeared the Archbishop, dressed in a long flowing robe that was held up by two Indian boys. In his hands was an open Bible, which he was apparently reading. Then came a small Indian girl, arrayed in fairy-like apparel, representing an angel, leading the twelve Apostles, who were portrayed by Indian children in fanciful costumes; the one who represented St. Peter carried an imitation silver cock. Then came the figure of the Crucified Christ, on a bier draped with black with two small candles burning at the head and feet. This was carried on the shoulders of four men in black. Then borne by four men arrayed in long mourning gowns was the kneeling figure of Mary, weeping for her crucified son. Four archangels in long flowing robes of white, with wings poised as if in flight, the foremost one with a wreath suspended, as if about to crown the Virgin Mary, followed. The next to appear in view were two Indian candle bearers followed by a number of little Indian children in flimsy raiment, representing angels. As they passed, some religious fanatic cried out, "Remove your hats." At first Mr. Stephens and I, intent on watching the procession, did not realize that the remark was intended for us, and before we could comply with the request, the individual called out, "Santa Maria, the gringos, they have no respect for the Church," and let fly some broken pieces of tile that narrowly missed Mr. Stephens' head, and struck me on the knee. We regretted having been instrumental in this disturbance and, in order to avert further trouble, spurred up our horses and rode on through the city to Salina Cruz, a seaport, four leagues distant, regretting that we had not stayed to see the remainder of the procession.

Bernol, our muleteer, fearful of another encounter with ladrones, who were reported active on the Guatemala border, decided to leave us and return by the steamer San Blas to Acapulco, after he had secured us another muleteer in the person of Romolda Mendez. Our new muleteer, who claimed to be a nephew of ex-President Mendez of San Salvador, asserted that his uncle had been poisoned by agents of Carlos Ezeta that he might get control of the government and become President. Carlos Ezeta, Romolda affirmed, who had been raised from the rank of Second Lieutenant in the army to a Division-General and Governor of Santa Ana by President Mendez, had allowed his ambition to get the better of him and betrayed the man who had befriended him. According to Romolda's story, while President Mendez was entertaining some of his political friends, on the evening of

June 24, 1890, Carlos Ezeta marched his troops into the capital, took possession of the city, shot the guards and surrounded the White House. When the President found that he and his friends were prisoners within, he walked into his private reception room, drank a glass of wine and in ten minutes was dead. Ezeta, in order to conceal the fact that the President had been poisoned, gave out the report that he had died of heart failure, and to divert the public mind from the affair proclaimed himself President and declared war against Guatemala. As Romolda's life was in danger, he fled from the country and took refuge in Mexico, where he had resided ever since.

The next morning we went aboard the steamer San Blas to bid Bernol adios. While there we watched the sacks of coffee that were loaded on the steamer from scows that lay alongside, and after we had listened an hour or more to the hum-drum of Mexicans as they tallied the sacks of coffee—London'—London'—London', Havre, Havre, Havre, Havre, London', London', Nueva York, we concluded that a very small percentage of the crop found its way to the United States. We took leave of Bernol and started for Tehuantepec, happy that we had been fortunate enough to secure so important a personage as Romolda for our new muleteer and glad to escape from the sultry heat of Salina Cruz. We arrived at Tehuantepec about noon and spent the remainder of the day sauntering about the city, inhabited chiefly by Tehuantepec Indians, who were arrayed in fanciful costumes in honor of Holy Week. Most of the Tehuantepec women are blessed with forms of which any Anglo-Saxon might be very proud. Straight as arrows, with their heads gracefully uplifted, owing to having carried their burdens upon their heads from childhood, they tapered from their beautifully molded shoulders to their feet. With their fine chests, tapering arms, beautifully shaped hands with slender fingers, perfectly formed limbs and feet, it would not be difficult for a sculptor to find a perfect model.

Rather than remain in Tehuantepec over night, we rode out five leagues to the indigo plantation of Padro Yraiatez, but as it was after dark when we arrived and before daylight the next morning when we took our departure, we were unable to learn much about the indigo industry. We avoided the interior of the country, passed through the towns of Juchitan, Las Anovas and Tonalá into the State of Chiapas, Mexico's most famous coffee district. Our spirits, dulled by continuous travelling the greater part of a month, in the saddle, began to revive as day after day we passed pack trains of twenty or thirty mules laden with coffee, on their way to the sea. Filled with hopes and anticipation of the fortunes to be made in this staple article, we spurred our animals ahead that we might escape from the deadly heat of the sultry lowlands, parched and dry, to the highlands of perpetual spring. As we ascended the mountain to higher altitudes, we passed several coffee plantations under different stages of development, superior to any heretofore visited by us. Some were in bearing while others were merely clearings beneath the shade of magnificent forest trees of thirty or forty varieties of hardwood, all of which were strange and unknown to me before coming to Mexico. Some of the planters, in order to avoid the expense of clearing the forest, had planted their coffee trees in the open land, but we were told that this was a mistake, as the coffee tree required shade. In this industry, as all others, each owner

labored under the impression that his method was the best. On our way to Santa Rita, we stopped at the small hacienda of Juan Vidarre, neatly nestled upon a little bench in the mountains. Here quietly grazed some of the best horses we had seen in Mexico. I tried to persuade Juan, who was very proud of his stock, to sell me a fine black horse, the prize of the lot, and as an inducement offered to pay him a hundred pesos (one hundred Mexican silver dollars) and throw in Veteran, but apparently a good judge of horseflesh, he declined the offer and said, "Make it two hundred." I was tempted to pay him this exorbitant price but when the horse rolled his eyes up at me, I detected some of the cayuse blood in him, and with vivid recollections of former experiences with that breed, regretted that I had ever entertained the thought of parting with my faithful, battle-scarred mule. When I told Juan that I would like to possess his fine black steed but would not part with Veteran for the world, he swelled up with pride and said that this prize animal had been stolen twice, and cautioned us to keep a sharp lookout for our animals as we neared Guatemala as a band of thieves frequented the frontier, who could not be apprehended, as after they had committed depredations in one country they crossed the border into another, where the officers dared not follow. At night, Juan kept his stock in a corral near the house where he could better protect them from the robbers, and insisted that we unsaddle our animals and turn them into the inclosure with his. His house, like many others in Mexico and Central America had but two sides; the inside and the outside.

As Juan and his family occupied the former, we swung our hammocks in the latter under the shelter of a thatched roof, that helped to keep the rain out during the wet season. Towards morning our slumber was disturbed by the barking of the dogs. Juan jumped up, grabbed his old musket and called to us to arm ourselves, that the villainous outlaws were about to steal our animals. Messrs. Stephens, Duprey and I followed with our revolvers and without waiting to investigate the cause of the disturbance, all blazed away. When, out of the darkness, a voice exclaimed, "Madre de Dios!" (Mother of God), my heart fairly sank within me, for I recognized the voice of Romolda, our muleteer, and feared that we had killed him, but upon our arrival at the corral was greatly relieved to find that one of our cargo mules had been killed instead. As it was April first, Romolda, who had overheard the conversation about robbers the night before, thought that it would be a splendid opportunity to play a practical joke, so quietly arose, went out to the corral and excited the animals which caused the dogs to give the alarm. Fortunately Romolda stood behind the mules when we shot, which undoubtedly saved his life. As the joke verged on a tragedy, Romolda swore by all the saints that he would never attempt another. We returned to our hammocks but sleep was out of the question, so we inveigled Juan's wife, who was up by this time, to prepare tortillas for breakfast and about sunrise, accompanied by Juan, started on a visit to his coffee tala (clearing) in the forest on the mountain, at an elevation of about five hundred feet above that of the hacienda. The clearing consisted of about ten acres and the coffee trees, he informed us, had been set out three years before. The oldest trees produced a small quantity of berries that year but not sufficient to justify the expense of gathering. Two years hence he expected a yield of two pounds per tree, which would net him a

handsome profit. As the trees were only about nine feet apart, I fancied that when grown they would be too close to yield well and that Juan would not realize his expectations. Mr. Stephens, who had some experience in growing fruit in California, told Juan that he thought it would be better to have planted the trees at least fifteen or twenty feet apart, but Juan maintained that nine feet was ample. The coffee trees, which closely resembled orange trees, with their dark green glossy leaves, set beneath the shade of the forest, were an unusual and interesting sight. Upon our return from the coffee tala to the house, Juan's good and thoughtful wife cooked for our dinner the four chachalacas (a species of pheasant) that Juan had killed on the way home. A substitute for black coffee, made from roasted corn, was served to us in beautifully carved gourds with dulce, or sweetmeats made from sugar cane that grew on the hacienda. After we had parleyed with Juan for some time as to the price of a mule we were obliged to buy, the result of Romolda's joke, we finally agreed on thirty dollars, and late that afternoon started for Tapichula.

We visited several coffee plantations on the way and found that part of the country more favorable for coffee culture than any we had previously visited. Here, at an altitude of two thousand feet, grew a good quality of coffee that yielded handsome profits, but as the foreigners, principally Americans, who had preceded us, had obtained control of the best land, for which they asked twenty dollars, gold, per acre, this was out of the question, and as the land then in bearing was too high priced for us to consider, we decided to try to visit Cobán, Guatemala, where we understood good coffee lands could be had almost for the asking. Besides I was somewhat anxious to visit Nicaragua and see what the conditions were there before rendering my final judgment as to the best location. We kept a close watch for bandits, and on Saturday, April seventh, crossed the boundary line of Mexico and entered the Republic of Guatemala. After two and a half days of the hardest riding I ever experienced, we crossed the difficult and stupendous Sierra Madre, the backbone of Guatemala, and descended to San Marcos. We arrived about noon and as we were exhausted with the irksome travel of the past few days, we remained in San Marcos until the following morning when we started for the coffee plantation of Doña Carlotta Lynch, whom I had known in Eureka, California, prior to her marriage to Francis Temple Lynch, a wealthy coffee planter near Progreso, Guatemala. About ten o'clock, after riding through a beautifully wooded country, we reached the hacienda of José Barrios, son of ex-President Barrios of Guatemala, reported to be one of the best coffee plantations in that part of the Republic. When we made our mission known to Señor Barrios, he received us cordially, enquired if we had partaken of breakfast and when we answered in the negative, invited us to join him. He was an educated man, had travelled quite extensively, had lived in New York and as was familiar with the streets of that city as I, and as Mr. Stephens remarked, knew the streets of London better than he.

When we entered the house, we were greeted by Señora Barrios and the daughter, María Teresa, whom I judged to be about twelve years of age. The señorita, not as white as some Spanish girls I had seen, had a creamy complexion and large, open, expressive, sharp, black eyes, that almost penetrated one's soul. The

daughter spoke broken English, but the mother confessed she had utterly failed in her efforts to learn the language. Between our English and Spanish, we enjoyed a very pleasant ten o'clock breakfast, after which José mounted a splendid mare and with his mandator (superintendent) and a retinue of attendants, accompanied us to his coffee tala, on the neighboring mountains. Beneath the lofty canopy of the finest forest trees we had seen in the country, some of which were more than three feet in diameter, was growing the best coffee trees yet seen by us. Before these young coffee trees had been set out, many of these fine specimens that would have been very valuable for their lumber had they been nearer a market, had been fallen and allowed to rot in order to prevent too dense a shade. After we had passed through this clearing, we came to a part of the tala where the trees were in full bearing. They had been set out fifteen years before, were eleven feet apart and about fifteen feet high, and had been topped to make it more convenient to gather the fruit. The regularity with which the trees had been set out and the care given them, reminded me of the orange groves of California, only these grew under a leafy canopy of the forest instead of the open blue sunny sky and were laden with dark red cherries instead of golden oranges. The beauty and fragrance of the jasmine, star-like blossoms of the coffee far surpass those of the orange.

According to José's calculations, he produced coffee for eight and a half cents per pound and paid two cents per pound for transportation to the seaport of Ocos or Champerico. At this time, highland coffee brought twenty-two cents per pound and as he had four hundred acres of about three hundred trees to the acre, whose average yield was three pounds per tree, we concluded that he enjoyed a handsome income and were not surprised to learn that he was rated as one of the wealthiest coffee barons of Guatemala. On our way to a more remote part of the forest where *mozos* were at work clearing out the undergrowth, we marveled at the numerous beds of *el masigo* (young coffee trees). Our host explained that the coffee trees were particularly delicate and as he had learned by experience that they could not be transported any great distance without a large percentage of the young trees dying, he had made his beds in the forest near where he expected to transplant them. Señor Barrios, justly proud of his coffee tala, impressed upon us the magnitude of his possessions and said that there were many hundred acres more of uncultivated land that could be planted to coffee. We returned to the older part of the tala by a different path and had the good luck to discover some beautiful lavender orchids, that in San Francisco would have brought a dollar each. After a desperate effort, I managed to climb the large but leaning tree on which the parasites grew and broke off several bunches, each of which contained a half dozen or more exquisite blossoms. As the orchid is as greatly admired by the ladies of Central America as the rose is at home, upon our return I presented them to María Teresa. As we rode back to the house, I saw my first trogon, or quetzal, as it is known among the natives, Guatemala's most beautiful bird. This exquisite creature, with tail feathers three feet or more in length, Señor Barrios said was a very proud bird and built its nest with both sides open, that it might come and go without ruffling its plumage. Our visit to the coffee molino (mill) was most interesting. The berries were put into a

machine, similar to an old-fashioned, wheel, cherry seeder, to separate the seed (coffee bean) from the fruit. Then all was put into a vat and allowed to ferment until the pulp rose to the surface, after which the water and pulp were drawn off and the coffee, settled at the bottom, was shoveled out and spread on a concrete floor to dry. When thoroughly dry, the parchment, a thin covering that envelops the grains, was removed and the coffee, placed upon tables, was carefully picked over by women who threw out all imperfect grains.

In the evening we were very pleasantly entertained by María Teresa, who sang several songs, among which was *La Paloma* (the dove) and *La Golondrina* (the swallow), rendered some very sweet music on the guitar and concluded the evening's entertainment with the Spanish Retreat. The hour was late the next morning when we breakfasted, but we did not regret the loss of time or the lateness of the start, for our host accompanied us and furnished us with much valuable information as we tarried now and then to visit coffee talas owned by his friends. We repeatedly overtook pack trains laden with coffee on their way to the seaport and were constantly reminded of the vast quantity of coffee exported from that part of the country. José informed us that most of it was sent to Europe and only a small percentage of the finer grade found its way to the *Estados Unidos del Norte* (United States of the North), as the people there seemed to care more for quantity than quality. Upon our arrival at the hacienda of Francisco Aymitas, where we remained over night, we heard that Mr. and Mrs. Lynch had taken their departure for the United States, so gave up all thought of a visit to their plantation and returned with José to his hacienda, where we spent the following Friday and Saturday inspecting coffee talas in that vicinity. On Saturday evening, when we told Señor Barrios of our contemplated departure the following morning for the Cobán district, said to be excellent for the growing of coffee, he informed us that the coffee tree would not flourish there on account of the high altitude and occasional frosts. Discouraged by his disparaging remarks, we gave up the trip to that district, spent Sunday very pleasantly with our genial host and on Monday morning took our departure for Guatemala City, where we were now ten days overdue. The entire household was up to bid us good-bye and extended best wishes for a safe journey. When we were about to depart, José handed me a letter of introduction to his sister, widow of General Sanchez, who resided in the City of Guatemala, and told me, should I fail to find things satisfactory in Nicaragua, that I might do worse than return and settle there.

About noon we arrived in Quezaltenango, situated at the base of an extinct volcano that towered above the city. We found the entire population wrought up over an earthquake that had taken place about an hour previous. As we were in motion at the time we failed to feel the shock, but while we were at breakfast a second one occurred that was said to be much lighter than the first. We all rushed out into the street to escape the falling tiles of the roof and had scarcely re-entered the house when the third and most violent shock threw us to our knees. By this time the inhabitants, terror stricken, had rushed out into the streets where they remained during the two hours we spent there, filled with apprehension and fear, lest the volcano become active and destroy the city. In this they were justified, for twelve or fourteen years later the long-expected eruption took place,

seriously damaging the town, but fortunately the opening occurred on a spur of the volcano on the opposite side from the city and it was spared the fate of Pompeii and Herculaneum. As it was, ashes fell to a depth of two or three feet, broke in the roofs of numerous buildings and destroyed coffee plantations for many miles around, some of which we had visited, including that of Señor Barrios.

About two o'clock we resumed our journey and as we rode by the Plaza, discovered a column of light blue vapor that slowly rose from the crater of the volcano that had seemed to be extinct. Undoubtedly the fires within had awakened and were responsible for the recent earthquakes. Two leagues out, we had our last view of Quezaltenango, said to be built on the site of the ancient Aztec city Xelahuu. A short distance beyond we crossed the River of Blood, made memorable by Alvarado when he defeated the Aztec, Tecum Umam, and took possession of Xelahuu, next to the largest city in the Quiché Kingdom and said to have had a population of eighty thousand. The countless number of Quiché Indians slain by the Conqueror were thrown into the river, and its waters were turned red with their blood, hence the name. From here we ascended to a plateau and entered a well cultivated country that was largely devoted to growing corn. Gigantic aloes, ten or twelve feet high, grew in the uncultivated parts along our route of travel for a distance of two leagues, where we descended to a stream, crossed over, ascended to a plain beyond, and that evening arrived at the town of Totonicapán, the end of our day's journey. By daylight the next morning, we were travelling along the banks of a wide stream and shortly after began our ascent of the lofty mountains, from the top of which we had a magnificent view, on looking back, and a great distance below was the little town Totonicapán, surrounded by mountains, and beyond, the recently awakened volcano Quezaltenango. As we journeyed on, we came to a magnificent forest where an attempt had been made to grow coffee, but for some reason had been abandoned and the clearing allowed to grow up.

As we emerged from the forest, we found ourselves surrounded by picturesque mountains, wild beyond description, and from our dizzy heights spied Sololá, our next stopping place, a town of lofty elevation, on the border of Lake Atitlán, a silvery sheet of water eight or ten miles wide and about twenty miles long. When we arrived in the town we were completely fagged and it was after ten o'clock that night when Romolda and the cargo mules arrived. Never had I seen mountains so difficult to travel as these. Mr. Duprey, a man of considerable avoirdupois, said that had he known, before his departure from Louisiana, of the hardships he would be compelled to endure, he would never have left his native country, and Mr. Stephens, who constantly compared his surroundings with conditions found in England, for once acknowledged that these blooming mountains excelled any in England. The next morning, after a night of rest, we were better able to appreciate and enjoy the grand scenery. From time to time we came in view of the lake and longed to take a plunge in its silvery waters, but when we thought of the tortuous descent of three thousand feet, we denied ourselves this pleasure. As we continued along the high plateau, from which we could look down several thousand feet to a village below, we came to two cataracts, where some boys were taking a bath. From the table-land beyond, we

obtained a splendid view of Guatemala's most famous volcanoes, of which De Agua (the water) and Fuego (fire) are the most noted. There were six visible at one time, four of which were about ten thousand feet above sea level and two nearly fifteen thousand feet. After we had enjoyed this magnificent scene the greater part of the day, with the summits of De Agua and Fuego obscured by clouds, we walked and led our mounts down a zigzag path so steep in places that steps had been cut in the rocks to prevent the animals from slipping. The cargo mules fairly groaned under their burdens as they descended, and we fully expected at any moment to see them topple, end over end, to the plain below, but in this were pleasantly disappointed.

From the plain of Panajochel we continued on to the town of the same name and arrived there in time for an eleven o'clock breakfast of eggs, tortillas and a cup of black coffee, strong enough to stimulate us over the most difficult mountains. Somewhat refreshed, we resumed our journey and about four o'clock descended from the lofty table-land to the border of the lake and that evening, after we had enjoyed our long-wished-for plunge, spent a comfortable night in our hammocks. Before retiring, we indulged in eating some sapotes and jacotes, tropical fruits not found on the high table-lands where we had been travelling for some time. The next morning, after we had travelled some distance and passed through San Andrés, we came to an immense ravine, three thousand feet deep, into which we were compelled to descend only to cross a stream and climb up the other side to the plains above. We had but little sleep that night in Patzum on account of drunken Indians, so were up and on our way early the next morning. That evening, after a long day's journey over the elevated plains, we descended to the village of Paramos where we spent the night, and the next day continued on to the City of Guatemala, where we arrived late in the afternoon. We went direct to the Hotel Grand and there found Mr. Stephens' sisters, who having heard from him but once since their departure from Acapulco were anxiously awaiting our arrival. In the evening we enjoyed some excellent music rendered by the military band, in the Plaza de Amas, and that night slept in a real bed, the first since our departure from Señor Barrios' comfortable hacienda, near San Marcos. It was eight o'clock the next morning when I awakened. Ashamed of the lateness of the hour, I hurriedly dressed and found that Mr. Duprey, his nephew and Mr. Rhinehart had gone for a stroll about the city.

The Stephens family had awaited me, so in company with them, I spent the forenoon very pleasantly. After we had visited the Palace of President Barrios (nephew of ex-President Barrios), the Plaza, Concordia, el Cerrito del Carmen and the Cathedral, we called at the tiendas (stores) and made some necessary purchases. As we entered one owned by Rosenberg's, whom should we meet, face to face, but Isaac Greenbaum, who had been with us in our little accident at San Blas? He seemed favorably impressed with the country and said he intended to engage in the clothing business some place in the Republic. In the afternoon, while Romolda arranged for a side trip to the ruins of Antigua, Vieja (old) Guatemala, the Stephenses, Mr. Rhinehart and I called on the widow Sanchez, presented our letter of introduction and were cordially received. During the course of our conversation, we learned that her husband, General Sanchez,

and her father, ex-President Barrios, had been killed in battle several years previous. Both had been shot in the back at the same time and had fallen together, the one across the other, the work of hirelings by their ecclesiastical enemies. The widow's daughter, Berta, an overgrown girl whose hair was inclined to curl, was charmingly coquettish, but she lacked the open countenance and bewitching personality of her cousin, María Teresa. As Mr. Rhinehart did not desire to visit Antigua, he remained in Guatemala and assisted Romolda to replenish our stores and superintend getting the cargo mules ready for our journey to San Salvador and Nicaragua, where it was reported the best coffee lands in Central America were to be found. The morning following we drove out ten leagues to Pompeii, the coffee tala of Señor Hernandez on the side of the volcano De Agua, where we spent the night. The next day, after inspecting the coffee trees there, we continued on to the ruins of Antigua, Guatemala (old Guatemala), ancient capital of the Republic, situated in a beautiful valley, at the base of the volcanoes De Agua and Fuego. This city, known in history as the most beautiful of all Central American cities, probably met with more disasters than any other city in the world. Destroyed numerous times by earthquakes and pestilence, it remained magnificent, even in its ruins. As we gazed upon the trees which grew within the roofless walls, and the vines and shrubs that protruded from their vents and crevasses, we marveled at the grandeur. Facing the plaza stands a richly ornamented façade of a once magnificent cathedral, and diagonally across the plaza that of a convent, while scattered about the ruins were two score or more churches, some of which were elaborately ornamented with stucco, especially that of the Church of San Francisco, which, like the cathedral, had been partially restored. Many of the large and costly residences had been repaired and an attempt made to reinhabit the once handsome city, founded in 1524 by Alvarado, the conqueror of Guatemala. Here Doña Beatriz, widow of Alvarado, lost her life when the first city (old Guatemala) was destroyed by a deluge of water, emitted from the volcano De Agua.

We could readily appreciate the beauty of this unfortunate city, prior to its final destruction by earthquake, in 1773. In the same year an edict was passed ordering the abandonment of the ruined city for a site on which a new city could be built with safety, and all the inhabitants who had not perished were removed to the site of the present City of Guatemala; nor did the new city escape from disasters, for, in November, 1917, this city was visited by heavy earthquakes, doing considerable damage. From then until Christmas, the city experienced from ten to thirty shocks daily. On Christmas night a violent shock occurred, doing considerable damage, and again on December the twenty-ninth the city was thrown into a panic by the quakes which threw down many of the walls and buildings. On January the third, the city was again visited by heavy shocks that brought down the tower of the cathedral, the church walls and other public buildings; and the one on January twenty-fourth, 1918, left the city in ruins. We spent the afternoon at the ruins and that evening rode to the coffee tala of Don Carlos, whose spacious white house stood out conspicuously, on the side of the volcano Fuego. The coffee trees here, like those of Hernandez and many others in the higher altitudes in Guatemala, were grown without shade and

at this altitude seemed to flourish as well as those of Señor Barrios. The following day we returned to the City of Guatemala and that evening when we entered the theatre, for the first time since we had left the States, we were greeted by that popular song, "After The Ball Is Over," so familiar in every city and town at home. Although the song had been worn threadbare before we left San Francisco, and we had heard it sung no less than five times a day on board the Colima, it sounded as sweet and pathetic, in this foreign land, as when we had first heard it and was like meeting an old friend. It had been Mr. Stephens' plan to remain in Guatemala and engage somewhere there in growing coffee, but the flattering reports of the coffee lands to be had in San Salvador and Nicaragua caused him to continue with us and investigate the reports before settling down in the Republic of Guatemala, so he arranged for his sisters to return to New York and await him there. The next day we accompanied them to San José de Guatemala and boarded the steamer Colima, that now seemed like home to us. Little did we dream when we took leave of Captains Taylor and Griffin that day, they and the staunch ship Colima would soon occupy the watery grave of the sister ship, Grenada. On May 27, 1897, the Colima foundered in a hurricane off Manzanillo, almost within sight of the volcano for which the ship was named. There were more than two hundred people on board, passengers and crew included, and out of that vast number only six or seven were finally washed ashore, more dead than alive, having been buffeted about on pieces of wreckage for three days.

On our return to Guatemala City from the Port, we found our ever faithful Romolda, with the animals, ready to continue the journey to Nicaragua. During our absence, he had met an old acquaintance, Dr. Ricardo, a companion in arms when Romolda's uncle was President of San Salvador. When Dr. Ricardo, a prominent Salvadorian, learned that we contemplated a trip to his native country, he expressed a desire to accompany us. He was willing to act in any capacity that we might assign to him, be it ever so humble, and promised to relieve us from all annoyance incident to travelling in Central America. So we concluded he would be a valuable acquisition to our little party, as he was familiar with the country and its resources and acquainted with many of the prominent and influential citizens. As there were but two classes of people in Spanish America, the upper class and the peon elements, I marvelled at the request of Dr. Ricardo, a man of intelligence and pleasing address who might easily have been taken for a diplomat from any of the Latin-American Republics, until he confessed that at one time he had known better days and had been prominent in political circles of Salvador, prior to its overthrow, four years previous, by Carlos Ezeta, who then became his bitter enemy on account of the support he had given President Mendez. To save his life he had been obliged to flee from the country. In relating his experiences he told us that he had spent two years in Mexico before coming to Guatemala that he might be in closer communication with his countrymen; that his finances were now exhausted and he yearned to return to San Salvador and was willing to accept the humble position of a peon in order to reach his native country, now at peace, where he might enjoy a quiet life and practice his profession. Since his offence had been no greater crime than loyalty to his country, he was hopeful that the Ezetas would overlook the past. We were glad of the op-

portunity to have so distinguished a personage attached to our little party, especially now that we were to lose Mr. Duprey and his nephew, who were to engage in the growing of coffee in the Republic of Guatemala. We accepted the doctor's offer, placed him in charge of our little caravan, and on the twenty-seventh of April, after we had paid our respects to General Young, minister from the United States, passed out of the City of Guatemala, through Jutiapa, Atescatempa and south of Lake Guija en route to the frontier of San Salvador, where we arrived April twenty-ninth. Our journey was without incident; no demands were made upon us for our passports and we were saved the usual annoyance caused by petty officers and were thankful to be allowed to enter the City of Santiago peacefully.

From here we went to visit some of San Salvador's famous coffee plantations we had heard so much about before leaving Guatemala, among which was one owned by Alfred Schlessinger, a wealthy Hungarian, and said to be the best in the Republic. The coffee trees were in full bloom; the sheet of creamy, white blossoms against the glossy, dark green background, was a sight to behold. The air was heavily laden with a sweet perfume, a compromise between that of the *Auratum* lily and the clove-scented carnation. Salvador was less mountainous than that part of Guatemala through which we had recently travelled. Instead of lofty mountains that formed the backbone of that country and divided the waters of the Pacific from those of the Atlantic, here we found the mountains in groups and isolated ranges that gradually merged into lower and flatter country, towards the Pacific Ocean. Among the few isolated peaks that projected above these mountains, was one from which a dense volume of smoke arose to the height of several thousand feet.

This peak, Dr. Ricardo informed us, was Izalco, San Salvador's most famous volcano. Early on the second day of May while journeying through a sparsely wooded country we were suddenly confronted and ordered to halt by forty or fifty soldiers mounted on foaming steeds. The officer in charge, Colonel Urrutia, inquired of Dr. Ricardo whence we came, and upon being informed demanded our passports. These, with other papers that we had taken precaution to secure prior to our departure from the United States, were handed to the Colonel who examined them and said that inasmuch as San Salvador was not mentioned as one of the countries we contemplated visiting, they were of little value and that our passport from Guatemala would not be recognized at the present, as a strained relationship existed between the two countries, an insurrection having recently broken out in the Department of Santa Ana; the Colonel's orders were to arrest all persons entering the country from Guatemala as suspected rebels or sympathizers. In accordance with these orders we were relieved of our credentials and then placed under arrest and put in charge of a dozen murderous-looking soldiers with orders to take us to Santa Ana and deliver us into the hands of General Antonio Ezeta, the vice president of the Republic of San Salvador. Ignorant of the revolution that had so suddenly broken out on April 29th, we had been taken completely by surprise, and as we had failed to have our papers endorsed by officers guarding the frontier and were travelling in company with two Salvadorians who had fled from the country four years previous, appearances

were against us. We confessed ignorance of the revolution and protested against our arrest as being an outrage as we were peaceful American citizens bent on engaging in the culture of coffee, and intended no offence. Colonel Urrutia demanded if that were true we explain how we happened to be travelling in company with Dr. Ricardo and Romolda Mendez, who were both political enemies of the country. We tried to make it clear that the Doctor and Romolda Mendez were merely in our employ, the one hired as servant, and the other as guide. In answer to our explanation he sarcastically replied, "Dr. Ricardo a servant! and a guide in Romolda Mendez, nephew of ex-President Mendez, men of their influence and intelligence! I do not believe it." He then turned a deaf ear to our pleadings and ordered Wermrez, one of the petty officers, to take charge of us, then mounted and with his soldiers galloped away.

We attempted to argue with Wermrez about the injustice of our arrest, but when a villainous-looking individual shoved a murderous bayonet against the doctor's breast, with the soldier only awaiting the signal to fire, all argument ceased. We complied with orders, mounted and proceeded on our journey towards Santa Ana. About noon we came to a hacienda where a party of horsemen were collecting horses and mules for the army. Wermrez halted for a time and sent some of his men to assist in rounding up the animals. We were about to resume our journey, when Mr. Neal, an American from Pennsylvania, the owner, who had been absent from home, returned. He rode up to the officer and asked, "What in —— are you doing with my stock?" When he was informed that they were to be taken for the army, he loudly protested and demanded pay. This the officer refused and said, "I am simply obeying orders." In the heated discussion that followed, Mr. Neal use some abusive language and for his insolence was ordered to dismount, that the officer might take his saddle animal also. Mr. Neal, greatly agitated, replied, "I will see you in —— first"; whereupon the officer drew his revolver and shot Mr. Neal, who fell from the saddle dead, with one foot hanging in the stirrup. When the frightened horse was quieted the villainous officer released Mr. Neal's foot from the stirrup, threw his body to one side, where it was left, mounted the beautiful horse and ordered his men to proceed with the others. This inhuman treatment of one of my countrymen was almost more than I could bear, but, under the circumstances, I was powerless and could do nothing more than report the affair to our Government.

Towards evening, we arrived outside of El Conacoste. Here we were shocked to hear of the assassination of Alfred Schlessinger, whose coffee plantation we had so recently visited. With this news and the unwarranted murder of Mr. Neal still fresh in my mind, my confidence in the protection of Americans by the United States was somewhat shattered. Late that evening, we were ordered to appear before a council of officers, and after our papers had been presented and a lengthy discussion had taken place, we were placed in an old adobe building with a sentry in charge that none might escape. Dr. Ricardo, who had recognized General Antonio Ezeta as the head of the council, was fearful of the results, and that night was one of mortal terror for we knew not what the morrow would bring forth. Before sunrise four soldiers entered the old building and removed

Dr. Ricardo, with orders for us to follow. On the outside were a number of other soldiers. The doctor, with his arms tied behind him and a handkerchief bound over his eyes, was stood up against the wall of the adobe building that had been our prison during the previous night. When the officer in charge, with one downward stroke of his sword, gave the signal, the report from a volley of rifles rang out and the doctor fell dead, bleeding from half a dozen bullet wounds. Romolda, our muleteer, was led away and I suppose met a similar fate. There were but two alternatives offered Mr. Rhinehart, Mr. Stephens and me; one to pay a fine of three thousand dollars each and leave the country. The other was to serve in the army. As we each of us had about seven hundred and fifty dollars in silver to defray our travelling expenses we were unable to purchase the liberty of one,

let alone three, and so informed the officer, who grumbled his disbelief. We handed him five hundred dollars, he grinned and insultingly remarked something about the poor gringos who came to San Salvador to purchase coffee lands. He then thrust a musket into the hands of each and ordered us into the ranks of the army under General Antonio Ezeta. We were unwilling soldiers, yet feared to disobey lest we should meet a fate similar to that of Dr. Ricardo. Little time for reflection was allowed us on the eve of a battle that was about to take place. About ten o'clock in the morning Antonio Ezeta brought on the engagement by attacking the revolutionists who occupied the uneven ground to the north of El Conacoste that commanded the railroad between the village and the City of Santa Ana.

A river separated the rebel forces from those of the Government under the command of General Antonio Ezeta, and it had to be crossed before the rebels could be routed. General Ezeta led seven thousand of San Salvador's best trained soldiers. As easy victory was anticipated; however in this they were greatly mistaken as the enemies' position was well chosen. From the beginning of the junction of the opposing forces, the fighting was severe and it was not long before we were drawn into the thickest of the fray. The battle raged furiously for an hour, with apparently little or no advantage gained by either side. The rebels, who made several desperate attempts at crossing the river, were hurled back each time, suffering heavy losses. General Ezeta, who was everywhere in the thickest of the fight, at last took advantage of the enemy being driven back, to give orders for his army to charge and deal the enemy such a crushing blow as to put an end to the revolution. We were rushed forward in the face of a withering fire and soon gained the opposite bank of the stream and pushed ahead, while many fell about us. At this stage of the battle it seemed to me that we were getting badly worsted and I expected an order to come for withdrawal; but in this



General Antonio Ezeta

I was mistaken as in a very short time thereafter word was passed along the line that the revolutionists were being driven from their position and were on their retreat towards the City of Santa Ana two leagues distant. When the firing began to die out shouts of "Viva la República de San Salvador!" and "Viva el Presidente Carlos Ezeta!" filled the air and for the first time I realized that the victory was with the Government forces. General Antonio Ezeta, who led his troops to battle instead of ordering them to go forward, was wounded in the head, which proved so severe that he was obliged to retire from the field. The command fell upon General Balances, who took advantage of the victory to press forward after the retreating rebels, inflicting considerable loss upon them. By nightfall the retreating army had reached their stronghold before Santa Ana, where the natural defences were too strong for us to attack until we were reinforced. General Balances estimated our losses to be four hundred killed and fifteen hundred wounded, while those of the enemy were found to be much greater. Thus terminated my first day as a soldier serving in the San Salvadoran Army.

As neither Mr. Stephens nor I ever saw or heard of Mr. Rhinehart after this engagement we never knew for a certainty whether he was killed in battle, or succeeded in making his escape into Guatemala.

The City of Santa Ana, the seat of the revolution, is the capital of the Department of Santa Ana and it was here that the revolution was hatched, by Generals Gutierrez, Galana and Ubantime, and was headed by Colonel Cristales and General Rafael Antonio Gutierrez, the former Governor of the Department of Ahuchapon. Upon the breaking out of the revolution the rebels seized the barracks at Santa Ana and plotted the assassination of the Vice-President, General Antonio Ezeta, the brother to the President, General Carlos Ezeta, with the thought that if successful, dissension would arise among the Government forces and some of the generals with their troops would go over to the revolution. One evening while the Vice-President was calling upon Miss Wright, his fiancée, an American girl from Georgia, a knock came at the door and had not General Antonio Ezeta suspected treachery, and jumped from the window and escaped under cover of darkness, the villainous and well-laid plot of the rebels would have succeeded. After General Antonio Ezeta escaped, he joined his troops, rallied the soldiers and was marching on Santa Ana to chastise the rebels on the day of our arrival at El Conacoste. The rebels on learning of the approach of the Government forces under General Antonio Ezeta, sallied forth to occupy El Conacoste before General Ezeta with his forces could reach that place. General Antonio Ezeta, who had already arrived there before them, on learning of the movement of the rebel forces halted and prepared to give battle. We found him on the evening of May second at this place in command of seven thousand of San Salvador's best trained soldiers, when we were delivered over into his hands as rebel sympathizers from Guatemala.

Santa Ana, the stronghold of the revolutionists, is almost inaccessible, situated as it is in a narrow valley, and can be reached only by a single pass. Here a few thousand determined soldiers could hold the city against overwhelming numbers. The next day General Balances, in command of a detachment of the Army of the Republic, attacked the rebels who were guarding the pass, the approach to the

city, and after a sharp conflict of half an hour's duration partially succeeded in driving them from this pass. One wing of the rebel army on finding General Balances' forces between them and Santa Ana, saved themselves by retreating in the direction of Guatemala. General Balances, taking advantage of the rebels' weakened forces, soon cleared the pass and we were ordered to advance to the attack of the city. Our wing approached the town through one of the excellent coffee plantations of Alfred Schlessinger, who had been so ruthlessly murdered. We were then rushed up Santa Lucia Street under a heavy fire from the revolutionists, from the roofs of the houses and from behind the walls of the buildings of the city. After failing in several attempts to capture the city we gladly withdrew to await reinforcements as we had suffered heavy casualties. General Balances reported over three hundred killed and seven hundred wounded as the result of this engagement. The enemies' losses were no doubt less than ours as they were protected by the walls of the buildings. In the evening while the cannon were being brought up to bombard the city word came that the rebels had successfully blown up a bridge while a train was crossing, with fifteen hundred soldiers, to strengthen the army before Santa Ana, and that three hundred had been killed and many injured, including President Carlos Ezeta, who was rushing troops to the aid of the army under the command of his brother, General Antonio Ezeta.

Later reports came to the effect that the President had escaped uninjured and that troops would be forwarded by special train. Reports also reached us of the overwhelming defeat of the rebels at La Aler, two leagues northwest of Santa Ana; that President Carlos Ezeta's troops under the command of General Ferrera had defeated the rebels at Las Crucitas and that they were retreating towards Honduras; that the casualties in killed and wounded were excessively heavy; and that General Gutierrez had been wounded and his Lieutenant General Salguero was among the killed. Encouraged by the three great victories gained over the revolutionists, General Balances began making preparations for attacking Santa Ana before the enemy could receive reinforcements and recover from the shock of partial defeat. Cannon were brought and placed upon Mount Kalakoff and a bombardment of the city began which was kept up almost incessantly, doing a great deal of damage to the city. While thus engaged, on the eighth word came from President Carlos Ezeta, who was directing the campaign since his brother Antonio had been wounded, to send aid to General Joaquín Lopaz to drive the rebels from Chalchuase. General Balances, to meet this urgent request of the President, detached a portion of his troops under Colonel Solis. Unfortunately for Mr. Stephens and me, we were included in this detachment, and on the following day marched five leagues to the vicinity of Chalchuase, and joined the forces of General Lopaz, who were then making preparations to attack the rebels behind their parapets at Chalchuase. On the tenth more troops arrived from the capital and with this additional force General Joaquín Lopaz had quite a formidable army.

On the morning of the eleventh we were up early and all was astir in camp, and from the warlike preparations going on every one anticipated that a bloody battle was about to take place. But just when it would occur no one knew until General Lopaz marshaled his forces and gave orders to march on to Chalchuase.

and storm that town. Fighting of the most desperate character began at once, in which both the infantry and the artillery were engaged. To drive the rebels from behind their parapets and the protection of the adobe walls of the houses in the town the battle raged for two hours, with many falling on both sides, before it was discovered that the enemy were being driven from their parapets, which no sooner were vacated by the foe before they were occupied by our forces. From the parapets we were able to drive the rebels from the town. When it was discovered that the rebels were disbanding and retreating to the north, General León Bolanas was sent to intercept them and to prevent their escaping into Honduras, or receiving aid from that country. This battle was a terribly bloody affair, in which the casualties of the Government side were said to be more than eighteen hundred in killed and wounded. General Lopaz estimated those of the enemy to be far greater than those of his own forces. What soldiers remained fit for duty out of the forces sent General Lopaz by General Balances, were marched across the country and joined General Balances' army at Santa Ana. Mr. Stephens, who had for the past few days been suffering from a light attack of the fever, was now having it in a more violent form. This was no doubt brought on by the excitement of the day's fighting. As he was unfit for duty he remained behind and I regretted parting company with him. The next day we arrived before Santa Ana in time to take part in storming that city. General Antonio Ezeta, who had recovered sufficiently from his wound, had resumed command of the army before Santa Ana and encouraged by the overwhelming defeat of the enemy at Chalchuase, and reinforced with troops from General Ferrera, he decided to strike a blow at Santa Ana, drive the enemy from this stronghold and crush the revolution. The cannonading from Mount Kalakoff for the past week had done effective work in destroying the city, and on the twelfth the engagement opened with vigorous cannonading from Mount Kalakoff. General Antonio Ezeta led against the city a force a little short of ten thousand of San Salvador's best armed and drilled soldiers, who would fight until their death for the love of their general. When we tried to force our way into the city the engagement became general, and soon several points of advantage were won, but the revolutionists had evidently been reinforced, and they stubbornly refused to be dislodged and poured a deadly fire into our troops. The engagement was a sharp one and for a time it looked as if our forces would be defeated and driven from that part of the city, so gloriously and dearly won. It was at this point that General Ezeta distinguished himself by splendid generalship. On finding that the rebels had partially succeeded in gaining our rear and were pouring a deadly fire down upon us from the roofs and the windows of the buildings, and from behind the adobe walls, he gave orders to fall back to a position less exposed. It was on this occasion, while falling back, that a bullet plowed its way across the elbow of my left arm and rendered that member useless for the further bearing of arms. Notwithstanding that General Ezeta led the flower of the Salvadorian army we were unable to maintain our ground, and were driven back under the protection of our artillery, and soon found ourselves being slowly driven back into the pass. Unfit for duty, I made my way to the rear where medical attention could be had, and rejoiced that no bones were broken and the damage done was nothing worse than a severe flesh

wound. I appealed to General Ezeta to be released from the army and was somewhat disappointed by his refusal, but was elated over being sent in company with some convalescent soldiers to the City of San Salvador, capital of the Republic, where I hoped to be able to obtain my dismissal and a passport to leave the country. After our arrival at the City of San Salvador, I was overjoyed at meeting Mr. Stephens, who had partially recovered from his attack of the fever. He, along with other convalescing soldiers, had been sent to the capital city where better aid could be given them.

Here, while convalescing, I became acquainted with Frederick Jeffries, from Massachusetts, who like myself had been travelling in the Republic, where he had come to engage in the culture of coffee. Since the revolution broke out, he had been severely dealt with. Thankful that his life had been spared, he was anxious to quit this country of unrest and return to Boston where revolutions were out of fashion, but found this impossible as no vessels were in port. While at the capital, awaiting a steamer, we called on the British Consul, who, informed of our unjust treatment, accompanied us to President Carlos Ezeta where he interceded in our behalf, securing for Mr. Stephens, a British subject, his liberty. However, I did not despair of obtaining mine as President Carlos Ezeta, a man about six feet tall, with none of the treacherous looks depicted in the countenance of his brother, Antonio, was far from the villainous individual I had conjured. The President was a handsome man with an open countenance that suggested sympathy and kindness, and I could scarcely believe him guilty of the treachery charged to him. In the meantime, I was given the freedom of the city and surrounding country. During our stay in San Salvador we eagerly listened to the various reports as to the success of the army, which were usually favorable to the Government. In the evening, our time was spent in watching the eruptions of the volcano Izalco that occurred about every ten minutes. When these eruptions took place large quantities of red-hot stone and ashes were belched forth, emitting flames of fire that shot skyward several hundred feet above the apex of the volcano. Between eruptions, the red-hot, cone-shaped top of the mountain cooled off and gradually turned black, until it was finally enveloped in darkness and only the outline was made visible by the glow of the fire within, until a fresh eruption took place. In the various calls Mr. Jeffries and I made on the President, our passports, to our great annoyance, were denied us, first on one pretext and then on another.

Finally we were informed that it would not be safe to leave the capital and travel to the coast without a military escort. This forethought on the part of the President, for our welfare, certainly seemed strange to us, as for a fortnight past our lives had not been considered so precious. As it afterward developed, President Ezeta planned to retain all foreigners possible as an escort for his family should they be obliged to flee the country. He well knew that the revolution was gaining strength, and that if his government was overthrown, and he was compelled to leave the country, the lives of his family would be far safer in the care of these foreigners than in that of his own countrymen whom he dare not trust, as they probably would defile, if not murder, his whole family. The President had succeeded in deceiving the people as to the success of the army until news

reached the city that General Ferrera, with most of his men and guns, had gone over to the rebels; that General Madainago had defeated General Bolanos at Tejutla; and that General Gutierrez had deceived General Antonio Ezeta by retreating towards Honduras, thereby succeeding in uniting with an army from Honduras, and by forced marches had suddenly attacked the army under General Antonio Ezeta, forcing him to fall back on Cajutepeque with heavy losses. And that he with Generals Balances and Jeffries, an American, a soldier of fortune, was gradually falling back on the capital where they expected to make their final stand. There was great excitement in the city, many of the residents concealing their valuables and money that they might not be encumbered if com-

pelled to flee. On the sixteenth Mr. Stephens and I, in company with a number of foreigners who decided to leave the country, acted as escort to the President's wife and four daughters, the youngest a beautiful child of about six years of age, from the capital to the port of La Libertad, where they were placed aboard the steamer Valeria that was lying there waiting to receive them.

Upon our arrival at the port, Messrs. Stephens, Jeffries and I boarded the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's steamer Starbuck, that then happened to be in port on her southern run to Panama. Here we found that the steamer had been detained for three days by the San Salvadorian officers with orders to shoot all revolutionists found on board. In the evening the Starbuck steamed out of port on her southern voyage and we were glad to escape from a country torn by revolution. That night we remained on deck until a late hour, perfectly fascinated with the spectacular effect of the phosphorescent waters that broke on the shore or rippled along in the wake of the vessel. Numerous schools of small fish that darted through the water, with an occasional shark or large fish in pursuit, reminded us of meteors and showers of shooting stars. The following morning while we lay peacefully at anchor in the harbor of La Union, the Starbuck was again boarded by Salvadorian officers and soldiers with orders to shoot at sight any revolutionist found on board. During the day the soldiers paraded the decks and detachments thoroughly searched the vessel, but fortunately for the passengers no revolutionists were found. Towards evening, when the Starbuck was allowed to continue her voyage, and the officers



President Carlos Ezeta

and soldiers went ashore, I breathed somewhat more easily as La Union was the last port of call in the Republic of San Salvador, and I marvelled at the peaceful submission of the officers of the Starbuck, an American ship, that carried the United States mail, until I was later informed that they had learned by past experience that it was far better to submit gracefully to these insults and indignities, and remain on friendly terms with the officers of the Government, than to insist on their rights as American citizens and appeal to the United States, upon whom they could not depend for protection.

The Starbuck steamed across the Gulf of Fonseca and before dark cast anchor in the harbor of Amapala, the most important seaport on the Pacific Coast of Honduras. This town is situated on Tigress Island, an extinct volcano now overgrown with trees and five leagues distant from the mainland. Here Mr. Fred Jeffries and I took leave of Mr. Stephens, who, owing to his rough experience in San Salvador, gave up all thought of settling in a land of revolutions, and continued on to Panama and, later, in company with his sisters, sailed for England. Originally it had been my intention to enter Nicaragua by the way of the port of Corinto, but upon Mr. Stephens' leaving us I changed my plans and decided to ride with Mr. Jeffries across the country to Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, and from there across that republic to Matagalpa in Nicaragua. There was great excitement in Amapala after our arrival, due to a report having been circulated that we were escaped Salvadoran soldiers, and when we arranged for animals with which to make our journey, it became generally noised about that we were going to join a body of expelled Salvadorans and sympathizers from Honduras, and attack the government forces from Sensuntepeque, a town on the Honduran frontier. These reports, no doubt had their inception in the revolutionist who had been concealed under their numerous sacks of mail in the hold of the Starbuck, who had thereby escaped discovery by the officers of San Salvador and had gone ashore at Amapala. As Mr. Jeffries' trunk bore his name in full, he had been confused with Jeffries, the American, who had gained considerable distinction in the Salvadoran Army. No doubt the Hondurans were never any the wiser as to this mistake in identity. In the evening, about eight o'clock, Mr. Jeffries and I took passage for San Lorenzo in an open boat, manned by six stalwart Honduran oarsmen. While on our voyage to the mainland, a thunder storm suddenly came up, accompanied by a terrific wind, that soon lashed the waters of the gulf into a perfect fury, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the oarsmen prevented our boat from swamping. Fortunately the wind was of short duration. As it died out, a light shower reminded us that the rainy season was now at hand. Retarded by the storm, we failed to reach San Lorenzo until after sunrise the following morning. Early as it was, several women and children were taking their morning dip in the surf, that gently broke upon the shore. Some of the children were black and others were chocolate colored, but all were naked. As we landed, the women offered for sale some of the largest sugar pineapples I had even seen.

As Manuel, our new muleteer, had failed to meet us, more than an hour was lost before we located him, and it was after nine o'clock when our luggage was securely strapped to the mules and we were ready to depart from this miserable,

filthy little village, with its fleas, pigs and sticky atmosphere, and proceed on our journey towards Tegucigalpa. Throughout the day, we jogged through an undulating and uninteresting country, sparsely wooded with scrubby, deciduous trees of no particular value, except to relieve the barren appearance of the country and, when in leaf, afford the weary traveller shade. The one redeeming feature of the day's travel was the wide road on which Mr. Jeffries and I had the pleasure of riding abreast, a privilege not often enjoyed in Central America. Now and then we passed a village or hacienda, and were occasionally aroused from our half-dazed condition, produced by the torrid sun, by Manuel's shout, "Iguana." Some of these lizards, more than three feet long, ran across our path with the speed of a race horse and disappeared down some hole, or took refuge up some neighboring tree. Manuel claimed that the meat of the iguana was superior to any chicken we had ever eaten, and begged us to shoot them as they scurried away, but as neither Mr. Jeffries nor I had an appetite for lizards, they were allowed to go unharmed. Towards evening we arrived in a mountainous country, a most welcome change. When we rode up to a hut and enquired for shelter, the proprietor informed us that his family were all down with the fever. With vivid recollections of the night I had spent under the roof of Dona Vasques, I feared that the sickness in this family might be another case of smallpox, so swung our hammocks in the open, under the trees. We had but little sleep that night on account of the vivid flashes of lightning and the deafening peals of thunder that continued throughout the forepart of the night. The next morning, we awakened before daylight and as we crawled from beneath our ponchos (a gum blanket to keep off rain) were surprised to find that not a drop of water had fallen to moisten the parched, sun-dried earth. By daylight, we were in our saddles ready to proceed on our journey and after several hours of travel came to a river where the women from the neighboring hamlet were doing their family washing. While Manuel halted the animals to drink, we watched the women as they stood knee deep in the water, soap the clothes and beat them over some favorite, projecting rock. This was repeated time after time, then the clothes were rinsed in the river and hung on the bushes to dry. I wondered why the clothes were not worn out in the washing and was surprised at their snowy whiteness. While the mothers washed, the children, principally in the nude, played about the water like so many little frogs. One little fellow, bolder than the others, pulled a few blades of grass from the bank and offered them to my mule. As I rode away, I tossed him cinco centavos (five cents), and as he ran to his mother he called out *Adiós*.

We arrived in Tugucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, Sunday, just as the people were leaving church. As our trip of the past three days had availed us nothing, we regretted that we had not continued to the port of Corinto on the steamer Starbuck. There was nothing to warrant our stay in the capital, we so decided to leave the following morning for Matagalpa, and as our contract with Manuel had expired, spent the afternoon in search of a new muleteer and animals with which to continue our journey. In this battle-scarred city, the feeling was intense, the barracks having withstood the brunt of battle in the recent war, with Nicaragua as the aggressor. Policarpo Bonillo, a Honduranian lawyer, who had been defeated for the Presidency by General Domingo Vasquez, smarting with

defeat, stirred up a feeling against President Vasquez and, when finally expelled from Honduras, went to Nicaragua, became a citizen, and was soon elected to the Nicaraguan Congress. While in this office, he encouraged and assisted the revolutionary movement in Honduras, led filibustering parties of insurgents across the line and engaged in border warfare. When hard pressed by the Honduranian troops, he crossed back into Nicaragua. So persistent was he that President Vasquez notified the Nicaraguan Government, in October, 1893, that unless Bonillo's warlike raids ceased, Honduras would be obliged to declare war against Nicaragua. The wily and avaricious Zelaya, President of Nicaragua, ever ready to stir up strife that would further advance his interests or increase his popularity, had only been waiting for this very opportunity, and immediately declared war on Honduras before President Vasquez could put his threat into execution. Bonillo, with a band of adventurers, crossed the border, joined the revolutionary element of Honduras and after the battle in Yuscaran, set up a Provisional Government. This was instantly given recognition by President Zelaya who dispatched General Orteiz with a thousand Nicaraguan soldiers to occupy the towns of San Luis and Cycopino, and to aid Bonillo. During the months of war that followed, a number of battles took place, with the fortunes of war first on one side and then on the other, but like most revolutionary movements in Central America, the revolvers were the victors. After a siege of several weeks by the combined forces of Bonillo and Orteiz, President Vasquez and his troops, shut up in the capital, were overwhelmed, so the city capitulated in February, 1894, and President Vasquez, in order to save his life, fled to San Salvador.

The year before, this same Bonillo, when a passenger on the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's boat *Costa Rica*, had been the cause of the Honduranian Government firing on an American vessel. When the boat touched at the port of Amapala, the Captain refused to surrender him to the Honduranian officers and as a result his vessel steamed away under the fire of cannon. The Honduranian Government eventually apologized for the act. With recollections of recent trouble still vivid in the minds of the people, it was difficult to find any one to act as guide on our journey into Nicaragua. As Pedro, in whom I placed little confidence, was the only one we could induce to accompany us, we decided to accept him. Shortly after our departure from Tegucigalpa, I had an attack of fever but as it abated somewhat, we rode on through Villaje de Los Angeles without halting and a short distance beyond surprised some señoritas taking a bath in a stream. They were garbed only in the bathing suit nature had given them, and had evidently not expected travellers to pass that way. After they discovered us, it was too late to take refuge behind the bushes that lined the banks of the stream, so they squatted in the water and thus partially concealed, smiled as we passed. Late that afternoon a thunder storm, whose deafening peals outrivaled any heard outside of the tropics, came up and continued until after nightfall. Fortunately, but little water fell and after a desperately hard ride of nine hours, we arrived at Yuscarán, the principal mining town of Honduras, thirty miles from Tegucigalpa. In this little town, surrounded, except on the southeast, by lofty mountains, with an elevation of about three thousand feet, we spent the night. Here the battle had taken place between Bonillo's forces and those of President Vasquez, less

than a year before. The following morning we were up at daylight and ready to resume our journey by six o'clock. As we rode out of the town we met a number of women returning to their homes with water jars on their heads. Apparently, half of the female population was engaged in dipping up water from the Río Choluteco when we forded that stream. A little farther up the river several were in bathing; this and the fact that the women waded into the stream and splashed about before they filled their jars, led me to believe that they were not very particular about the water they used for domestic purposes. No doubt the water that had been used to prepare our evening meal the night before, had been obtained in the same way.

I regretted to leave Yuscarán before I had investigated the possibilities of growing coffee on the neighboring mountains, but as the fever seemed to have taken a firm hold on me, I was anxious to reach Matagalpa. After we had jogged along over a rolling country for some distance we entered a llano that seemed to be chiefly valuable for stock-raising. Here and there we passed clumps of trees on which gourds grew. When I first entered the country, I mistook one of these gourds, which resembled a large green apple, for some choice fruit, picked it and tried to eat it. They are utilized by the natives who frequently make them into elaborately carved cups and bowls. As we journeyed along, we came to a species of thorn tree, covered with large thorns that somewhat resembled the horns of an ox, and more than two inches in length. As some of the branches, along which the numerous thorns grew in clusters, were straight enough for walking sticks, I was tempted to procure some of them as a curiosity, so climbed the tree and proceeded to cut off several choice sticks. To my great surprise and sorrow, I found each thorn to be the home of numerous, small black ants that viciously attacked me when I threatened destruction to their homes. Instantly I felt as if I had been bitten in ten thousand places; the pain was so excruciating that I threw myself from the tree to escape my tormentors. When I ascertained that no bones had been broken in my fall, I retired to a small stream, removed my clothing and lay down in the water, but my tormentors refused to let go and clung to me with the tenacity of so many miniature bulldogs. So I was obliged to pick them off, one by one, many of them clinging so tightly that their heads were pulled off. Mr. Jeffries and Pedro, convulsed with laughter at my predicament, assisted me to rid myself and clothes of these venomous little insects, whose bites caused my flesh to swell and burn as if I had a fresh attack of fever. When I examined the thorns, I found that nearly every one contained a small hole near the point through which the ant made his entrance and exit. After I had brushed off the few ants that remained on the sticks, we lashed them to the cargo mules where they remained until we reached Matagalpa.

Shortly after the ant episode, when I called Pedro's attention to what I thought was the shell of an armadillo in the brush, he halted, dismounted, and after one blow with a stick, picked up the supposed shell, that in reality was the armadillo itself. That night we dined on armadillo meat, which Pedro pronounced next to the iguana in quality. As neither Mr. Jeffries nor I had ever eaten iguana, we were unable to tell whether or not Pedro's judgment was good on this point, but decided that one meal of armadillo was quite sufficient. Farther on,

we came to a mountainous country, where the summits of the mountains were clothed in a beautiful mantle of green. As we neared the summit, by a narrow path, barely wide enough for our animals to travel single file, we came to a forest of noble trees that formed a canopy overhead, so dense that even the sun could scarcely penetrate it. Suddenly a band of monkeys, startled by our presence, hastily scurried off through the branches of the trees and in their hurry to escape sounded like so many stampeded steers breaking through the forest. While we travelled through this forest, a thunder storm came up and as usual little water fell, but it was enough to drench us and make us shiver, here in the high altitude after having been in the heated llanos, below. The change in temperature caused my fever to return and this, combined with the painful bites of the ants, caused me untold agony and I lost all interest in reaching Matagalpa, until Mr. Jeffries, in his efforts to stimulate me, said that I was still worth a dozen dead men. In the late afternoon we descended from the lofty mountains to the little village of Depilto, having crossed the line from Honduras into the Republic of Nicaragua sometime during the day, but just when and where, we knew not. That evening we rode to Ocotal, where I spent a miserable night. The following morning, most of the swelling caused by the ant bites having disappeared and my fever being somewhat abated, I resumed my journey to Matagalpa with renewed courage; one thought uppermost in my mind, that if matters became worse, I could at least die among my countrymen and have a decent burial. A short distance out from Ocotal, we forded Telpaneca River, the upper branch of Río Coco. As we journeyed along, en route to the town of Telpaneca, about two leagues distant, we saw several flocks of paraquets and one flock of twenty or more macaws in flight, whose red and purple plumage was beautiful to behold. A little farther on, sick as I was, I halted and shot a coatí, a strange animal to me that somewhat resembled a raccoon, as it descended a ceiba tree.

We travelled on from Telpaneca about three leagues, forded a stream of considerable size where some Indian children were swimming, left the Río Coco valley and began our ascent of the Teluca Mountains, over a muddy trail, that to me seemed narrower and steeper than any other over which we had travelled heretofore. At times our progress was so impeded with the numerous vines that hung down from the trees, that Pedro was compelled to dismount and clear the path with his machete. As we ascended the mountain, the size of the trees and the density of the undergrowth increased. On the summit, which I judge was about three thousand feet above sea level, we found a continuation of this magnificent forest with its tall stately trees, many of which exceeded four feet in diameter, with only a crown of limbs at the top. The forest, composed of Spanish cedar, satinwood, mahogany and many other varieties of hardwood, with which I was not familiar, in the United States would have been considered very valuable, but here in Nicaragua was prized only for the shade it would afford coffee trees. While we rested a few minutes and viewed these lofty trees, a band of peccaries, the first we had seen, emerged from the undergrowth, crossed our path and disappeared into the jungle on the other side. Soon after we resumed our journey, we came to an opening from which we looked out over the Río Coco valley and the mountains we had crossed the previous day. In our tortuous descent, over a



A CEIBA TREE—SHOWING A MATAPALO VINE
TWINED AROUND TRUNK

steeper path than that by which we had ascended, we travelled so close to the brink of the precipice that had our animals made a false step, we would have been hurled more than a thousand feet to the valley below. Half way down, we halted at an Indian hut, built on the extreme end of a spur of the mountain, bought enough bananas to fill our alforjas (saddle bags) for a real ($12\frac{1}{2}c$), and as we continued on our irksome journey, were startled by the howling of some wild animals whose hideous noise, as they approached, was enough to frighten a regiment of mollicoddle soldiers. Shortly after Pedro informed us that these animals were called osos monos (bear-howlers), a species of large black monkey. They passed over our heads like a whirlwind, in the branches of the trees and howled as they went. I counted thirty of these black rascals, then confused by their movement, gave up further attempt to ascertain their number.

Shortly after noon, under a blazing sun, we passed some abandoned fields where cattle were grazing, and later rode into the town of San Rafael del Norte where we rested four hours, hopeful that I might recover somewhat from the fever that had been gradually undermining my strength. Towards evening, after the heat had somewhat abated, we started again on our journey and had been under way scarcely an hour when the rumble of distant thunder warned us that a storm was approaching. Before we could realize it the death-like stillness that precedes one of these thunder storms was broken by crashing peals of thunder that reverberated through the heavens, and our surroundings were brilliantly lighted by the vivid flashes of lightning. The wind, that suddenly sprang up, threatened destruction to us and all in its path, caught my poncho and tore it from my body. A deluge of water followed and instantly our path was turned into a roaring torrent that rushed down the mountain side, to the waters of the Río Grande. The rain, whipped into a spray by the wind, drifted about us until we could scarcely see two rods ahead. My mule, frightened by the terrific crash of a large tree that fell to the ground near by, suddenly sprang forward and I, weakened by the fever, lost my balance and was thrown. Drenched to the skin and chilled to the bone with the water pouring out over the top of my shoes, I was in no condition to attempt to overtake Mr. Jeffries and Pedro, so sat down to wait beneath a noble ceibo tree that reminded me of the beech trees in Pennsylvania, in the death grip of a matapalo vine. My matches were wet, so a fire was out of the question, and as a sheet of water continued to fall, I did not look forward to a very comfortable night in the forest. I sat there meditating as to what would ultimately become of me, when Mr. Jeffries and Pedro, who had caught my mule when it overtook them, returned and assisted me into the saddle. The storm continued unabated until after our arrival at Jinotego, where we were compelled to spend the night on account of my exhausted condition. Pedro, having neglected to lash the gum blankets over our cargo before we left San Rafael del Norte, our luggage was drenched and we were forced to sleep on a bull-hide bed with no other covering save the clothes we wore.

My strength, which had been constantly undermined by the fever, was somewhat regained by the night's rest, so I concluded to continue on to Matagalpa, five leagues distant, where I hoped to receive medical attention and as the sun shone through a rift in the clouds that hung about the mountains, we started on the

last lap of our journey. A short distance out we passed some Indians, whose only raiment was a pair of white cotton overalls each. They were driving ox teams and hauling bamboo poles to be used in the construction of houses in Jinotego. The oxen were not yoked as in the United States, but a straight, stout stick was fastened to their horns; with one end of a rope fastened to this and the other end to the bundle of bamboo, the oxen were thus compelled to pull their loads with their horns. The Indians drove them with a long bamboo pole instead of the cruel goad stick, in common use. Towards noon, we began the ascent of the most precipitous mountain we had yet climbed and when about half way up, overtook some Indians on their way to Matagalpa. The men wore overalls; the dress of the women, new to me, in Central America, consisted of a yard and a half of manta (a coarse cotton cloth), wrapped around their bodies, fastened at the waist and allowed to fall half way to the ankles. The children were nude. Some of the women carried bundles on their heads, while now and then one had a child astride her back. They trudged ahead of the caravan. Each of the men led a bull, saddled after the fashion of the country, with two large sacks made out of dried ox-hide, hairy side out, thrown across the saddle. These sacks were generally filled with ears of maize or bunches of bananas that were being taken to market, but occasionally we noticed a child or two in some of them. We travelled in company with the Indians for two hours, up the steep mountain path, so steep in places that I feared I would fall over backwards, so dismounted and dragged myself up. The saddle slipped occasionally and undoubtedly would have gone over the mule's haunches had it not been held on by the breast strap. As we neared the summit, we passed small fields where corn had lately been harvested, and a short distance beyond saw a number of young coffee trees, not yet in bearing, planted under the shade of the forest. As our Indian friends, apparently in no hurry to reach Matagalpa that day, stopped here to rest we parted company and forged ahead.

Our descent was slow and tedious. The path was so steep that we walked rather than take the chance of being precipitated over our mule's head to the jungle below. As we approached a small stream at the base of the mountain, we startled a wild animal that Pedro assured us was a tapir from the amount of noise it made in its efforts to escape through the brush. I had never seen one of these animals in its native haunts, and regretted that I was unable, on account of my weakened condition, to take advantage of the opportunity and follow in pursuit. After we had crossed the stream and begun our ascent of the mountain, we were overtaken by a thunder storm. My poncho, badly torn, afforded me but little protection and as we broke our way through the wet vines and brush, that choked our path here and there, we were drenched to the skin. On continuing our laborious journey it became evident that our guide had taken the wrong path, for we were now past due at Matagalpa. When questioned, Pedro acknowledged that he had been lost for the past four hours and suggested that we continue to the summit. Just as darkness came on we emerged from the forest into an elevated plain and soon after, to our great joy, discovered the camino real (the public highway) that led from Momotombo to Matagalpa. By this time, my fever having been aggravated by the desperately hard trip and my anxiety to reach



HOME OF NICHOLAS DELANEY, MATAGALPA, NICARAGUA

Matagalpa before night, I was completely exhausted and it was with the utmost difficulty that I remained in the saddle. When Pedro informed me that it was yet two leagues to the end of our journey, I suggested to Mr. Jeffries that he and Pedro ride ahead and I would follow leisurely, although the rain continued to pour. The road was well lighted by the frequent flashes of lightning, so I anticipated no difficulty in finding my way. When about half way down from the table-land, my body seemed no longer a part of me; my legs refused to support me in the stirrups and I was unable to balance myself in the saddle. My brain seemed to be on fire and I felt myself gradually losing consciousness. Just what happened, no one knows, but the next thing that I remember was being lifted up by Mr. Jeffries, who enquired if I was hurt. It seems that while Pedro stopped at the stream below to water the animals, my mule overtook them. When they saw that he was riderless, they became alarmed, returned up the mountain side and found me lying in the road.

After I had made several unsuccessful attempts to mount, Mr. Jeffries and Pedro placed me in my saddle, where with the aid of Mr. Jeffries I managed to cling until we reached the river. Here we halted and after a short rest, forded the stream, travelled up the right bank for two miles and about ten o'clock arrived in Matagalpa. After a short stop at the hotel to enquire where Señor Nicholas Delaney resided, we spurred our jaded animals up a long, narrow street through the business part of town, turned to our left, and shortly after arrived at an adobe house, the home of Mr. Delaney. Here I presented him with a letter of introduction and several others his sister had entrusted to me, that had escaped seizure at the hands of the Salvadoranian officers. To my great astonishment, Mr. Delaney informed me that he had been expecting my arrival for the past two months but owing to the disturbed condition of the country due to the late wars had about given me up as he thought that I had probably become disgusted and had returned to the United States. Mr. Delaney insisted that I should take up my quarters under his roof and before his departure to a ball given in honor of some of the dignitaries of Matagalpa, assigned me to a comfortable room. Fortunately I had it all to myself, an unusual privilege in that country. Mr. Jeffries and Pedro retired to the hotel, a few blocks distant. For four days after our arrival in Matagalpa, I lay delirious with the fever, but on the fifth took a turn for the better. Dr. Brouse, a native of Ohio, who was looking into the culture of coffee in Nicaragua, pronounced my illness a genuine case of Chagres fever and said that I might consider myself most fortunate not to have succumbed. During my convalescence I sat in the patio in the rear of Mr. Delaney's home and gazed into the inclosed garden where grew beautiful flowers and delicious fruits. The oleanders, in full bloom, were a sight to behold and the sweet, golden oranges and juicy pomegranates of which I dare not eat, fairly made my mouth water. The wild and senseless clanging of the church bells, void of tune or melody, that continued throughout the day, in my weakened condition caused me to be melancholy as I thought of the many thousands of miles intervening between me and my native land.

On the sixth day, my fever having almost disappeared, thanks to the excellent care and attention of Dr. Brouse, I was able to go about the town. Matagalpa,

situated on a small stream that flows into the Río Grande, had a population of about three thousand, including a dozen English, eight or ten Germans and about twenty-five Americans whose chief occupation was growing coffee. Aside from Managua, the capital, Granada, Chinandega and León, it was the most important town in the Republic of Nicaragua and had many respectable-looking adobe buildings with tile roofs, the usual type found in Central America. The windows of the private residences, barred in accordance with a custom of the country, to keep the señoritas in and their lovers out, afforded excellent places for the young ladies of the household to carry on flirtations. The hotel, a long rambling, one-story adobe building, kept by two enterprising native women, was the only first-class hostelry in the town, so most of the foreigners and many of the native dignitaries took their meals there, and when I had recovered sufficiently, I accompanied Mr. Delaney there for mine. A passageway led from the street, through the dining-room to the patio (an enclosure) in the rear, where the animals of the guests were kept. The dining-room was long and narrow with a red brick, tiled floor. In the center stood a board table with wooden benches on either side, such as we used in our lumber camps in Michigan. In one corner was a barrel of drinking water and in another, a hen was hatching out a brood of chickens. As the kitchen opened off the dining-room, we could watch the señoritas prepare the meals. Half-clad children invariably wandered in at mealtime and stood around the table, their mouths watering for some of the dainty morsels that the boarders might give them. The pigs, scavengers of the town, permitted to wander freely about, seldom failed to appear, and with them came the homeless dogs, who looked at us wistfully, laid their noses on the edge of the table and begged for something to eat. Their deportment was not always becoming for a first-class hotel, as they frequently quarreled beneath the table over some choice bit that had been dropped, and on one occasion the table barely escaped being overturned. We dared not reprimand the dogs for fear that they might possibly belong to some of the guests.

If, perchance, travellers arrived during the meal hour, they drove their animals, single file, through the dining-room to the patio, beyond. As dentists are as scarce in Matagalpa as tapirs in the wilds of Pennsylvania, the native guests in order to preserve their teeth, at the end of each meal retired to the corner, dipped the gourd into the barrel of water, rinsed out their mouths, and expectorated upon the floor; a custom scarcely proper in a first-class hotel outside of Central America. On the seventh day after my arrival in Matagalpa, having somewhat recovered my strength, I accompanied Mr. Delaney, noted as the owner of the best coffee fincas in that part of Nicaragua, to one of his plantations that he offered for sale. When I dismounted, at the end of the journey, a league out of town, I found that the fever affected me peculiarly. I could walk on the level or down hill, but was unable to raise my feet to ascend a hill, so we returned to town without completing our examination. Mr. Jeffries, having accepted an invitation to spend a few days with his old friend, Wm. Richardson, a naturalist from Boston, now one of the leading citizens of Matagalpa, I decided to accompany Gus, a native of Pennsylvania, whose surname I never knew, to his hacienda where he and Mr. Rice, formerly a banker of Valparaiso, Indiana, were erecting

the first sawmill in the country. When the cargo mules had been loaded with some of the sheets of corrugated, galvanized iron roofing for the mill, Gus and I started on our journey and left Mr. Rice behind to superintend the loading of the remainder. We travelled along the path I had been over the day before until we reached the summit, where our course changed. As we descended the mountain, one of the cargo mules became panic stricken when her load shifted. In her efforts to free herself from the dangling sheets of iron, she whirled about in circles, rushed between our animals, wheeled about and fairly flew down the grade. When we reached the foot of the mountain, we found that the animal, in her mad flight, had collided with a caravan of oxen, laden with corn, on their way to Matagalpa. Unfortunately one of the oxen had received a broken leg and had to be shot, while the flanks of another were badly cut by the sharp edges of the dangling sheets of iron. We found the cargo mule in the mire of a small stream on her back, kicking desperately in her efforts to regain her footing. After the Indians in charge of the ox caravan had helped us to remove the cargo and get the mule on her feet, the iron was again fastened on, but this time with a diamond hitch, which prevented further trouble.

When Gus had settled with the Indians for their loss, we resumed our journey and in an hour's time arrived at our destination, a small hut built on a promontory about fifty feet high, to the right of which was the coffee finca and to the left, fields of grazing cattle. In front of the hut were twenty or more drunken Indians; one of the women, with a naked baby strapped upon her back, staggered so that I feared she would fall and crush the life out of the infant. Gus was furious with his Mexican wife for having made che-che (an intoxicating drink made by pouring water on crushed corn and allowing it to ferment) during his absence. While he drove the drunken Indians away and quarreled with his wife, I wandered out in the clearing to where a clump of trees grew, laden with green fruit, the size of my two fists, that resembled apples and was tempted to taste them but with a vivid recollection of my experience with gourds in Honduras, refrained as I thought that this might be another variety. Presently, when Gus came and informed me that they were not gourds, I tasted the fruit and found it had a flavor similar to apples, with an after tang of turpentine that caused me to regret having eaten it. Upon our return to the hut, about four o'clock, we enjoyed an excellent Mexican dinner of peccary and roasted plantains. Gus apologized for the absence of bread or tortillas, and said that his wife had given everything to the Indians. After dinner, as we walked among the coffee trees planted beneath the shade of a forest of second growth, I realized for the first time the full force of Señor Barrios' advice "to be sure and select land well within the virgin forest." Here the coffee trees seemed to lack vigor and the foliage was not of the healthy, dark green of those of Señor Barrios. In order to be near his sawmill, Gus had unwisely selected this land that had been once cleared, cultivated and then allowed to revert to the wild state. Where there was an absence of trees for shade, he had planted bananas.

During our walk, we passed a number of ant hills, sixteen feet or more across. These little enemies of the coffee grower are very destructive. Once they attack a tree, they never stop until it is entirely stripped of its foliage and the only success-

ful way to exterminate them is to dig them out and scald them, a tedious and almost endless task. A short detour brought us to a watercourse, where the land was planted to bananas and cacao. When I discovered a large bunch of golden-hued bananas it occurred to me that now was my opportunity to have a real treat and eat a banana ripened on the stalk. I promised Gus that I would eat two of the largest on the bunch if he would cut the stalk, to which he readily consented. With two strokes of his machete, the huge stalk yielded and after we had put our shoulders beneath it and had gently lowered it to the ground, I selected two of the largest and ripest and proceeded to do my part. Before I had finished the first mouthful, I regretted my rash promise. The bananas were so dry and mealy that they nearly choked me, and I decided hereafter to adhere to the custom of the country and eat bananas that had been cut green and allowed to ripen in the shade. The next morning, we were up at dawn as Gus planned to go into the forest to hew out timbers for his new home, a frame building to occupy the present site of the hut. While he was preparing to go, I walked out to the edge of the clearing, where we had seen signs of deer the day before, and sat down to wait. When I heard the footsteps of an animal approaching, I naturally supposed that it was a deer and was greatly surprised to see a family of three monkeys, presumably the father, mother and their baby, which was quite small. I had no desire to disturb them for fear I might frighten the deer in that vicinity, so watched them breakfast on the fleshy blossoms of a tree that stood in the clearing. With the approach of other footsteps, I naturally expected to see more monkeys and was astonished to see four peccaries emerge from the underbrush. I fired and killed the foremost but the others disappeared into the brush before I had the opportunity to shoot again. The parent monkeys, frightened by the report of my rifle, jumped out of the tree and disappeared into the forest, but the baby, too timid to follow their example, hid among the branches.

When Gus heard the report of my rifle, he came to my assistance and when I told him that I desired to capture the little creature, he stood at the base of the tree while I climbed up and endeavored to shake it out. As the little fellow refused to release his grip, I ventured farther out on the limb, threw a noose made out of a leather strap over his head and dropped him down to Gus, who tied him to a tree until we dressed the peccary, after which we returned to the hut. This little black monkey, always very shy, hid his face behind his arms like a bashful child, whenever I happened to glance at him. After ten o'clock breakfast, we went into the forest where Gus was hewing out timbers for his house, which in Nicaragua was no small task as the lumber of only a few of the fifty-three varieties of trees was suitable for the construction of houses, on account of its being destroyed by ants and other insects. Originally, he had intended to hew out boards to cover his house, but had finally concluded to wait and saw them, when the mill was completed. Any one of the many fallen trees would have made excellent furniture. One in particular, with its variegated colors of blue, yellow, purple, brown and white, each year's growth a different color, reminded me somewhat of a zebra and would have been a novelty in cabinet work. While passing a small stream, on our return that evening, I killed a duck, a strange and unknown species to me, with a tail as long as its body, that closely resembled that of a chicken.

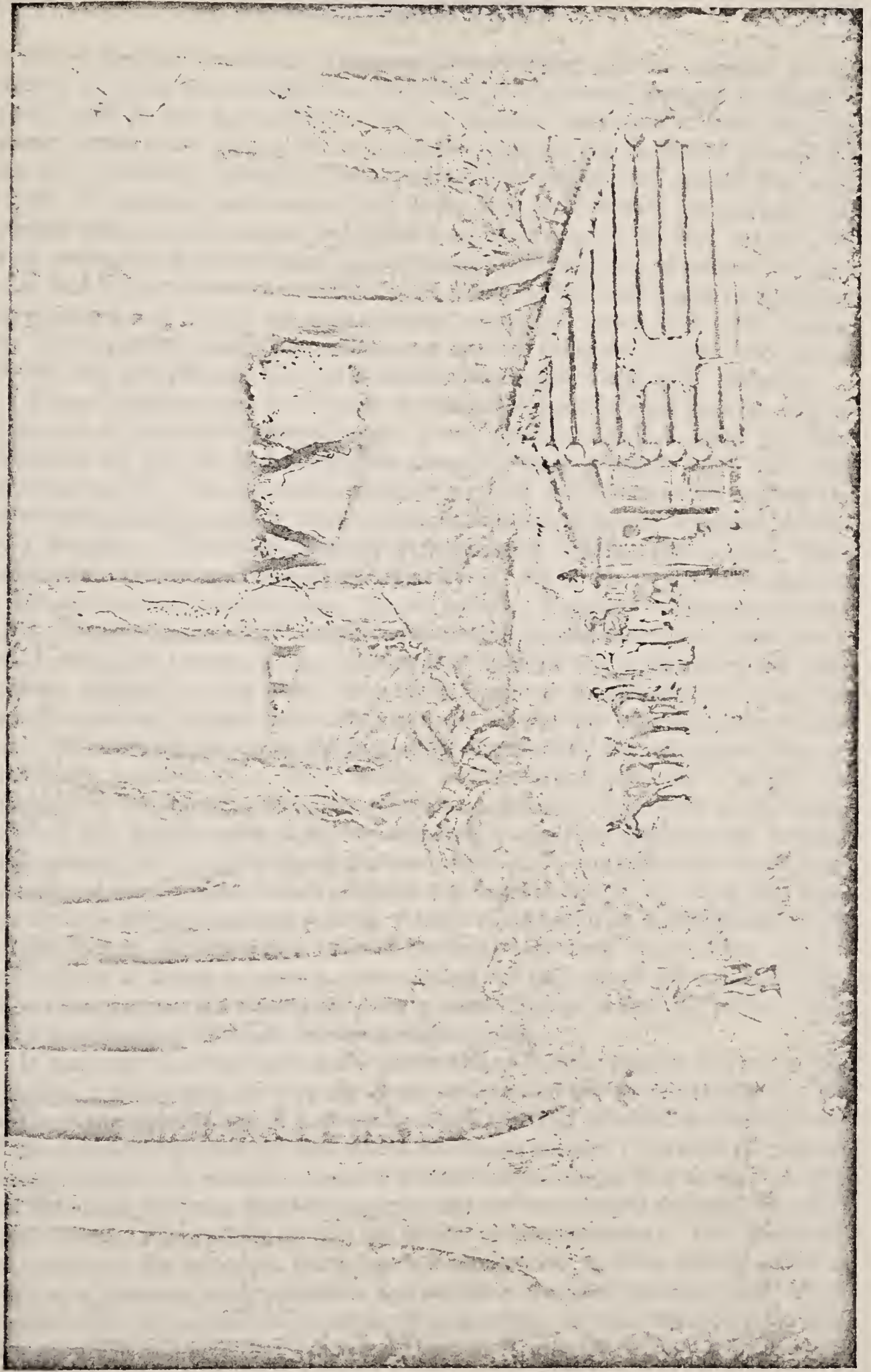
At the hut we found Mr. Rice had arrived during the afternoon with more of the iron roofing. The next morning, Sunday, we were up at the break of day, and without waiting for coffee Mr. Rice and I set out for his coffee plantation. Gus accompanied us for a league, on his way to Matagalpa for the remainder of the iron roofing. As we parted, Gus promised to take Bobo, the little monkey, to Mr. Delaney's and leave him. About an hour after we parted company with Gus, we met some Indians who were fighting with their oxen endeavoring to make them haul thirty or forty bamboo poles over a path barely wide enough for one of them to have travelled single file. Our path, obstructed, we were obliged to stop and cut our way around before we could continue. A short distance beyond, in the jungle where the poles had been cut, our narrow path was choked with vines, which made it extremely difficult for Mr. Rice to find his way, although he had passed over the trail but three weeks previous. While we carefully picked our way through a jungle of canebrakes, Mr. Rice, who was some distance ahead, jumped an animal and called to me that it was coming in my direction and to be on the lookout. I halted my mule and with my rifle drawn from its scabbard was ready to fire should the animal come my way. As I waited, I heard a crackling sound, then all was still; presently I heard another slight noise in the canebrakes and thought for a moment that the animal was trying to sneak by. When I looked up and discovered a jaguar, as he stepped out into the path, I fired and the savage beast fell in his tracks. Mr. Rice heard the report of my rifle, so returned, and with his assistance I soon had the animal skinned and the beautiful, glossy, spotted hide packed on the back of my saddle. After we had travelled about a quarter of a mile farther through the canebrakes, we entered the forest and crossed a roaring torrent, that rolled and tumbled down the mountain side, hidden from view in the dense undergrowth.

When we emerged from the forest into a small clearing, our path led so close to the brink of a precipice, of a thousand feet or more, that I had a feeling of insecurity and for safety, leaned away from the precipitous side. For the first time since we had left Gus' hacienda we were able to see more than two or three rods ahead. Here we obtained a splendid view of the valley below and the Río Grande as it wended its way to the Caribbean Sea. Desperately hungry, having had nothing to eat or drink since the evening before, we stopped, purchased a bunch of bananas from an Indian woman for a real and proceeded to satisfy our hunger as we watched a thunder storm gather in the distant mountains. We continued through the forest for some distance and as we ascended to higher altitudes, the trees increased in size and magnificence. Many exceeded three feet in diameter. Upon our arrival at a clump of banana stalks, we turned to the right and rode up to the entrance of the Manning Brothers' coffee finca. We let down the pole bars and entered the clearing where the young coffee trees were being set out, just as the first drops of rain fell and before we could ride two hundred yards, up a steep mountain side, the storm that had been brewing in the mountains, broke. We were drenched before we reached the house, then under construction. The mules, frightened by the furious storm that raged for two hours, broke loose and sought shelter under the galvanized roof that partially covered the building. It was not long before the change in temperature made our teeth chatter as on a

cold November day in Michigan when the north wind blows across the pine barrens. After the storm abated somewhat, we walked about to start up our circulation and viewed some of the huts occupied by the *mozos*. These huts, built of yellow wood, had black-walnut floors, window sills of rosewood, doorsteps of ebony and a solid mahogany plank door, all whipsawed. With this combination of beautiful woods, the huts appealed to us as being more fitted for kings than laborers.

We soon learned, however, that the Manning brothers had utilized these beautiful woods in the construction of their huts merely as a matter of economy as the trees had been fallen to reduce the density of the forest shade and to benefit the coffee trees. In a drizzling rain we left the Manning Bros. finca and continued on to Mr. Rice's coffee finca, through a tunnel-like path that led through the thick undergrowth of the forest, so dense that the sun's rays scarcely penetrated it. A band of monkeys, frightened at our approach, scurried off through the tree tops and with vicious howls, voiced their objections at having been disturbed. Late in the afternoon, having made another ascent of several hundred feet, we arrived at Mr. Rice's log cabin, built beneath the shade of giant forest trees. "Here," he said, "at an elevation of three thousand feet, we have perpetual spring. When the land in the llanos is parched and dry, it is as green here as in Indiana on a June day." After we had stretched and tacked the jaguar's hide on the cabin to dry, we walked to the garden, several hundred yards distant, and found that the deer, in his absence, had destroyed most of it. As the garden had been made beneath the shade of the forest trees, I jokingly told Mr. Rice that I believed he was a better banker than a gardener and advised him to make his next in the clearing, where there was plenty of sunshine. He laughingly replied that he had been under the impression that the garden would do equally as well in the shade as the coffee, but admitted that he was convinced now that it would do better in the opening. When the shadows of night began to fall, we returned to the cabin and dined sumptuously on eggs, tortillas and a stew made of fresh venison and ears of corn in the blister. That night when we retired, the small cabin was full to overflowing. The women occupied one end of it and the men the other. Mr. Rice assigned the one cot to me, but in spite of his efforts to make me comfortable, it was late when I fell asleep for my clothes were wet and the roof leaked.

During the night I was compelled to change my position from time to time to avoid the constant dripping of water from the thatch overhead and was further annoyed by something that persisted in walking across my head. In the morning, when I awoke and found a hen roosting on my head, with one stroke of my hand I sent her flying to other quarters. Sleep was impossible, so I arose early and after a cup of strong, black coffee, felt more amiable. I had now fully recovered the use of my legs, so we arranged to spend a day in the forest, beyond the limits of Mr. Rice's denouncement (homestead), and explore a spur of the mountain not more than a league distant, that looked promising for a coffee finca. In company with two *mozos* who took their machetes to clear the way that we might travel more easily, we wended our way through Mr. Rice's coffee finca to the forest, where we spent several hours. His coffee trees, although only three years old, were the most vigorous looking that I had seen in Nicaragua and were equal



MIR. RICE'S COFFEE FINCA

in size to any four years old. The ground here seemed specially adapted for the culture of coffee but I feared Mr. Rice had left too dense a shade to obtain a heavy yield in this high altitude. As we watched the *mozos* at work clearing monte (brush) from among the young coffee trees, we were suddenly startled by the cry, "Culebra" (snake). For a moment, we thought the laborer had been bitten, but after he had made a half dozen wild strokes with his machete and calmed down he said that he had killed a snake as large as his leg. At first, we were inclined to doubt his story as we thought he was trying to perpetrate some joke, but when we saw the foliage of the young coffee trees begin to wave, we investigated and found the snake which measured eleven feet three inches. Mr. Rice seemed greatly astonished and when I enquired if there were many about, said that this was the first of this species he had heard of on the place.

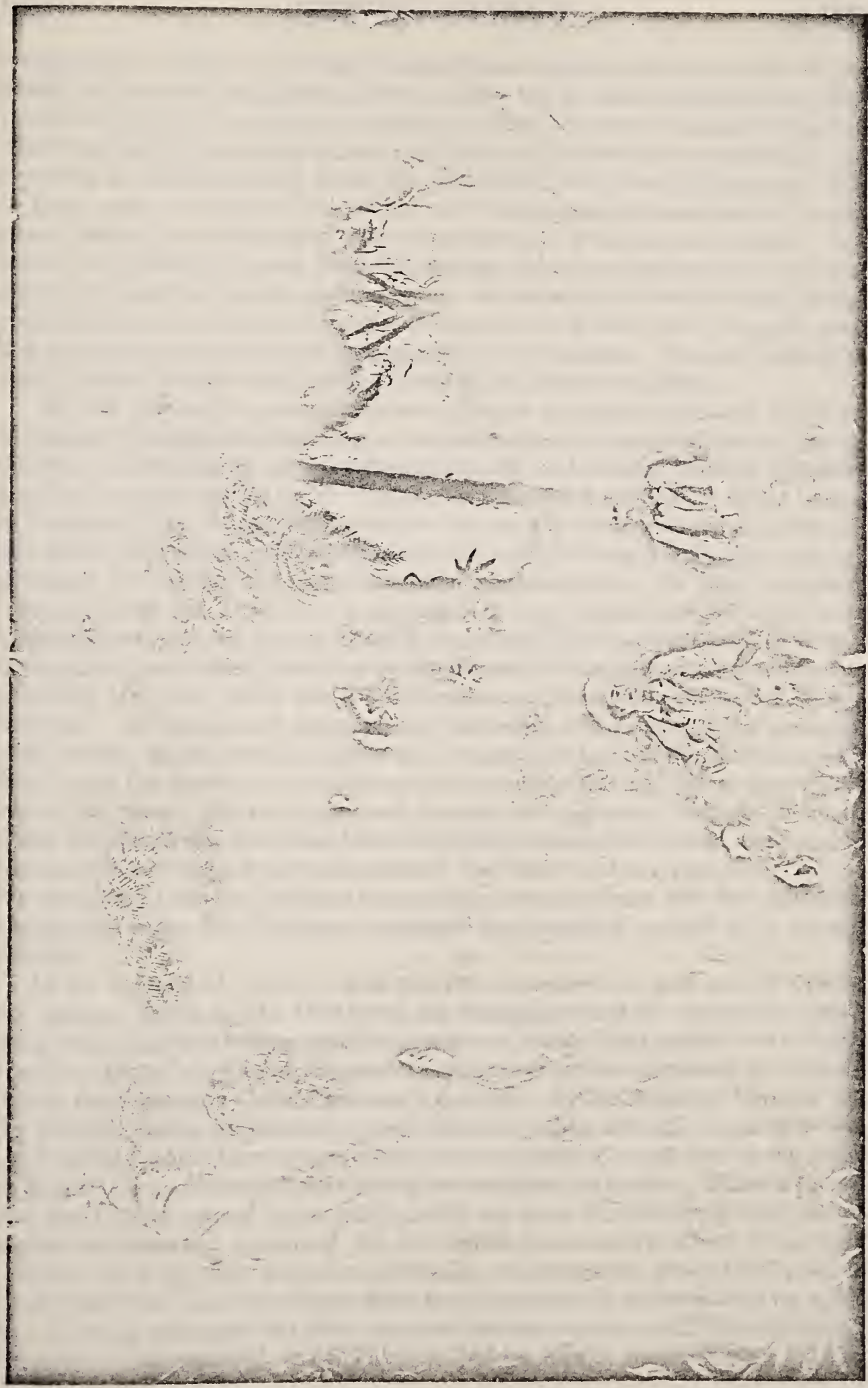
A short distance from the beds of *el masigo* we came to some laborers, setting them out in the newly cleared land. I was greatly surprised when Mr. Rice informed me that he had a hundred thousand trees of which none were over three years old. The sun broke through a rift in the clouds as we entered the forest and with the *mozos* to clear the way with their machetes, we looked forward to a fine day. The forest, infested with flocks of macaws and parrots, fairly resounded with their screeching and jabbering. All of the parrots and macaws I had seen on my travels through Central America, appeared to be outnumbered here. Shortly after we had passed some splendid specimens of tree ferns near a small mountain torrent, a lone toucan flew through the branches of the trees without uttering a single note. A small tree, cut out of our path by one of the *mozos*, appeared to bleed but in reality it was red sap that oozed out of the fresh cut. We travelled the entire distance under the shade of the lofty forest trees of mahogany, Spanish cedar, black walnut and ironwood, any one of which was valuable for lumbering. When we reached an altitude apparently on the same level as Mr. Rice's coffee finca, we surprised a tapir, invisible in the tangled undergrowth, as it crashed down the mountain side. I could hardly believe that this animal ranged in such high altitudes but was assured by Mr. Rice that such was the case with at least one species. After we had found its unmistakable track of four toes in the front and three in the rear, convinced that he was right, I was anxious to follow in pursuit. We tracked the tapir down the mountain side some distance into the canebrake near a small rivulet, where the animal took alarm and made off through the dense undergrowth.

It was now time to return to the cabin and as further pursuit was out of the question, I reluctantly gave up the chase and worked my way back through the tangle to the summit, where I climbed a small tree and obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country over which the forest seemed to extend for several leagues farther. It was late when we started on our return and as we had miscalculated our distance, darkness came on and we were obliged to spend the night in the forest. Fortunately no rain fell to add to our discomfort. Half famished, we arrived at the cabin the following day about noon, without having killed as much as a pheasant, and altogether had probably travelled not more than seven or eight miles, on account of the dense undergrowth. In the afternoon I bid Mr. Rice good-bye and late that evening arrived in Matagalpa. The next morning,

I accompanied Mr. Delaney on a tour of inspection of his famous coffee finca, Complido, reputed to be the best coffee plantation in the district of Matagalpa. After we had travelled two miles over a path now familiar to me, we turned to our right and, for an hour or more, laboriously climbed the steep mountain. On the top of the first spur was an opening from which Mr. Delaney said, on a clear day, a splendid view could be had of the famous volcano Momotombo, sixty miles distant. To my regret, I was prevented from enjoying this spectacle by a sea of clouds that drifted across the country. As we continued, we passed a clump of yellow pine timber that reminded me of home. We ascended from the first spur, passed through a forest composed of trees of a fair size and emerged into a clearing on the summit, at an elevation of about two thousand feet. In the center stood Mr. Delaney's hut and a short distance beyond, the huts of his *mozos*, surrounded by banana stalks. Here, as well as at Mr. Rice's finca, and at other places, I made sketches, which on my return to the United States I handed to Mr. Dressler to finish. After we had enjoyed a breakfast prepared by the mandator's (superintendent) good-natured wife, we rode out among the coffee trees.

Mr. Delaney lamented that my visit had not been three weeks earlier when the trees, in full bloom, resembled a sheet of snow, spread beneath the green foliage of the forest. In the old part of the finca, the trees were from eight to ten feet high and were as fine specimens as any I had seen. The young fruit, in clusters of eight or ten berries where the leaves joined the branches, were about the size of peas. Each tree in full bearing, I was informed, had an average yield of three pounds, which equaled the yield on the plantations of Señor Barrios and Alfred Schlessinger. Mr. Delaney had fifty thousand trees, most of which were in full bearing, and intended to increase the number to seventy thousand. We rode to a small clearing in the forest where laborers were removing the undergrowth, preparatory to setting out more trees. Here we dismounted, tied our mules and walked to the beds of *el masigo* in the forest. For about twenty rods, we crept through that almost impenetrable jungle over a path so choked by cannas and other large-leaved plants that I would never have recognized it as a path had I been alone. On the bank of a small stream, we passed some abandoned huts, where Mr. Delaney informed me he had secreted his *mozos* during the late revolution, that they might not be forced into the army by the *alcalde*. In this way, he had succeeded in harvesting his coffee crop when others had failed on account of insufficient help. We passed from one bed of *el masigo* to another over a path that one could have ridden over the previous year but now was so overgrown with vines and undergrowth that we were obliged from time to time to hew our way and in many places had to actually crawl through the thickets of rattan.

As we worked our way along, Mr. Delaney explained that the coffee trees, from twelve to sixteen feet high, that we passed in the dense forest, had undoubtedly been planted by Indians, and the orange trees that we occasionally saw owed their existence to the destructive monkeys, who apparently pulled the bright golden fruit from the trees in the open for amusement, and carried it into the forest where the seed germinated. A short distance from one of the beds of *el masigo*, Mr. Delaney called my attention to a tree where he had taken refuge for half a day, the year before, in order to escape from a band of peccaries that



MR. DELANEY'S COFFEE FINCA

attacked him. After we had spent several hours creeping through the brush, we finally lost our way, and although we were only two or three hundred yards from the clearing, it took us an hour to locate ourselves. When we reached the clearing where we had left our animals, we removed our clothing and proceeded to rid ourselves of the garrapatas (ticks) we had picked up in the undergrowth. Rid of these pests we dressed, and on our way to where the *mozos* were at work, passed some fine specimens of tree ferns that Mr. Delaney had spared. The forest trees were laden with beautiful orchids and as the *mozos* had cut several choice bunches they presented them to us. In the clearings we saw many *mata-palos* (kill trees), a vine that fastens itself upon a tree, winds about the trunk until it is completely enveloped and then climbs to the branches. The tree, choked to death, decays, and the vine, in the form of a tree, remains standing.

We had planned to remain only one night at the coffee finca and return to Matagalpa the following day, but on account of having spent so much time in the forest, we decided to remain another night and the following morning inspected a coffee plantation owned by Mr. Rogers, who desired to sell that he might return to England. The Rogers finca, situated on the mountain two leagues distant, overlooked the village of San Ramón in the valley of the Río Grande, several thousand feet below, and contained nine thousand trees. As they compared favorably with Mr. Delaney's, I concluded to buy this property of about two hundred acres, covered with a splendid forest, and make a denouncement of the two hundred manzanas (about five hundred acres) of choice land I had examined, adjoining Mr. Rice, where one could plunge a machete down to the hilt in the deep soil. All thought of returning to Guatemala and accepting the generous offer of Señor Barrios was now given up. On our way back to the hut, we looked down upon the clouds of a thunder storm that surged about like an angry sea. Above the clouds, the sun shone and beneath, the lightning flashed. A huge, black, veil-like sheet, that hung from the clouds became thinner and more nearly transparent as it neared the earth where it was finally lost in a pale, misty spray. We remained at the hut until the fury of the storm was spent and then rode into Matagalpa, where Mr. Delaney presented the beautiful orchids to a certain señorita.

In the evening Mr. Sota, one of the two strangers who had arrived during our absence, called at Mr. Delaney's, the headquarters of all Americans, and I was greatly surprised to hear that this gentleman, whom I had met in New Orleans after the close of the Cotton Exposition, had recently been employed as a physician in the Nicaragua Canal Company's hospital. In the morning, I hunted up the prefecto, made my denouncement, returned to Mr. Delaney's and told him I was afraid I would have to give up my contemplated trip with him to the ruins on account of my feet which were giving me considerable trouble. When I stated that the trouble seemed to be chiefly with my toes, he laughingly told me to remove my shoes and stockings. He then called his *mozo*, who made a thorough examination of my feet and pronounced the trouble to be caused by *niguas*, a small insect that burrows into the flesh beneath the nails, where it lays its eggs. As the young feed upon the flesh, the toes become swollen and inflamed and if the insect is not removed, one is liable to lose his foot or maybe his leg. After

the mozo, who was an expert, had removed the sack containing the little pests with his penknife, he applied a little turpentine to the inflamed parts and the swelling soon began to disappear and I felt more comfortable. Mr. Delaney then cautioned me about stepping on the floor in the future in my bare feet and by doing so I would avoid further trouble of this kind. During the day, Mr. Hawkins came in from his coffee finca, eight or ten leagues distant, to have a satoolie removed from the calf of his leg, which was badly swollen and very painful. Dr. Sota, who happened to be at the house, removed the cause of the trouble, a hairy-like caterpillar, about an inch and a half long and as large around as a lead pencil. I could scarcely believe that a fly would deposit its eggs in human flesh until Mr. Delaney informed me that it frequently happened. When Gus arrived in the evening, with one of his feet badly swollen from the bite of a snake or some poisonous insect, I suggested to my host that it might be profitable for him to establish a hospital and put Dr. Sota in charge. My feet improved wonderfully during the night and the following morning, at eight o'clock, Mr. Jeffries, who had returned from the Richardson hacienda, Dr. Brouse, Mr. Delaney, half a dozen other Americans and I, started for the ruins. Armed with our rifles, we rode two abreast down the principal street of the town, with Nicholas in the lead and the muleteers in the rear; a formidable looking little army. When Mr. Delaney had visited the ruins, five years before, the Indians had cultivated the ground about them, and the foundations of two buildings, with some of the columns standing, could be seen, but upon our arrival, we found everything overgrown with vines and brush until only a few of the broken columns were visible in the debris. As they were unlike any we had visited in Mexico and Guatemala, we were unable to determine whether they belonged to the ancient Toltec civilization or were of early Spanish origin. At least a week's labor would have been required to clear away the brush and excavate the ruins, so we decided to return to Matagalpa and at some future time, during the dry season, return with mozos and make a more thorough investigation.

Having made my denouncement, I arranged to purchase Mr. Rogers' coffee finca, which necessitated a trip to Managua, the capital, to replenish my exhausted funds. The cargo mules, fresh from their long rest, were brought in and as we desired to make time on this journey, we decided to travel light, so readjusted the cargoes and left all unnecessary luggage behind. As the Nicaragua Canal now seemed a certainty, Dr. Brouse, who had heard of a coffee district between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific, from where it would be less expensive to market the coffee, decided to accompany us and the following morning we were up and ready to depart by three o'clock, but were detained until after four by an English lady, who desired to travel with us as far as Momotombo. Mr. Delaney escorted us to the ford on the Río Grande, two miles distant, and by daylight we arrived at the place where I had fallen from my mule when ill with the fever. Shortly after we had arrived in the high plateau country, largely given over to stock-raising, we came to the place where we had entered the camino real on our way to Matagalpa, and where Pedro remarked that he thought he could guide us over this broad road to Momotombo without getting lost. We travelled the greater part of the day over a grassy, undulating plateau country, sparsely

wooded with small trees, intermingled with a thorny shrub eight or ten feet high, and towards night passed several Indian huts, in front of which naked children were at play. Through a drizzling rain we descended from the plateau into a more thickly wooded region and as the darkness of night enveloped the day, arrived at a lone hut, remarkable only for its location. It was perched on a shelf of the mountain between a perpendicular wall of several hundred feet, that rose to the plateau above, and a sheer precipice that led to the savannas below. The proprietor, Domingo Hurtado, a portly man about forty years of age, greeted us by saying, "Señores, my house, my home; all is yours; take it; you are welcome." He then stepped up to Mr. Rogers, inquired for the health of Don Nicholas (Mr. Delaney) and told us to turn our animals into the potrero (pasture) and come in out of the rain. As this was the regular stopping place for all Americans who travelled between Matagalpa and Momotombo, we soon felt quite at home.

Señor Hurtado, like most of the Nicaraguans, evidently did not care to be burdened with the upkeep of a large house, for his hut was scarcely twelve feet wide and about twenty feet long. In one end, a small part was fenced off for the family sleeping quarters, and another for the cocina (kitchen), in which ears of maize were corded to the ceiling. After the usual meal of eggs and tortillas, we swung our hammocks in the opposite end of the hut, where one side was left open to the weather, and retired for the night. The English lady slept in the family apartment along with the family. Our rest was disturbed by the quarrelling of the pigs and dogs, that wandered in out of the rain and took up their quarters beneath our hammocks. In one of these encounters I was thrown from my hammock that had sagged during the night, by a large hog in his efforts to escape an attack from the dogs. This, combined with a leaky roof and the moans of Señor Hurtado's wife, who I feared had a bad case of fever, was not very conducive to sleep. When Señor Hurtado, wakened by his wife's groans, enquired if there was a doctor among us, Mr. Rogers replied that there was and called Dr. Brouse. Presently we dozed off to sleep only to be awakened by the woman's screams, and towards morning were surprised to hear the cry of an infant; just then Dr. Brouse returned to his hammock and said, "It's a boy." As the mother and babe were doing well the next morning, the husband decided to accompany us to Momotombo, where he had arranged to purchase some choice cattle to improve his herd, composed of old Spanish stock, so thin that they actually looked pale in the face and if the hides, heads, hoofs and tails were removed, there would be practically nothing left.

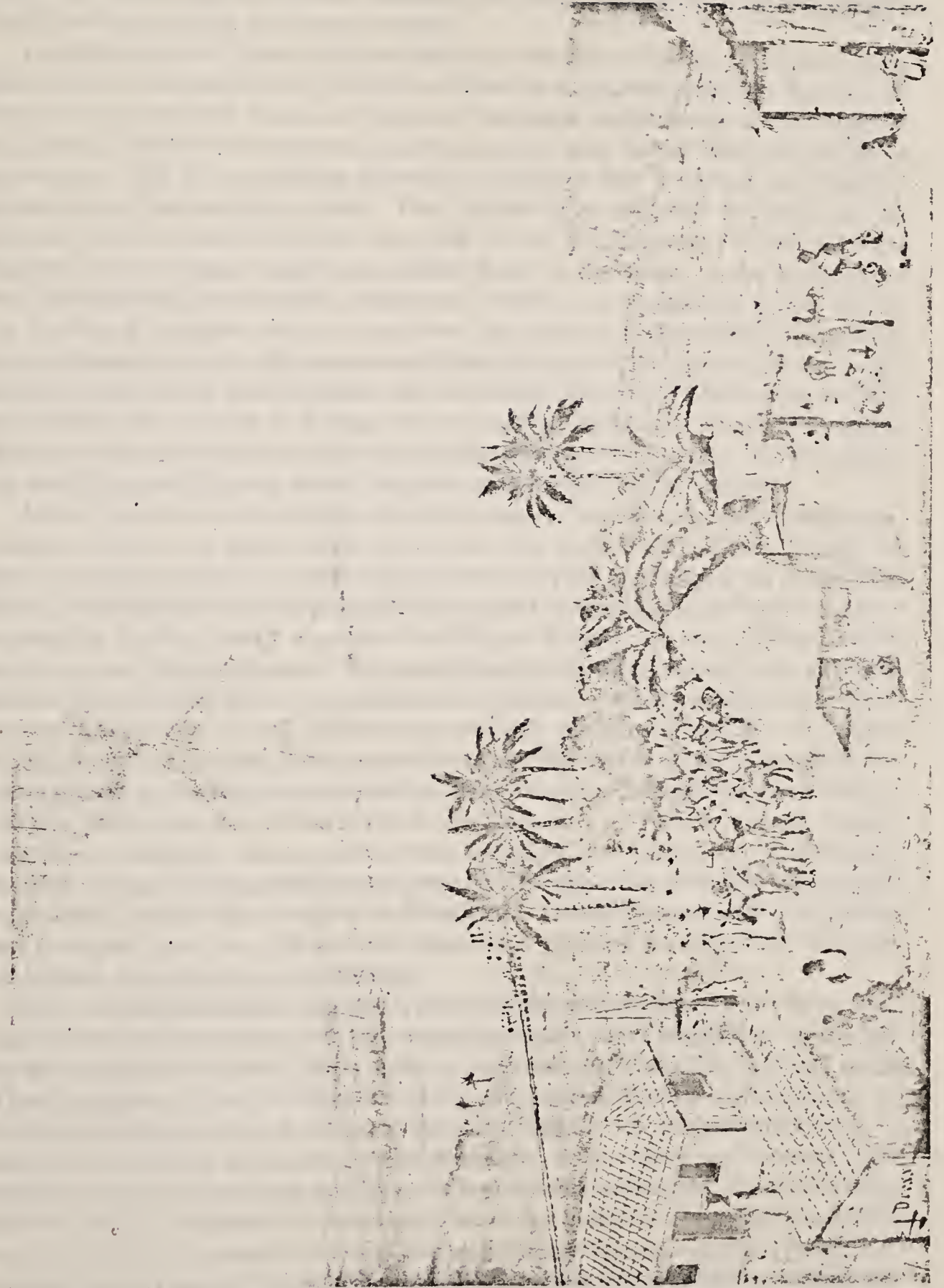
On our descent from the hut to the lowlands, over a road badly washed out by the recent rains, in the forest that lined our way I saw some beautiful broad-leaved, evergreen trees that reminded me of the rubber tree with its cluster of beautiful waxy white blossoms on the ends of the branches. I had never seen any of this species before, not even in the botanical gardens, but trust ere this they may have been acquired. We saw several coatís in the branches of the trees, as we emerged from the woodland into the savannas, where we travelled about a league, then we entered another woodland, forded a stream and presently came into a more open country, carpeted with young green grass and the beautiful, sweet-scented narcissus. The forest trees were ablaze with red and yellow blos-

soms, with here and there a touch of purple, the blossoms of the vines, that had climbed up into the trees. Flocks of macaws arose from the branches and exhibited their highly colored plumage, seemingly for no other purpose than to add a touch of color to the already brilliant landscape. Farther on, we left this beautiful fairyland and entered the savannas, a country much less attractive. In the afternoon our usual thunder storm came up with such violence that the rain was instantly whipped into a spray so dense that I was unable to see my travelling companions but a few rods ahead, and later we rode partly through a small village before we realized it. Here we took shelter until the fury of the storm had abated and then rode on through an undulating country, our road hemmed in, the greater part of the distance, by a scrubby growth of timber. About eleven o'clock we arrived at a hacienda, unsaddled our animals, turned them out to roll and prepared to rest until towards evening. While the mayordoma (woman in charge), a stout woman, and her sister prepared tortillas, frijoles and eggs for our noonday meal, we swung our hammocks beneath the thatched roof of the hut, used principally for a granary.

The mayordoma's daughter, an interesting miss about seventeen years of age, drew the water for our mules. When we retired to our hammocks to rest, with a smile and the agility of a squirrel she climbed up a ladder (pegs had been driven into holes bored in the upright timber) near by, threw some sacate (fodder) from the loft to the animals, quickly descended and then retired to the kitchen. About one o'clock, the señorita awakened us and announced dinner, so we repaired to the open part of the hut where we were served with smoking hot tortillas about the size of a dinner plate. On these was placed a generous helping of frijoles, garnished with minced hard-boiled eggs and covered with a small tortilla about the size of a saucer. These were served with neither knife, fork nor spoon, so we followed the mayordoma's example. The small tortilla was broken in twain and half of it was used as a spoon or scoop. When the last of the frijoles had been eaten, we ate the spoon, then devoured the plate (the large tortilla) and washed the contents down with a gourd of chocolate. After dinner, the mayordoma proceeded to rinse out the gourds. This constituted the extent of her dishwashing.

In the latter part of the afternoon, when the clouds began to scatter and the sky to clear, we had our first view of Nicaragua's famous volcano, Momotombo, with an elevation of about eight thousand feet, from the top of which arose a dense volume of black smoke. Towards night, as we passed beneath the smoke that drifted off to the north, the cinders showered down upon us, and as our mules sank from eight to ten inches in the ashes at every step, we made slow progress. After we parted company with Domingo Hurtado at the hacienda of Carlos Cuadra where we had stopped to buy cattle, we continued on and travelled the last league of our journey after dark. About nine o'clock we arrived in Momotombo, and put up at Mr. Peterson's, the only stopping place here, having ridden a hundred and twenty miles in two days; at that time quite a remarkable feat in the tropics and one that I had supposed was impossible for man or beast. Our travelling companion, the English lady, a frail woman about fifty-five years of age, rode an English side saddle, scarcely larger than my two hands, and stood

TOWN OF MOMOTUMBO



the desperately hard ride better than we. Worn out with the long, hard journey and the sleepless night at Señor Hurtado's, we slept soundly and did not awaken the following morning until after sunrise.

In order to avoid a long, tedious ride on horseback around the border of Lake Managua to the capital, we decided to cross on a steamer that was due to sail that morning and sent Pedro, in charge of the cargo mules, back to the hacienda of Carlos Cuadra where we had parted company with Señor Hurtado, to await our return. We left our saddle animals in charge of Mr. Peterson, the Swedish proprietor of the stopping place. The English lady departed by train for the port of Corinto, from where she expected to sail for Panama. While we were waiting for our steamer to sail, we strolled down to the lake. In the background was Momotombo from which a column of smoke rose straight up in the air; on the borders of the lake, steam issued from the fissures of the volcano, caused by the earthquakes, and in the foreground little Indian children played about in the shallow water, while their mothers did the family washing. About nine o'clock, we boarded our steamer and began our voyage, a distance of about forty miles. The day was calm and the water of the lake glistened like silver. To the south, one could scarcely discern where the lake ceased and the sky began.

About noon we arrived in Managua, the capital, and in an old-fashioned conveyance, rode up a street lined on either side with thatch-roofed houses, in front of which a number of nude children were at play; passed an old abandoned church, checked and cracked by earthquakes, and later alighted in front of quite a respectable-looking hotel, conducted by Signor Leponi, an enterprising Italian married to an Englishwoman. We entered the hotel through two large swinging doors that reminded us of an entrance to a saloon. Inside, a large room faced the street, with two billiard tables in one end and the bar and office in the other; midway between the two, doors opened into the dining-room, through which the guests passed to the sleeping apartments, off the court. In the patio was a cement bathtub, said to be the only bathtub in the Republic. To the left of the dining-room was a reception room, at that time occupied by the English Vice-Consul, who was trying to bring about some treaty or compromise with the Nicaraguan Government pertaining to affairs in Bluefields. I was informed that this gentleman trampled upon the rights of all Americans, ignored the American Minister and looked upon him as mere rubbish.

After we had thoroughly enjoyed a bath and dressed in snowy white linen with black sashes and cravats, we felt like noted diplomats as we stepped up to the bar and had a bottle of ice-cold Napa soda; a real treat, as it was the first cold drink we had partaken of since our departure from the steamer Colima at Acapulco. In Central America, ice was a scarce article and usually to be had only when a steamer happened to be in port, but in Managua, an ice plant had recently been installed and the capital was enjoying its first manufactured ice. An interesting story on Señor G. was told. It seems that when the question of buying a machine to make artificial ice came up before Congress, a long, heated argument took place in which Señor G. said, "Since the Government intends to spend such an enormous sum for the purchase of a machine to manufacture artificial ice, why not buy one that will make the genuine article?" About six o'clock we dined with many of

the dignitaries of the Government who were guests at the hotel, and in the evening called on our United States Minister, Lewis Baker, and his family, who gave us the latest news from San Salvador and informed us that General Antonio Ezeta had been defeated at Santa Ana on May twenty-fourth and President Carlos Ezeta, unknown to his army, had fled to La Libertad, where on the third of June he joined his family on board the German steamer Valeria, which no doubt had been kept there for that purpose, and sailed for Panama. General Antonio Ezeta, after his defeat, in company with Jeffries, the American, and the generals who had remained loyal, made his way to La Libertad where they took refuge on the United States cruiser Bennington. Later he went to Panama, where he was assassinated by hirelings of his old enemies.

On the second morning after our arrival in the capital, we were thrown from our cots by an earthquake, and as we feared a second shock, and in order to avoid the falling tiles, we rushed from our rooms to the street. Fortunately the second shock, which usually followed soon after the first, did not occur until after eight o'clock, when everybody was up and dressed, and no serious damage was done. Signor Leponi informed us that earthquakes, that caused Momotombo to belch forth a greater volume of smoke and ashes, occurred every year in May or June, and as it was now the middle of the latter month, we might expect them at any moment, but fortunately no more occurred during our sojourn in the capital city. As I intended visiting the United States before I took up my permanent residence in Matagalpa, in order to save another long, laborious journey to the capital Mr. Jeffries and I called on President Zelaya and procured my passport to leave the country. In the afternoon, having completed my business, I returned to the hotel, where Mr. Jeffries and Dr. Brouse joined me later. The remainder of the hot sultry day was spent on the veranda in company with Signora Leponi, who held her nude little two-year-old daughter, whose white skin contrasted greatly with that of the little chocolate-colored native children to whom I had now grown accustomed.

On the morning of June sixteenth, Mr. Jeffries, Dr. Brouse and Mr. Rogers started for Granada and as I had no farther business in Managua, I decided to accompany them to look over the coffee lands near Rivas. While in Granada, where our pathways divided, we experienced three violent earthquakes that followed in rapid succession and it was feared that the volcano Mombacho was in eruption. From Granada Mr. Rogers planned to cross Lake Nicaragua and go down the San Juan River to Greytown, from where he hoped to sail for England, so we bid him good-bye and bon voyage and boarded a small steamer for San Jorge, situated about fifty miles south, on the western shore of Lake Nicaragua. As our boat steamed along, the summit of Mombacho was enveloped in rain clouds and prevented our seeing if the volcano had become active. About an hour after we had passed the island of Zapatero on our right, we came to the island of Ometepe on our left. The volcano of the same name, about six thousand feet high, forms the northern end of this island and the volcano Madeiro, the southern. When we arrived at the end of our voyage towards evening, Dr. Brouse complained of not feeling well but as he considered his illness nothing serious, we thought little of it. At San Jorge we spent a miserable night on cots, in a damp

and illy ventilated room. In the morning, we were astonished to see our shoes, that had been wet when we retired, green with mildew. After a cup of strong black coffee, when we were about to set out, Dr. Brouse pronounced himself not equal to a jog of six leagues, the night having brought little change in his condition. He decided to go to Granada with the returning boat and await our arrival at Managua, the capital, so Mr. Jeffries and I went in search of animals for the journey. We were informed that Santiago Solis was about to leave for Brito, one of our objective points, so we looked him up and found him to be as shrewd as any Connecticut Yankee. Finding we were at his mercy, he refused to make any contract until we agreed to pay him the exorbitant sum of ten pesos for every day the animals were in our service and to hire him for our guide and muleteer. Rather than be subjected to a delay, we reluctantly conceded to his demands and by ten o'clock were on our way.

Upon our arrival at Potosí, we were obliged to rest under the shade of a mango tree, on account of the intense heat. Late in the afternoon, we resumed our journey and spent the night in Brito as the guests of Señor Solis, whom we had paid to return to his own home. The joke was on us. The next day, we thoroughly enjoyed the salt air of the broad Pacific as we rode to San Juan del Sur, the proposed terminal of the Nicaraguan Canal. Conditions among the hills in the low altitudes were not favorable for growing a high grade of coffee, so we bid adieu to the Pacific, rode across the country back to San Jorge, and that night occupied the same miserable quarters that had been assigned to us upon our first arrival in town. Report had it that excellent coffee lands were to be had on the east side of Lake Nicaragua in the Chontales district, and we wished to inspect them before returning to Matagalpa. The next morning Mr. Jeffries and I began to look around for some one to take us across the lake. As there were no steamers in port we were compelled to take passage in one of the two sailing crafts at anchor in front of the town, neither of which impressed us as being seaworthy. After we paid Captain Ignacio Arriaga, the owner, thirty pesos, with three other passengers we boarded the Santa María, which was about thirty feet long. When a south breeze sprang up a short ways out from shore, the Captain assured us a quick and safe passage to Pedernal. Although the lake was slightly choppy, the first two hours were spent pleasantly and we made splendid time. About four o'clock, after we had passed the southern end of Ometepe Island, which the Captain informed us was half way, we discovered two thunder storms rapidly approaching, the one from the south and the other from the east. Captain Arriaga feared that his craft, unseaworthy, would be unable to weather the gale that usually accompanied these storms, so quickly changed his course and sailed for the lee of Ometepe. We had sailed scarcely half the distance when one of the storms overtook us and the waters of the lake were soon lashed into an angry sea. Our little craft tossed and plunged as she bravely rode the ever increasing swells, that momentarily threatened to engulf us. When a short distance from the island, the two storms met. The twisting winds, the deafening peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, struck terror to our hearts. The wind, having attained the velocity of a hurricane, carried away the mast and sails. Our boat sprung a leak and began to rapidly fill. Thus rendered helpless, we were buffeted about by the huge seas like a

cork and expected each moment to be our last. Finally, in a sinking condition she was caught by a monstrous wave and dashed upon the rocks where, drenched, we climbed to a place of safety and remained until the fury of the storm was spent, then made our way to a distant hut, where we passed the night. We were sorry for the loss of Captain Arriaga's boat but very thankful that our lives had been spared.

The next morning, the lake having quieted down, we were taken to Alt-gracia, at the northern end of the island, in a bongo, from where we returned by boat to Granada, having given up all thought of exploring the coffee lands in the mountains to the east of the lake. Upon our arrival in Granada that night, we were grieved to learn that Mr. Rogers, our late travelling companion, had succumbed to the fever and had been buried the day before. The following morning, as we stepped from the train on our return to Managua, a small lad about fourteen years of age grabbed my luggage and ran for the steamer that was about to sail for Momotombo. I feared my luggage would be carried across Lake Momotombo and probably lost, so ran after him and in order to attract his attention, gently slapped him on the head, told him to take my luggage to the hotel and paid him ten centavos although he was entitled to but three. Upon our arrival at Leponi's, we enquired for Dr. Brouse and were surprised to hear that he had gone to León, soon after his return from San Jorge. While enjoying the comfort of a bath in the only bath tub said to be in Nicaragua, a knock came on the door and when I enquired "What's wanted?" the answer came that an officer desired to see me, so I hurriedly finished my bath and dressed. As I stepped out of the small enclosure, I was astounded to see an officer and half a dozen murderous-looking soldiers in uniform, with their muskets, on the top of which saber-like bayonets were fastened, all pointed at me. I was given no time to enquire as to the cause of my arrest and was marched through the town to the prison where I was confined and forced to remain over night, in company with filthy vagabonds and criminals. I endeavored to get the jailor to send a note to Mr. Jeffries that he might intercede in my behalf, and thought that I had succeeded but the following morning when Jeffries appeared, he said that he had received no word. That rascally jailor never delivered the note. When I explained to Mr. Jeffries that I was at a loss to understand why I was incarcerated, he informed me that I had been arrested for having slapped the boy who ran off with my luggage.

Mr. Jeffries called on Mr. Baker, our United States Minister, and asked that he demand my release at once. After several hours had elapsed, that worthy gentleman sent word that he was too busy to give it his immediate attention, and when Mr. Jeffries called on him a second time and demanded his assistance, he was informed that it would be useless as he could do nothing. Angered by his lack of interest in an American citizen, whose rights he was supposed to protect, I readily believed the report that he was mortally afraid of the Nicaraguan Government, with whom he was in bad standing. He was a small man, talked big and accomplished little, and in my opinion was better qualified to edit his little journal in Minneapolis than to represent the United States Government in a foreign land. Convinced that no help could be expected from that quarter, I asked Mr. Jeffries to send for Signor Leponi, who, on my first arrival, had told me

of his arrest for kicking a mozo from the hotel door who refused to perform his work. After I had explained my predicament to Signor Leponi, he repaired to the capital, interceded in my behalf, and after some argument, gained permission for me to appear before President Zelaya and his officials. Escorted from the jail, like some noted criminal or revolutionist, I appeared before the Government officials, but all to no avail and returned to prison where I feared I would have to spend another night but as a last resort sent for Signor Leponi and enquired of him if there was not some way in which I could secure my release. He replied that at the time of his arrest he had been obliged to pay a fine of fifty dollars, and as the Government funds at the present were so low that he was compelled to board the officials for nothing until such time as they might be able to pay him, he thought a money consideration would probably be most effective. I was loath to spend another night in my present quarters so deputized Signor Leponi to see what money would do. When he informed me upon his return that seventy dollars would suffice for the offence I had committed, I instantly accepted the terms and half an hour later walked out of prison, a free man. To the efforts of Signor Leponi, who was neither a friend nor a countryman, I owed my release. Interested in my behalf, he had accomplished what the American Minister could do but would not take the trouble. Upon my return to the hotel, I enjoyed a bath undisturbed, and that night, Mr. Jeffries and I, greeted with pompous bows and smiles, dined with the same dignitaries who only a few hours previous had looked upon me as a noted criminal. Like most Central Americans, they would smile in one's face and at the same time thrust a dagger into your back.

In the evening, we received the sad news from León that Dr. Brouse had succumbed to the fever. Sunday morning we attended church, where the women knelt on the hard floor and the men either sat on the benches in the rear or leaned against the walls. When the services were over and the people filed from the church, the Padre, a fat good-natured man, accosted us and when he learned that we were recently from Matagalpa, laughingly related a story of a brother Padre there, who had been requested by a friend to send him one monkey. The Padre misunderstood the number and instead of securing one monkey, arranged to have one hundred delivered, to fill the order. When the monkeys began to arrive, word was sent not to send any more, but the Padre, like Flannery in *Pigs Is Pigs*, couldn't stop and the entire number was delivered. After we had parted with the Padre we sauntered about town the remainder of the day. With no kind feeling toward the officials of the Nicaraguan Government, I completed my business at the Bank of Managua and on June twenty-fifth in company with Mr. Jeffries, sailed across the lake to Momotombo, where we took the train for Corinto. Mr. Jeffries and I regretted that the stop at León was too short to permit us to ascertain the particulars of Dr. Brouse's death. Upon our arrival at the port of Corinto, in the latter part of the afternoon, we went to the Hotel del Corinto, a miserable building with a galvanized iron roof, in front of which were piled several hundred sacks of coffee and a quantity of miscellaneous freight ready to be shipped to all parts of the world. Shortly after, Mr. Jeffries complained of not feeling well and talked disparagingly of the country. The following morning I was not greatly surprised when he told me that he had concluded to return to the United States.

One by one my travelling companions had succumbed to the dreadful fever, so I naturally hated to part company with Mr. Jeffries, but as he was determined to leave the fever-stricken country, I purchased his saddle animal and cargo mule that had been left at the hacienda near Momotombo. After I had removed the articles needed most from my trunks, that had been sent direct to Corinto from the United States, I willingly paid thirty dollars duty on my American saddle which was more comfortable by far than a Mexican one; bid Mr. Jeffries good-bye and boarded the train for Momotombo. There were no clouds in the sky and the atmosphere was exceedingly clear for Nicaragua, so I obtained a splendid view of seven of the Republic's famous volcanoes, from two of which issued columns of smoke; white from the one, El Viejo, and black from the other. I arrived in Momotombo about noon and found that on account of the scarcity of feed, Mr. Peterson had sent our riding animals to Señor Cuadra's hacienda, a league distant, where we had left our cargo mules in charge of Pedro, our muleteer. After Mr. Peterson had sent a mozo to the hacienda in quest of Pedro and the animals, he told me of the death of Domingo Hurtado. I could hardly believe that this strong, robust man, a native of the country, should have succumbed to the fever as readily as the foreigners, and regretted that as no one had gone to Matagalpa recently, it devolved upon me to be the bearer of the sad news to the widow. When Mr. Peterson informed me that this had been the most sickly season for many years, a feeling of sadness crept over me. As I thought of the deaths of my newly made friends and travelling companions, who had shared many hardships with me, I realized that I, too, might occupy a lonely grave, somewhere in that sparsely inhabited country, before reaching the highlands of Matagalpa. Towards evening the mozo returned from the hacienda with the startling news that after the death of Domingo Hurtado, Pedro had taken all of the animals but one and departed for Momotombo, from where he said we wished to make a trip around the lake; purely a fabrication on his part. I feared that he had taken our animals and crossed over into Honduras where it would be useless to follow, but thought it barely possible that later he would show up at Tegucigalpa, so sent word to have the rascal apprehended, if he returned there.

I regretted the loss of the cargo mules at this particular time for I needed them to carry the two thousand pesos to Matagalpa to defray the expenses of my newly acquired possessions. Unable to obtain any further tidings of Pedro, I decided to leave the following morning for the hacienda and with a bag of silver on each side of the mule that Mr. Peterson had kindly loaned me, started for Matagalpa, alone. My arrival at the hacienda of Señor Cuadra was announced by a pack of barking dogs. I was unable to secure any definite information in regard to Pedro's movements, but ascertained the particulars of Domingo Hurtado's death. I then shifted the bags of silver to the old grey mule Pedro had left behind, and mounted and continued my journey on the mule Mr. Peterson had kindly loaned me, to be returned to him on my arrival at Matagalpa. As I rode beneath the ash and cinder-laden cloud of smoke that issued from Momotombo, I tried to locate, as I passed along, the place where many years before a town had been destroyed and buried with ashes from this volcano, but was unsuccessful. The roads were muddy and as my mules were overloaded with their cargo of

silver and human freight, it was noon when I arrived at the hacienda, where the señorita had been so attentive to us when we were on our way to the capital. I halted here until two o'clock that my mules might rest and have a roll, which seemed to be equally as beneficial as a good feed of sacate, and just before my departure, indulged in a gourd of lime water that the señorita prepared for me from the fruit. Instantly, I was greatly distressed and regretted having taken the concoction. Upon my return to the country that was a paradise of flowers on my way to Managua, I was now surprised to find that they had all disappeared and the country was as green as at home on a June day. The savannas, formerly covered with a brown grass, were now filled with water, in which grew a quantity of young and tender reeds. The trees, that stood in clumps of two or three, were in full leaf and in the distance appeared to be in bloom, but as I approached, these seeming blossoms, which in reality were white herons, rose and flew away. Thousands of these birds were seen throughout the savannas. My mules, with their heavy burden, labored desperately in the mud, caused by the recent torrential rains, and at times mired, until their cargoes had to be removed in order to extricate them.

With the savannas flooded until they resembled lakes, and the grass grown to such an extent that the country no longer looked familiar, I was unable longer to find the road leading to Matagalpa. The more I tried, the more bewildered I became. My mule fagged, I tied her to a tree on a little knoll near by and mounted my cargo mule and set out to find the road. I had been absent scarcely an hour, when I returned and found that my saddle animal had been attacked by a swarm of large flies and was dripping in blood that trickled down her sides and legs. I led her away from her tormentors and started out again in quest of the road, but as darkness came on, convinced that the road was lost, I picketed my mules and swung my hammock, preparatory to spending a night in the savanna. The noise of the billions of insects that serenaded me throughout the night was beyond comprehension and at times one could easily have read the newspaper by the brilliant light thrown out by one variety of the myriads of fireflies. I might have enjoyed the night had I not been tormented by a swarm of mosquitoes, whose poisonous bites added fire to the fever that had again attacked me. Sleep was impossible, and as I had gone to my hammock supperless, I was up at break of day. I wandered through the woodland at the edge of the savanna, and came unexpectedly upon the road. As I had surmised the night before, I had ridden past the place where I should have turned to the left. I arrived at Domingo Hurtado's hut about ten o'clock, and after I had informed Señora Hurtado of her husband's death, climbed to the tablelands and spent the night at the Indian hut where we had seen the naked children at play. The next day, my fever having somewhat abated, I mounted and while riding through a lonely part of the country, I discovered a man lurking behind a clump of thorn trees a considerable distance ahead. His suspicious actions caused me some uneasiness concerning my valuable cargo, and I was undecided for a moment whether to continue on or turn back. Finally, I unslung my rifle, laid it across my lap that I might be ready if attacked, put on a bold front and spurred my mule on, driving the cargo mule ahead of me. As I approached the thorn trees, two villainous-looking individuals, one a sullen-

looking man with curly hair, stepped out into view. I urged my mules by them and quickly turned in my saddle, that they might not have the opportunity of shooting me in the back. Evidently I was not the person whom they expected or else they changed their minds when they saw that I was armed and on the lookout for a surprise, for they returned to their place of concealment without any attempt to molest me.

In the evening, as the shadows of night began to fall, I arrived at Matagalpa, where the news of the death of my travelling companions cast a gloom over the entire household of Mr. Delaney. Mr. Richardson had given me a glowing account, upon my first arrival in Matagalpa, of a forest of magnificent timber in the Teluca Mountains, ten or twelve leagues distant. Upon my return to Matagalpa from the capital I was determined to visit this forest, and if conditions proved favorable for the transportation of the lumber to the United States, to procure some of the timber land and engage in lumbering, with coffee culture as a side issue. On the second of July, in company with Mr. Richardson, who was anxious to prosecute his work in ornithology, hopeful that he might add a few more rare specimens to his collection for museums in the United States, I started for the Teluca Mountains. Upon our arrival at the Río Tuma, a northern branch of the Río Grande several leagues east of Jinotego, we came to some Indian huts, the end of the settlement, in that direction. A lengthy argument with the wife of Cedro, who objected to her young husband accompanying us, was terminated when we placed five pesos in her hand and promised the safe return of her husband. We left our animals at the hut and in company with Cedro and another Indian, Juan, to cut our way through the thick undergrowth that abounds throughout the country, we started, each with a pack on his back. When we had travelled a league, Cedro informed us that the path from here left the river and led over the mountain to the south. As we desired to penetrate the forest to the northeast, we decided that we could more easily construct a raft out of small guanacaste trees that grew along the margin of the river, and float down the stream in less time, and with greater ease, than we could hew our way through the dense undergrowth. After the trees selected had been fallen and cut into twenty-foot lengths, we carried the logs to the river and fastened them together with vines. When Mr. Richardson requested that I carry one of the logs, that was about ten inches in diameter, I looked at him in amazement. As most of the woods in Central America are exceedingly heavy, I asked him if he thought I was a Samson and he laughingly replied, "I think you can lift it." Suspecting some trick had been perpetrated on me, I took hold of the log, prepared to raise a great weight, and almost fell over backwards on account of the lightness of the wood. After the logs had been securely fastened together with vines, sweeps with which to steer the raft were adjusted and poles to push the raft through the eddy water were provided. Our provisions, guns and hammocks were then loaded on the raft and towards evening we started on our voyage down the Río Tuma. As none of the others knew how to steer the raft with sweeps, that task fell to me; but Cedro, an apt pupil, soon learned to handle the forward one. When darkness came, we made our raft secure and swung our hammocks beneath the trees, which afforded us shelter from the dampness, but the mosquitoes soon

found us and made our lives miserable, and in order to keep from being devoured, we took refuge on the raft where there was a breeze. Fortunately it was the beginning of the little dry season as it is known in this part of the country and we were not annoyed by rain, although the streams were badly swollen by the heavy rains of the four preceding weeks.

While I prepared breakfast the following morning, Mr. Richardson went in quest of some strange birds that had flown across the stream and lighted in the trees, but was absent only a few moments when he returned for his rifle and whispered, "A tapir." I quickly grabbed my Winchester and we started in pursuit but came out of the undergrowth on to the river bank, a short distance from camp, just in time to catch a glimpse of the animal as it disappeared in the jungle. We quietly followed its track until we heard the animal crash through the brush in its hurry to escape, and then realizing that it would be useless to follow, we returned to camp, greatly disappointed. After breakfast we boarded our raft and leisurely floated down the stream, ever on the alert for protruding rocks, on the riffles. For amusement, we occasionally shot an alligator that basked in the sun on the banks of the river or on the trunk of some fallen tree. About ten o'clock we came to a turn in the stream, where it seemingly made off to the south to join the Río Grande. Cedro maintained that it joined the Río Huezo (River of Jesus) that flowed into a lagoon, but was unable to convince us that he was correct. As we descended, the stream became more rapid and about eleven o'clock, when Mr. Richardson gave the alarm, "Rocks ahead," I called to Cedro to pull to the right but, contrary to orders, he pulled to the left and before I could make him understand, we were caught by the strong current and carried onto the rocks with such force that the vines parted, the raft went to pieces and Mr. Richardson and Cedro were precipitated into the river. Mr. Richardson clung to the logs, but Cedro was carried to the foot of the rapid before we could rescue him. With our one pole that had not been lost, we made our way to the bank. The wreck was most unfortunate, for we lost most of our provisions, Mr. Richardson's rifle and our axe, so were unable to replace the lost logs.

All thought of descending the river farther, into the more remote part of the forest that Cedro said extended almost to the Río Coco, was given up and we decided to work our way over the mountains, back to Cedro's hut and examine the part of the forest that intervened. Fortunately, through a piece of good luck or by an act of Providence, neither of our machetes was lost, so the *mozos* were able to cut through the tangle, beneath the forest, which greatly expedited our progress. With our provisions low, and a possibility that they would give out before we reached our destination, Cedro proposed that we go into camp for the remainder of the day and procure a supply of young alligators, as it would be difficult to find game after we left the river and entered the dense forest. We thought Cedro's suggestion a good one, so prepared to remain in camp another night. When Cedro and Juan went to catch alligators, Mr. Richardson and I repaired to different parts of the forest in quest of something that to us would be more palatable than young alligators. About dark we returned to camp. Mr. Richardson had killed two pheasants but I returned empty-handed, having spent my time following the tracks of a tapir. We dined on pheasants that night and

the *mozos* feasted on alligator meat. Our hammocks having been lost in the wreck, we selected a small glade near the river bank, made a bed of boughs and retired, but ere long, tormented by blood-thirsty mosquitoes we frequently submerged ourselves in the river until about ten o'clock, when a strong breeze came up and drove our tormentors under cover of the forest, and we were permitted to spend the remainder of the night unmolested. In the morning, after we had breakfasted on pheasant and alligator, we left the river bank and worked our way into the forest, composed of many varieties of hardwood, among which were mahogany and Spanish cedar. Many of the mahogany trees were four feet in diameter. The buttress-like roots, from three to four feet wide at the base, that extended up the tree eight or ten feet, had the appearance of having been placed there by nature for a brace to protect the tree from the hurricanes that occasionally swept the country. The size of the timber increased as we ascended the Teluca Mountains. Upon our arrival at the summit, we were rewarded for our hard climb by a view of a hardwood forest that excelled anything I had expected.

Here, in the lonely forest, all was as silent as death except for the occasional howling of the monkeys and the jabbering of the macaws. On the fourth day out, our supplies became completely exhausted, and we were obliged to depend upon the game of the forest for sustenance. As we hewed our way through the tangle, I found some fine black walnut trees, a different species from those of the United States. The trees were about three feet in diameter and the wood, much darker than the walnut at home, was to me more beautiful. Beneath the trees I found a quantity of nuts which I carefully gathered, but upon my return to camp, jubilant over my find, was informed by Cedro that they were of a poisonous variety, so my efforts to procure something to stay our hunger had been for naught. In the evening, in our endeavor to satisfy the pangs of hunger, we attempted to dine on parrot but the meat was so tough we were compelled to throw it away and retire hungry. The following day we were more fortunate; Mr. Richardson killed a pheasant and I a monkey, to have in reserve in case we were reduced to starvation, when even monkey meat might be welcome. On the sixth day being unsuccessful in our quest for food, we again retired hungry and that night I had a wonderful dream of a Thanksgiving dinner at home. When I awakened the following morning and realized 'twas only a dream, I was greatly disappointed. Hungrier than ever, I was ready to devour the monkey but on second thought concluded that it would be best to reserve that for the evening meal, should we fail to kill something more palatable during the day. Towards night Mr. Richardson shot a species of wild fowl, so we were spared another day. Juan and Cedro declared that they had eaten monkey meat but that they much preferred pheasant or alligator, which was not so human-like.

On the seventh day, we emerged into a more open country where game was plentiful. Richardson secured a pheasant, two toucans and several smaller birds for his collection, and I killed two ocellated turkeys which supplied our larder bountifully for at least two days. Cedro having discovered traces of deer, I accompanied him to a low, wet piece of ground where we expected to find them, but on reaching the place we were surprised to discover a jaguar, busily engaged

tearing the neck and shoulder of a deer, now in its last struggles, for which it evidently had been lying in wait. With one bound the jaguar disappeared in the thicket. As the deer meat was perfectly good, Cedro and I removed the hind quarters, carried them to camp and roasted the meat over the fire to preserve it for future consumption. Cedro was confident that the jaguar would return later to finish its meal of venison, so towards evening we quietly returned to the scene, climbed a tree and lay in wait for more than an hour. My patience almost exhausted, I was about to climb down from my uncomfortable position, when to my surprise I discovered that the sly animal had returned and with her, a small kitten. As she sniffed at the remains of the deer, I fired and she dropped in her tracks. On our approach the kitten, unaware of impending danger, ran to its mother for protection and without a struggle allowed Cedro to throw a noose over its head. The lateness of the hour prevented our return to camp, where we had left Mr. Richardson and Juan busily engaged with his specimens, and as one part of the forest was as comfortable as another, we kindled a fire with some decayed wood from a hollow tree and dozed off to sleep. Upon our return to camp the next morning, with the kitten and its mother's hide, we found our companions about ready to go in search of us as they feared we had strayed and become lost in the mountains. During our absence Mr. Richardson had been most fortunate. He had killed a beautiful trogon, or quetzal, for his collection and a turkey for the larder. We had now meat sufficient for several days and as the monkey had reached a stage of decomposition unfit for human use, it was cast aside.

Our progress had been necessarily slow, on account of the dense undergrowth and the time consumed in procuring subsistence. We were uncertain as to the distance we had travelled and were not positive of our location, but as Cedro thought that we had travelled sufficiently to the westward, we decided to keep a southerly course, in hopes that it would lead us into familiar territory, in the vicinity of Cedro's home. We continued through the same heavy forest, and came to openings here and there that showed signs of having been cleared at some former time and towards night, when we arrived at the river, we were somewhat surprised to find that we had miscalculated and were still too far to the east, to reach the hut. About ten o'clock the following day, as we cut our way through the tangle along the stream, we surprised a tapir. I fired at him but evidently missed, for no traces of blood could be found. Cedro noticed my disappointment and suggested that we have a tapir hunt upon our return to his home, where, he assured me, plenty of these animals were to be found. About noon, when we unexpectedly came to the place where we had constructed our raft, we took off our hats and heartily cheered, for we were now relieved from further anxiety. Within two hours we arrived at the huts, where Cedro's wife scolded him for having remained away so long. When Cedro presented his wife with the jaguar kitten, she somewhat forgave her delinquent husband and set about preparing tortillas for the noonday meal. We then dined on smoking-hot tortillas, that to us seemed the best in the world, after our ten days' experience wandering in the forest. Cedro, true to his promise, took me across the river to a small stream known to be frequented by the tapir. After a diligent search,

having found no fresh signs, we returned to the hut, greatly disappointed. The next morning, with a promise to return at some future time and shoot the tapir, we bid Juan and Cedro adiós and rode across the mountains to Matagalpa where we arrived about noon.

During our absence from Matagalpa, word had been received of Pedro's arrest at Tegucigalpa, where I had suspected he would turn up. As he had disposed of the animals, except the one he rode, and had squandered the money, I deemed it useless to return to Honduras. In Matagalpa, there was great excitement due to the recent lynching of a native Nicaraguan. The American population had united for their mutual benefit and protection, and highly incensed over one of their number having been waylaid and murdered, had apprehended the culprit and in true American style, lynched him. Undoubtedly they had committed a crime but had acted in self-defense, so to speak. For, had the murder of Mr. Vaughn not been avenged, Americans in the future would have been unable to travel over the lonely paths with any degree of safety. Before they realized the intensity of the feeling, several Americans had been arrested and thrown into jail, with a threat that all Americans, residents of the department of Matagalpa, would be summarily dealt with. Knowing Zelaya's attitude towards the Americans, to whom he already charged the hatching of the revolt of the preceding year, I knew he would use this unfortunate affair as a pretext for justifying any action he might take in the matter, either imprisonment or expulsion. The Americans, trembling with fear lest Zelaya carry out his threats, were on the alert to escape arrest, if possible, by concealing themselves in the coffee plantations. Mr. Delaney claimed to have had nothing to do with the unfortunate affair, but, like the others, wished to evade arrest if possible until the excitement died out and the matter was forgotten. As a necessary precaution, so as not to be caught unaware, he kept his animals in the corral ready at a moment's notice to make his escape. About dusk, one of Mr. Delaney's mozos, greatly excited, ran into the house and called, "Huye, Nicholas, huye; los soldados vienen" (Fly, Nicholas, fly; the soldiers are coming). Startled by this outburst, we were momentarily bewildered and scarcely knew what to do. Finally, Nicholas suggested that I, having taken no part in the lynching, start at once on my contemplated trip down the Río Grande, to ascertain the possibility of getting the logs and lumber to tide-water, where they could be exported to the United States. After a moment's reflection, I decided to take his advice, descend the Río Grande, visit Mr. Osborn at Bluefields, then go to the United States and when things quieted down, return to Matagalpa. Scarcely had I made this decision when we heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the street, not more than a block away, and the mozo, loyal to Mr. Delaney, rushed in and cried, "Los soldados vienen" (The soldiers are coming). We bolted out the back door, ran through the patio, sprang over the stone wall and hurried to an enclosure where several mules were kept for this emergency. The animals were quickly saddled and under cover of darkness, Nicholas escorted me out of town and across the mountains to San Ramón, five leagues distant. In the morning Mr. Delaney explained that as his interests were too great to sacrifice by leaving them, he would be obliged to return to Matagalpa and probably be imprisoned with the others;

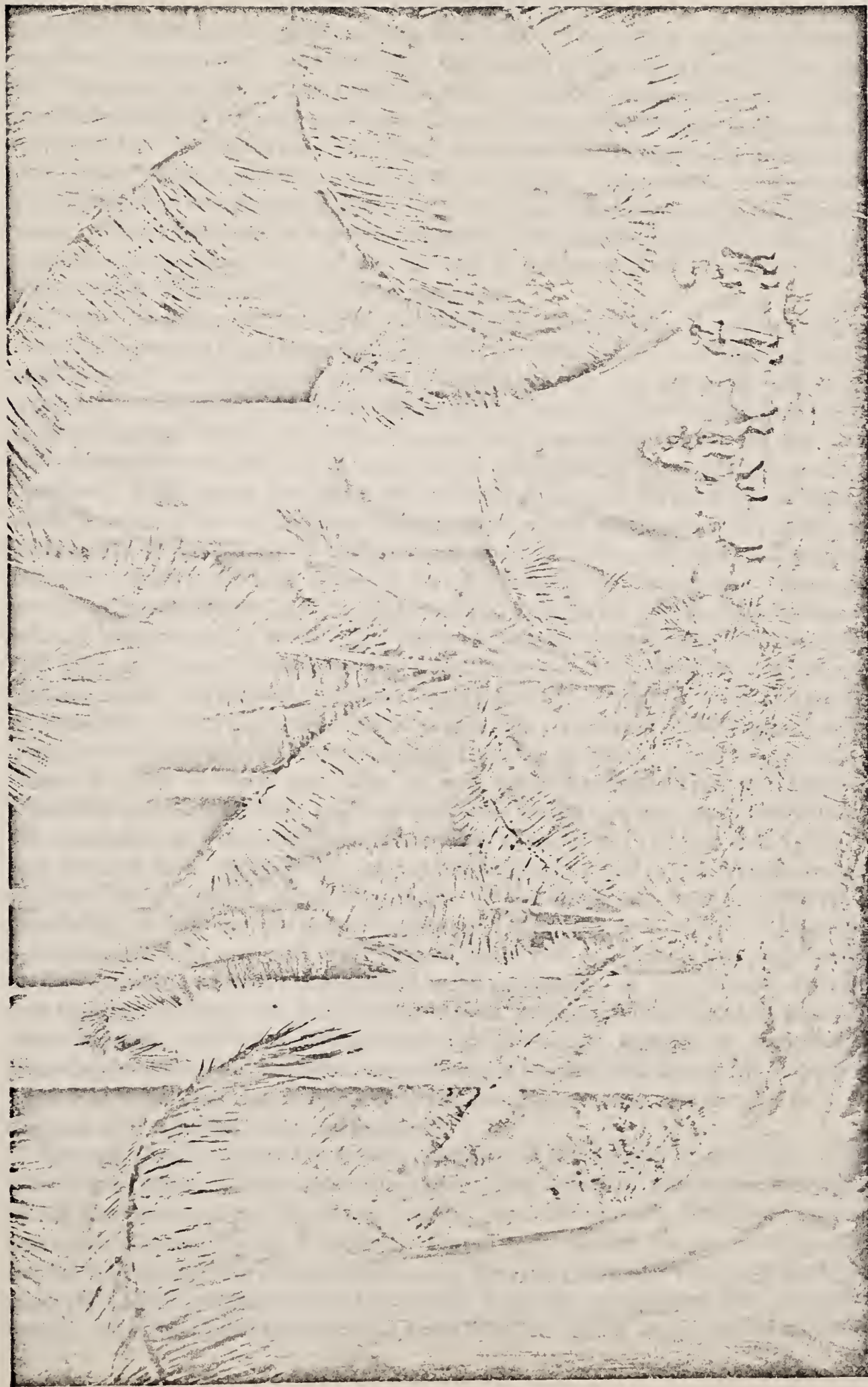
but was hopeful of reaching his coffee finca, where his *mozos* would hide him from the officers until the whole affair had blown over, and thus avoid being thrown into prison.

When I first left the United States and entered this foreign country, I had every confidence in my safety as an American citizen and had smiled at my countrymen who seemed to live in mortal fear in this land of unrest, but as time passed, I realized their position. They dared not express themselves, either for or against the Government, and if they remained silent, they were looked upon with suspicion by both factions. My nerves were now in about the same condition as those of my fellow countrymen, and I had fled the country at a moment's warning. When Nicholas promised that he would take care of my interests left behind in my hasty escape, I felt more at ease and, with a guide, started for San Jerónimo, some twelve leagues distant. Upon my arrival there, towards evening, I planned to remain over the following day but when I ascertained that it would be easier to find some one, on Sunday, to take me down the river, changed my plans and arranged to have the muleteer accompany me several leagues farther to a hut where I hoped to secure a boatman for the contemplated voyage. Upon our arrival about noon at the home of Huezo, a full-blooded Indian, we found him dressed in overalls cut off at the knees, while his family were gowned in the prevailing style; the wife with a yard and a half of manta wrapped around her waist and hanging down to her knees, and the children in the nude. As we approached, the children, shy as deer, hid behind some plantain trees and dates, then ran into the house, drove out the hogs and cut some *sacate* for our mules. When I first made my desires known to Huezo, he refused to descend the river with me until after I had exhibited ten pesos, which I told him were his if he would make the voyage. The ten silver dollars proved a tempting bait and he jumped at it like a hungry trout at a fly in June. I was anxious to begin the voyage at once but Huezo, who said "*Por qué apresura durante la vida? Mañana es otro día*" (Why hurry through life? To-morrow is another day), refused to budge an inch so I was obliged to await his pleasure. After we had dined on tortillas, boiled plantain and fish from the river, I assisted him to put the bungaroo in shape for the trip and all went well until a violent thunderstorm came up that threatened destruction to all in its path. We took shelter under the thatched roof of Huezo's hut, to escape the heavy rain, until the twisting wind blew down the hut, broke off plantain trees and uprooted forest trees. Huezo, in company with his family, and I ran to another hut, used as a store house, but found it completely demolished. After the storm, the poor Indian felt that he was a ruined man. Beside the damage done to his huts the bungaroo, dashed against the roots of a tree, had sprung a leak and was full of water. As he looked upon the havoc wrought by the recent storm he said he would be obliged to give up the trip. I felt the disappointment keenly and rather than suffer a delay, offered him twenty pesos, which I was sure would more than pay for a new hut. After some little time spent in deliberation, he finally consented to take me, provided his family could accompany us.

We set to work, bailed out the bungaroo, calked the leaks, erected a shelter from the wrecked hut and all lay down together and spent a miserable night.

In the morning, all preparations having been made the day before, we drank a cup of coffee made from roasted corn, repaired to the boat and began our voyage. About ten o'clock we stopped and breakfasted on cold tortillas and fresh fish that the children had caught. As we floated down the river that unmercifully hot sultry afternoon, I amused myself by shooting alligators, one of which was undoubtedly ten feet long. About four o'clock we passed a large stream, presumably the Río Tuma, that emptied into the Río Grande from the north, and from there on, the latter became an important stream. As we floated quietly along, we saw a tapir leave the river bank where it had evidently gone to drink and as the time drew near to make camp for the night I ordered Huezo to run the bungaroo ashore that I might go in search of it. Aware that we had not been discovered I quietly worked my way through the brush but was unable to overtake it before nightfall. In the morning, however, I was more successful. I had followed its track for two hours, when I suddenly came upon the animal, but in my eagerness to shoot, my rifle became entangled in the vines and before I could extricate it the tapir, alarmed, made off. I returned to camp in time for a ten o'clock breakfast, after which we resumed our voyage and leisurely floated down the river until about four o'clock, when we arrived at Limos, a collection of Indian huts on the right-hand bank, which Huezo informed me was the end of our voyage. Our trip had been most pleasant and with thoughts of the torturous Mexican saddle and the mules with sore backs, I reluctantly climbed out of the boat. Huezo, his family and I occupied a vacant hut that night and all slept in the same bed, made of reeds, laid across a framework of poles. In the morning, we arose dressed for the day. Huezo, like most full-blooded Indians, had been faithful to his promise, which is more than I can say of the mixed blood and Spanish element in that country. When I paid him the promised twenty pesos, I added one with the request that he buy a yard and a half of manta for his oldest daughter, who was about twelve or thirteen years of age, and who had never possessed a garment.

Satisfied of the feasibility of floating logs down the Río Grande by fastening the heavier ones to the lighter ones, I abandoned my original plan to descend to the sea and looked about for animals with which to continue to Bluefields. Being unable to secure mules in that locality, I gladly accepted the services of Joaquín, owner of two bulls, who offered to take me as far as Bluefields River; a six days' journey with oxen. But little preparation was required for the trip and, as customary with all Indians who make a long journey, the family accompanied us. After the alforjas, packed with bananas, corn, dried fish, cacao and the necessary cooking utensils, had been thrown over the backs of the bulls, I mounted and Garcia, the little two-year-old girl, was placed in front of me. Joaquín led the bull, and his wife and little four-year-old son trudged along behind. A young Indian, who drove the other bull, followed in the rear. Soon after we had left the clearing, we plunged into the heavy forest where the path was barely wide enough for the animals with their cargoes to proceed. In order to avoid being dragged from my improvised saddle, I had to be constantly on the alert to dodge the vines that hung suspended from the trees. The country was less mountainous than around Matagalpa and practically uninhabited, except for an occasional Mosquito Indian family along the banks of the streams, who fished



THE MAHOGANY AND PALM TREES

and raised bananas and cacao for their livelihood. The soil, of an alluvial nature, was very rich except in the vicinity of the barren lands where grew yellow pine. All along the streams at one time had stood splendid hardwood trees, the best of which had been cut and marketed. As we slowly travelled along, through the solitude of the forest, we came to a place where nature had seemingly tried to out-do herself. The plume-like branches of the palms, that curved out gracefully as they reached to a height of about forty feet, furnished the artistic touch to the scene. One of the trees, in a grove composed of the largest mahogany trees I had ever seen, must have been at least six feet in diameter above the buttress-like roots, while a dozen or more were of good size.

From the heart of the forest, we gradually emerged into a country devoid of timber, save the usual thorny and scrubby growth that is found throughout the open country and along the borders of the savannas. On the afternoon of the sixth day, we arrived at Bluefields River several leagues below the town of Rama, having enjoyed six days of perfect peace and tranquillity, free from the usual care and annoyance incident to travel when accompanied by a Spanish guide or muleteer. With regret I parted with the faithful Joaquín, stepped into a dugout made from a ceiba tree and began the descent of the Bluefields River, bordered with excellent plantations of bananas and cacao on either side, which Francisco, my boatman, informed me belonged to los gringos (the Americans). Upon my arrival at Bluefields, on July 25, I hastened to look up my friend, Calvin Osborn, whom I had not seen in years. Cal, as he was known when we were boys together, had gone to Central America many years before and amassed several fortunes and lost them. Eventually, he found his way to the Mosquito Coast and settled at Bluefields, where he became one of the leading citizens. His business ventures here proved successful. He was engaged in the mahogany trade of the coast, owner in a line of boats that plied up and down Bluefields River and between Bluefields and New Orleans, and was one of the wealthiest planters of the country. His prosperity and the splendid opportunities afforded in that part of the country had induced him, years before, to try to persuade some of his friends, myself included, to go to the Mosquito Coast. I had expected, upon my arrival in Bluefields, to find my old acquaintance as I had last seen him in Brookville, light-hearted, jolly and with the bloom of youth still on his face, but was shocked to find instead a swarthy-complected man, apparently of middle age, dejected and haggard-looking. On introducing myself, he took me by both hands, shook them heartily, and for a few minutes his whole face lighted up, temporarily resuming much of his boyhood expression, as he enquired about his friends at home but as soon as the excitement of the meeting wore off, the worried look, indicative of a troubled mind, reappeared.

Shortly after, he related to me the condition of the country at that time. President José Zelaya of Nicaragua, assisted by the rebels of Honduras, successful in the late wars against the latter country, had overthrown President Vasquez and made General Bonilla President. Elated with success, he was ambitious to extend his dictatorship and authority over the rich Mosquito Territory, that had enjoyed its independence since 1860, when England relinquished her protection over it, with the understanding that the Mosquito Indian be permitted to main-

tain his own government, independent of Nicaragua, and be governed by a hereditary Indian chief, within the Territory. Many of the largest banana plantations and fruit farms of this rich country were owned by Americans; their influence naturally dominated the country, more or less, much to the annoyance of the President of Nicaragua. Although the Territory was ruled by a Mosquito chief and many of the public offices were filled by Mosquitians, President Zelaya claimed that the Territory had digressed from the terms of the treaty of 1860 by allowing control to slip into the hands of foreigners and under pretext of protecting her frontier from a possible invasion by Hondurans under General Vasquez, sent an armed force of three hundred soldiers to occupy Bluefields, greatly to the annoyance of Chief Clarence, the Governor of the Mosquito Territory. Chief Clarence claimed that Nicaragua had violated her compact, had raised her flag over the Mosquito Capitol, established a provisional government, policed the country and illegally collected revenue; more than fifty thousand dollars having been taken from the Americans in Bluefields, alone.

This ruthless and unauthorized extortion and the refusal of the Nicaraguans to pay the salary of the Mosquito officers, soon led to rupture between the two governments which resulted in the defeat of the Nicaraguan forces commanded by General Lacayo at the battle of Corn Island. Chief Clarence's army was composed of Mosquito Indians, a few negroes from Jamaica and two Americans, who held public office. This attempt on the part of Chief Clarence to protect his own, was looked upon by Zelaya with disfavor and he threatened to expel all foreigners, particularly Americans, from the Territory under penalty of being shot should they return, a threat that the foreign element knew would be fulfilled unless there were some interference. Three years prior to this time, Nicaragua had failed in an attempt to extend her authority over the Mosquito country and drive the Americans out. At that time, while Mr. Osborn was accepting the hospitality of some of the Nicaraguan officers at a banquet, soldiers were secretly sent to fire his mill, and the next day, upon his return to his plantation, he found everything in ruins. He and other Americans, who were ordered to leave the country, were threatened with imprisonment should they refuse. They filed their claims at Washington, D. C., against the Nicaraguan Government, for loss of property, but these claims had been pigeonholed, where they no doubt still remain. The apparent lack of interest on the part of the United States Government in her citizens abroad no doubt caused Mr. Osborn to feel that if Zelaya succeeded in his present attempt to overthrow the Mosquito Government, the future held nothing for him but exile and ruin, and that his only hope of protection lay in flight, a task not easily accomplished, for the country was almost destitute of roads and the only other avenue of escape was the arrival of a trading vessel from New Orleans, or a tramp steamer that perchance might sail that way. In case of flight, his property would be confiscated and his efforts and accumulation of a lifetime would be for naught.

The natives of Mosquito Territory, incensed at the Nicaraguans for raising their flag over the Mosquito Capitol, under pretense of protection, were further angered by the arrival of Nicaraguan ships in their harbor. This act only added fuel to the fire and several fights ensued. In one of these, several of the Nicaraguan

forces suddenly came upon a band of natives. First the troops were repulsed, then the natives were driven back, but they soon returned, armed, and resumed fighting. There was rioting almost daily and the Mosquito Government was powerless to stop the atrocious crimes that were committed by the Nicaraguan soldiers. The American Missionary, Reverend Poiet, and his wife were expelled from the country and George Flynn, an American from Brooklyn, New York, was assassinated by Auguilla, a Nicaraguan, then acting Governor, stationed at Rama. One evening while Flynn, in his pajamas, was quietly sitting on the veranda of his home, the Governor, mounted upon a fine horse, rode up, pulled a revolver from his pocket and without a word, deliberately shot Flynn, who died the next morning. His life might have been spared had he been given medical attention, but this was denied him. Auguilla would not allow a boat to leave Rama that night for a physician, neither would he allow the wounded man to be taken to Bluefields. During these brawls, the lives of all foreigners were endangered to such an extent that the English Consul asked the commander of the British cruiser *Cleopatra* to send troops to the city to quell the disturbance. Accordingly, fifty marines landed, took possession of Bluefields and declared martial law. A communication from the English Commander to General Lacayo demanded, in the name of the Queen, the removal of Nicaraguan troops from the Mosquito Territory. This demand was complied with, the soldiers were removed to Rama and for some time thereafter life was safe and tranquillity of mind enjoyed.

After the withdrawal of the English troops and the news of the wreck of the United States cruiser *Kearsarge* had reached Nicaragua, Zelaya again ordered soldiers to Bluefields in another attempt to establish his authority over the Mosquito Territory, and on March thirteenth there was a clash between the Mosquito troops and some of the Nicaraguan soldiers from Rama, in which several were dangerously wounded. The conditions at this time made it unsafe for foreigners to venture out, so again the British Consul appealed to the British cruiser for protection and, accordingly, the request was complied with and men were sent on shore, detailed to preserve order. As the authorities at Washington, D. C., were cognizant of the state of affairs in the Mosquito Territory and realized the urgency of interference in behalf of Americans, yet ignored the existing circumstances, it is not surprising that the Americans, whose lives and property were jeopardized, welcomed the landing of the British marines. Under the British flag, they were guaranteed protection, until the people of the United States protested against British occupancy of the Mosquito Coast. In order to avoid international complications, the British troops were removed and Bluefields was left exposed to Nicaraguan treachery. Strange as it may seem, while at Matagalpa, less than a hundred and fifty miles from Bluefields, I had not heard a word of the trouble existing on the Mosquito Coast and my haste to get away from Matagalpa to avoid arrest and going to Bluefields was like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. At the time of my arrival at the latter place, there was great anxiety caused by the report that Zelaya had sent two thousand soldiers to the coast. The destination of these soldiers was unknown but all felt that the Mosquito capital would be their objective point and there was considerable apprehension on the part of the foreigners, who feared Zelaya would carry

out his threat to expel or court-martial all Americans, who he claimed sympathized with the Mosquito Government. According to the laws regulating Nicaragua, court-martial for political offenders meant death by shooting, after a mock trial.

On July thirty-first, Bluefields was thrown into wild excitement by the arrival of General Cabezas and three hundred soldiers, who came down the river from Rama in American launches, flying the American flag and owned by the Mobile Fruit and Trading Company. This high-handed seizure of American property was resented by Americans, who loudly protested to Captain O'Neill of the United States cruiser Marblehead and asked that he send marines ashore to protect American life and property. In accordance with these demands, Captain O'Neill called on General Cabezas and demanded the surrender of the American launches. The Nicaraguan general agreed to this and gave Captain O'Neill a written promise not to touch them again, but nevertheless, the launches were seized during the night and the crew were compelled, at the point of bayonets, to man the boats. On the landing of the troops in Bluefields there was great excitement; everyone expected fighting to commence at once, but in this they were pleasantly disappointed. Cabezas, who evidently expected to capture Bluefields without resistance, in a note sent to Chief Clarence demanded an unconditional surrender of the capital and the immediate transfer of all property. Chief Clarence, who was not to be found for some time, upon receipt of the note, asked for twenty-four hours in which to consider Cabezas' terms. The request being granted, the intervening time was fraught with anxiety for all the foreign population. At the expiration of the truce Cabezas, aware that Clarence did not intend to surrender, made preparations for an attack and on the fifth of August, reinforced by five hundred soldiers from Greytown, forced an issue. After a short battle Chief Clarence's forces, too weak to withstand the assault, slowly retired from Bluefields and sought protection aboard the British warship Mohawk, and the inhabitants of Bluefields were left at the mercy of Cabezas who arrested all foreigners. Those who failed to escape were thrown into prison, for no offence other than that of being in the country at that time. The victorious Nicaraguans entered the Government House, hauled down the Mosquito flag and tore it into shreds. When Captain Stuart of the British ship Mohawk learned of conditions on shore, he landed a party of marines, who went to the prisons and rescued all who claimed British protection. During these troublous days the American residents learned that the United States Marines, who had been ordered ashore for the protection of American life and property, had returned to their ship. Abandoned in the hour of need, many of the Americans removed the Stars and Stripes from their homes, threw them into the street and hoisted the British flag.

While several of us were visiting Mr. Osborn, his home was raided and the Star-Spangled Banner that floated over it was ruthlessly hauled down and torn into shreds. Many of those who happened to be spending the evening with Mr. Osborn, including Andrew Williams and myself, were seized and thrown into prison under the pretext that we were in sympathy with the Mosquito Government.

Unfortunately, my passport, number 50, issued by the order of President Zelaya, along with some of my personal effects, had been left behind in my



N.º 50

Relucio Nacional;

Managua, 12 junio de 1894

El Sr. Clarence Eugenio Savall
tiene permiso para salir de la Republica,
con destino a los E. U. M. M. En consecuen-
cia las autoridades tanto civiles como mi-
litares, no le pondran obstáculos en su
marcha.

El Ministro de la Guerra
Mastan J. J. J.

Permita Vd. el conde que
Retirese J. J. J.



MY PASSPORT

sudden departure from Matagalpa. However, I had taken the precaution to have a copy made of it to be used in case of such an emergency. I handed this copy to the officers; who, after examining it, refused to recognize it on the grounds that it provided for my departure from the country by the way of the port of Corinto and asked me for an explanation of my presence in Bluefields. All arguments and persuasion on my part were for naught. When I threatened them, as a citizen of the United States, and told them that our battleships would shell their ports and that President Zelaya would have to pay dearly for his insults to Americans, they sneeringly laughed and replied, "We know the United States is a very large country and could easily swallow a little Republic like Nicaragua, but who ever heard of the United States enforcing the rights of her citizens?" These words did not strike me very forcibly at the time but later, when I was being taken to Managua, a prisoner on board the steamer Yulu, I realized that my allegiance to the Stars and Stripes afforded me little or no protection. When Captain Sumner of the United States cruiser Columbia, anchored near at hand, refused to protect us, stating that he had no authority to interfere, I regretted that I had not accepted the protection offered me under the British flag by Captain Stuart. Mr. Osborn, who had long resided in this foreign country, had learned through previous experience not to depend upon the United States for protection in time of need. He had also learned that he could afford to take no chances by remaining in the country, with President Zelaya in control, so had wisely concealed a canoe in the brush that overhung the banks of the river, in which he planned to make his escape up the river and across the country into Honduras. When the time finally arrived for flight, one of the Mobile Fruit Company's boats, in the harbor loading bananas, fortunately was about ready to sail for New Orleans, so Mr. Osborn, under cover of darkness, had a native boy paddle his canoe from his place of concealment to the vessel. In the morning, the steamer weighed anchor for New Orleans and Mr. Osborn thus escaped the treacherous Zelaya.

As the Yulu, with her American prisoners on board, departed for Greytown, she steamed close to the United States cruiser Columbia, a silent onlooker, who offered never a protest in behalf of the Americans that were being carried away to be lodged behind prison bars. We were as men without a country and all through no fault of ours. We had committed no offence save that of being in Bluefields, endeavoring to pursue a peaceful vocation. Among the prisoners on board were George Wilbert, Samuel Lupton, Fred Taylor, Augustus Williams and John Taylor, planters; many of the men holding office in the Mosquito and Provisional Government, including S. A. Hodson, W. T. Cuthbert, Attorney-General; Mark Taylor, editor of the Bluefields Messenger; O. H. Thomas, Judge of the Supreme Court; H. S. Hodson, E. D. Hatch, C. B. Willbank, Charles Patterson, W. Oliver, W. H. Brown, George Hudson and others, all business men of the Territory. Upon our arrival at Greytown, we were given the liberty of the hotel with the understanding that any who attempted escape would be shot. Here we were quartered while boats were put in readiness to carry us up the San Juan River to Managua, where we were to be imprisoned until the law had taken its course. In spite of all precautions taken by General Reys to prevent anyone escaping, there were a few who eluded the guards and made their way into Costa Rica.

Those less fortunate, the next morning, were driven aboard two river steamboats that had recently carried the Nicaraguan troops down the San Juan River to Greytown, and by nine o'clock one of these boats, the Vero, with more than a dozen prisoners aboard, myself included, slowly wended her way through one of the narrow, crooked channels that composed the delta of the San Juan and connected the lagoon with the main river. I feared that all avenues of escape were now cut off unless, upon our arrival at Castillo, where on account of the rapids at that point we would be transferred from the Vero to another steamer that would be awaiting our arrival above the rapids, we might perchance elude the guards, for not many miles beyond was Lake Nicaragua where escape would be impossible. The banks along the river in most parts were low, marshy and lined with thickets of cane and tall grasses, with an occasional clump of trees of broad-leaved palm. From these rose flocks of beautiful macaws, parrots and other tropical birds of brilliant plumage. These charming surroundings might have been greatly enjoyed had not one been tormented with the thought of being thrown into prison upon our arrival at Managua, where the prison doors were standing ajar waiting to receive us. In order to avoid the swift current, as the Vero ascended the main river, she alternated her course; first close to the Nicaraguan shore and then that of Costa Rica. Occasionally, as we rounded a bend or hugged the bank of the river to avoid the force of the current, we were almost swept from the boat by the overhanging growth that projected from the banks. The Vero frequently approached the Costa Rico shore, overgrown with a mass of tropical vegetation, with here and there a clump of banana trees that revealed the habitation of some Indian, who was eking out a miserable existence by fishing or growing cacao; while steaming close in along the heavily wooded shore it occurred to me that escape might be easily effected by jumping overboard, swimming ashore, and concealing one's self in the forest of Costa Rica where Zelaya's jurisdiction ceased; if it were not for the sharks and alligators that infested the river and the barefooted guards that might fire upon one.

As our American Minister, Lewis Baker, stationed at Managua, was in poor standing with the Nicaraguan Government and was afraid of losing his own life, we could expect little protection from that quarter. With my recent imprisonment at the capital, my previous experience in San Salvador and my flight from Matagalpa still fresh in my memory, I determined never again to set foot inside of a Nicaraguan prison if there were a possible avenue of escape left open. So I resolved then and there to make the attempt at all hazards, and take the chances with the sharks, alligators and Nicaraguan soldiers, whom I knew to be poor marksmen. I realized that this would be a hazardous undertaking and that I might receive a stray bullet and never reach shore, but determined to brave these perils, trivial compared with incarceration in a Nicaraguan prison. I confided my plans to Gus Williams, who assured me that it would be little short of suicide to attempt the escape in daylight, but who would willingly accompany me if I waited until nightfall. I was very happy to have his co-operation for it would be more difficult to capture two than one.

The Vero, an old-fashioned stern-wheel boat, similar to those used on the upper Missouri and the shallow rivers of the Pacific coast, drew but little water. She

was constructed with the boilers well forward and the engine aft. Thus considerably more than half of the forward deck was left free for freight. On this occasion the prisoners occupied this space and had no shelter from the burning rays of a torrid sun, or the heavy downpour of a tropical rain. Thus we were under the constant surveillance of the guard. Throughout the evening we waited patiently for a favorable opportunity to make our escape without being caught by the steamer's wheel and having our lives crushed out. As the sentry paced the deck, only waiting for an excuse to plunge his murderous bayonet into the gringos, whom he had instinctively been taught to hate as a menace to his country, I almost despaired of our ability to succeed, but late in the night hope again rose within me when I heard dogs barking on our left and knew from the sound that we were once more near the shore of Costa Rica. I nudged Williams but as the sentry was near at hand, we dared not then make the attempt. Presently the sentry walked towards the bow of the boat, presumably to see if all were well in that quarter. This was the very opportunity we had hoped for; in an instant we were both up. With never a thought of the alligators we plunged into the inky darkness below and desperately swam in the direction whence came the sound of barking dogs. Presently there was a commotion on board the boat and we heard half a dozen voices call out in Spanish, "Quién va allí?" (Who goes there?). An instant later there was the report of several muskets, followed by a second fusillade of bullets. For a moment the engine was stopped and I feared a boat was being launched to pick us up. I swam as never before, reached the shore and pulled myself out of the water into the brush where I concealed myself in the dense undergrowth, afraid to venture out for fear of being recaptured. Very shortly, after what seemed hours, I was greatly relieved to hear the engine of the boat begin to work, as she resumed her journey up the river, but remained concealed until I learned for a certainty that no small boat had been sent in pursuit of us, then ventured forth. I had not far to wander through the blackness of the night before I came to an opening that proved to be a hacienda.

On my arrival at the buildings, I found them deserted but guarded by dogs that barked savagely at me, a stranger. At first I thought the proprietor had gone to some village but as there were still embers of a smoldering fire within, I concluded he had been frightened by the firing and had sought refuge in the forest. In answer to my call, "Amigos," a stalwart-looking individual about forty years of age presently appeared, and when I explained the cause of the shooting he laughed at his fright, condemned the action of the Nicaraguan Government and invited me to take shelter under his roof. Up to this time, I had thought only of my own safety. As Mr. Williams had not yet put in an appearance, I was fearful for his safety. The last I remembered was shortly after the first volley had been fired, when he called out, "Are you hurt?" and I was uncertain but what a stray bullet from the second volley might have wounded him. To my great joy, about an hour after my arrival at the hacienda, he staggered in and said that after calling out to me, suspecting that a second volley of shots would follow, he dived and remained under water as long as possible. As he was unable to locate me when he rose to the surface, he naturally thought that I had either been killed or drowned. When he reached shore, he crawled out of the water and hid in the

forest until the steamer resumed her voyage. He then endeavored to locate the hacienda where he had heard the dogs barking, but on reaching the opening and hearing voices he feared to proceed farther until satisfied that a party of Nicaraguan guards had not been sent ashore in search of us. After we had talked things over and congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in escaping, Don Juan Calleria made us comfortable for the remainder of the night.

We were anxious to put as many miles as possible between our enemies and ourselves, and as an inducement to Don Juan offered a liberal reward if he would land us safely in San José, the capital of Costa Rica. The next morning, we were well on our way by daylight, Don Juan undoubtedly as anxious as we to reach San José and avoid any complications that might arise from having harbored escaped Nicaraguan prisoners. Although we travelled through a rich country, full of interest, we were glad on the evening of the second day to reach our destination, free from the clutches of Zelaya. From here we made our way to Punta Arenas, a seaport on the Gulf of Nicoya, where I was greatly surprised to find Fred Jeffries, from whom I had parted at Corinto, ill with pernicious fever. He begged me for God's sake to take him away or he would die. When I informed him of my intention of going to South America to investigate the possibilities of the hardwood forests and to visit the coffee fields of Brazil, before returning to the United States, he expressed a desire to accompany me, anywhere out on the high sea, that he might recover from the fever, and escape from Punta Arenas, where he had been for a month. As he was greatly emaciated, I felt that he was not long for this world and hesitated to take him to a country said to be far more sickly than Nicaragua, yet had not the heart to leave him there alone to die. Upon our arrival in Panama he, having somewhat recovered, decided to return to New York via the Isthmus. At Panama, Gus Williams left us and returned to the United States. While here awaiting my steamer to carry us to Peru, word reached Panama that Mr. Richardson had succeeded in obtaining the release of the Americans who had been arrested at Matagalpa and imprisoned at Managua, in connection with the lynching of the native. I also learned of the safe arrival in the United States of Henry Williams, Charles Brown and Ben Allen, businessmen of Bluefields, who during the recent trouble had succeeded in eluding the Nicaraguan officers. They had gone up the Bluefields River in a small boat and remained in concealment until the latter part of August, then boarded the United States cruiser Marblehead, and stated their case to Captain O'Neill, telling him that they had committed no offence, and would be willing to go back and stand trial if he would protect them and see that they received justice. As he refused to grant their request, they boarded the steamer Adirondack and sailed for New York. Many other Americans abandoned their property and avoided arrest by flight from the country, undergoing untold hardships in their efforts to reach Honduras or Costa Rica, and fourteen of the prisoners who had been taken up the San Juan to Managua were still awaiting trial. This lack of interest on the part of the United States in behalf of her citizens caused me to take out my papers under the protection of the British flag before leaving for South America. Had the country not been distracted by these revolutions, no doubt my experiences might have been quite different.

I will not impose upon my readers by inflicting upon them a detailed description of my ten months of wandering through the Republics of Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador and Brazil, as the lowlands of these countries are similar to those of Central America, and travelling there was much the same, except that it lacked the thrill and excitement caused by the petty revolutions of the latter. After I had descended to the lowlands of Brazil, where I spent two months along the Madre de Dios, Madeira and Amazon rivers, I ascended the Amazon River to Nauta, Peru, whence I left the Amazon and made my way to the highlands of Ecuador. From there I journeyed to Guayaquil, took a steamer for Panama and arrived at that place late one afternoon the latter part of July, 1895. After three days spent at Panama, I crossed the Isthmus to Colón, where I later boarded the steamer Newport, and sailed for New York. While crossing the Isthmus I had a renewed attack of the pernicious fever known as Chagres fever. This was brought on, no doubt, from tarrying too long in the City of Panama, then a very sickly place reeking with malaria, smallpox and yellow fever. The first three days out I was very miserable and appealed to the ship's doctor for something to allay the fever. Although the sea was calm at the time the doctor paid little or no attention to me and diagnosed my case as being nothing more or less than sea-sickness. Nor could I convince him to the contrary. No doubt my dark swarthy pea-green complexion, the result of a year and a half under the tropical sun, had something to do with the doctor's decision. Six days out from Colón, where we began to feel the fresh breezes from the north, my fever began to leave me and by the time we reached New York I was able to go about. After spending some time in New York, I went to Boston to see Mr. Jeffries, whom I was surprised to find a man of about two hundred and fifty pounds. I scarcely knew him as he was no more than a living skeleton when we parted at Panama. He grasped my hand tightly and introduced me to his mother, telling her of our terrible experiences during the Revolution in San Salvador. After a short stop in Philadelphia, I left for Brookville, where I arrived eighteen hours later, without having acquainted my parents of my intended visit home. Thinking that it would be a splendid opportunity to surprise them, I rang the door bell and when the maid answered, I was escorted into the parlor, where sister Emma on entering, failed to recognize me. It then occurred to me to conceal my identity and I enquired for Mr. G. A. Pearsall. She informed me he would be at home shortly and invited me to await his return. My emaciated body, smoothly shaven face and swarthy complexion, caused by a year and a half under an equatorial sun, made my disguise complete. It was not strange that she failed to recognize me until I enquired for mother's health. Mother also was deceived on entering the room, until later my laugh gave me away. But when father arrived, my little joke fell flat, as he recognized me the minute he entered the room. The report had been circulated that I had succumbed to the dreaded fever in Nicaragua. Many of my acquaintances, having heard nothing to the contrary, were greatly surprised upon meeting me.

After recovering part of the fifty pounds I had lost during the eighteen months spent in the tropics, I left for California, expecting to take the first steamer for Nicaragua. Upon my arrival in San Francisco, in July, 1896, I called on Carlos

Ezeta, Ex-President of San Salvador, who had recently returned from Europe where he had gone shortly after the overthrowing of his government and was domiciled at the Marshal Neil Apartments, to see if there was any chance of redress for the loss of our luggage, animals and money, that had been confiscated by the officials of the Salvadorian Government. He at first failed to recognize me until I related the circumstances of my unwarranted arrest and my forming a part of the body guard that escorted his wife and children from the capital of San Salvador to La Libertad, and then was not very enthusiastic over the renewed acquaintance. He seemed completely absorbed in his own affairs and talked at length of the intrigues of his political enemies and the overthrow of his Government, for which, he asserted, Guatemala and Honduras were largely responsible. He deeply regretted and denied the charge brought against him of having appropriated four million dollars of the Government funds and said that his own fortune, small in comparison with this amount, had been dissipated and he was now in straitened circumstances. He seemed sincere in all he said and during the course of our conversation, expressed a desire to go to Mexico, engage in business and live a quiet life. But I suspected his desire to go to Mexico was merely a scheme to aid his brother Antonio in a counter revolution in Salvador, and if successful, seize the reins of Salvador and again proclaim himself dictator. But after the assassination of Antonio at Panama, whatever might have been the President's ambition was dissipated with the failure of the counter revolution. The fact that Mrs. Ezeta borrowed two thousand dollars on her family jewels, shortly after this interview, convinced me that the deposed President had spoken truthfully. Sometime later, he and his family went to Mazatlán, Mexico, where he was taken ill and died, penniless. The friends who had helped him in days of need defrayed the expenses of his burial and thus ended the eventful career of the once brave and courageous dictator of San Salvador.

SECTION 5.

I was compelled to postpone my contemplated return to Nicaragua on account of litigation with the California Redwood Company, which threatened the title to some of the lands I had purchased. The plaintiff in the case contended that we held the title in trust for them. The title to these lands, once held by this company, had been cancelled by the Government, on account of having been fraudulently obtained. While waiting for the decision of the court, I returned to Eureka and was greatly surprised upon my arrival there to learn that I had been killed in the battle before Santa Ana. The report had been circulated by Mr. Van Berkeley, a refugee from San Salvador. Shortly after the court rendered a decision in my favor regarding the title to the lands in question, I received a letter from Nicholas Delaney of Matagalpa, Nicaragua, telling of an enterprising young Bostonian with more brains than money. He had wandered aimlessly about in Nicaragua for some time, with apparently nothing to do, and finally hit upon a scheme to acquire the timberlands by obtaining a concession from President Zelaya for the hardwood timber in eastern Nicaragua, by making a small payment in silver and agreeing to pay fifty cents per thousand feet stumpage for the timber when cut and removed, with an understanding not to cut

less than twenty thousand feet per annum. Armed with this concession, he returned to Boston and turned over his rights to others, who incorporated a company of twenty million dollars to handle all hardwoods in Nicaragua. As the valuable mahogany and other hardwoods that I had examined were included in this concession, I decided not to return to Central America but to purchase more redwood timber in Humboldt County and locate there permanently. It was fortunate that I did, otherwise I would have been aboard the ill-fated steamer *Colima* when she foundered with more than three hundred passengers aboard, I having secured passage for that very voyage. The lumber market in California was still dull but with prospects of a change for the better, and thinking that now was the opportune time to invest in timber, that in a few years would yield tenfold, I began to purchase redwood in the vicinity of the Klamath River with a view of massing larger holdings for the future rise in price which seemed inevitable. White pine timber in Michigan had advanced from fifty cents per M to ten dollars per M, so I looked forward to the far-sighted lumbermen casting a glance towards the Pacific coast to make their future purchases where timber could still be had for twenty cents per M. Nor was I mistaken in my conjecture for most of the lumbermen, realizing that white pine was nearing an end in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, began to purchase on the Pacific coast.

With this in view, in the spring of 1897, I returned to Tecta Creek on the Klamath River, to complete the examination of the timber that I had so abruptly left off five years before, on account of the excessive rains and the accidental burning of my shoes. Robert Kiser, a Brookville boy, accompanied me on this trip. Naturally strong-minded and easily bewildered, he invariably travelled in the wrong direction when out of my sight, and caused me to regret having chosen him as a companion. When the examination of the timber was completed, I was greatly relieved to part company with Robert, who crossed the mountains to Swan's on his way to Eureka. On leaving camp that beautiful June day, I walked along the ridge of the mountains to an Indian path, which I followed for a considerable distance, through a blaze of pink rhodendrons and sweet-scented azaleas, intermingled with occasional clumps of redwood lillies, that seemed to nod their heads in greeting. My arrival at the mouth of Surper Creek, from where I expected my old friends, the Indians, to take me down the river to Äh'-Päh, was announced by the old familiar call, *Iaqua*. As the echo died out, I listened for the answer, but all in vain. Again I called, "*Iaqua natoma*." Again no response. Everything was as silent as the grave. Naturally surprised, and unable to understand the cause of this death-like stillness, I proceeded to the village, which I found abandoned and fallen to decay. As it was evident that it had not been occupied for several years, I continued along the river bank some distance before discovering smoke emitting from a lone lodge on the opposite shore. I hallooed and presently there came the old familiar answer, *Iaqua*. I suspected that the reply came from Surper Billie, so called, "*Iaqua ne-tama. On'-i-shä wanos yats*" (Good morning, friend, bring the canoe. On'-i-shä wants to cross the river). Instantly there came the reply, "*Cush-cot-sow-ich, waugi che-muss On'-i-shä*." (Where are you going, young white man On'-i-shä?) In response I answered, "*He-poah-cos-cot sow-ich, Äh'-Päh pa-rah Ä-re'-qua*." (I am going down the river

to Äh'-Päh and maybe Ä-re'-quah.) The answer came back, "Pah, por-i ta-lick, wen-chuck wanos yats." (No, old squaw sick, will send the canoe by the girls.) I was pleased to know that I had not been forgotten by my old friend Billie and sat down upon the river bank to wait. Presently a canoe was shoved into the river and two squaws stepped in and paddled across. Upon their arrival at the bank where I stood, I recognized them instantly as Surper Billie's girls, now grown to fully matured squaws. On the opposite shore, I found Surper Billie busily engaged preparing for an extended deer hunt.

Apparently glad to see me back on the river, he invited me to spend the night in his lodge. In the course of our conversation, that evening, he told me that the few Indians of the abandoned village who had not died had moved up the river to either Pecwan or Hoopa. Early the next morning, I started down the river in a canoe with Billie's girls at the paddles. Leisurely drifting down with the current, we passed point after point where a half dozen or more empty lodges stood. At Indian Alick's, there were but two lodges occupied. Upon enquiring for Mäh'-willä and Wre'-prä, as we approached Äh'-Päh, I learned that both were dead and that her mother, Ka-ue'-kä, had gone up the river to Saragan. I could scarcely believe the little girl dead. Wre'-prä, who had eagerly sought to learn the white man's talk and who had so frequently ferried me across the river, would greet me no more. When we stepped ashore at Äh'-Päh, we found the village deserted and in ruins. No one came to welcome me as of yore. I walked about among the tumbled-down lodges, now overgrown with weeds and vines, and marvelled that five short years could cause so great a change. Near the grave of Mäh'-willä, where we spent some time, was another grave, inclosed with a picket fence, the pickets having been split from cedar trees. As I recognized Wre'-prä's red dress among the other articles of wearing apparel hung upon the fence, I needed no one to tell me who reposed there. Wre'-prä, the pride of the Äh'-Päh, called home in her youth, deserved a better resting place than the solitude of a redwood forest, where in a few short years her grave, overgrown, will be forever lost and unknown. Leaving Billie's girls standing here, I walked a short distance to my old bark lodge, now a heap of rubbish, overgrown with blackberry vines, and under the roots of the grand old tan oak tree found undisturbed the pestle of exquisite workmanship that Mäh'-willä had presented me. Shortly after, we returned to the canoe, continued down the river to Omagar, thence to Sialth, where we stopped to visit Wâu'-teen, who, now very old, was a mass of wrinkles. He seemed pleased that I had returned to the river and had not forgotten him. Wâu'-teen, about to pass over to the great beyond, lamented the death of so many of his people, saying that there were scarcely a hundred canoes left on the lower river, and predicted that before the lapse of many years all of his people would be dead. He insisted that had the other Indians done as he, and refused the white man's bread and firewater, many canoes would always float up and down the river. When I bid the faithful old man good-bye he said, "Next time you come, my lodge be empty, see me no more" (a prediction that came true). Arriving at the mouth of the river that evening and finding scarcely a village that had not lost more or less of its population, I felt that Wâu'-teen was right; that the dying out of the red man was due to the evils of the unscrupulous whites. I parted company with the

young squaws that evening and walked to Mr. Johnston's, seven miles down the coast. From him I learned that Sop, the last of the Osagons, was dead. The next morning as I passed down the coast, I stopped and wandered about the empty lodges. All now was desolation where once had stood the large, populous and thriving Osagon village.

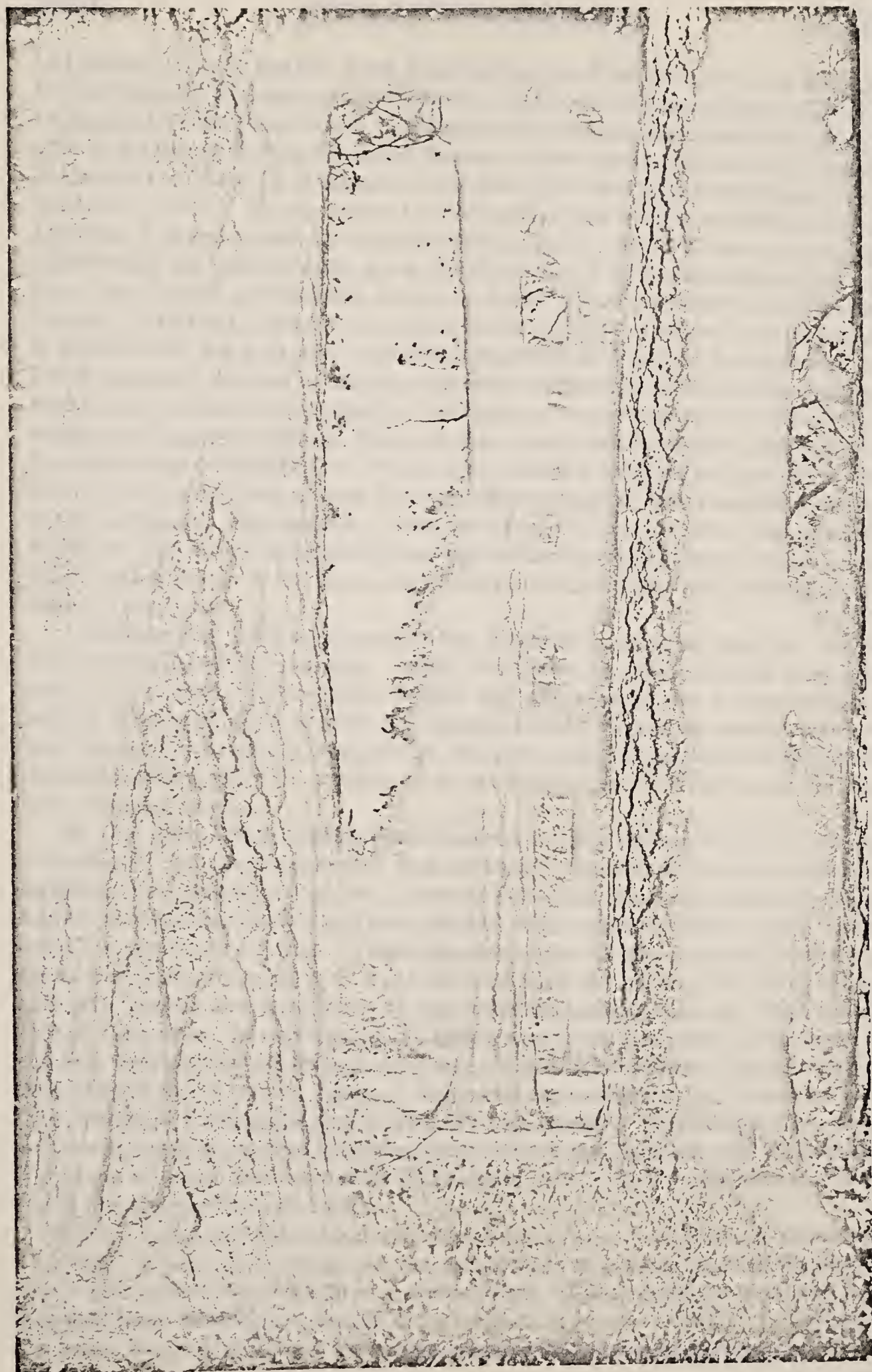
While investigating the quality of the timber in the vicinity of Big Lagoon, I made the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Driffield. The English gentleman, who was an enthusiastic angler, had been attracted to that locality by the excellent trout fishing to be had there. Somewhat of an angler myself, we spent many pleasant days together. During his stay at the Big Lagoon, through me he became deeply interested in the splendid redwood timber in that vicinity and planned upon his return to England in the fall to obtain the co-operation of some of his friends in purchasing the same. In the latter part of October, I was called to Orchard Lake, Michigan, to consult with Mr. David Ward, whom I had succeeded in interesting in redwood timber land along the Klamath River. Later returning to Eureka, where I spent Christmas in the home of Miss Hettie May Wilson, daughter of David Wilson and his wife Hettie A. Johnson. Shortly after that young lady's graduation from the State Normal School at San José, I had tried to convince her that a school of one was far easier to teach than one of forty, but two years elapsed before she arrived at the same conclusion. In the Congregational Church, at high noon, Sunday, January sixteenth, 1898, after the congregation had been dismissed and where more than two hundred guests were seated, the bride and her bridesmaid began their march up the aisle to the strains of the Lohengrin wedding march. The groom and his attendant entered from the vestry and met the bride at the altar, where Reverend Griffith Griffiths pronounced them man and wife. After the ceremony, a light wedding breakfast was served and the bride and groom were bundled into a cab and driven to the steamer Pomona. As the newlyweds stood upon the bridge and waved to their many friends, congregated on the pier to bid them bon voyage, Captain Nahun E. Cousins handed the groom the whistle cord. After three long blasts of the whistle, the steamer began to slowly move down the bay and shortly after crossed the treacherous bar, out on to the stormy sea beyond. Thus Hettie May and I began our voyage of life together.

The following May, Mr. Ward, accompanied by Mr. Willitts, an expert timber estimator, arrived in Eureka to further investigate the redwood timber, with the intention of increasing his holdings. We proceeded to Crescent City, transacted our business and while there, I received a message from home that Lord Driffield was desirous of having an interview with me upon important business. Naturally my spirits rose above normal as I thought that he had successfully launched our project in England, else he would not have returned to America and summoned me. We hastened our return to Requa, where I left Mr. Ward and Mr. Willitts in charge of Lame Charlie, a half-breed Indian; they were to ascend the Klamath with a canoe as far as Blue Creek, where I planned to meet them the following Friday. After making satisfactory arrangements, I walked down to the river and as there were no Indians around to set me across, I took a canoe and paddled to the opposite shore, about a third of a mile distant.

From here I walked down the coast to Johnston's a distance of seven miles, over the old Indian trail that led through an almost continuous thicket of tall ferns, salmonberry and salal brush that towered far above my head, which were dripping with water from the heavy fog that blew in from the ocean, and drenched me to the skin. On reaching Johnston's I secured a saddle horse, and as darkness approached, started for Eureka. Fortunately the tide was ebbing at the time, which enabled me to make my way down the coast, by the treacherous beach, in safety, enter the forest and by midnight I had made my way through the inky darkness to Swan's. Here I entered upon the wagon road and continued over the mountains by that crooked and narrow road whose numerous sharp turns, peculiar to this mountain country, required the traveller to cover a quarter to a half a mile only to find himself back within a hundred or two hundred feet of where he had been; like travelling down one side of a hairpin around the turn and back the other.

At daybreak, upon my arrival at Trinidad, I left the saddle animal, secured a span of horses, and drove to Arcata in time to catch the steamer *Alta* for Eureka. Here I found Lord Driffield, who informed me of Lord Thurlow's intention to visit Humboldt County and investigate the possibilities of the redwood timber proposition. After spending the day with the gentleman, with arrangements made to meet him later, I started on my return journey to keep my appointment with Mr. Ward. Mounted on Mrs. Pearsall's fleet-footed saddle animal, Dexter, I was back in Arcata within an hour, a distance of twelve miles, where I left Dexter, jumped into the buggy and as darkness set in started for Trinidad. On approaching Little River, I was obliged to drive along the ocean beach, through the surf, a distance of three miles, before fording that stream, which only could be accomplished at a low stage of the tide, and was once more on the narrow crooked road where perchance one might easily drive over the precipitous bank and fall to the rocks below, or into the ocean. On reaching Trinidad I again mounted Mr. Johnston's saddle horse and rode to Mr. Harris on Prairie Creek. Towards morning, after making arrangements with that gentleman for the safe return of Mr. Johnston's horse, I walked sixteen miles over an abandoned Indian trail, across the mountains through the redwood forest, to the Klamath River. As I neared a point opposite Surper Billie's I hallooed and presently Billie's girls came over with the canoe and paddled me down the river to Blue Creek, where we arrived at ten o'clock that morning, just as Mr. Ward and his party were pulling into the mouth of Blue Creek. I had covered a distance of one hundred and ninety miles in forty-four hours. Mr. Ward could scarcely believe that I had been to Eureka and back in such a remarkably short time, until I handed him his mail. When Mr. Ward had completed his inspection of the timber on the Klamath, we returned to Eureka and shortly afterwards he departed for Michigan.

While Lord and Lady Driffield were awaiting the arrival of Lord Thurlow, we returned to the Lagoon and whiled away the time, angling for the wily trout. After the arrival of Lord Thurlow, it was decided the better plan would be to consolidate all of the holdings of the Scotch Syndicate with those of the John Vance Lumber Company. Lords Thurlow and Driffield felt confident that the capital of five million dollars, necessary to carry out this project, could easily be obtained



CLARENCE E. PEARSALL'S PACIFIC COAST YELLOW PINE TIMBER

in London. Late in the fall, Lord Thurlow went to New York where he arranged to take over the interests of the California Redwood Company before his return to England. Mrs. Pearsall and I accompanied him East and remained the greater part of the winter in New York and Boston, where I interested some of the stockholders of the Santa Fe Railroad in our enterprise and in the building of a railroad into Eureka. On our return to California, while waiting to hear from Lord Driffield, I busied myself by purchasing and getting together, under option and agreements, the timber lands Lord Driffield and I had contemplated selling. Upon the English gentleman's return to America two years later, he informed me that it had been impossible to launch the enterprise in England, as timber land in America had not proved a profitable investment with them. In the meantime, I had conceived the idea of merging not only the interests of the various lumbermen but all the timber comprised in that vast redwood forest of the Pacific coast, making one gigantic holding, which at that time could have been accomplished for twenty-five million dollars. With this in mind, I returned to New York, and laid my proposition before New York and Boston capital, who thought favorably of the enterprise. Apparently, I was on the eve of success, when the Spanish-American War broke out, which put an end to further negotiations, but not before I had induced some of the Santa Fe officials to visit Eureka and investigate the county's resources.

I accompanied these gentlemen to San Francisco, overland, that they might view the proposed right of way. Later, the Santa Fe purchased the local railroad, united with the Southern Pacific and constructed our present railroad uniting Humboldt County with the outside world. After the close of our war with Spain, conditions in the lumber market began to improve until lumber reached a price heretofore unheard of on the Pacific coast. This caused the advent of many buyers.

By this time I had acquired one hundred twenty thousand acres of choice timberland. In the meantime I had become interested in other enterprises, including the reclamation of the Colorado Desert in Southern California (now known as Imperial Valley) and had reached what might be called "high water mark" in my timber holdings. I then disposed of part of these holdings, including thirty-one thousand acres to J. E. Henry and Sons of Lincoln, New Hampshire, and later sixteen thousand acres of that excellent cedar timber on Alice Lake, British Columbia. In selling to J. E. Henry and Sons, I retained an interest in eighteen thousand acres of the choice timber in the vicinity of Big Lagoon. Later they alleged that I was an agent of theirs and not entitled to an interest in the land, although I had purchased it with my own money. This brought on a law suit, involving nine years of litigation that ended in the Henrys losing. Although it cost me no small fortune to defend my rights, yet I had the satisfaction of not losing my interest through fraud.

When I purchased the eighteen thousand acres from the California Redwood Company, it became necessary for me to visit San Francisco to close the deal. The night before our departure a strong wind, almost equal to a hurricane, that had been blowing for several days reached its greatest velocity and shook the house on its foundation. When we boarded the steamer Pomona on that

eventful morning, the ocean was frightfully rough, and the surf as it pounded on the shore sounded like the booming of so many cannon. Captain Shea thought it too rough to venture out, but gave orders to steam down the bay, to the entrance, that he might take a look at the bar. The solid green waves were running mountain high (as most writers would say). The Captain decided that it would be suicidal to venture out at that time, so turned the vessel about and steamed back. When opposite the Coast Guard Station, Captain Smith, tender of the harbor lights, greeted Captain Shea with "Ah, you've got cold feet, Captain. You'll lose your reputation and that of the Pomona." This remark stirred up all of the dare-devil in our Captain and he deliberately headed the ship for the bar. No one realized that he intended to take the desperate chance of losing his ship and all on board, until the Pomona's bow began to plow her way through the angry seas that broke across the entrance. As the ship dived beneath the solid green waves, that covered her from stem to stern, she was completely enveloped in darkness. As each monstrous wave struck the ship she fairly groaned and creaked in every joint as if about to give up the struggle. Each time she plunged beneath the waves, we heard the superstructure of the vessel being torn away and thought that our time had surely come. When the ninth wave loomed up ahead, Louis, the cabin boy, came into our stateroom, removed his shoes and stockings and said, "It is all off with us this time," and rushed out again. When this wave struck the ship, the water poured into our stateroom, and when I heard the timbers crash and the women scream, I thought that Louis was right; that our time had come. I listened to note whether or not the screw propeller had stopped and was greatly relieved to hear the regular throb of the engine. When the ship rose to the surface, daylight began to peep in through the shutters that protected the windows, and I realized that we had come out conquerors, at least with that wave.

To this wave we probably owed our lives, for it so retarded the speed of the ship that the tenth and largest one of all that threatened to engulf us, broke before it reached our vessel. The leeward side of the ship was badly crushed in, doors and windows were torn from their fastenings; one side of the social hall and all of the superstructure, including a part of the hurricane deck, had been carried away. There was three feet of water in the dining saloon and many of the passengers on the port side of the ship, caught like rats in a trap, were nearly drowned, while others were badly cut and bruised by pieces of flying glass and wreckage. When Captain Shea, pale as death, entered our stateroom, shortly after we had reached the high sea, he said, "The solid green waves broke thirty feet above the pilot house and had the last one broken on board the ship, we would now all be with Davey Jones. Not even the ship's cat would have been saved." Outside the waves rolled in all directions. A confused sea, as Captain Shea termed it. The officers listed the ship and put up tarpaulins to keep the seas from rolling into the social hall, with its side open to the fury of the storm. This condition continued throughout the voyage to San Francisco. We had some difficulty in crossing the bar at the Golden Gate, but in comparison with our recent experience it seemed mild indeed. When the Pomona docked, Captain Wallace, Port Captain of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, called out, "My God, Shea, what have you been doing with the boat?" Captain Shea replied, "Carrying out orders, Sir."

(Which meant that if a captain failed to make his trip, there were other captains awaiting his job.) Captain Wallace then wheeled about and walked away. Upon our return to Eureka we learned from friends, who had watched the steamer cross the bar, that at times she was entirely submerged. Once, for three minutes, they lost sight of her and thought that she had gone to the bottom until they heard her signal, with three long blasts of the whistle, that all was well, when they took off their hats and cheered. About this time, I purchased ten thousand acres of sugar pine timber, the title to eight thousand acres of which came through the State of California as lieu indemnity and the balance from ex-United States Senator Felton. The United States Land Department had accepted the title from the State of California for a like amount, yet in the face of this the Government has stubbornly refused to list the lands. Heretofore this has been promptly done, the validity of the title never being questioned, but it looks now as if the Government intends to wilfully prevent the State from carrying out its obligations to its citizens.

When the great project was proposed for diverting the waters of the Colorado River to irrigate that vast desert land stretching from Sunser Springs in the east to Superstition Mountain on the west and from the Southern Pacific railroad on the north to Volcano Lake in old Mexico on the south, known as the Colorado Desert, John Hyde Braly, at that time President of the Southern California Savings Bank, in Los Angeles, enthusiastic over the possibilities of subduing the desert, asked me to join in the enterprise, so accordingly we arranged to visit the valley and ascertain the quality of the soil and its possibilities. Unfortunately, we chose August (1901), the hottest month of the year, to make the trip. Mrs. Pearsall, who had accompanied me on many of my numerous wanderings, insisted on going on this memorable expedition. Before leaving Los Angeles, we realized that we were not going on a pleasure trip and upon our arrival at Indio, with the thermometer registering one hundred and twenty-two degrees, we were able to appreciate the story often told of a man who died and went to Hades. He complained to Satan of being cold and asked permission to return for his blankets. When his satanic majesty enquired, "Where are you from?" the man replied, "The Colorado desert."

We arrived at Flowing Wells, a station on the Southern Pacific railroad, and spent the night at McCauley's hotel, a lone board shack out on the desert. It was so hot that sleep was impossible. The first part of the night we lay on the bed with our heads out the window and towards morning reversed our position. Several times during the night, when the heat seemed unbearable, we arose, sprinkled the sheets, dashed a bucket of water on the floor, bathed our bodies and then lay down, but Morpheus, the god of sleep, refused to comfort us under such trying conditions. During the night we witnessed something rarely ever seen on the desert, a waterspout accompanied by deafening peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning. When morning came, we learned that about thirteen miles of the railroad had been washed out, and that the barrancas on the desert were running bank-full, and were advised to postpone our journey until the water had subsided, but none of us were anxious to prolong our stay at McCauley's hotel. Mr. Braly, turning to Mrs. Pearsall and addressing her as H. May, which

had been his custom ever since learning that she was a graduate of the State Normal, that he founded and of which he afterwards served as vice-president, laughingly remarked, "We came here to subdue the desert and not to be subdued. Bless you, my children, have faith in the Lord and we will get through safely." We started out after breakfast, on our journey across the wasting sands, barren of all vegetable and animal life, save a few mesquite trees, lizards and coyotes. Our driver, a man from Oregon, who claimed to have been born at the wrong time of the moon, upbraided us for our folly in starting out and predicted that each barranca that we approached would be impassable. From his general appearance and the gloomy view he took of things in general, we concluded among ourselves to name him Friday and after travelling with him a short distance, decided that he was right about having been born at the wrong time of the moon. The barrancas, some of which were from twelve to sixteen feet wide and from four to six feet deep, were running bank-full but we took no chances, carefully sounding the depth each time, before fording. Upon our arrival at Salton River, now called the Alamo, about noon, we found that the bridge had been dislodged on our side, by the flood water. For a time it looked as if Friday's predictions were about to prove true and that we would be compelled to return to Flowing Wells and await more favorable conditions.

Neither Mr. Braly nor I was easily discouraged; we had no intention of turning back without first making an attempt to cross the roaring river, that twenty-four hours before was as dry as the desert. Thankful for the little shelter afforded from the blazing sun, beneath a dead, leafless, mesquite tree, we repaired thither, ate our lunch, and planned how to get across this roaring tumbling volume of liquid mud. Fortunately, several planks from the bridge had lodged on our side of the stream. I fastened an end of one to the bank, allowing the other end to float down stream and lodge against the topmost branches of a submerged mesquite tree. Then we placed a second plank on top of this one. I carried the third plank out to the mesquite tree, held fast to one end and allowed the other to float down stream. Mr. Patton, who had arrived on the other side of the river to meet us, as per previous arrangement, grabbed the other end and lodged it against some of the remaining planks of the bridge on his side. Thus we made a foot bridge and crossed the Salton on this makeshift. Here we gladly bid adieu to our man Friday, and continued on our journey with Mr. Patton, over that barren, sun-parched desert, that at one time had been the bed of the Gulf of California. To our great surprise, not a drop of water had fallen on this side of the Salton River. For three hours that afternoon, we drove through a blinding sand storm that came up suddenly; so violent at times that we feared our wagon would be overturned before we were out of the grip of this desert storm. Towards evening, we arrived at the hotel, a tent where Charlie Chinaman was proprietor, manager, clerk, bellboy, cook, waiter and chambermaid. We spent the night here, listening to the howling coyotes until morning drove them to cover. The next day we continued our journey to the border line and the day after crossed into old Mexico, inspected conditions there, later on returning to the California side. After making wide examinations of the country we made preparations to start a town on the site now occupied by Brawley.

Selecting the site was an easy task compared to finding a suitable name for the town, which was to be the most important one of the desert. I suggested Carthage, Tyre and Troy, but Mr. Braly laughingly objected, saying that they were all dead ones and that what we wanted was a real live one, so I proposed his name, for at that time I knew of no one more alive than he, but with a shake of his head he replied, "No, I appreciate your compliment, but in that case the honor lies with you and, owing to the interest you have taken with me in this project, I name the town Pearsall." Aside from the terrific heat, our journey, beset with hardships and perils, was not devoid of interest. In the mornings we viewed those marvelous mirages common to the desert and in the evenings, the most wonderful and awe-inspiring sunsets, so vivid in coloring as to almost startle one. After it was definitely settled that Mr. Braly and I were to have full control of the lands and the laying out of the towns, north of District No. 6, from Sunset Springs on the east to Superstition Mountain on the west, to Flowing Wells on the north, a station on the S. P. R. R., we purchased two thirds of the water stock in District No. 4, from the California Development Company; Andrew Chaffee, president of the company, retaining the remaining one third. With the assistance of Mr. Halliday, our Engineer, we began the contouring and construction of the irrigation canals, preparatory to the settling of the country. The Government surveys were faulty and all traces of the former survey had disappeared. As there were neither stakes, trees nor rocks by which to locate ourselves, our task was a difficult one. Our only guide as a start was Sunset Springs, thirteen miles away.

During our sojourn on the desert, Mrs. Pearsall, my brother and I drove to Superstition Mountain, so called on account of the weird formation of the rock, caused by the action of water when this mountain formed part of the old shore line of the Gulf of California. Here we encountered one of the most violent sand storms I ever experienced. The wind blew a perfect gale and the air was so filled with sand and dust that at times it was impossible to see two rods ahead. The fury of the storm increased, and as we advanced in the face of it, sand and tiny pebbles were hurled into our faces with such violence that we gladly sought protection behind our wraps. The horses frequently refused to face the storm and I was compelled to change our course many times in order to protect the poor brutes' eyes from the blinding sand. Only with the greatest precaution was I enabled to keep a general course across that thirty miles of trackless desert. There was grave danger of our driving over the edge of the constantly shifting hummocks of sand, but when the horses approached one of these, they stopped and I climbed out to find a way out of our difficulty. Even though I was very careful not to wander from the wagon more than a hundred feet, I was sometimes obliged to call to my brother in order to find my way back. We stopped at the noon hour and attempted to lunch, but the moment we opened our mouths they were so filled with sand that we gladly decided to forego the meal. In the afternoon the fury of the storm increased until it became alarming to us all. At times I was unable to discern the horses' heads or shoulders and even their hips were barely visible, although one was white. When we passed the bones of two horses, near an abandoned wagon that was almost buried beneath the sand, where some

years before Edward Clark and Harry Sanford had perished, these, with the death of three Japanese fresh in our minds, caused Mrs. Pearsall to be frightened lest we should meet a similar fate, and she lay down in the bottom of the wagon, covered up for protection against the storm and cried. I must confess that for a while things looked doubtful but I never for an instant gave up hope as long as the pale rays of the sun occasionally penetrated the clouds, which enabled us to obtain a glimpse of the slight shadows made by the horses, and thus keep our course. I felt confident that eventually we would come either to the wagon road that led across the desert to the San Jacinto Mountains or to the railroad, seventy miles to the northward. Towards evening, when we least expected, we came suddenly upon the road, having missed our objective point about eighteen miles. As darkness approached, the storm abated somewhat, which enabled us to find our way back without further anxiety. For ten days after this terrible experience we were scarcely able to see on account of the inflamed condition of our eyes. Visitors into the Imperial Valley now cannot know of conditions existing before the advent of irrigation.

After my eyes had recovered sufficiently from the effect of the sand, Mrs. Pearsall and I crossed the desert about sixty miles and visited some isolated groves of palm trees, the remnant of a species said to be found nowhere else in their wild state. From these groves, that evidently bordered the Gulf of California when at some prehistoric time it extended north of Indio, came all of the original palms of this species found throughout the world today. How these few scattering groves of picturesque and stately palms survived this great lapse of time remains a mystery. Ere long, no doubt, they, like the red man, will become a thing of the past.

Soon after we had purchased the water stock in District No. 4, Mr. Braly left for the East, where I expected to join him after the completion of the surveys of the laterals. On my way east, I made a short stop at Kansas City, Mo., to interview some bankers there relative to backing our bonding proposition, and then hastened on to Chicago to meet Mr. Braly, with the intention of making arrangements for the colonization of the land. Shortly after my arrival, Mr. Braly was called to Los Angeles on urgent business, so I was left to handle the project alone. Having succeeded in interesting eastern capital in our behalf, I returned to Los Angeles and found that during my absence the Chaffees had severed all relations with the California Development Company. Mr. Heber, who had taken over the control of the mother company, refused to co-operate with us. Furthermore, he ignored all existing agreements between the Chaffees, Mr. Braly and me. The company was incorporated under the laws of Mexico, we were unable to compel him to live up to its contracts made under Mr. Chaffee, so were obliged to give up our colonization project, which at that time would have relieved the financial embarrassment of the mother company. Soon after Mr. Heber assumed charge, he was obliged to turn over District No. 4, under contract to us by the Chaffees, to Oakley brothers of Los Angeles in order to save the mother company from bankruptcy. The Oakleys appropriated the town-site of Pearsall, and being cognizant of Mr. Braly's aversion to having the town named for him, in order to prevent any controversy, changed the spelling and named the town Brawley.

Thus the town of Pearsall, like Carthage, Tyre and Sidon, perished from the face of the earth. Shortly after the Oakleys took charge of District No. 4, Mr. Braly and I disposed of our interests in the great irrigation project of the Colorado desert, now known as Imperial Valley, the Nile of America.

Later, we investigated the possibilities of reclaiming a one-hundred-thousand-acre tract of land situated forty miles up the Colorado River from Yuma. The engineer and I left Yuma and made our way as far as Picacho, where we remained over night. The following morning, we crossed over to the Arizona side where we continued all day and spent the night with a lone settler, who had attempted an irrigation project on a small scale. While accepting of his hospitality, we had the pleasure of eating our first casaba melons. This proved to be a rare treat at that time of the year, near Christmas, out on the desert, where the luxury of fresh fruit was seldom enjoyed. During the evening meal, our kind-hearted host apologized for having nothing better to offer us than steak, cut from a young burro. As he noticed that we refused to partake of the meat, he remarked that he had done likewise when he first settled in the country, but that hunger for meat had finally driven him to try it. He claimed that at first it was very distasteful but that he gradually cultivated a liking for burro flesh. The following morning we crossed the Colorado River back to the California side, and upon our arrival in the valley, that we had gone to inspect, were treated to one of the most beautiful sights I ever expect to witness. A band of wild horses, feeding on the beans of the mesquite trees, frightened at our sudden appearance, galloped across the open part of the desert. Three of them, a black, a bay and a dappled grey, galloping off, neck and neck, reminded me of Pharaoh's horses, by Herring. Towards evening, we reached Blythe, our destination. Here stood a single adobe house, in front of which, overlooking the Colorado River, were half a dozen brush huts, occupied by Mexicans. On New Year's eve we attended a Spanish fandango, and danced to the soft sweet strains of the guitar, which brought back vivid recollections of similar experiences in Central America. This valley, about eight miles wide and twenty miles long, with as fine soil as ever bordered the Nile, would have furnished homes for thousands had the proposition of taking water from the Colorado River not been too expensive for private enterprise.

Captain Albert C. Tibbets, of Eureka, a friend of mine, had often showed me some fine specimens of ore, taken from a mine rich in silver, that he had prospected years before in the Argus Mountains, not far from Death Valley. I decided before leaving the desert to try and locate the mine, although situated too remote from transportation to work at a profit; take it up, do the required assessment work, acquire title and take chances on a railroad being constructed at some future time sufficiently near to insure profitable operation. The Captain, in describing the location, said that the mine lay on the northwestern slope of the Argus Range, at the base of a two-or-three-hundred-foot precipice, directly above and on the top of which were some huge granite boulders. With this vague description in mind, I started out over part of the desert untravelled by me before. The desolate landscape, composed of barren mountains and valleys of drifting sand, was a place in which one might easily lose his way and perish

from thirst. Soon after reaching Keeler, I started for Darwin, a small mining town, at the base of a mountain by the same name, and on my arrival there, made the acquaintance of Charles Anthony, to whom Captain Tibbets had referred me. Mr. Anthony, too old and infirm to accompany me, suggested a man by the name of Paul Jones, who was well acquainted with that part of the desert, as a most likely escort. I liked Paul's appearance, who disclaimed any relation with our illustrious American of that name, but I was not enthusiastic about starting on a journey across the desert in his rattletrap wagon, drawn by a pair of cayuses, one of which reminded me of the brute that had once caused me a long walk in Oregon. After leaving Darwin and travelling through a country that seemed to be highly mineralized, we crossed the Darwin Mountains. As we emerged from a small ravine, through which we had descended, standing out against a clear blue sky, I recognized the Argus Range, some ten or twelve miles distant. Upon our approach to the mountains, I discovered the gigantic granite boulders that Captain Tibbets had described. After we had reached the northern end of the mountain, we stopped the horses and walked directly to the ledge, at the base of the mountain beneath the precipice, astonished at the ease with which we had located the mine. Unfortunately for me, a man from Los Angeles had discovered the ledge two weeks prior to my arrival, and had begun development. My long journey across the desert having been for naught, I concluded to examine a mine located in the Calico Mountains, of which I had heard. We crossed the Panamint Valley, entered Wild Rose Cañon and arrived at the mine about dusk.

After completing my examination of the mine, the next day we took a considerable quantity of gold-bearing rock from the dump with us and started for Gold Fields. We descended the mountain to Death Valley and began our slow tedious journey across the drifting sands, where no friendly clouds sheltered our eyes from the pitiless glare. Woe to the traveller who wandered from the trail, or drank water from the poisonous springs of that barren waste. During the course of our conversation, the subject of balky horses came up and I spoke of the calamities that might befall a traveller out on the desert, at the mercy of one of these contrary brutes. Paul agreed that a greater misfortune could scarcely overtake one but at the same time maintained that if there were no balky men, there would be no balky horses. I could not agree with him as I had had several experiences of the kind, but he insisted, "First a balky man, then a balky horse. Now for instance, I bought that horse on the off side for five dollars from a man who was about to kill her because of her balking propensities. See how nicely she travels for me. I have owned many so-called balky horses, but as yet never have had any trouble." Naturally, I was curious to know how he prevented them from balking and enquired the nature of his secret, whereupon he replied, "Treat them with kindness." Just at that moment the villainous-eyed horse on the off side, apparently waiting for this cue, rolled up her eyes and stopped. At first I thought nothing strange of this as Paul had frequently stopped to rest the team in the heavy sand, but when he urged the pinto in a low voice to "go on there" and she refused, my suspicions were aroused. Paul said never a word. He climbed out of the wagon, pretended to adjust the har-

ness, climbed back and again spoke to the horses. When the off horse made no attempt to move, Paul said, "Something unusual must be ailing her." I said nothing but thought a good deal and was wondering how we would escape from our embarrassing situation. Paul, ever patient, climbed out of the wagon a second time, adjusted the harness and tried to persuade the balky animal to "go along" but met with no better success than before, so carefully lifted one foot and then another until he had examined all four feet, then spoke to the horses again and still the pinto refused to move. After working thus for an hour or two, exhausting all known remedies, Paul, like other men I have known, finally lost his temper and commenced to kick the horse on her legs and sides. Still she refused to go. Paul, driven to desperation, hurled the gold-bearing rocks, some pieces of which weighed from ten to fifteen pounds, against the poor brute's legs until I feared they would be broken. At every blow, a stream of blood went trickling to the ground but the dumb brute never flinched. Finally when the poor animal could no longer endure this torture, she threw herself to the ground. I realized that it was impossible to get the horse up, so persuaded Paul to desist from further abuse. To proceed on our journey was out of the question. We had but little water and provisions, so I proposed that we return to the mine. We had one trusty horse on which we could ride in turn. Paul removed the harness from the other, threw it into the wagon and began our retreat. We left the sulking cayuse to perish on the desert sands of Death Valley and furnish food for the half-starved coyotes that perchance might wander that way and pick her bones.

Fortunately for us, it was the cool season of the year, else we would have surely perished, for Paul insisted on taking a short cut, and as a result, we lost our way, wandered about the mountains and were compelled to remain out all night, without water. In the morning we reached a dry wash and after following this for some time, found a bunch of dried grass, well known by all scouts of the desert to be an indication of water. After we had labored for an hour or so, scraping away the sand, we finally found sufficient water to quench our thirst but not enough for the horse. About noon we came to our wagon tracks of the day before, which we re-traced to the mine, where we arrived late that afternoon. When within about two miles of the mine, we were greatly surprised to see the balky horse, that we had left to perish on the desert, come trotting up to us, whinnying to her mate. Paul was so provoked that it was with great difficulty that I prevented him from shooting her. While he returned to Death Valley for the wagon, I spent my time making a more thorough examination of the mine. Upon our return to Darwin, Paul admitted that there was at least one balky horse in the world. From Keeler to Los Angeles, I enjoyed the rare treat of seeing the desert fairly ablaze with the strange and delicate flowers peculiar to that part of the country, that spring up like magic after a heavy rain, which occurs but once or twice a year.

My next venture, in the reclaiming of the arid lands, was in the vicinity of Honey Lake Valley, but after a careful survey, I found the waters of Eagle Lake were inadequate, so turned my attention to Sierra Valley, with its hundred thousand acres of excellent land. At the head of this valley, there was a supply of water sufficient for irrigation and power to operate sawmills and the railroads

of the valley. It required about four million dollars to launch this enterprise, that included not only the irrigation of the valley, but the handling of a hundred and twenty thousand acres of sugar pine timber on the adjacent mountains. We had about secured the necessary capital, when the earthquake and fire of 1906 terminated further negotiations. While working on this project, prior to the fire, I telegraphed to Mrs. Pearsall to meet me in San Francisco, but owing to a misunderstanding of telegrams, I left San Francisco for Eureka and she left Eureka for San Francisco. On Easter Sunday, about midnight, we passed at sea. Upon Mrs. Pearsall's arrival at the Palace Hotel, Monday morning, she learned that I had left for Eureka, so went to the home of friends, Mr. and Mrs. David A. Hulse, to await my return. From there she telephoned to Eureka, advising me of her whereabouts. On Wednesday morning, April eighteenth, 1906, when the citizens of Eureka were awakened by an earthquake that fairly shook some of the buildings from their foundations, I congratulated myself that Mrs. Pearsall, who was usually terrified by the slightest shock, was in San Francisco. I departed on the steamer early that eventful morning for San Francisco and arrived there about midnight. When opposite Point Arena, a hundred miles up the coast, we saw a red light in the heavens and thought that a volcano had broken out in the Sierra Nevadas, but as we neared the Golden Gate, we discovered that the City of San Francisco was in flames, and then I realized that instead of Mrs. Pearsall escaping the earthquake, she had probably experienced one more severe than I. We were not allowed to leave the ship until daylight, and as wild rumors reached us of sixty lives having been lost in the Palace Hotel, I felt greatly relieved to know that Mrs. Pearsall was with friends. Needless to say that the minds of all those on board ship were fraught with anxiety as they watched the great conflagration that was rapidly destroying the city and listened to the creaking and groaning of magnificent steel structures as they crumpled to earth. At daylight, we were allowed to land. I hastened to locate Mrs. Pearsall, but on account of the burning city, was compelled to take a circuitous route. Upon reaching Mr. Hulse's residence, I was greatly relieved to find Mrs. Pearsall, safe and sound. Ours was only one of the many happy reunions during that fearful conflagration.

Towards noon, the fire having gained considerable headway towards Mr. Hulse's home, we were ordered to vacate, preparatory to dynamiting the houses in that vicinity. With a few provisions and our blankets, we made our way to the foot of Twin Peaks, where we camped for the night. All was as light as day. Sleep was out of the question. Intermingled with the incessant dynamiting of the buildings could be heard the constant tread of multitudes of people, fleeing before the angry flames that wrought havoc to all in their path. The following day, we returned to find the home just as we had left it the day before. What a haven of refuge it seemed in those hours of distress. The ash-covered flowers never seemed more beautiful. During the five days that the city continued to burn, we felt many minor shocks, before we were able to obtain passage to Eureka. On our various trips to the water front, over hot bricks and debris that had once been part of a beautiful city, we witnessed many pathetic scenes. Shortly after the fire, among the ruins that bore a strange resemblance to the

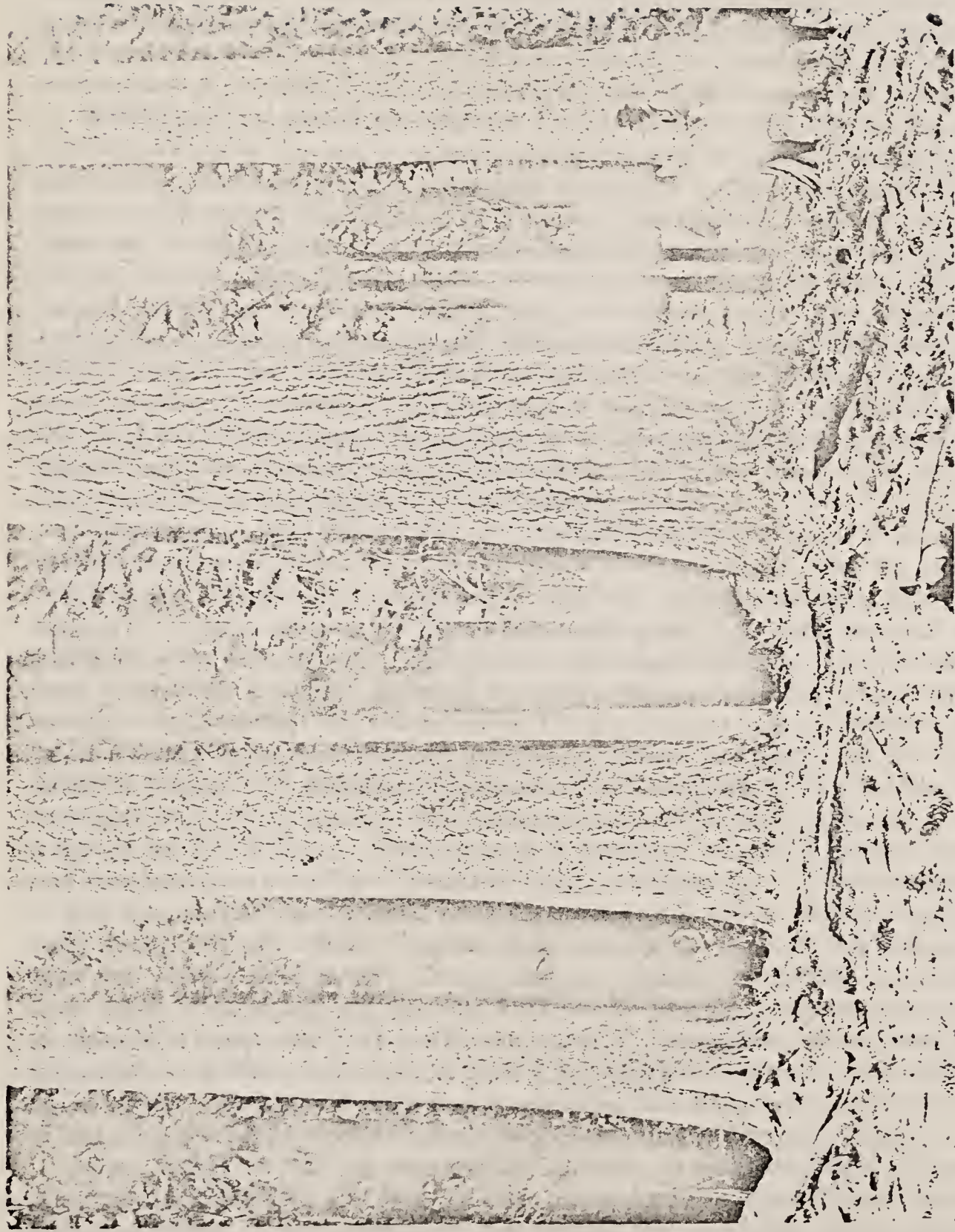
Destruction of Pompeii. strange as it may seem, a volume of Lord Bulwer-Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," with the front pages charred, was picked up; all that was left of a once large and handsome library. Owing to the many heavy financial losses incurred in San Francisco by the fire, we were obliged to give up our scheme of irrigating Sierra Valley.

The Rich Man's Panic of 1907 followed a year after the great conflagration. Governor Gillett of California declared a period of holidays for sixty days, all business came to a standstill, so Mrs. Pearsall and I went to Portland, Oregon, to live, that I might look after my interests in the North. Shortly after our arrival there, we journeyed to Washington, D. C., to urge the listing of the title of the sugar pine timber we had purchased from the State of California. After transacting our business in the National Capital, we visited Arlington, Alexandria and Mt. Vernon, spending some time at the latter place, viewing the home of Washington. While there, the Mayflower, the President's yacht, passed down the beautiful Potomac on her way to Hampton Roads, where President Theodore Roosevelt reviewed the fleet, representing all the navies of the world, then peacefully anchored in the Chesapeake, to celebrate the settlement of Jamestown. The following day we went down the Potomac to Norfolk, spent a few days at the Fair and then took passage on the Pocahontas for Richmond. As we passed up the James River, we stopped to view the site of the first permanent English settlement in America, Jamestown. All that remained to mark this settlement was the ruins of an old church and its accompanying burial ground, with huge serpent-like roots of sycamore trees crowding the tombstones from their foundations. We stood and viewed the ruins of the once flourishing settlement of Jamestown, unaware that here my ancestors, among the first to arrive in America, had played an important part. We continued up the river, past Bermuda Hundred and the old manors of Tyler, Harrison, Shirley and Randolph, and arrived at Richmond about dusk. We spent some time here, viewed many historical points of interest and visited several of the old battlefields. At Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, we had the pleasure of meeting an old Confederate soldier with his daughter, who took great interest in narrating his experiences on this battlefield. They accompanied Mrs. Pearsall and me to the battle field about Petersburg. Here we met an elderly gentleman who had fought for the Union. He was equally interesting and seemed to take great pride in showing us where he had stood during that memorable battle of the Crater. The two veterans shook hands and spent several hours reminiscing. On our return to Richmond, we journeyed to Williamsburg where we procured a conveyance and continued on to the old Moor House at Yorktown, made memorable by the articles of capitulation having been drawn up and signed there, when Cornwallis surrendered. While here, our Scotch driver asked if we wished to drive across the country to where "Cobwallis surrendered." I was not sure that I had heard aright, so asked the Scotchman to repeat his question. He immediately replied, "to where Cobwallis surrendered?" Somewhat surprised and doubtful as to his pronunciation of the English General's name, I inquiringly asked, "Why do you pronounce his name in that manner? We have always been taught to say Cornwallis," and he replied, "Because you Americans shot off the corn and left nothing but the cob." The

joke was on me and after indulging in a hearty laugh, I confessed that "I must be English, sure enough."

Upon our arrival where the surrender took place, we were surprised to find a small monument, said to have been erected by private enterprise. I was somewhat vexed to find a negro burying ground surrounding the monument, but when I noticed that each one had apparently tried to be buried as close to the monument as possible, my sense of humor overcame my vexation. From here I made a trip to South Carolina to look over some cypress timber, not far from Kingstree. The week I spent wading in the cypress swamps, in water from a few inches to two feet deep, among the snakes and alligators, was a strenuous one. We had to be constantly on the alert for rattlesnakes, water moccasins, that seemed to be ever present, and for holes dug by alligators and into which we occasionally had the misfortune to fall. As the cypress timber was of good quality, comparatively free from hollow trees and rot, and would cut upwards of thirty thousand feet per acre, I was not averse to purchasing the entire tract had the title not been defective. Then I turned my attention to a tract of hardwood timber on an island near the mouth of the Santee River. Here, where General Marion, the swamp fox of Revolutionary fame, had sought shelter from the British, I found that much of the valuable timber, especially the ash, had been cut by negro poachers and sold to the owners of a mill at the mouth of the river, so concluded that the purchase of this tract would not be a safe investment. On our return West we made short stops at Lexington, Va., the Natural Bridge, Va., and Greenway Court, the home of Lord Fairfax, where I had hoped to find the old house still standing. In this I was disappointed, but was most fortunate in obtaining from a lady, now the owner of the premises, a picture made from an old woodcut. The old stone house occupied by Washington while he surveyed for Lord Fairfax, still stands. To the east of Greenway Court is the Blue Ridge and to the west, the Massanutton Mountains. Dimmed by the hazy, blue atmosphere of a late October day, the beautiful Shenandoah Valley was a picture long to be remembered. Deeply impressed with my surroundings, I was at a loss to analyse my feelings, for at that time I was not cognizant of the fact that Lord Fairfax, a nephew by marriage of John Pershall, son of Sir Thomas Pershall, of Horseley, who was descended from Richard Pershall of Horseley, Staffordshire, England, one of my ancestors, in order to better protect himself from the inroads of the Indians, had directed George Washington, his engineer, to build a fort on the south branch of the Potomac River. Here he placed Job Pearsall, great-grandson of George Pearsall, as tenant in chief of the manor of South Branch and named the fortification Pearsall's Fort. From Greenway Court, we went to Romney, West Virginia, formerly called Pearsall's Flats, on account of having been part of Job Pearsall's lands in the manor of South Branch.

From here we visited the site of Pearsall's Fort, situated less than a mile south of town, on a plateau, or benchland, overlooking the South Branch of the Potomac River. Here Washington, when in the employ of Lord Fairfax, caused to be erected a stockade fort. The site was admirably chosen by Washington, who, no doubt familiar with the tactics of Indian warfare, saw the advantage of fortifying this particular point as it would not only cut off direct communication



CLARENCE E. PEARSALL'S PACIFIC COAST SUGAR PINE TIMBER

between the Indians of the northern and southern end of the valley, but by way of the east and west passes, through which the Winchester and Parkersburg Turnpike now runs. From here the forces could be thrown at short notice to any quarter required, thus not only protecting Greenway Court, but the settlers of the Shenandoah valley as well. When Lord Fairfax entrusted Washington with the erection of this stockade fort, he could scarcely have chosen more wisely.

Washington had looked well that the fort should be located where a surprise could not be easily effected, so he selected the bench or high ground between two ravines, overlooking the river. Thus from three sides the fort was protected by steep ravines or declivities, of from forty to sixty feet in depth, while to the east stretched a continuation of the elevated plain to the base of the mountain, too far distant for rifle bullets to take effect. With the land cleared, the fort could not be approached by the enemy without being discovered, should they succeed in scaling the declivities, and no lurking Indian could shoot from ambush or from behind trees. Even the French and Indians hesitated to attack this stronghold. Here Job Pearsall, as mesne lord of the manor, with his retinue of followers, was left by Lord Fairfax, under the protection of this stockade fort, to guard the frontier from the inroads made by the Indians, which continued until shortly after the defeat of Washington, at Fort Necessity, in 1754.

The next year, after Washington was appointed Adjutant General of Virginia, without waiting for authority from the House of Burgesses, he, with the aid of Job Pearsall, enlarged this stockade to a regularly built frontier fort, to be occupied by regular troops, Job Pearsall furnishing the men and material, for which he never received pay. This fort has the singular history of having never been successfully attacked, although for many years it bore the brunt of real warfare. So important was this position, that guarded not only the valley of the South Branch of the Potomac, but the pass to the east and west, that the Confederates deemed it of sufficient importance, at the outbreak of the Civil War, to strongly fortify it to prevent this commanding position from falling into the hands of the Union forces. On our return to Romney, we tarried for some time and then journeyed on to Fort Cumberland and Fort Necessity. It was interesting to find that the outline of the old earthworks, so hastily thrown up by Washington's troops, was still visible. Farther on, we came to the rocks of Half King, and after our arrival at Dunbar's Camp, had the pleasure of visiting the rocks from which Washington and his men fired on the French. In close proximity to these is a rude cross that marks the grave of Jumonville. From here, we journeyed on to Mammoth Cave, a place I had longed to see ever since I was a lad in school. We spent several days in exploring the many winding labyrinths of this most wonderful work of nature before returning to Portland, Oregon.

In the spring of 1908 we returned to California to make our home. About this time I promised Mr. and Mrs. John H. Braly that Mrs. Pearsall and I would accompany them on a contemplated trip around the world, but when the day of their departure arrived, August thirteenth, we had to forego that pleasure on account of our troublesome litigation with J. E. Henry and Sons. At the same time, I was still having considerable trouble in obtaining title to the sugar pine timber purchased from the State of California. Mrs. Pearsall and I called at the

home of Governor Gillett, to see if the perplexing question, existing between this State and the United States, could not be amicably settled and title perfected, but met with little success, for no sooner did the Governor remove one obstacle than the Government alleged others. Finally, after waiting five years, Governor Gillett succeeded in adjusting matters satisfactorily between the State and the United States, and we were hopeful of at last being able to acquire perfect title to the land we had purchased. Our hopes, however, were shattered by the withdrawal of all of the public land from entry, preliminary to the creation of forest reserves. This was inexcusable on the part of the National Government after having accepted the applications and adjusted matters with the State of California. While Mrs. Pearsall and I were sojourned in Quebec, we received word from Governor Gillett to proceed to Washington and ascertain the disposition of the authorities there relative to the listing of this land. Upon our arrival, we found everything seemingly had been satisfactorily adjusted. However, it was not until eighteen years later that the Government listed these lands and the patents issued. Shortly after Christmas we returned to California, and the following spring, Mrs. Pearsall and I contemplated a trip to Alaska, where I hoped to gain further knowledge of the yellow cedar timber, said to abound on certain islands and along the northern coast. Never, since the failure of Squak and me to reach southern Alaska in the great canoe of the Sechelts, had I given up the idea of investigating this timber.

We arrived in Seattle about the middle of June. After a short visit with our friends, the Dennys, we departed on the balmy evening of June twenty-eighth, on the steamer Spokane for Alaska. There were about one hundred and sixty passengers aboard, all on pleasure bent, save myself. All eagerly looked forward to the ten days to be spent in the frozen north and dreamed of snow-clad peaks and walks to be had over the alluring opalescent ice of Muir Glacier, where the Pacific Coast Steamship Company had arranged for them to spend the Fourth of July. Many of the passengers had brought along a liberal supply of flags and fireworks and our Independence Day promised to be celebrated in truly patriotic style. As the Spokane weighed anchor and steamed up the Sound, all were happy and contented, as they thought of the long sea voyage, through the inside passage, in which they would revel. Such a voyage as one frequently sees pictured on folders and posters displayed in the office windows of wealthy steamship companies to beguile the unsuspecting and inveigle him into taking an ocean trip. But, generally speaking, the anticipation of sitting on deck, idly dreaming the time away, is seldom realized. On that memorable night of June twenty-ninth, 1911, we were well on our way to Alaska. All had been pleasant, barring the cold north winds that had sent many of the passengers to their staterooms. A few of us remained on deck viewing the silvery, rippling water as the moon slowly sank below the western horizon. Scarcely had six bells sounded the eleventh hour when we were horrified to see land loom up ahead. As it seemed that the ship would inevitably strike, I exclaimed to Mr. Bloesser who was standing near, "Look at the rocks! I wonder why Captain Guptil doesn't change the course of the ship." As our steamer was provided with two pilots and a captain, I could see no reason why she should be headed for the rocks. Somewhat alarmed,

I hurried to our stateroom, acquainted Mrs. Pearsall of the danger and insisted that she get up and dress so as to be ready to take to the lifeboats, if necessary. I hurriedly returned to the deck. As the ship's course remained unchanged, I lost all hope so rushed back to our stateroom where I found Mrs. Pearsall only partially dressed. I urged her to hurry and join me on deck. It then returned to the bow of the ship and was in time to see her crash onto the rocky shore. The impact was so great that I was thrown to my knees. As I rose to my feet, I felt the peculiar sensation of the bottom of the ship being torn open. I realized that the vessel was rapidly filling, so returned to the stateroom for Mrs. Pearsall, who by this time was dressed and ready to leave the ship. I felt that the vessel might go to the bottom at any moment and was surprised to hear some of the officers tell the passengers to go back to their berths, that we had merely struck a floating log. The water rushed into the ship's hull through a huge rent in her bottom, and as there was no apparent effort being made to lower the lifeboats or rafts, I inquired of an officer why nothing was done to save the passengers and was told to keep my d—— mouth shut. As the Spokane slid from the rocks into deep water she steamed forward in a sinking condition, and when the vessel could no longer be driven ahead the engines were reversed, and the steamer swung around and backed out into the angry water that raced about the rocks. As the ship gradually settled I feared we were to have a repetition of the Slocum disaster. Undoubtedly, we would have had, had it not been for the presence of mind of one of the engineers, who had forethought enough to close an iron door and temporarily shut out the rushing water. Had he failed to do this, all would have perished in that icy vortex. As the vessel gradually sank, foot by foot, there was more or less confusion as the passengers waited for the final lunge of the vessel that would carry them down to a watery grave. From muffled prayers came the wail of a Jewish lady, "Surely dear, God will save us. We have always been good." Her husband comforted her as best he could and lustily cried out, "Save us, save us; we have been married only three weeks."

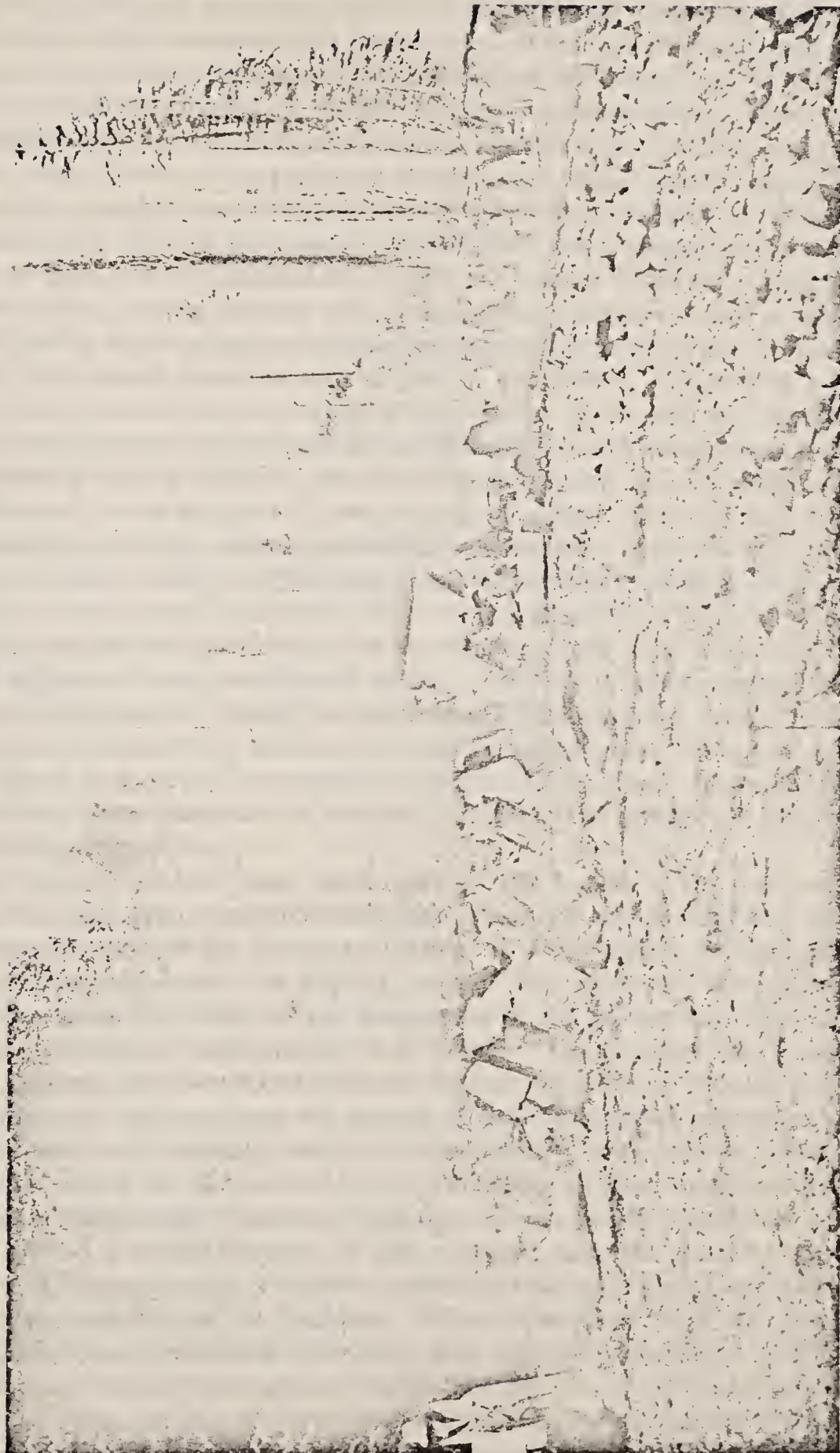
Finally, as the vessel continued to settle, the passengers, who had been engaged in deep thought, as they stood face to face with eternity, naturally became alarmed and demanded that the lifeboats be lowered. But there seemed to be no officers to lower them, so this duty fell upon the passengers, who were obliged to work out their own salvation. As the life rafts and lifeboats had been frequently painted and allowed to dry in their berths, they were glued fast and it was with the greatest difficulty that some of the lifeboats were pried loose. These were swung out on their davits and as the lives of the women were considered first, they were placed in the boats and lowered to the angry sea below. When the second lifeboat was ready to be lowered, I saw an opportunity to place Mrs. Pearsall in it, but she refused to leave me, so I picked her up bodily and threw her into it. Just as the lifeboat was about to be let down, before the ladies were all seated, the rotten davits gave way and the stern of the lifeboat dropped into the water, while the bow remained fastened to the steamer, the occupants being thrown into a heap in the stern, where they clung desperately, to keep from being thrown out, until one of the sailors in charge, a negro cabin boy, climbed over their backs, to the bow and cut the rope with a razor. While the boat hung

suspended in the air, it was miraculous that none of the ladies were precipitated into the icy water. Mr. Bloesser, whose wife was one of the passengers in this boat, realized that it was in the hands of incompetent seamen, so jumped overboard from the deck of the steamer, swam to the boat, climbed in and gave the orders.

I was greatly relieved to think that Mrs. Pearsall was provided for and felt that now I was unencumbered I would have a better chance to save myself. The ship was badly listed to port, and when the lights went out on the sinking vessel, there was a wild scramble by those left on board to escape to the opposite side. As the Spokane went on her beam's end, I thought that the lifeboats that had been launched would surely be caught by the hurricane deck of the overturning steamer and Mrs. Pearsall and all others would drown. On reaching the opposite side of the ship, I climbed over the railing and, as the boat listed, made my way to the keel. I was about to jump overboard and take my chances on being picked up; but when I heard the cries for help of three score or more of the passengers, who had been thrown into that cold water, and thought of the many who were perishing, I changed my mind and climbed on deck, standing in water up to my knees and fully expecting that the ship would sink at any moment and carry me down with her. Then suddenly a lifeboat appeared out of the inky darkness of night and as I called those at the oars came to my rescue. Just as we were about to pull away from the ship, a call for help came from the rigging of the vessel. I held on to the ship's hawser until the man, who proved to be Judge Harris of Galveston, Texas, stepped into the boat. We had scarcely rowed clear of the Spokane when she went to the bottom. Hearing cries for help from another quarter, we rowed in the direction from which the calls came and rescued a man and two women, clad in their night clothes, clinging to life preservers. Farther on, we heard another cry for help but before we could reach the place whence the call had come, the cry had ceased and in the darkness we were unable to tell what had become of the unfortunate one. Later, we passed a man swimming. He called to be taken aboard; but those in charge claimed that the lifeboat was overloaded, ignored his pleading and continued on toward a fire on the distant shore. In due time we landed on the precipitous rocky shore, where we found many of our fellow passengers, some clad only in their night clothes. They were huddled around the fire, endeavoring to keep warm. With debris that lined the shore, we kept the fires burning briskly all night, that none might perish from exposure. Here, to my great relief, I found Mrs. Pearsall, whose fate I had not learned, safe but wet and badly bruised about the body. The life boat in which she left the ship foundered when near shore and the negro cabin boy rescued her. So far as I know none of the lifeboats, carrying passengers, were manned by officers, hence we were at a loss to understand how they, in their dry uniforms, succeeded in reaching shore ahead of the passengers, and suspected that they had gone aft, lowered a lifeboat and rowed ashore, abandoning the ship and the passengers to their fate. Towards daylight, the rising tide forced us to take refuge once more in the lifeboats. As we sought for some more hospitable place, we discovered a light three or four miles to our left, so made that our objective point. Upon landing on a gently sloping rocky shore, we found a num-



SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS OF THE SPOKANE



SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS OF THE SPOKANE

ber of the shipwrecked passengers, who had landed there during the night. We spread our wet clothes around their fires to dry. Those who were dressed before leaving the ship, divided their clothes with those less fortunate, and life preservers were cut up and converted into sandals for those without shoes. Many of the ladies were wrapped in blankets and, without hairpins, had to be content to let their hair hang. Never was a sadder or more forlorn-looking lot of human beings than was to be found on that desolate rocky shore of Valdez Island, on the morning of June thirtieth, 1911, as they eagerly watched for some passing vessel to carry them away from this uninhabited isle, where the somber fir forest came down to the water's edge, leaving scarcely two rods of rocky bottom exposed at low tide, upon which the weary shipwrecked passengers were obliged to remain until the returning tide caused them to seek shelter in the forest. There was no food except a few soda crackers, so soaked in kerosene as to be unfit for human consumption, which were found cached in the lifeboats for such an emergency as this. About eleven o'clock a steamer, on her northern voyage, hove in sight, and we all felt buoyant as we thought of the prospect of getting away so soon, but the vessel passed by without offering assistance and we were again plunged into despair as we thought of the many dreary hours, or perhaps days, that might elapse ere another vessel passed our way. After twelve long weary hours of watching and waiting our despair was brought to an end, for about four o'clock that afternoon we sighted a vessel, southward bound. All were intensely excited lest the vessel should pass and we should be unobserved. But when she hove to, steamed toward us and dropped her anchor, we were greatly relieved to escape so soon. As the officers and crew of the rescue ship, Admiral Sampson, lowered her lifeboats and sent them ashore for us, we were thrilled at the prospect of leaving this cold uninviting island.

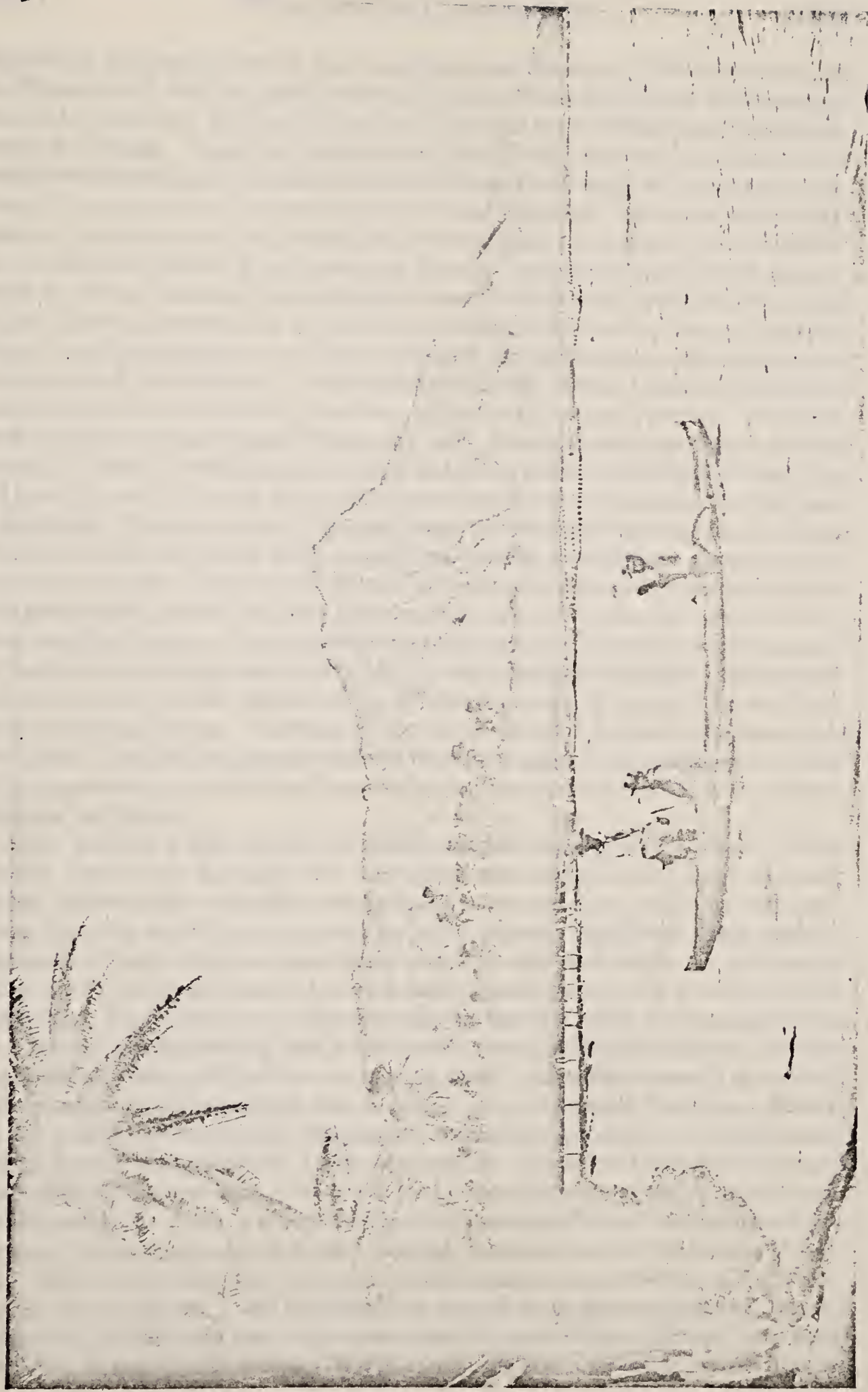
After the refugees had been taken care of, the bodies of the less fortunate than we that had been recovered were taken aboard and at nightfall the Admiral Sampson resumed her voyage to Seattle. To the Captain, officers and passengers of this ship is due the highest praise. The survivors were given first place at the table and many of the passengers of the rescue ship slept on the floor, that the refugees might occupy their berths. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company, owners of the wrecked Spokane, lacked the common decency to send a representative to meet us upon our arrival in Seattle, to offer assistance to the many who were only scantily clad, in a strange city, with neither friends nor money with which to buy even a cup of coffee. This treatment by the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, that had so graciously taken our money, certainly offered a strong contrast to that received from the Admiral Sampson Company. After our arrival in Seattle, some time was spent giving our testimony relative to the wrecking of the Spokane. When I called on Mr. Ford, president of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, and bitterly complained of the lack of discipline and the unseamanship of the sailors, that worthy gentleman had the audacity to inform me that the crew had been picked up among the rabble that frequented the Seattle waterfront, and stated that after they had worked together for four or five trips, they would become more proficient. As very few of the so-called seamen even knew how to row a boat, I wondered how the company com-

plied with the law that states, "Sailors must be experienced seamen," and as the Spokane was scheduled to make only five voyages during the season, I failed to see the logic of Mr. Ford's statements. As a result of the most rigid investigation conducted by the Federal Inspectors, Captain Guptil of the Spokane was found guilty of negligence and his license was suspended for only sixty days.

The fall following this disastrous shipwreck, we went to Los Angeles to attend the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Hyde Braly, at the Hotel Alexandria, on November twenty-fourth, 1911, the Bralys having just returned from their trip abroad. While we were in Los Angeles, Mr. Braly, the father of woman suffrage in this State, proposed that we accompany them to the Hawaiian Islands, where he wished to espouse the cause of equal suffrage, but they were unable to go at the appointed time on account of sickness. My object in visiting the Islands was to determine the extent of the forests of hardwood timber said to exist there. The increasing demand made on the United States for this class of timber was rapidly depleting the forests, and I realized that ere long we should be obliged to look elsewhere for a supply.

On January sixth Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Burns and Miss Alice Clark, of Eureka, and Mrs. Pearsall and I sailed on the staunch and commodious steamer Sierra for Honolulu, Captain Houdlette in command, with the expectation of the Bralys joining us later. The six days' voyage of over two thousand miles over an ocean smooth as a summer sea with scarcely enough swell for one to realize he was on the briny deep, was made without an incident worthy of note, with a single sail sighted in the distance and an occasional school of flying fish to break the monotony. On the morning of January twelfth, I was up early to renew my acquaintance with the Southern Cross, that had now long been a stranger to me. At daybreak, when off the coast of Oahu, we witnessed a most remarkable sunrise. As the sun was about to appear above the horizon, great rays of blue, purple, gold and crimson light, from behind a dense bank of blackness, radiated to all parts of the sky, producing a sight so weird as to be almost appalling. While we steamed along, within sight of shore, a breeze sprang up that caused the tall slender cocoanut palms to nod their heads in greeting. After passing Cocoa Head, we rounded Diamond Head and about eight o'clock, steamed into the snug little harbor of Honolulu, where, while docking, two score or more of native boys furnished amusement for the passengers by diving for coins tossed overboard, and scarcely a coin was lost. We arrived at the dock with a clean bill of health and went ashore immediately after, amid the shouts of the native longshoremen, whose calls to one another reminded us of the barking of so many sea lions.

We were carried through the streets of that bustling little city of forty thousand inhabitants, comprised of almost every known nationality of the world, neatly nestled among palms, algaroba, banana, breadfruit, monkey pod and cocoanut trees. In a short time after we were comfortably lodged at the Pleasanton Hotel, beautifully situated amid waving palms in spacious grounds, in a quiet part of the city, opposite Oahu College. Here we spent many pleasant afternoons, lounging about on the lanai (porch or veranda) in peace and quietude, free from all worry and business cares, until our island friends learned of our arrival and



DIAMOND HEAD, ISLAND OF OAHU, HAWAII

besieged us with invitations to teas, luncheons and dinners. While domiciled at the Pleasanton I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Governor Frear, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Stackable, Mr. Wahl and other officials and prominent men of the Islands. From Mr. Crawford and Mr. Wahl I obtained considerable information concerning the political and other causes that led up to the overthrow of Queen Liliuokalani and the establishment of the Republic. When the day finally came for me to go into the mountains to investigate the timber I concluded to pay a visit to Governor Frear, who was then at his summer home, built upon a bench of Mount Tantalus, overlooking the beautiful Manoa Valley; but when the day for the trip arrived, Mr. Crawford was unexpectedly called to the Island of Kauai on official business. As I had promised the Governor to visit him at his country seat, I set out alone. At the head of Makiki Valley, I passed a beautiful waterfall, and followed a path that was said to lead direct to Tantalus. Through some mistake or misunderstanding on my part, I took a path that led to the left through a forest of eucalyptus, ironwood and other trees of considerable size, that had been planted by former kings and queens to increase the rainfall on this part of the island. Two hours later I was surprised to find myself back at the outskirts of the city, near the Punch Bowl, an extinct volcano, so called on account of the shape of the crater. Here, under the shade of a clump of banana trees, playing on their guitars and mandolins, were some women who I soon learned were Spanish. Upon making inquiry of the señoritas as to the way to Tantalus, they informed me that by following the path to my left, it would lead me directly to the summit and from there I would experience no difficulty in making my way to the Governor's mountain home. Continuing they said that if I had no objections to a short delay, I might accompany them as they were going in that direction. Glad of the opportunity to review my Spanish by conversing with them, I accepted the señoritas' invitation.

After walking a mile or two we arrived at the parting of our ways. Then bidding them adios I groped my way along the mountain for some distance further, following the path that they pointed out to my right, which was so overgrown that one would never suspect its being a path. Suddenly, there came a downpour of rain from an apparently cloudless sky and before I could reach shelter under the broad leaves of some banana trees growing wild, I was drenched to the skin. As I looked up, to discover whence the rain came, I was surprised to see a tiny cloud, apparently but a few yards across, and could scarcely believe that so much water could fall from so small a cloud. After the shower, I continued to the summit of the mountain, but, strange to say, it was not Tantalus. Before me lay a chain of forest-clad mountains, apparently unbroken. To just what part of them I had wandered, I was not certain. However, I had a strong suspicion that these mountains formed the backbone of the island and later my surmise proved true. Here, I unexpectedly came upon a half-starved Japanese, who staggered towards me and in broken English inquired how far it was to Honolulu. When I informed him of the uncertain distance, not knowing to just what part of the mountains I had wandered, he begged to be given something to eat, saying that he had been lost in the mountains for seven days. When I told him that I had thoughtlessly started on my tramp without providing myself with a

lunch, he sat down and said then he must die, as he could go no farther. I knew from his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks that the unfortunate man was not long for this world unless something could be procured for him. Fortunately, I found some ripe guavas growing upon the mountain side near by, which I gathered and gave to him. After eating these he thanked me and lay down with the request to send some of his countrymen to his rescue upon my return to the city. In a low gap in the mountains, scarcely half a mile distant, I found another guava bush that contained considerable ripe fruit. As I paused to gather this for the starving man, the tinkling of ukuleles reached my ear. From the sound of the voices that reached me, I surmised that a luau (feast) was taking place in the basin-like depression below and hastened thither, that I might procure food for the starving man. Upon my arrival I found that the repast was over. Six of the young girls were entertaining the company by dancing the hula. Here I found the señoritas from whom I had parted company earlier in the day. After explaining my intrusion, I was made a welcome guest, and remained some time watching the dance and listening to the strains of their sad but sweet music. Meanwhile as there was plenty of the repast, consisting of roast pua (pork), rice and dainty fish cooked in ti leaves, two women were detailed to carry food to the starving Japanese, which relieved me of further anxiety.

The shadows of the late afternoon were falling when I started on my return to Honolulu, over a narrow and somewhat dangerous path, through a thick, tropical growth, and ere long I overtook a party of women who had been out gathering wild guavas from the neighboring mountain slopes. These barefooted women, in their tattered and ragged gowns, accompanied by children, with little to cover their nakedness, and that little badly slit and torn, caused some speculation on my part as to why these white women were so indifferent as to their dress. One of the party, a bright, intelligent-looking woman with light hair and blue eyes, seemed to surmise the trend of my thoughts and apologized for her appearance. She informed me that she had seen better days before she and her husband left Portugal, for the islands, where they expected to make their fortune; and that for a time after their arrival in Honolulu, they had prospered and she was then able to wear shoes, stockings, hats and dresses like a civilized woman and save a little money besides, but that since the death of her husband, it was very difficult to eke out an existence. As I contrasted these poorly dressed women of the Caucasian race with the well dressed women of the Mongolian, I felt convinced that if conditions were not changed, it would not be many years before the Americans, like the American Indians, would be crowded out from their own fair land, and in due time, California, and eventually the whole Pacific coast, would be dominated by those little brown people, the Japanese, who are now overrunning the islands.

Upon my arrival at the Pleasanton, late that evening, I found Mrs. Pearsall anxiously awaiting my return. Although I had missed my objective, the summit of Tantalus, the day had not been entirely wasted, as I had gained some knowledge of the country and had discovered that the great chain of mountains to the windward side of the island was heavily forested, but as to the size and character of the trees of this woodland, I was not yet informed. A few days

later I ventured back to the more isolated part of the Koolau Mountains, where I had met the starving Japanese, and came upon an old abandoned path or trail. Past experience along old byways enabled me to follow this one, beneath a canopy of hibiscus, paper mulberry and other varieties of hardwood trees previously unknown to me. Interested in these new trees, I carefully made my way for several miles through the mountains, oblivious as to the time until the declining sun warned me of the lateness of the hour. Satisfied that the timber in the mountains beyond differed but little from that through which I had travelled, and not knowing the number of miles that lay between me and the settlement, I turned back and began my homeward journey, planning to explore the mountains beyond where I had left off, at some future time. The unusually small trees of this forest are too crooked and irregular to be of any great commercial value, even for cabinet work. My next attempt to visit Tantalus was in company with Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Miss Clark and Mrs. Pearsall. This time, upon our reaching the regularly travelled path I turned to the right instead of the left and experienced no difficulty in reaching our objective. From Tantalus, we looked down into the beautiful, picturesque Manoa Valley and watched the sunlight as it played upon the afternoon showers, forming rainbow after rainbow of the most brilliant hue, that reflected a peculiar light over the summer homes scattered about and neatly nestled among the forest trees, covered with a profusion of vines, tree-ferns, and an array of other tropical plants.

On the return of Mr. Crawford from the island of Kauai, we set out on Saturday with a view of exploring the timber on the mountains to be southeast of where I had previously left off on account of the lateness of the day. This time we made our way to Niu, near the southeasterly end of Oahu, where we took a path that led to our left, and up into the mountains. As Mr. Crawford had frequently travelled this path before, it relieved my mind from further anxiety as to what part of the mountain we might wander on. This gave me an excellent opportunity to devote all my time to the exploration of the timbered sections, which was difficult on account of the dense undergrowth beneath the trees and long coarse grass, which reached to our waists. When I once left the dim path unknowingly, it was with difficulty I was able to find it again. By Mr. Crawford keeping the path and acting as guide, we were able to follow along the mountain top, ascending and descending as it became necessary. As we proceeded, from the openings that occurred here and there from our elevated position we obtained a splendid view of the greater part of the island to leeward. Scarcely had the noon hour passed before the bank of cloud started to drift across the mountain, which so completely changed the appearance of the country that we soon became bewildered, Mr. Crawford himself having now wandered from the path, unobserved. Presently there came a downpour from the clouds that had been gathering for the past hour, and from the gloom of the forest and the danger of falling into some hidden crevice or fissure caused by earthquakes or volcanic eruptions, it began to look as though we might have to spend the night in the mountains, with all its misery and discomfort, which I did not relish in the least, having yet fresh in my memory several nights spent in the forests of Nicaragua. Fortunately, the downpour was of short duration and ceased almost as suddenly as it had begun.

However, the plants, trees and foliage remained wet and we continued, as wet as if we had taken a dip in the surf at Waikiki Beach. Presently we were overjoyed at finding our missing path and not long after came to that part of the forest which I recognized as the place where I had turned back on my previous visit to these mountains, having travelled upwards of twenty miles that day. The timber I found to be of the same general character as that I had seen on my previous expedition of investigation into these mountains. I was greatly disappointed in not finding timber of sufficient size and character to be of any great value. With a few days intervening, which were spent visiting places of interest about the Islands, I again set out to explore the timber across the island, this time in the more northerly part of the Koolau Mountain Range that extended almost the entire length of the windward side of the island, a distance of about forty miles.

After some time spent in various parts of the mountains, I found them generally wooded with a low growth that differed but little from that already visited to the southeasterly end of the same range. Nowhere did I find the trees of sufficient size to be classed as saw timber, though many reports had reached me to the contrary. This with the fact that I had seen large outrigger boats in the Honolulu Harbor and about the island seemed to bear out these rumors. I then concluded if any such forest existed it must be in the Waianae Mountains to the leeward side of the island. While this range is extremely high, rough and broken, its general appearance was against the existence of so noble a forest. Yet I argued myself into the belief that perhaps, after all, somewhere in these mountains it might be found. Although doubtful of success, one bright morning I left Honolulu and passed through an extremely picturesque country, studded here and there with groves of the tall, stately cocoa-palm that swayed gracefully in the morning breeze. To my left was Pearl Harbor with fields of rice in the foreground, while to my right lay extensive plantations of sugar cane and pineapples, and ahead along the winding roads that led northward around Pearl Harbor, amid patches of taro, banana and breadfruit trees, were fish ponds and small enclosures where Japanese, with their water buffaloes, were busy plowing the soil, preparatory to the setting out of young rice plants, and in the distance, the Waianae Mountain Range with Kaala, its most lofty peak, obscured by clouds. To the northeast and east the clouds were drifting across the Koolau Mountains, casting weird lights and shadows across the landscape as they passed leisurely by, while to the southeast, a brilliant rainbow hung, as if suspended from the heavens, before a dense black cloud, indicating that in that quarter a shower was passing. From the sisal fields beyond Ewa, on looking back, one obtains a splendid view of the coast line on the leeward side of the isle; below lay fields of taro that remind one somewhat of a checker board, and beyond lays Pearl Harbor, with a distant view of Punch Bowl and Diamond Head, and a greater part of the slope of the Koolau Range of mountains to the south and east of Ewa plantation; this is a view long to be remembered. At Polai Bay I began my climb to the summit of the Waianae Mountains by a path that led directly across these mountains to the interior valley at Wahiawa. On gaining the summit, I left the path and commenced my exploration to the northward, but, as I had previously suspected, I was not long in discovering that no forest of note existed, at least not such as I had

in mind, and concluded that if any such existed in the Hawaiian Archipelago it would be found on some of the larger islands.

Soon after my return to Honolulu, we rented an automobile and christened it Old 73, the register number, and in it made many pleasant excursions to the various places of interest around and about this fascinating island. While Mrs. Burns was convalescing, she having been taken ill on board ship, Mr. Burns, Miss Alice Clark, Mrs. Pearsall and I were very kindly shown about the city by Dr. Arthur Wall. After viewing many of the historical points, including the Hawaiian Royal Palace, now the Capitol building, and the Hawaiian School for boys and girls, visiting the Japanese, Hawaiian and Chinese quarters, and the fish market with its fascinating array of gaudy and beautifully colored fish of great variety, we continued on to the Bishop Museum, where we spent some time admiring the beautiful feather robes formerly worn by the kings and queens of this one-time little kingdom. Among these was a robe valued at thirty thousand dollars, made of yellow feathers of the o-o and trimmed with a border of the red feathers from the iiwi, small native singing birds; and another robe valued at ninety thousand dollars made entirely of orange feathers from the mamu bird. Only six feathers, taken from beneath the tail of this bird, were considered suitable for the manufacture of this royal cloak. These had to be of exact length and were fastened into the cloak by lapping one feather upon the other in such a manner as to give the cloak, when finished, the appearance of being the breast of some huge bird. On account of the persistent killing of the mamu, it is said that the bird has become extinct. Think of the number of poor little creatures that were slaughtered to satisfy the vanity of royalty. In the museum were seen all sorts of implements of war used in the islands from the earliest date down to the present; also those used in many other islands of the South Sea.

From the museum, we journeyed up the Nuuanu valley to the Pali, from where one enjoys a magnificent view of the eastern side of the island. Our attention purposely diverted by Dr. Arthur Wall, we were spellbound when our auto rounded a sharp curve in the road. The view that suddenly burst upon us from the sheer precipice of at least one thousand feet, was almost appalling. From this point of observation we gazed down upon mountains, grass-clad hills and extensive valleys below us, that spread to the broad Pacific, where the ever restless waves broke upon the coral reefs along that cocoanut-palm-fringed shore, and could see northward to the weird and fanciful mountains near the town of Waikane. At this point of the Pali, Chief Kamehameha I defeated the forces of Chief Kalanikapule. Hemmed in the narrow mountain pass he forced them to destruction by crowding them over the Pali. A tablet, inserted in the walls of this precipice, gives a short account of the battle. After the defeat of Kalanikapule's

Ellis, the missionary to Oahu in 1823, in his *Polynesian Researches*, says:—In or about the year 1790, Kamehameha invaded Oahu. The king of the island assembled his forces to defend his country; between Honoruru and the Pearl River, an engagement took place, in which his army was defeated, and his ally Tæo, king of Tauai and Neehau, was slain. The king of Oahu retreated to the valley of Nuuanu, where he was joined by Taiana, an ambitious and warlike chief of Hawaii. Hither Kamehameha and his victorious warriors pursued them, and about two miles from the Pali the last battle in Oahu was

fought. Here the king of Oahu was slain; his army then fled towards the precipice, chased by the warriors of Kamehameha; at the edge of the Pali, Taiana made a stand, and defended it till he fell; the troops of the fallen chiefs still continued the conflict, till, being completely routed, a number of them, it is said four hundred, were driven headlong over the precipice, and dashed to pieces among the fragments of rock that lie at its base, leaving Kamehameha master of the field and sovereign of the island.

forces, Chief Kamehameha declared himself king and endeavored to conquer the entire group of the Hawaiian Islands. On our return, we paused to visit the Royal Mausoleum where the kings and queens of Hawaii are buried. As I had seen King Kalakau at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco prior to his death, January 20th, 1891, and had later viewed the military procession that escorted his remains down Market Street to the United States cruiser *Charleston*, I naturally felt somewhat interested in viewing his last resting place. At the time of his death, little did I think that at some future time I would be standing beside his tomb, and that the Stars and Stripes would be waving over the royal palace of his little kingdom. From here we journeyed back to Honolulu and visited the Washington Place, the home of ex-Queen Liliuokalani since the overthrow of her island kingdom. After which we drove down the Waikiki Boulevard to Kapiolani Park and repaired to the Aquarium, where we saw many queer and oddly shaped fish, some of them strange and beautiful beyond description, such as one could scarcely believe existed. Nowhere else are they said to be found save in the islands of the Pacific. Many of them are so oddly marked and shaped, and fancifully colored, that one might easily imagine the Creator after supplying the ocean, lakes and rivers with almost countless kinds of beautiful fish, had set out to experiment and see what in the nature of novelties could be created. After a drive through Kapiolani Park we continued on to Diamond Head, an extinct volcano, now used as a fort, and fairly bristling with mortars and cannon; the Gibraltar of the islands.

From Diamond Head we returned to the Pleasanton, very grateful to Dr. Wall for the interest he had taken in showing us about this entrancing isle and its fascinating city with its miles of hibiscus of a hundred varieties, and flowers of various hues, beautiful yards, parks and botanical gardens where grew the hibiscus, gardenia, jasmine, bougainvillea, poinsettia, golden shower, and many other flowering plants, shrubs, vines and trees. At first glance one would mistake them to be in full bloom, but upon closer inspection one often finds the beautiful plummy red, yellow, orange, scarlet and purple flowers to be an illusion, for in reality they are not blossoms at all, but nothing more than the young gaily colored foliage. In close proximity to the seashore are many of the tallest and most picturesque cocoanut palms that the world has to offer. In our wanderings I observed several splendid specimens of the banyan tree, always interesting on account of its spreading propensities.

Not being familiar with the outrigger boats, we never attempted a trip in one of them until Mr. Stackable, a friend of ours, sent Mr. Cottrell, a Hawaiian boy from the Custom House, and an adept at handling these boats, to take us out. This experience was by far the most thrilling of any enjoyed in the islands. Mrs. Pearsall occupying the front seat in the bow, Mr. Cottrell and the other native lad who assisted him, paddled us far out to sea where the sharks lay in waiting for any unfortunate who might fall overboard. Here we paddled about until a favorable swell overtook us then all work ceased and we rode the waves to shore, experiencing sensations similar to those on a toboggan slide, with the addition of the salt spray of the waves dashing over us, which added greatly to our exhilaration.

During one of our visits to the beach we made the acquaintance of Mrs. Willing, a native Hawaiian of much refinement, who was gathering edible sea moss and a small fish, which she swallowed alive. As Mrs. Willing was well informed concerning her race, she was of great assistance to us, and when she found we were sincere in our interest in the Hawaiians, took great pleasure in introducing us to many of the prominent families and entertaining us in her home, where she assisted Mrs. Pearsall to master quite a few of the Hawaiian words and phrases. Mrs. Willing had many other American friends, of whom she spoke with pride as "My malahinis" (foreign friends). As a mark of honor, she bestowed Hawaiian names upon our party. She named Mrs. Burns "Na Lei" (the wreath), Mr. Burns "Kalani" (Heaven), Miss Clark "Ke Kalani" (Heavenly child), Mrs. Pearsall "Kamaka Okalani" (Heavenly eyes), and me "Calahua" (Royal flower). During our sojourn in the islands, we never lost an opportunity to become better acquainted with the Hawaiian people and their customs, and attended their concerts and several functions given for a distinguished Hawaiian recently returned from "the Coast" (the United States).

When we sailed on the Mauna Kea for the island of Hawaii, the birthplace of our friend Mrs. Willing, she was at the wharf to wish us bon voyage, and about eleven o'clock our steamer passed out of Honolulu Harbor. After we passed Diamond Head we were buffeted about by an angry sea until we reached the windward side of Molokai, the home of the leper, and were astonished to see some adventurous natives, in their outrigger boats, a mile or more from shore, battling with this rough sea. We called out Aloha to them and soon after arrived at Kalaupapa, the leper colony, situated in the beautiful Waikula valley, hemmed in on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth by a steep precipitous mountain that towers some two or three thousand feet above the level of the sea, which makes it almost impossible for lepers to escape, should they desire to do so. From what I could learn of these poor, unfortunate beings, it seems that very few of them ever care to leave this peaceful valley. Prior to our departure from Honolulu, I had accepted an invitation to hunt fallow deer, on Molokai, that had been introduced from Japan and were now very numerous on the unfrequented part of the island, but on account of there being no timber of consequence growing in the distant parts of the island, at the last moment I gave up all thought of the chase on account of the time that would be consumed in reaching these almost inaccessible points.

As we continued on, the cloud-capped mountains of Molokai began to fade from view, and presently the dim outline of another island appeared beyond. When we approached the latter, the sun shone through a rift in the clouds and gave us a splendid view of Maui, with its lofty mountains and long low shore line, studded for miles with cocoanut palms of extraordinary grace and beauty. In the immediate background lay extensive fields of sugar cane, and in the distance, lofty mountains of rare beauty, with the most wonderful lights and shadows falling upon them as the clouds began to break up and drift away. We steamed from Kaanapali to Lahaina, the first capital of the Hawaiian Islands, where Kamehameha, after subduing all other chieftains of the various islands,

save Kauai and Niihaw, established a monarchical government and declared himself king of the entire Hawaiian group.

As the Mauna Kea cast anchor in the open roadway to the leeward of the island, Hawaiians in outrigger boats came alongside. The sea being somewhat rough, many of the passengers, afraid to venture in these, were taken ashore in the ship's boat and landed beneath the lofty waving cocoanut palms that still border the shores of Maui. The old capital, situated along the seashore, amid tall, slender cocoanut palms, has lost much of its former importance, since the removal of the seat of the government to Honolulu. Some of the buildings still stand, reminders of former activities when Lahaina was not only the political, but the commercial center of the islands, as well. At the present there is but little to support the old capital save the vast fields of sugar cane that extend from the base of the mountains to the coast, thence for miles along the undulating land that borders the sea.

On leaving Lahaina, the Mauna Kea kept well in towards shore, which gave us an excellent opportunity to see Maui's lofty mountains that occupy the center of the northwest end of the island, and also the expansive fields of sugarcane that continued to extend along the cocoa-palm-lined shore and back into the country to where the mountains became too abrupt to be cultivated. At the same time the sun cast its rays through the rifts in the clouds, lighting up the landscape while volumes of smoke, from burning canebrakes, rose heavenward, as if from a volcano, spreading out at the top, and forming dense clouds against the sky, adding greatly to the strange and unusual scene. On arriving off the rock-bound coast at McGregor's Landing, the Mauna Kea had difficulty in landing her passengers and freight, and at the same time keep from being dashed to pieces on the jagged edges of the volcanic rock. From McGregor's Landing, by a low narrow neck of land, we reached Kahului on the windward side of Maui, a distance of eleven miles. In reality, the island of Maui, like that of Tahiti, is composed of two volcanic islands, connected by a low narrow isthmus, the smaller one to the northwest, or West Maui, being composed of lofty volcanic mountains, while to the southeast, East Maui, the larger one, is mostly occupied by Haleakala, an extinct volcano. In the vicinity of Kahului and Wailuka exist some of the largest and best sugar plantations which made Maui famous. A few miles from here and but two miles from Wailuka is the beautiful Ioa valley, one of Maui's most interesting valleys, called the Yosemite of Maui. Although it has not the slightest resemblance to California's world-famous valley, yet it has a distinctive beauty all its own, having its source in the high volcanic mountains near the center of West Maui, with its deep cañon-like valley with towering walls, spiral rocks, cascades, waterfalls, trees and ferns. Farther to the north lies the Waihee valley, which though less famous than its neighbor, Ioa valley, is by far the most interesting to those who are lovers of delicate, lacelike ferns, of which there are about forty varieties, including several of the maidenhair, dear to every Hawaiian, which grows in masses, clothing the precipitous walls of this narrow cañon-like valley. Haleakala on East Maui rises ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is said to be the largest extinct volcano in the world. Although somewhat triangular in form, its greatest diameter is said to be a little

less than eight miles. I doubt very much if Crater Lake, an extinct volcano of Oregon, circular in form, does not exceed Haleakala in the number of square miles in area. From the rim of Haleakala one looks down a thousand feet to the floor of the crater, to a dozen or more cones, small craters, formed by the volcano when dying. On descending to the floor of the crater, one finds these apparently small cones to be quite large in themselves, large enough to attract attention if standing alone on a level plain. Here the beautiful silver bayonet plant is found growing in the red soil of the inner walls of the crater; it is said to grow nowhere else in the world. On account of the wild goats who feed upon these beautiful silvery plants, they will soon disappear unless something is done to protect them from destruction. On climbing to the rim and looking to the northwestward, one obtains a magnificent view of West Maui, with its cloud-capped mountains in the distance; while below are lesser mountains, hills, valleys and a long white line of surf, breaking upon the cocoanut-palm-fringed seashore. Maui, celebrated for its beautiful ferns, the strangely interesting Ape-ape, breadfruit, cocoanut trees, cane fields and fertile valleys, lacks much of the artistic lure that inspires one with the beauties of Oahu. Owing to the lofty volcanic mountains which occupy the centers of both East and West Maui, where but little vegetation grows, the inhabitants, unlike those of Oahu, live chiefly along the seashore and on the isthmus. Consequently there is but little valuable timber to be found on the island, except in the district of Koalau on the south side of East Maui.

After the passengers from McGregor's Landing had boarded the Mauna Loa, she steamed out of that dangerous rock-bound harbor and we resumed our voyage. As darkness came on we passed the island of Kahoolawe and about ten o'clock the moon peeped from behind the mountains and threw her magic light upon the island of Hawaii.

The following morning we arrived at Hilo, on the windward side, just as the sun was about to appear, casting over Cocoonut Island that weird lighting one seldom witnesses except in these southerly latitudes. While arrangements were being completed to visit the volcano of Kilauea, we wandered out to a lone cocoanut tree on the crescent-shaped beach and watched the surf beat upon the shore. From there we had the good fortune to catch a glimpse of the volcano of Mauna Loa, the eruption of which, now long overdue, caused the inhabitants of Hilo considerable anxiety, for on a similar occasion the lava had flowed down the mountain side, within a short distance of the town, destroying plantations and everything in its path. At another time, the lava flow reached the ocean, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, destroying everything as it went, but fortunately the mountain opened on the opposite side and thus Hilo was saved from destruction.

About ten o'clock, with everything in readiness, we left Hilo by automobile for the volcano of Kilauea, thirty-two miles distant. For the first nine miles out we rode through an almost continuous forest of lauhala trees. Many of these, the finest specimens I had seen on the islands, were from thirty to forty feet tall and stood so close together as to form an almost impenetrable forest. The bases of these trees, unlike those of the cocoanut palms, stand up two or three feet from the ground and are supported by numerous roots, about two inches in

diameter, which gives the trees the appearance of being held up by props. Their leaves are used by the natives in making mats, and were formerly used for making sails for their large outrigger boats, also to catch water when on long voyages. From Olaa, we passed through extensive fields of sugar cane, and land partially denuded of its virgin forest, preparatory to the planting of more sugar cane. Not far from Keam, we had considerable tire trouble. While the driver was busy putting the car in shape, I walked ahead, admiring the beauty of the country and the fine fern trees, which the planters had occasionally spared when clearing the land. Some of these were undoubtedly thirty feet high to the topmost frond.

At Mountain View, we stopped long enough to purchase a small bunch of ice cream bananas, the first we had ever eaten of this variety, which we pronounced most delicious. From Mountain View we travelled for about eleven miles through a virgin forest of ohia and tree ferns, overgrown with ie-ie vines and beautiful bird's-nest ferns. The tree ferns differed greatly from those of the Fiji and other South Sea islands, or of tropical America. Instead of long, straight, compact trunks, similar to the cocoanut trees, with a whirl or two of fronds that crown the top and extend outwardly in umbrella fashion, they had beautiful palmlike fronds, shooting from various parts of a large, loosely constructed body which extended some thirty feet above one's head, radiating outward and forming many beautiful lacelike arches.

About one o'clock we arrived at the Volcano House, where we obtained our first view of the old crater Kilauea, which appeared to be about eight miles in circumference, with perpendicular walls about three hundred feet to the lava floor below. This, when active, must have been an appalling sight indeed to behold. Three or four miles distant, at the farther end of the crater from that part of the volcano which is now active, rose a huge volume of dense smoke, that was carried off by a strong breeze. Around the hotel, numerous fissures from which issued steam and sulphurous gases, produced a feeling of insecurity within us and a desire not to tarry long in that vicinity; but after luncheon and a visit to the sulphur banks, this uneasiness gradually began to disappear and I was seized with a desire to walk across the floor of the old crater to that of the new. Accompanied by two gentlemen from Los Angeles, who like myself preferred to walk, we set out while the remainder of our party went by a more circuitous route through a forest of magnificent fern trees. While we made our way across the old crater, filled with cracks and fissures that emitted fumes of sulphurous gas and flames, we realized that somewhere beneath was a molten mass, and should the floor of the crater suddenly give way, we would be plunged into perdition. When we approached that part of the volcano still active, the odor of gas became much stronger and caused us to cough violently.

For a time, we felt somewhat uneasy as to our safety, having neglected to enquire whether or not these gases were of a poisonous nature. Presently, the wind shifted and carried the smoke and gas to one side. In the distance we discovered Prof. Thomas Jaggar taking scientific observations and all further fear on our part vanished. Approaching the brink, we looked down about two hundred and fifty feet into that burning lake, a mass of boiling, bubbling, molten lava that with a terrific roar surged about like the surf on the ocean beach. It cer-

tainly looked the very picture of the place of which some of the old-time ministers of the gospel tell, and created within us a strong desire to be good and lead the proper kind of lives. To me, Dante's picture of the Inferno seemed commonplace in comparison with this. After I had watched this red-hot mass spout and boil for a time, I withdrew from the burning light of the fiery caldron to await Mrs. Pearsall and her companions. I had seen active volcanoes before in other parts of the world, but none that impressed me with their awfulness like Kilauea. When Mrs. Pearsall and her companions arrived on the scene, I returned with them to the crater's edge and watched Professor Jaggar's attempt to register the volcano's heat. By protecting our faces from the excessive heat with a piece of cardboard, we were enabled to approach very close to the brink of the burning lake. Here we spent some time, perfectly fascinated, as we watched the weird and fantastic dancing of this red-hot lava, that to us appeared like so many demons rejoicing over some lost soul. Near where we stood was a queer formation of lava called Pele's Chair. From here, the natives, in order to appease the anger of the gods, throw their offerings into the burning caldron, hence the legend of Pele, the romance of a beautiful woman who lived in Kilauea—Pele the goddess of fire.

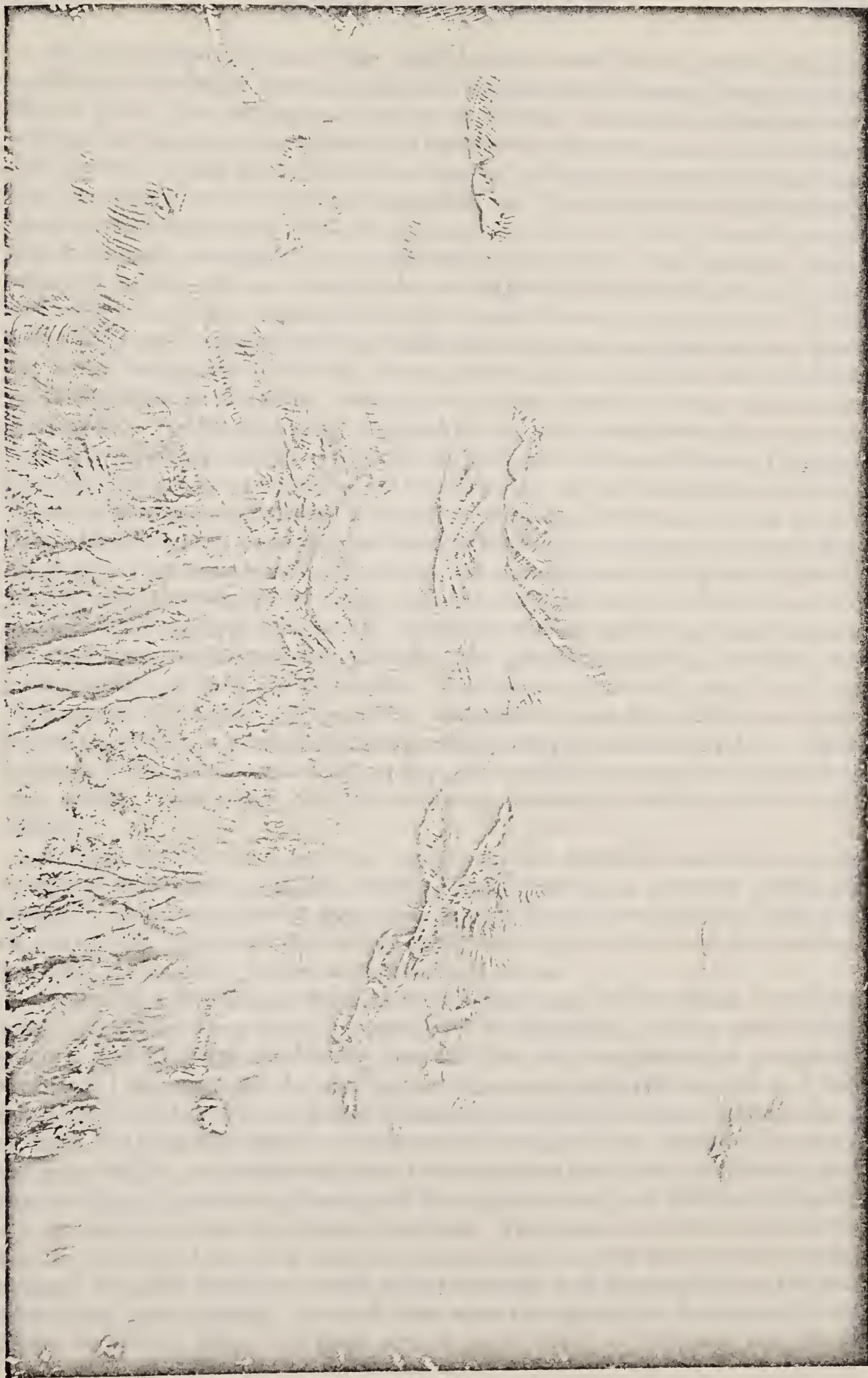
Near here, we gathered a quantity of Pele's hair (spun glass resembling a woman's hair that is thrown out of the volcano, caught up by the wind and scattered about on the lava floor of the old crater). While standing on the rim of the crater, attempting to photograph the burning mass, I was startled to see, through the finder of the camera, a large portion of the perpendicular wall give way and fall into the lake beneath, where it was instantly reduced to a liquid state. Fortunately, at that time, no one was standing on that part of the rim, else he would have been precipitated into the fiery furnace below. As the bank continued to give way in our direction, I thought that we might be thrown into that awful pit and in alarm called out to Miss Clark and Mrs. Pearsall to run, doing so myself. I am very thankful to say that my alarm proved unwarranted, for the second section that toppled to destruction did not include the place where we formerly stood. We were now more cautious and did not approach the brink so closely as heretofore. We spent some time wandering about over the lava floor of the old crater; toasted post cards in the fissures and took pictures of the queer formations of lava. While thus engaged, we were suddenly startled by Miss Clark, who broke through a thin crust of lava and fell into a bubble-like chamber. From that time on, in order to avoid a more serious accident, we refrained from wandering from the well beaten paths.

After nightfall, the volcano was seen at its best. In addition to the surging billows that lashed the sides like the surf of the ocean were jets of fire that regularly shot up into the air; one of these was named Old Faithful, because of its resemblance to the geyser of that name in Yellowstone Park. Perfectly fascinated, we watched this weird and awe-inspiring sight until a late hour, then reluctantly returned to the hotel. Our eyes seemed fairly parched and it was with great difficulty we closed our eyelids over the seemingly dry eyeballs. The hotel being full to overflowing, Mr. Demosthenes Lycurgus, enterprising landlord, assigned Mrs. Pearsall and me to Prof. Jaggar's room, he being absent for the night. From here, we had a splendid view of the red glow from the volcano, reflected in the heavens.

The following day I spent in the Koa (Hawaiian mahogany) forest, some distance north of the volcano, where I found the timber very much scattered. A sawmill had been erected by the Hawaiian Mahogany Company and much of the best timber in the vicinity had already been cut and manufactured, while the trees left standing ranged from two to five feet in diameter. Like the ohia trees, the trunks were usually short, or if tall enough were usually divided into several large irregular forks, rendering them of little value. Disappointed in not finding the magnificent forest such as grew in Central America, as I had anticipated, I returned to the hotel at Kilauea. Upon our return to Hilo, we were made comfortable at the Hotel Demosthenes by the enterprising landlord, Charles Lycurgus, brother of Demosthenes Lycurgus.

From Pahoa, in the district of Puna, I travelled a number of miles through a tropical forest of ohia, koa and tree fern as fine as existed in the island. The ohia and koa trees were somewhat superior to those I had seen in the Kau district but their trunks, save a small percentage, were usually too short to be considered valuable lumber outside of cabinet uses. As the natives in the days of Captain Cook possessed canoes of great length, made from the trunk of a single tree, I concluded that somewhere in this great vine-clad forest, that extended westward to the seven craters, there existed a section of the forest where the tree trunks would be of sufficient length from which similar canoes could be constructed. With this thought foremost in mind I spent some time in the jungle of ferns, vines, creepers, broad-leaved plants, bird's-nest ferns and other parasites beneath the vine-clad forest trees, without finding any great quantity of timber, such as I was seeking. Disappointed with the result of my exploration here, I decided before my departure to inspect the forest reported on the northern end of the island. With my plans perfected to join the other members of our party at Kawaihea, the last port of call of the steamer Mauna Kea, on the island of Hawaii, I bid them adieu.

A short distance out of Hilo, I passed a beautiful waterfall, and farther on the interesting Onomea Arch, formed of lava and projecting into the sea. Northward of this arch we halted and visited the village of Papaikau, composed chiefly of grass houses situated on a low point by the sea, beneath an extensive growth of cocoanut trees, the birthplace of our Hawaiian friend, Mrs. Willing. As we journeyed northward, through miles of sugar cane, we observed a party of Japanese taking their bath along the public highway, and a short distance beyond, several others, on a sugar plantation, among whom was a Japanese woman, who continued their bath undisturbed by our presence. In the country districts, I thought little of this custom, but sometime later, when a perfectly nude Japanese man, in the vigor of life, walked out in front of us and crossed the street of the little town of Ewa, on the island of Oahu, as unconcerned as if it was a daily custom, I concluded that Japanese lack of decency could not be surpassed, for I had never as yet seen a native Hawaiian absolutely nude, save the children in the poor district of Honolulu. Here, in Hawaii, the natives adhered to their primitive way of living more closely than in other localities, where they come into closer contact with the outside world. At Laupahoekoe we stopped to visit a heiau (temple) now in ruin.



OHIA AND KOA FOREST

As we journeyed along, to the right lay the broad Pacific, and to the left, a wide expanse of sugar cane that extended towards the volcanoes Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. The former mountain being thirteen thousand, six hundred and seventy-five feet above the sea level and the latter, thirteen thousand eight hundred and twenty-five feet, both of them were capped with snow, a queer, unusual combination of the arctic and tropical, blended in one. The first sixty-five miles of this journey, that ended only with the pali north of Waipia Valley, were the worst that I ever saw attempted by an automobile. However, I was not sorry that I ventured on this trip, as it had given me a splendid opportunity to study the native life. The country through which we travelled was very picturesque. To the west of Waipia it was rugged and bold, with numerous waterfalls leaping down the steep precipitous mountain slopes. Convinced that there was but little valuable timber on the upper northern neck of the island of Hawaii, we returned to Honokaa. While here I had the good fortune to witness some native women beating out cloth from slips of bark of the mulberry tree, an industry I thought had died out many years before in these islands, owing to the substitution of the softer fabrics manufactured from cotton and silk. They were beating out the bark which had been previously softened in water, over the end of a large hardwood slab, with a hardwood stick, about two inches square and sixteen inches in length, with two sides of the square part not used as a handle, grooved, and the remaining two surfaces left smooth. With this club or mallet they beat the bark for some time, which presently yielded to the constant pounding, first using the grooved side and then the plain side. This was kept up until the fibre of the bark spread into a thin sheet or cloth, whereupon it was then folded and again beaten out until the required thickness and strength desired was reached. When finished, it was rolled up and left to dry, after which the designs or decorations were added. Today, this cloth is principally made to be sold as curios to the tourist.

A short distance from Honokaa we left the low lands and ascended a gentle mountain slope over a narrow, winding road, through a partially cultivated country. Here my attention was called to some peach trees, the first I had seen on the islands. Although the natives spoke very highly of the fruit, my chauffeur informed me that the peaches were small and bitter.

Now that I had almost reached the northern end of the island, where the forest existed, and was about to cross over to Kawaikea, the last port of call, where I was to board the Mauna Kea and join my companions as previously arranged, I learned from the natives that there was much timber such as I had described to be found in the higher mountains, and that from time to time many of these fine trees had been cut and their trunks shaped into canoes. To reduce the great weight, and make easy their transportation to the sea, they first shaped the outside of the canoe by hewing off the surplus wood, and then by hollowing out the inside to about the desired thickness. They were then placed upon poles and by the aid of from sixty to eighty stalwart men, carried down the mountain, dragged over the sharp lava rocks to the lowland, and then carried to the sea, where they were finished. Some of these were transported in this manner from fifteen to twenty miles. As there seemed much truth in what was said about

this fine timber in the higher altitudes, I regretted that I had not explored the higher mountains, and now considered returning and examining this timber; however, on further reflection, knowing that the mountains about the volcano Kilauea were over four thousand feet above sea level, about the limit where good timber was to be found in most other countries, I concluded there could be nothing more than a sprinkling of these fine trees to be found there, so I decided to continue on my way. As we ascended to higher altitudes, we emerged from the tropical tangle into the koa forest, that extended several miles up the mountain slope, towards the volcano Mauna Kea. Here the trees of the forest were large and straight, such as I had been looking for, but unfortunately, most of them were dead. Their destruction was probably due to some volcanic eruption of Mauna Kea, possibly half a century before. After we had passed through this forest of mammoth skeletons, we emerged into a grass-clad country, the most picturesque part of the island. As I gazed at hundreds of cattle, quietly grazing on these uplands amid a luxuriant growth of coarse grass, I was reminded of similar scenes on our own grass-clad hills of California. In the distance, a waterfall of considerable importance, that leaped from a high precipice, appeared like a silver thread, and closely resembled Bridal Veil Falls in Yosemite Valley. The scenery from here to Waimea is beautiful. Originally, I intended to make a side trip from Waimea down the western coast to Kealahou, where Captain Cook met his tragic death, but owing to the time consumed visiting the native villages, was obliged to defer my visit to this historical place and continue on towards my destination, Kawaihe. Some distance from Waimea, my chauffeur pointed to a place on which a few sickly palms grew. That, said he, was the home of an Englishman in early days and at that time many cocoanut palms flourished where those now struggle for an existence. Judging from the numerous piles of stones, said to be the tombs of the natives, that extended from here to Kawaihe, I naturally inferred that at one time this was a populous part of the island. At the present, this land is sterile and without irrigation would support but a small population. Hence, in earlier days, there must have been a more copious rainfall than at the present. Before the sun had reached its zenith we arrived at Kawaihe, on the leeward side of the island, where I was to board the Mauna Kea. This unimportant little seaport town had at one time assumed considerable prestige in the affairs of the island, but owing to its poor harbor, steamers were compelled to anchor half a mile from shore and transfer their passengers and freight by lighters. As this could be accomplished only when the sea was calm, almost all business had been transferred to Hilo and the town had long since fallen to decay. The most important building that remained was an old stone house, said to have been the home of a missionary, now used as a storeroom. While awaiting my steamer, I met a lone native fisherman, who informed me that a heiau (temple), called Punkohola, built by Kamehameha I, in commemoration of the subjugation of the chieftains of the Hawaiian Islands, was situated a short distance down the coast from Kawaihe, and was the last temple of this kind ever built. I determined to visit it. My informant, glad to assist me, removed his breechcloth, donned his clothes and accompanied me to the heiau, which I found largely in ruins. The square enclosure, which I judged to contain considerably more than

an acre of ground, was surrounded by a rough stone wall, from fifteen to twenty feet high, and about fifteen feet thick at the base, now partially fallen to decay. On the inside was the council chamber, the main floor of which was paved with large flat stones. Near the center was a raised platform about thirty feet square, paved with smaller ones. Here, into the pot-like holes, had been placed sacrifices to the Hawaiians' imaginary diety, victims that had been ruthlessly slaughtered to satisfy the cravings of superstition. Although there were a dozen or more Hawaiians, on their way to a luau beyond, who arrived at the heiau while we were there, not one had the courage to enter the temple, and but one was brave enough to climb the wall and peer into the enclosure as I photographed the place. These temples still fill the superstitious natives with awe, hence they avoid them as much as possible.

The piles of stones near by would have escaped my notice had my attention not been called to them. Beneath these reposed the bones of the Hawaiians' ancestors. The numbers of these peculiar graves or monuments in this vicinity, indicated that this desolate part of the island, at some previous time, had been densely populated. Close by a religious rite or dance was in progress in which some of the older people were participating. They had bared their bodies from the waist to the top of the head and were seated in a semicircle; while those who were in authority, presumably the descendants of the priests of former days, offered up a prayer in silence. Those who formed the semicircle prostrated themselves as nearly as possible while in a sitting position, until those who had charge uttered a chant, when they all sat upright and joined in the ceremony. This they repeated several times and at the conclusion of each chant they struck their arms with their hands, and at other times they kept time to the chant by slapping their chests. They then all rose, stood erect and chanted together, keeping time with the movement of their bodies, while an old man kept time by beating on an instrument made from a section of cocoanut tree, hollowed out in the form of a drum, over which a skin was drawn tight, and made a dull monotonous sound. This ceremony lasted for about fifteen minutes after my arrival, after which each person was handed a bowl, made from a cocoanut shell, filled with a native drink, made from the kernel of the cocoanut, from which they drank freely; they were then served with a small raw fish and bits of roast pork. I was so forcibly impressed with their peculiar service, which followed so closely their ancient rites, as described by Captain Cook in his *Discovery of the Sandwich Islands*, that I attempted to take a photograph of them while going through their ceremony, but was prevented. Since the practice of praying any victim or enemy to death of whom they wished to rid themselves, by the kahunas (priests), had long since ceased, I was convinced the older ones still secretly practiced, in a mild way, some of the ancient forms of worship, either for amusement or through superstition. I regret not being present at the opening of this ceremony, which no doubt was very interesting.

At the conclusion the participants donned their clothes and joined the others in preparing the feast. On the ground was a table prepared of ferns and branches of the cocoanut tree. On this were gourds, bowls of koa wood and the shells of cocoanuts filled with fruits, pineapple, breadfruit and banana and poi; there

was also raw fish. Near by, several fires were smoldering. In these six pigs, buried in the coals, were being roasted. By one o'clock the pigs were pronounced done, the pits were opened, the coals scraped out, the seaweed removed and the pigs stripped of the banana leaves that had been wrapped about them to keep off the ashes; then all squatted on the ground cross-legged about the table, and the feast of juicy roast pork, poi, baked breadfruit and other dainty morsels was begun. Never had I eaten such delicious roast pork or breadfruit. After the Hawaiians had finished their repast and washed their victuals down with *eva*, a native drink, fourteen young ladies retired to the shelter of some shrubs, disrobed, put on their grass skirts, and began to dance the hula to the strange and weird music furnished by four old men from the mountains, who beat time on huge gourds, pounding them on the ground and hitting them with their hands, to an accompaniment of strange guttural ejaculations. The girls danced long, going through many of the peculiar movements of the body common to the hula. If perchance any one lagged, she was reprimanded. Spurred on by the harsh and angry voice of some of the old gray-haired women, who called out to her in Hawaiian, she exerted herself to the utmost, exercising every muscle of her body to the satisfaction of her prompters, and was then allowed to rest before continuing with the dance. When I first came to the islands, I was inclined to look upon the hula with disfavor, but when I learned that it was a solemn dance and part of their religious rite, I looked upon it from a different point of view.

Ellis in his *Polynesian Researches* makes the following reference to this Heiau: After breakfast, I visited the large Heiau or temple, called Bukola (Punkohola). It stands on an eminence in the southern part of the district and was built by Kamehameha about thirty years ago, when he was engaged in conquering Hawaii and the rest of the Sandwich Islands.

It is an irregular parallelogram, 224 feet long, and 100 wide. The walls, though built of loose stones, were solid and compact. At both ends, and on the side next the mountains, they were twenty feet high, twelve feet thick at the bottom, but narrowed in gradually toward the top, where a course of smooth stones six feet wide formed a pleasant walk. The walls next the sea were not more than seven or eight feet high, and were proportionably wide. The entrance to the temple is by a narrow passage between two high walls. As I passed along this avenue, an involuntary shuddering seized me, on reflecting how often it had been trodden by the feet of those who relentlessly bore the murdered body of the human victim an offering to their cruel idols. The upper terrace within the area was spacious, and much better finished than the lower ones. It was paved with flat smooth stones, brought from a distance. At the south end was a kind of inner court, which might be called the sanctum sanctorum of the temple, where the principal idol used to stand, surrounded by a number of images of inferior deities.

In the center of this inner court was the place where the *anu* was erected, which was a lofty frame of wicker-work in shape something like an obelisk, hollow, and four or five feet square at the bottom. Within this the priest stood as the organ of communication from the god, whenever the king came to inquire his will; for his principal god was also his oracle, and when it was to be consulted, the king, accompanied by two or three attendants, proceeded to the door of the inner temple, and, standing immediately before the obelisk, inquired respecting the declaration

of war, the conclusion of peace, or any other affair of importance. The answer was given by the priest in a distinct and audible voice; though, like that of other oracles, it was frequently very ambiguous. On the return of the king, the answer he had received was publicly proclaimed, and generally acted upon.

On the outside, near the entrance to the inner court, was the place of the *rere* (altar), on which human and other sacrifices were offered. The remains of one of the pillars that supported it were pointed out by the natives, and the pavement around was strewn with bones of men and animals, the mouldering remains of those numerous offerings, once presented there. About the center of the terrace was the spot where the king's sacred house stood in which he resided during the season of strict tabu—and at the north end, the place occupied by the houses of priests, who, with the exception of the king, were the only persons permitted to dwell within the sacred enclosures. Holes were seen on the walls all around this, as well as the lower terraces, where wooden idols of various size and shape formerly stood, casting their hideous stare in every direction. *Tairi* or *Kukairimoku*, a large wooden image, crowned with a helmet, and covered with red feathers, the favorite war-god of Kamehameha, was the principal. To him the Heiau was dedicated, and for his occasional residence it was built. On the day in which he was brought within its precincts vast offerings of fruit, hogs and dogs were presented, and no less than eleven human victims were immolated on his altars. And although the huge pile now resembles a dismantled fortress, whose frown no longer strikes terror through the surrounding country, yet it is impossible to walk over such a *golgotha* or contemplate a spot which must often have resembled a pandemonium more than anything on earth, without a strong feeling of horror at the recollection of the bloody and infernal rites so frequently practiced within its walls. [Ellis *Polynesian Records*, vol. 4, pages 77, 78, 79.]

Upon my return to Kawaihea, towards evening, I found that the *Mauna Kea* had arrived off port, discharged her freight and was about to sail. When a blast of her whistle announced her intended departure, six or eight natives stepped into the last boat to leave shore and I joined them. We were soon battling our way through the surf to the vessel a half mile offshore. When we reached the *Mauna*

Kea, the swells were running so high that at times we looked down on the vessel's deck, and at others we could look up at the rear end of the keel and wonder if the next swell would engulf us or dash our boat to pieces against the ship's sides. At last, after several unsuccessful attempts, we succeeded in getting hold of the ship's ladder and climbed to the deck above. I was the last to leave the boat, and on reaching the deck I found Mrs. Pearsall in tears and my companions happy over my safe arrival. Through some misunderstanding, after my departure from Hilo, they had become confused as to where I would join them, taking the port of Nahokoma as being the last port of call by the Mauna Kea, instead of Kawaihea. When I failed to board the steamer at the former port they mistrusted that some mishap had befallen me, and when the hatches were ordered closed at Kawaihea, in readiness to sail, their fears were greatly magnified by my non-appearance aboard the Mauna Kea. At dusk our ship weighed anchor and we resumed our voyage.

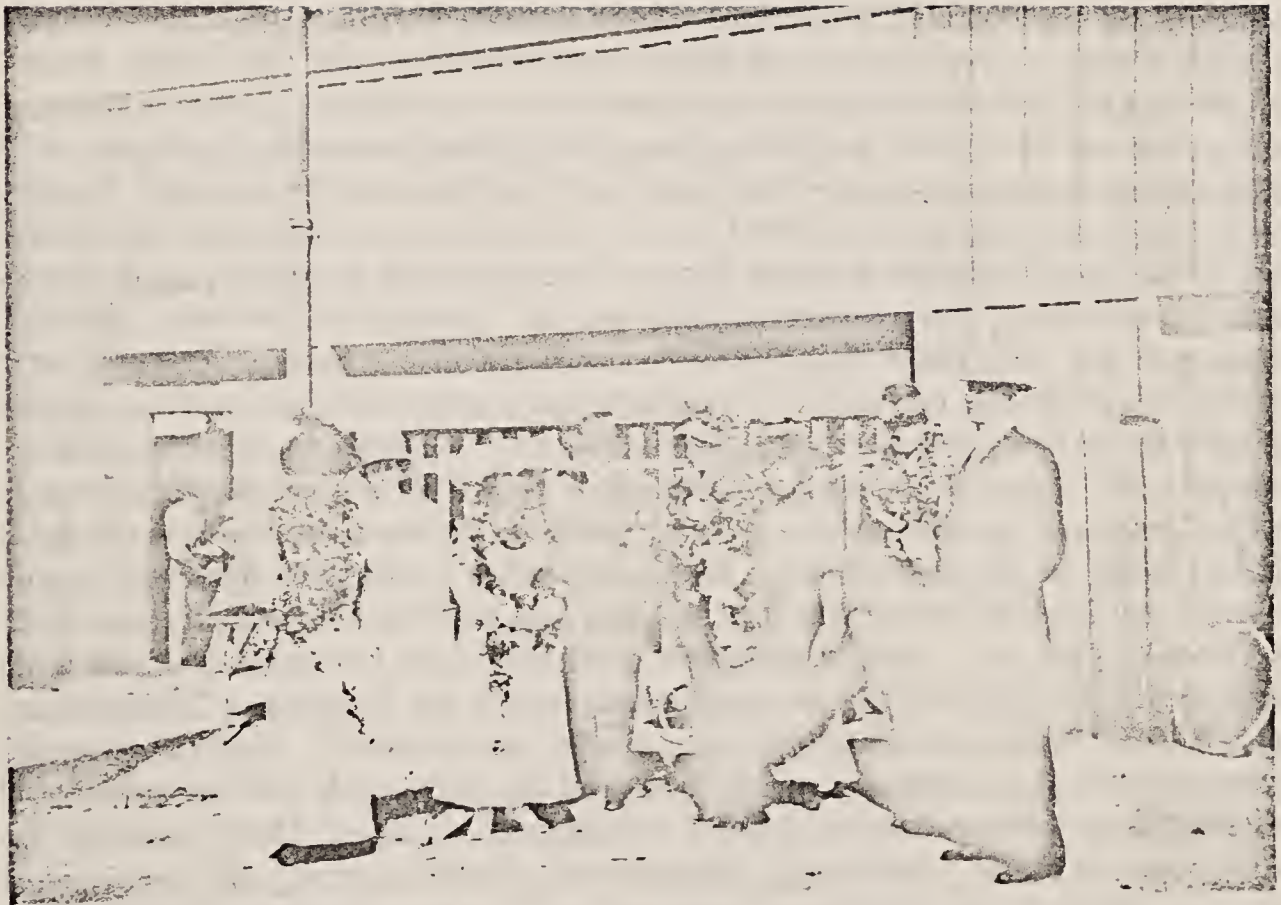
Shortly after our return to Honolulu we visited Mr. Francis Gay at his summer home in the Kilihi Valley; while here we accepted an invitation to accompany him on a visit to the island of Kauai, his permanent place of abode, that lay one hundred miles to the northwest of Honolulu. From there we had intended accompanying Mr. Gay on a visit to his cattle ranch, situated some fifteen miles to the westward of Kauai. This ranch occupying nearly the whole island of Niihau, ninety-eight thousand acres. But when informed by Mr. Gay that Kauai had but little timber of any great value, commercially speaking, and owing to the threatening condition of the weather and the uncertainty of making a landing in a rough sea, we gave up all thought of a visit to either Kauai or Niihau.

February seventeenth, Chinese New Year, found us back at our former quarters at the Hotel Pleasanton in time to witness the celebration of the Dragon by the Chinese for the last time in the Hawaiian Islands. At least we were so informed by some of the prominent Chinese merchants. As an invitation had been extended us to visit the Chinese Club and witness this celebration, the last of its kind, we accepted and were royally entertained by some of China's distinguished and learned men. We were greatly surprised to find that many of the club members were graduates of Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Oxford, and apparently understood the political situation in our country better than we. During the celebration, the dragon flag was lowered and the new flag of black and orange stripes, symbol of the Chinese Republic, was raised aloft with shouts and cheers for Dr. Sun, father of the infant republic, then struggling for an existence. During the great display of daylight fireworks, and the exploding of firecrackers and deafening bombs, the clubhouse accidentally caught fire and we narrowly escaped being trapped in the burning building. As a result of our visit to the Chinese Club, I formed an entirely new opinion of the Celestials, and no longer looked upon them as John Chinamen, but as a people to be greatly feared in the commercial world when thoroughly awakened to the standard of Christian nations.

On the twentieth of February, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly, accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Herman Janss, arrived on the *Wilhelmina* and to our great delight, were domiciled at the Pleasanton, and on the twenty-second of February,

in commemoration of Washington's birthday, the crowning event of the week took place. Neither time, labor nor expense had been spared and every one did his utmost to make the celebration of this day a grand success. The princes and princesses of royal blood who were in direct line for the Hawaiian throne prior to the overthrow of their little kingdom, dressed in their royal robes and mounted upon beautiful steeds, led the parade, composed of exquisitely decorated floats and automobiles. As the procession passed Washington Place, the home of ex-Queen Liliuokalani, she waved her handkerchief and nodded her head in recognition of her friends, then retired from view. As I watched Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Samoans, Fijians, Negroes, Portuguese, English, Spanish, and Americans, who were celebrating the birthday of the "Father of our Country," the thought came to me that our illustrious Washington certainly fathered a great variety of human beings.



After the excitement of the celebration was over, Mr. Braly addressed several assemblies, composed of distinguished citizens of Honolulu, on woman suffrage and spoke of the noble work that had been accomplished in California. As the days passed, he never lost an opportunity to expound the good cause that would eventually assist in the uplifting of all mankind. Upon our arrival in Honolulu, out of idle curiosity we had been desirous of meeting ex-Queen Liliuokalani, but when we learned, through our Hawaiian friend, Mrs. Willing, that we would be expected to bow and kneel to "Her Highness" and kiss her hand, we concluded there was too much loyal American blood in our veins to conform with this custom, and gave up all further thought of meeting the former Queen. One thing that I observed in particular, during my sojourn in the islands, especially among the higher class of Hawaiians, was their size and fine physique. Their fine features, large, noble and expressive eyes and straight black hair closely resemble those of many of our American Indians, particularly Big Henry, Big Willis, and many others of our Klamath River tribes. These Hawaiians I judge to be of pure Polynesian stock. Since the days of Captain Cook, a horde of the inhabitants of the more southerly islands, brought here to work the sugar plantations, have intermingled with those of the Hawaiian group and, to some extent, we now find the curly hair and flat noses here, as well as in the Fijian and Samoan Islands. After three months spent pleasantly among the islands, the day at length arrived for our departure from this paradise, with its artistic headlands, weird volcanic mountains, beautiful valleys and cocoa-palm-lined seashore. Like the kaleidoscope, at every turn the scene shifts from one sublime to another more impressive, never failing in the lure one experiences on first entering this land of romance; a land of enchantment beneath a sub-tropical sky; a land of ferns, palms, breadfruit, lofty cocoanut trees, flowering hibiscus, poinsettia, gardenias, jasmine, bougainvilleas, golden shower, and multitudes of others, with wonderful coloring of flaming red, yellow, pink, purple and golden; a dream land indeed, where one would be perfectly content to pass the remainder of his days, and, on passing to the great beyond, could wish for no better fate than to be laid to rest by the tinkling of the ukulele, and the soft, sweet but sad song of the Hawaiians beneath the shadow of some tall, graceful cocoa-palm, and lulled to eternal sleep by the sounds of the ever restless ocean waves, beating on these distant shores.



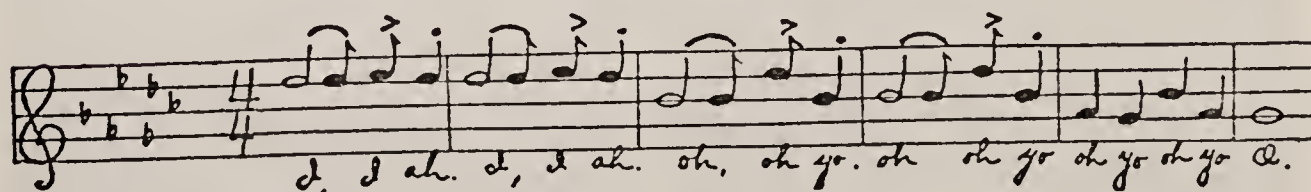
CLARENCE E. PEARSALL AND PARTY SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HAWAII

Many of our island friends gathered at the wharf to wish us bon voyage and nearly smothered us with leis (wreaths made of flowers). It was with regret that we were about to leave this land that had now become endeared to us. Shortly after Mr. Braly had said, "Good-bye and God bless you, my children," we went aboard ship, while our Hawaiian friends sang their national air. As the steamer *Sierra* slowly steamed out of the little harbor, with her bow headed in the direction of the Southern Cross, the Royal Hawaiian Band, on the pier, played the beautiful but sad Aloha. "Farewell till we meet again."

On our homeward voyage we encountered the most violent storm I had ever experienced at sea, that continued with all its fury for five days and nights. Every joint in the *Sierra* creaked and groaned as she floundered in the trough of the sea, and her hull shivered from stem to stern when struck by the huge angry waves which swept over her as she mounted some monstrous swell; at other times it seemed as though the staunch vessel would not be able to weather the gale longer. The anxiety experienced among the passengers grew intense as the storm continued, hour after hour and day after day, until their hearts fairly sank within them each time the *Sierra* rolled over on her beam or some great sea would break beneath her, retarding her speed and causing her to tremble and settle down as if she had taken her last plunge. On the fifth day we were somewhat relieved when the *Sierra* picked up a wireless from a Government transport, the *Rosecrans*, about two hundred miles ahead, to the effect that the storm was abating and there was smoother water beyond. This encouraging news was welcomed by all, even by Captain Houdlette, who had been making this run for many years. He heaved a sigh of relief and confessed that "all of the d—— fools were not dead yet," alluding to himself in disgust for following the sea. On the morning of the sixth day, I dressed, walked out on deck and greeted Mrs. Burns and Miss Clark, whom I had not seen since our departure from Honolulu Harbor. As the Golden Gate was sighted, a feeling of joy almost overcame us at the thought of being on terra firma once more. The two years following our trip to Honolulu were chiefly spent in California, with short trips into Oregon, Canada and Mexico, and the twentieth of February, 1915, found us comfortably located in San Francisco to witness the opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Here we spent considerable time studying and enjoying the most beautiful of World Expositions and since its closing, December twentieth, 1915, my time has been largely spent collecting data concerning the Pearsalls in England and America.

—————  Here The Story Ended.  —————

The following is the Indian Mourning Song [Page 1573] as it was recalled by Clarence E. Pearsall.



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 *soldiers 1712 *trails 1686 1688 —
 Nickwich 1620 — Niuhau Island
 1755 — Niuhaw 1746 — Nile of
 America 1727 — Ninkish Lake
 1589 — Niu 1741 — Niguas 1689
 Nopal 1654 — Norfolk 1731 —
 North Dakota 1603 — North
 Fork 1489 1491 1493 1507 1508
 1521 1522 — Northern Pacific
 Rail Road 1561 1574 — Norway
 pine 1534 1537 1574
 Nuutele 1543 — Nukulofa 1553
 1554 — Nuuanu Valley 1743 —
 Nuulua 1543
 Oahu 1738 1741 1743 1747 1750
 — Oakland 1542 — Oakley
 Brothers 1726 — Oaks 1557 1650
 — Oaxaca 1644 1645 1648 1651
 1654 1655 — Obelisk 1754 —
 Ocean Beach Trail 1720 —
 Ocean storm 1722 1723 — Ocel-
 lated turkeys 1702 — Ocos 1660
 — Ocotal 1678 — Ohia Forest
 1748 1750
 Ohmahhah 1609 1611 1612 1614
 to 1620 1622 1624 1626 1631 1636
 — Okanogan Indians 1574 1576
 — Olaa 1748 — Oleanders 1651
 — Oleta 1566 — Olequa 1573
 1579 1581 to 1587 1589 1592 1593
 1597 1743 — Old Faithful 1749
 — Oliver W 1711
 Omagar 1718 — Omaha 1541 —
 Omotepe Island 1694 1695 *Vol-
 cano 1694 — One-Eyed Billie
 1610 — O'Neill Captain 1710
 1714 — Onisha 1617 1620 1630
- 1633 1717 — *C.E.P. 1616 — Ono-
 mea Arch 1750 — Oo 1743 —
 Oranges 1557 1681 — Orange
 trees 1659 1660 1688 — Orchids
 1660 1689 — Orchard Lake 1719
 — Oregon 1597 1600 1619 1724
 1728 1731 1733 1747 1757 *grape
 1624 — Orick 1639 — Orni-
 thology 1700 — Ortez General
 1676 — Orohenu Mount 1555
 Osagons 1606 1608 1621 1622
 1623 1624 1702 1719 *Indian
 village 1600 1603 1639 1719 —
 Osborn Calvin 1704 1707 1708
 1710 1711 — Osos montos 1679
 — Otter 1537 1587 to 1590 1610
 *pelts 1591 *skin 1626 1638 —
 Outrigger Boats 1545 1547 1552
 1744 1745 1746 1748 — Ovalau
 1545 1547 — Owers Brothers
 1604 — Owls 1540 — Oxen 1498
 1499 1532 1537 1538 1539 1557
 1598 1680 1683 1685 1706
 Pacific Coast 1606 1712 1717
 1721 1740 *Steamship Co 1722
 1734 1737 *lumberman 1483
 *Ocean 1622 1690 1695 1751
 Packing 1587 — Paddock George
 1501 1512 — Pagarh 1629 —
 Pago Pago 1542 1547 — Pahoae
 1750 — Painting adornment 1626
 — Palace Hotel 1542 1730 1744
 — Pali 1743 1751 — Palms 1727
 1738 1756 — Palauli 1545 1546
 Panama 1674 1693 1694 1714
 1715 1716 *Canal 1483 *Pacific
 Exposition 1757 — Panamint
 Valley 1728 — Panajochel 1663
 — Panning gold 1579 — Pan-
 ther 1518 *skins 1626 — Papai-
 kau 1750 — Papeete 1554 1555
 — Paper mulberry 1741 — Pa-
 poose baskets 1624 — Paramos
 1663 — Parkersburg 1733 —
 Paraquets 1645 1678 — Par-
 rots 1643 1687 1702 1712 —
 Partridge 1503 1504 — Paso de
 Robles 1559 — Passport 1672
 1694 1710 1711 — Patio 1682
 1693 — Patterson Charles 1711
 — Patton Mr 1724 — Patzu-
 1663 — Payne's Mill 1489 1522 —
 Peach 1751 — Pearl Harbor 1743
 Pearsall Clara 1489 1581 *David
 1498 1499 *Deborah Grand-
 mother 1496 1498 1499 *Eliza
 Catherine Mother 1487 1488
 1489 1513 1541 1573 1715 *Elmer
 Brother 1484 1486 1488 1489
 1493 1501 1593 1594 1725
 *George 1732 *George A Father
 1484 1488 1489 1496 1501 1511
 1512 1513 1518 1519 1520 1525
 1526 1529 1541 1593 1594 1597
 1715 *George Volney 1581 *Mrs
 Gertrude 1595 to 1600 1602 1603
 1606 *Emma 1715 *Henry Cor-
 nell 1606 *Mrs. Hettie May 1720
 1721 1723 1725 1726 1730 1731
 1733 to 1736 1738 1740 1741
- 1743 1744 1745 1749 1755 *Hiram
 Ellsworth 1581 *James 1510
 1511 1512 1519 1533 1534 *James
 Henry 1581 *Job 1732 1733
 *John Grandfather 1484 1496
 1499 1514 1537 *John Albert
 1519 1581 *John Henry 1514
 *Peter 1598 *Rose 1506
 Peccaries 1678 1683 1684 1688
 — Pecwan 1620 1636 1638 1718
 — Pedro 1676 to 1681 1690 1693
 1698 1704 — Pele 1749 —
 Pennsylvania 1484 1511 1526
 1532 1533 1542 1562 1572 1574
 1594 1640 1650 1667 1679 1682
 — Pennyoyer Governor 1594 —
 Peppers 1546 — Perchur 1636 —
 Fernando Colonel 1653 — Per-
 shall John 1732 *Richard 1732
 *Thomas 1732 — Pestles 1629 —
 Petersburg 1731 — Peterson Mr
 1692 1693 1698 — Peru 1714
 1715 Pheasants 1701 1702 —
 Philadelphia 1486 1489 1557 1715
 Picacho 1727 — Pierre 1604 —
 Pigs 1682 1691 1697 1754 —
 Pike's Peak 1600 — Pilchuck
 1592 *Creek 15 2 1563 1566 —
 Piles Samuel 1562 — Pineap-
 ples 1547 1641 1674 1742 1753
 — Pine barrens 1686 *and hem-
 lock 1491 *and white oaks 1491
 *timber 1535 1640 1646 *Ridge
 Indian Agency 1603 1604 —
 Pinto 1630 1728 1729 — Pitts-
 burgh 1496 1513 1522 1524 1594
 — Pitt Mount 1596 — Plan-
 tains 1683 1705 — Plaza de
 Amas 1663 — Placer mining
 1578 1579 — Planing mill 1596
 — Pleasonton Hotel 1738 1739
 1740 1744 1755
 Pol 1753 1754 — Poisoned by
 Mussels 1611 — Poinsettia 1744
 1756 — Point Arena 1730 —
 Poiot Reverend 1709 — Polai
 Bay 1742 — Polynesian records
 and researches 1754 1756 — Pome-
 granates 1681 — Pomona a boat
 1719 1721 1722 — Poncho 1675
 1680 — Pond lily 1628 — Pork
 1753 1754 — Port Harford 1557
 1560 *Kenyon 1639 1640 *Or-
 ford Cedar 1595 1638 — Port-
 land 1595 to 1598 1731 1733 —
 Portuguese 1756 *man of war
 1640 — Potatoes 1648 — Pot-
 latch 1566 1581 — Potomac
 1731 1732 — Potosi 1695 — Pow-
 wowed 1633
 Practical Joke 1658 — Prairie
 chickens 1603 *Creek 1720 —
 Prayer 1753 — Preacher 1486
 1494 1522 — Precipice 1685
 1743 — Pride Mrs 1486 — Pris-
 oner 1697 1711 1712 — Profan-
 ity 1459 — Progreso 1659 —
 Ptarmigan 1589
 Pua 1740 — Puckerty 1523 —
 Puget Sound 1560 1561 1573

- 1577 1592 — Pulque 1647 — Puma 1646 — Pumpkins 1484 — Puna District 1750 — Punch Bowl Mountain 1742 — Punkohola 1752 1754 — Punta Arenas 1714 — Punurus valley 1555
- Quail 1559 — Quatsino Sound 1586 1590 — Quebec 1734 — Queen a boat 1557 1593 — Queen Charlotte's Sound 1583 — Quetzal 1660 1703 — Quezaltenango 1661 1662 — Quiche Indians 1662 — Quinine Tablets 1648 1649 1663 — Quoy 1610 — Quoyrah net 1610
- Rabbits 1503 — Races 1490 — Raffia 1620 1621 — Raft 1551 1700 1703 — Rafting 1496 1522 1523 1524 1700 1701 1702 1704 — Raiatea Mount 1555 — Railroad to Eureka 1721 — Rain 1552 1590 1615 1637 1639 1681 1717 1729 1739 1741 — Rainbow 1742 — Ranching 1580 1581 — Rainier Mount 1561 — Ram 1505 — Rama 1707 1709 — Rambis 1546 — Ransom demanded 1668 — Rarotonga 1554 — Rats and mice 1492 — Rattlesnakes 1732 — Raven 1569 — Raw fish 1753 1754
- Reckrock 1613 1634 1635 — Red bank Creek 1510 1522 1524 — *Bud Indian Agency 1604 — brick school house 1499 1500 1501 1524 — Cloud 1604 — headed woodpecker dance 1626 — Lick Run 1521 — sap 1687 — squirrel 1499 — Redwood Billie 1623 — Creek 1599 1600 1623 1633 1635 — Henry 1633 — Lillies 1717 — Trust 1721 — Redwoods 1597 1598 1600 1717
- Reed Frank 1525 — Reeds 1699 — Rehrogh 1610 1611 1612 — Religious dance 1753 — procession 1655 1656 — rites 1753 — Requa 1603 1719 — Rere 1754 — Rescued drowning 1642 — ship wreck 1737 — Revolver exploded 1581 1652 — Revaris Don Juan 1652 — Rewa River 1547 1541 1551 — Reys General 1711 — Reynolds Clark 1522 1523 1524 — *Malcolm 1522 1523 1524 — Rhinehart Mr 1642 1643 1645 1646 1647 1652 to 1655 1668 1669 — Rhododendrons 1717
- Ricardo Dr 1665 1666 1667 1668 — Rice 1742 — *Mr 1682 1683 1685 to 1689 — Richardson William 1682 1690 1700 1701 1702 1703 1714 — Richmond 1731 — Riding hard 1692 1693 — Rifle 1504 1507 1508 1525 1701 — Rio Choluteco 1677 — *Coco 1678 1701 — *Grande 1679 1682 1685 1689 1690 1700 1701 1704 1706 — *Hueso 1701 — *Tuma 1700 1706 — Rivas 1694 — River of Blood
- 1662 — River Voyaging 1706 1707 — Road on ocean beach 1599 — Robber bands 1651 — Rocky Mountains 1541 1571 1603 — Rogers Calvin 1597 — *Mr 1689 1690 1691 1694 1696 — Rolling logs 1534 — Romney 1732 1733 — Romolda 1657 1658 1659 1662 to 1665 — Roofleaking 1686 1691 — Rosenburgs 1663 — Rosencrans a boat 1757
- Roosevelt Theodore 1731 — Rossing and Snipping 1533 — Round up 1553 — Rubber Mexican 1650 1691 — Ruins 1689 1690 — Running 1495 1623 — Russell Ike 1519 — *Thomas 1519 Sabbath 1563 — Sacate 1692 1705 — Sacramento Ranch 1558 — Safata 1544 — Sage hen 1575 — *brush 1575 — Sail boat 1695 — Sails of mats 1748 — Salailua 1545 — Salina Cruz 1651 1656 1657 — Salinas River 1559 1560 — Salalberries 1599 1621 1624 — Salamanca 1594 — Salem Oregon 1543 1594 1595 — Salguero General 1670
- Salmon 1612 1614 1615 — *berry 1563 1599 — *fishing 1609 — *roe 1622 — *spawning 1609 — *trout 1566 — Saluafata 1543 — Salton River 1724 — Samoan Islands 1542 1544 1545 1547 1756 — San Andres 1663 — San Blas 1642 1643 1663 — *a boat 1656 1657 — Sanchez Bertha 1664 — *General 1661
- Sandals 1737 — Sandstorm 1724 1725 1726 — Sandwich Islands 1556 1754 — Sandy Lick Creek 1507 1508 1510 — Sanford Harry 1726 — San Francisco 1541 1542 1544 1553 1555 1556 1557 1560 1593 1598 1600 1641 1643 1660 1665 1715 1721 1722 1730 1744 — *Bay 1541 — *earthquake and fire 1499 1729 1730 — San Luis 1676
- Sangatoka River 1552 — San Jacinto Mountains 1726 — San Jeromino 1705 — San Jorge 1694 1695 1696 — San Jose 1714 1719 — *de Guatemala 1644 1665 — San Juan 1559 — *a ship 1644 — *Del Sur 1695 — *River 1557 1694 1711 1712 1714 — San Salvador 1664 1665 1666 1668 1669 1671 1672 1674 1694 1712 1715 1716 — San Lorenzo 1674 — San Luis 1559 — *Obispo 1557 1560 — San Marcos 1659 1663 — San Miguel 1559 — San Rafael del Norte 1679 — San Ramon 1689 1704
- Santa Ana 1666 1667 1669 1670 1671 1694 1716 — *Battle of 1671 — *City of 1668 1669 — Santa Fe Rail Road 1721 — Santa Lucia Street 1670 — *Margarita Mountains 1557 1560 — *Maria a boat
- 1695 — *Maria Valley 1557 — *Rita — 1658 — *Rosa a boat 1598 — Santee River 1732 — Seomish 1572 — Santiago City of 1666 — Sapa-palii 1545 — Sapotes 1663 — Sargan 1620 1630 1635 1718
- Satin wood 1678 — Satoolie 1690 — Savannas 1691 1692 1699 1707 — Savaii 1544 1546 — Savu-Savu 1546 1547 — Sawing and skidding 1534 — Sawmill 1540 1633 1729 1730 1750 — Seavengers 1682 — Schecht 1620 1630 — Schealth 1620 1621 — Schlessinger Alfred 1666 1667 1670 1688 — School Days 1499 1525 — Schultz and Johnson 1578 1579 — Scotch Syndicate 1720 — Scott Tom 1508 1509 1510 — Screech Owl 1615 1636
- Seuwah 1577 1592
- Sea beach 1623 — clions 1602 1611 1612 1613 1622 — *moss edible 1745 — Seals 1602 1612 — Sea sickness 1715 — Seattle 1560 1561 1562 1582 1596 1734 1737 — Seaweed 1754 — Seechelt Indians 1582 1585 1591 1592 1734 — Sekeson 1635 — Sensus-tepeque 1674 — Sentry 1713 — Sequoia Gigantea 1655 — Sham battle 1551 — Shanghai 1500 — Sharks 1712 1744 — Shea Captain 1722 — Sheden Mr 1560 — Shenandoah Valley 1732 1733 — Shiny 1506 — Ship-wrecked 1696 1734 1735 1737 1738 — Shoes burned 1638 — Short Bull 1604 — Shot guns 1515 — Shoshone Falls 1594 — Showalters Hill 1435
- Sialth 1621 1627 1630 1635 1637 1639 1718 — Sierra a boat 1737 1738 — *Madre 1645 1659 — Nevada 1541 1596 1730 — *Valley 1729 1731 — Sieve 1622 — Sil-etz country 1594 — Silver 1638 1698 1699 1705 — *mine 1519 1727 salmon 1566 — Singatoka 1549 — *River 1550 — Sioux Indians 1513 1604 — Sisal 1742
- Sitting Bull 1604 — Siuslaw River 1594 — Siva-Siva 1545 — Siwash 1573 — *Indians 1582 — Skaah 1632 — Skagar 1613 — Skatch 1633 — Skating 1500 1506 — Skaw 1621 — Skidding 1538 — *and loading 1533 1537 — Skids 1532 1534 — *greased 1598 — Skirk 1563 1566 to 1569 1572 1573 1578 1579 1580 1592 1593 — Skunk 1515 — Skykomish 1577 1578 — *River 1566 1567 1570 1613 — Sky Rocket 1491 1494
- Slagait 1612 1615 1616 1617 — Slapped lad 1696 — Sleeping in bed 1595 — Sleighs 1532 1533 — Slocum a boat 1735 — Small pox 1649 1650 1715 — Smith Ben 1525 — *Captain 1722 — *River
- Indians 1607 — Smoking 1609 — *out bear 1617 — *salmon 1582
- Snake 1687 1690 1732 — Snohomish 1560 1561 1562 1566 1573 1577 1579 1580 1582 1593 1597 — *River 1581 1592 1596 — Snoqualmie Falls 1580 — *River 1566 1579 — Snore 1539 — Snow 1540 1577 1596 1598 — *shoe 1537 1538 — Snyder John 1513 1514 — *Tom 1502 1506 1508 1512 1513 — *blacksmith shop 1506
- Society Islands 1553 1555 — Soda crackers 1737 — Solis colonel 1670 — Santiago 1695 — Sonas 1533 1636 — Solola 1662 — Somo-Somo 1546 — Sop 1602 1622 1623 1639 1719 — Sopher Rev 1593 — Sota Dr 1690 — *Mr 1689 — Soup 1629 — South America 1714 — South Branch of Potomac 1733 — *Carolina 1732 — Dakota 1602 1603 — *Sea 1743 — *Sea Islands 1743 — Southern California 1721 1723 — *California Savings Bank 1723 — *Cross 1542 1738 1757
- Spaggah 1626 — Spanish — 1660 1713 1756 — *American War 1721 — *Cedar 1678 1687 1702 — *Fandango 1727 — *guide 1707 — *language 1641 — *moss 1557 — *Retreat 1661 — *Ruins 1690 — *Women 1739 — Spau 1564 1566 1567 1570 1573 1579 1582 1621 — *Legend of 1564 1565 — Spearing fish 1511 1609 1610 — *salmon 1565 1566 1585 — *seals 1612 — *sea lions 1613 — *sturgeon 1610 — Spokane a boat 1734 1735 1736 1738 — Spot 1612 — Spring creek 1511 — *Perpetual 1686 — Spruce 1594 1601
- Squak 1563 to 1566 1567 1569 to 1578 1580 to 1583 1585 to 1588 1590 to 1593 1597 1734 — Squash An 1601 1622 — *Creek 1622 — Squaw Hurt 1623
- Stable 1682 — Stackable Mr 1739 1744 — Staffordshire 1732 — Standing Rock Reservation 1604 — Starbuck a boat 1673 1674 1675 — Starkey William 1557 — Star Spangled Banner 1710 — Starwain 1607 1635 — State fair 1513 — *Normal School 1719 1724 — Starving man 1739 1740 — St Clair Lake 1526
- Steele Ed 1506 — Stephens Lillian 1643 — *Mr 1641 1644 to 1647 1651 1652 1655 1656 1658 1659 1662 1663 1665 1668 to 1674 — Stewart Mary 1541 — Stilla-guamish 1592 — Falls 1565 — *River 1563 1592 1596 — Stimson Brothers, 1596 — Stiner Isaac 1503 — Stockade Fort 1550 1732 1733
- Stock Raising 1690 — Stone lagoon 1623 — *mortar 1629 — *pestle

- 1629 1718 — Storehouse 1607 — **Thunder storm** 1519 1523 1539 — **Marines** 1710 — **Minister** 1696 — **West Branch** 1530 — **Wesch-quiol** 1635 — **Westerfer Alex-ander** 1596
- Storm at sea 1556 1721 1722 1757
 *on Lake Erie 1525 *violent 1757
 — Strangers drowned 1633 —
Strawberries wild 1493 — **Stuart Captain** 1710 1711 — **Study** 1524 — **Sturgeon** 1610 1614 1638
 — **Sugar camp Run** 1503 1515
 ***Cane** 1659 1742 1745 1746 1748
 1750 1751 ***pine** 1541 1595 to
 1598 1628 1629 ***pine fibres** 1621
 1627 1628 ***pine timber** 1621
 1627 1723 1730 1733 — **Sulu**
 a boat 1543 1544 1547 — **Sultan**
 1578 ***Basin** 1568 1577 ***River**
 1567 1573
- Sumner Captain** 1711 — **Sun Dr**
 1755 — **Sunday** 1554 1591 1595
 ***School teacher** 1494 — **Sunrise**
 1738 — **Sunset** 1725 ***Springs**
 1723 1725 — **Super Cargo** 1553
 — **Surfer** 1622 1637 ***Billie** 1717
 1718 1720 ***Creek** 1637 1717 —
Surprised family 1715 — **Super-
stition Mountain** 1723 1725 —
Surf 1599 1601 ***fish** 1622 —
Susie 1623 — **Susquehanna**
River 1483 1639 — **Suva** 1550
 1552 1553 ***Bay** 1547
- Swamping** 1532 — **Swan's** 1599
 1600 1601 1639 1717 1719 —
Swimming 1569 ***pool** 1491 1494
 1495 1497 1506 — **Swing** 1501
 1502 — **Sydney** 1542
- Tabu** 1754 — **Tahcuh** 1613 —
Tahiti 1544 1553 to 1556 1746 —
Tahoe Lake 1597 — **Taiana** 1743
 — **Tairi** 1754 — **Taivita** 1549 —
Talapa 1649 — **Tao** 1743 —
Tangatobu 1553 — **Tanning** 1568
 ***pelts** 1531 1536 — **Tantalus**
Mount 1739 1740 1741 — **Tapi-
chula** 1659 — **Tapir** 1680 1687
 1701 1703 1704 1706 — **Tariff** 1651
Tarpaulins 1722 — **Taro** 1545
 1547 — **Tarro** 1742 — **Tauai**
 1743 — **Taviuni** 1546 — **Taylor**
Captain 1641 1642 1644 1645
 1665 ***Fred** 1711 ***John** 1711
 ***Mack** 1711 ***Mr** 1507 1529 1531
 1538 1541 1584 — **Tea willow**
 bark 1577
- Tectan creek** 1637 1717 — **Te-
cum Umam** 1662 — **Teeth** 1682
 — **Tegucigalpa** 1674 1675 1676
 1698 1704 — **Tehuantepec** 1651
 1654 1655 1657 ***Indians** 1657 —
Tejutla 1673 — **Telpaneca** 1678
 ***River** 1678 — **Telca Moun-
tains** 1678 1700 1702 — **Tem-
perate** 1647 — **Temperature**
changes 1685 — **Temple** 1753 —
Terwer 1607 ***Creek** 1615 —
Tesula 1589 — **Texas** 1736
- Thanksgiving Dinner** 1702 —
Thatched houses 1643 ***roof**
 1692 1693 — **Theatre** 1665 — **Ther-
mometer** 1723 — **Thomas O H**
 1711 — **Thorn tree** 1677 1699 —
- 1615 1616 1622 1674 1675 1676
 1678 1679 1680 1685 1686 1689
 1692 1695 1705 1723 — **Thurlo-**
Island 1585 ***Lord** 1720 1721
- Tlavea** 1543 — **Tibbets Captain**
Albert C 1727 1728 — **Ticks**
 1689 — **Tide rising** 1736 — **Tig-**
ress Island 1674 — **Tiendas**
 1663 — **Tileaves** 1545 ***tree** 1549
 — **Timber cruising see cruising**
timber ***holdings** 1721 ***locator of**
 1597 ***options** 1721 ***square** 1522
 1524 ***selling** 1597 — **Tillicum**
 1573 ***Indian name for C.E.P.** 1570
- Tillamook** 1596 ***Bay** 1594
 ***Lumber Company** 1595 — **Tip-
py Up** 1490 — **Tish Tang A**
Tang Creek 1625 — **Tlacolula**
 1655 — **Toboggan** 1744 — **Tecan**
 1702 — **Toltec Ruins** 1690 —
Tomatoes 1498 — **Tomazala**
 1652 — **Tonala** 1657 — **Tonawah**
 1612 1615 1616 1617 — **Tonga-
tabu** 1553 1554 — **Toola** 1572
 1577 ***Indian maiden** 1568 —
Toosh 1569 1577 1578 1579 1592
 1597 1618 ***Indian village** 1567
 ***Mount** 1567 — **Topping** 1537
- Tortillas** 1646 1647 1648 1649
 1654 1655 1658 1663 1683 1686
 1691 1692 1703 1705 1706 — **Totem**
Poles 1586 — **Totonicapan** 1662
 — **Toucan** 1687
- Trading with natives** 1543 —
Trail 1685 1741 ***on ocean beach**
 1599 — **Trapeze** 1497 — **Trap-
ping** 1502 1536 1557 1590 —
Trask River 1594 — **Tree feller**
 1483 ***ferns** 1687 1689 1741 1743
 1750 — **Trinidad** 1719 1720 —
Trinity Mountains 1602 ***River**
 1603 — **Trogon** 1660 1703 —
Tropical Bird a boat 1554 1555
 1556 — **Trouncing** 1485 1487
 1496 — **Trout Fishing** 1510 1517
 1518 1519 1719 1720
- Tualco** 1577 1578 1579 1593 —
Tuasivi 1545 — **Tui Wainoonoo**
 1547 — **Tulaleo** 1593 — **Tulalip**
 1566 1573 1581 1582 1591 1592
 1596 1597 ***Indians** 1565 — **Tule**
 1655 — **Turkeys** 1702 1703 —
Turner George 1503 ***Island** 1586
 — **Turrap** 1607 1619 1630 1633
 1635 1639 — **Turtles** 1547 —
Tutuila 1542 1545 — **Tutsish**
 1587 — **Tuxedo Island** 1591
- Twln Lakes** 1526 1540 ***Peaks**
 1730 — **Twins** 1648 — **Two**
Strike 1606 — **Tye River** 1570
 1571 ***salmon** 1566 — **Typhoid**
 1573 1618
- Ukulele** 1740 1756 — **United**
States 1545 1555 1642 1644 1650
 1654 1666 1667 1678 1680 1688
 1694 1697 1698 1700 1702 1705
 1708 1711 1714 1734 1738 ***Land**
Department 1723 ***Mail** 1674
- 1543 1545 — **Upper timber**
Island 1524 — **Unbantine Gen-
eral** 1669 — **Urnerth** 1613 —
Urrutia Colonel 1666
Vacation 1490 — **Valdex Island**
 1737 — **Vaiuki** 1546 — **Vancou-**
ver 1583 ***Island** 1586 1588 —
Valeria a boat 1673 1694 —
Valparaiso 1682 — **Van Berke-**
ley Mr 1716 — **Vance Lumber**
Company John 1720 — **Vanilla**
beans 1651 — **Vanua Levu** 1546
 1554 — **Vasques General Do-**
mingo 1675 1708 ***President** 1676
 1707 ***Senora** 1648 1650 1675 —
Varnum Captain 1604 — **Vast-**
binder Eli 1525 1527 1534 —
Vaughn Mr 1704 — **Vera Cruz**
 1644 1651 — **Vero a prison boat**
 1712 — **Veteran** 1654
Victoria 1555 1556 1561 ***Lake**
 1589 — **Vidarte Juan** 1658 —
Vieja 1663 — **Vine Maple** 1563 —
Viti 1546 ***Levu** 1547 1550 1554
Vunu 1546 — **Volcano House**
 1748 ***Lake** 1723
- Wages** 1524 — **Wahchin** 1635 —
Wahiawa 1742 — **Waihee Val-**
ley 1746 — **Wakal** 1549 — **Wai-**
kane 1743 — **Wailuka** 1746 —
Waikula Valley 1745 — **Waimoa**
 1752 — **Waipai Valley** 1751 —
Walking 1511 1517 1519 1526
 1579 1580 1594 1595 1719 1720
 — **Wall Arthur** 1739 1743 1744
 — **Wallace Captain** 1603 to 1606
 1722 1723 — **Wampum** 1615 —
Waianae Mountains 1742 —
Ward David 1719 1720 — **War**
dance 1551 1576 1635 — **Wash-**
ing 1693 — **Washington George**
 1607 1731 1732 ***Birthday** 1756
Washington D. C. 1654 1708
 1709 1731 1734 ***Lake** 1561
 ***Place** 1744 1756 ***Territory**
 1541 1560 1561 1575 1582 1594
 1597 — **Watch silver** 1514 —
Wateck 1630 1635 — **Water**
barrel 1632 ***buffalo** 1742 ***car-**
riers 1677 ***moccasins** 1732
 ***spout** 1723 — **Waugie** 1618
 1620 1624 1630 — **Waukell** 1607
 1621 ***Creek** 1615 1639 ***Harry**
 1613 — **Wauteen** 1606 to 1610
 1612 1615 1617 1618 1619 1621
 1625 1627 1630 1631 1633 1637
 1638 1639 1718
- Weaving** 1613 1620 — **Webber**
Captain 1542 — **Wedge of Elk**
Horn 1628 — **Weird lighting**
 1747 ***music** 1626 1754 — **Weitch-**
pec 1607 1625 1627 1628 1629
 1634 1635 — **Wenachee** 1566
 1573 1577 ***Indians** 1576 1579
 1607 ***Lake** 1564 1573 to 1576
 1621 ***River** 1575 — **Wenchunk**
 1618 — **Wermet** 1622 — **Werm-**
rez 1667 — **Werner Harry** 1640
- **West Branch** 1530 — **Wesch-
quiol** 1635 — **Westerfer Alex-
ander** 1596
Western Arm 1590 1591 — **West**
Maui 1746 1747 ***Virginia** 1640
 1650 1732 — **Whale** 1602 1612 —
Whidbey Island 1592 — **Whirl-**
pool 1585 1637 — **Whiskey** 1578
 — **Whistling to wind** 1611 1612
 1614 — **White Clay Creek** 1603
 — **White herons** 1699 ***pine** 1511
 1526 1574 1575 1576 1584 1598
 1646 1717 — **Whitemans bread**
 1713 — **Whiteside Major** 1604 1605
Wilbert George 1711 — **Wild**
cat 1508 1509 1510 1514 1540
 ***geese** 1603 ***goats** 1747 ***horses**
 1727 ***onion** 1621 ***pigeons** 1515
 1516 ***Rose Canon** 1728 ***steers**
 1558 — **Wilderness** 1500 — **Wil-**
helmina a boat 1755 — **Will-**
mette Valley 1595 — **Willanch**
 1612 1633 — **Willbank C B** 1711
 — **Williams Andrew** 1710 ***Aug-**
ustus 1711 to 1714 ***Henry** 1714
 ***Mr** 1713 — **Williamsburg** 1731
 — **Willitts Mr** 1719 — **Willing**
Mrs 1745 1750 1756 — **Willow**
 1575 1576 — **Wilson Hettie May**
 1719 ***David** 1719 ***River** 1594
 — **Winchester** 1733 — **Wing**
boom 1639 1640 — **Winter se-**
vere 1598 — **Wisconsin** 1717
Wolf 1536 ***Creek** 1526 1528
 1529 1530 1533 — **Wolves** 1532
 1537 1538 1583 1586 to 1589
 1591 — **Women beating cloth**
 1751 ***destitute** 1644 ***dress** 1680
 ***smokers** 1643 1649 ***tattooed**
chins 1618 ***Suffrage** 1733 1756
 — **Wood checking** 1625 —
Wooden idols 1754 — **Wood-**
pecker 1569 1620 ***heads** 1615
 1627 1635 1638 ***Ivory Billed**
 1508 ***scalps** 1626 ***song** 1626
 — **Woodwardia** 1620 — **Work-**
ing 1525 — **Wounded in battle**
 1671 — **Wounded Knee Creek**
 1605 — **Wrepra** 1609 1618 1619
 1624 1625 1629 to 1632 1637
 1639 1713 — **Wright Miss** 1669
 — **Wyoming** 1541 1602 1603
- Xelahuhu** 1662
Yaklmas 1574 — **Yale** 1755 —
Yangona 1552 — **Yams** 1547
Yellow cedar 1582 1583 1584
 1586 1589 1590 1595 1734 ***fever**
 1715 ***fr** 1592 ***jackets** 1492 ***pine**
 1574 1595 1638 1707 — **Yellow-**
stone Park 1749 — **Yew** 1590
Yorktown 1731 — **Yosemite Valley**
 1745 1752 — **Young General** 1666
Yulu a boat 1711 — **Yuma** 1727
 — **Yraiatex** 1657 — **Yuscaran**
 1676 1677
- Zapatero Island** 1694
Zealandia 1542 1543 — **Zelaya**
Edward 1676 1694 1697 1704
 1708 1709 1711 1712 1714 ***Jose**
 1707

